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The Picturegoer Weekly.

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YOU ARE SEX CONSCIOUS-SAYS MAE WEST

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PICTUREGOER

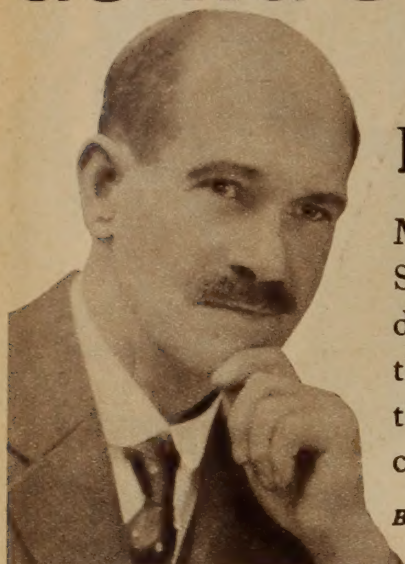
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WEEKLY



MARION MARSH

GOING STRONG AFTER 50 YEARS

1884-1934



Mr. Shadforth, best known of all dispensing Chemists, the founder of the Shadforth Prescription Service.

I COMMENCED dispensing medicines in January, 1884, and since then have probably dispensed more prescriptions than any man living. Millions of people have been served by me. In one form or another Shadforth Prescriptions, to-day, are prescribed by the world's best doctors, and year by year the demand for them increases. Scores of thousands of happy people remember with gratitude the relief which these prescriptions gave them. What they have done for others they can do for YOU.

Below are examples of Shadforth Prescriptions most frequently in use at this period of the year. They are

The World's Best Prescriptions

NEW HEARTS FOR OLD!

Give Your Heart this
New Lease of Life!



Can be taken alternately with No. 470 (Brain Sparklers) with marked benefit. See paragraph on right headed "Depression." Order one of each and quickly feel 10 YEARS YOUNGER.

Don't be alarmed because you suffer from symptoms of palpitation or pain near the heart. It may be indigestion or overstrung nerves. **Shadforth Tonic No. 632** (known as "Blue Lion Fox Nuts") will strengthen the nerves, steady the heart, and tone up stomach and kidneys. Don't imagine yourself into an illness; have a good rest, take the prescription and be normal in a few days. Ask for **Shadforth Prescription No. 632**. Prices: 1/9 (50), 2/6 (72), 4/6 (144), 13/- (432 pills). This prescription prevents palpitation, faintness, tremblings, run-down condition and stops your falling-to-pieces feeling.

WOMEN OVER FORTY NEED THIS TONIC

WOMAN'S MIDDLE LIFE TONIC

Just the thing to get you through those difficult years and re-establish your health. A gentle tonic for stomach, heart, nerves, and blood—exactly what your doctor gives you. Does not purge or constipate. Improves appetite and complexion. Removes depression and languor. Gives courage, hope, and a new lease of life. Also the best tonic for anaemic girls and nursing or expectant mothers. Ask for **Shadforth Prescription No. 2457**—the critical time tonic. In boxes at 2/6 (72), 4/6 (144), and 13/- (432 pills).

DEPRESSION NEURASTHENIA, BRAIN FAG

In "Brain Sparklers" you have the greatest of all brain and nerve tonics. This is the "Shadforth" special prescription for Neurasthenia—the curse of modern civilisation. Ask for "Brain Sparklers" (**Shadforth Prescription No. 470**). Prices: 1/9 (25), 3/3 (50), 6/- (100). Can be taken alternately with the Heart Tonic (No. 632). That is to say, take No. 470 for a few days and then No. 632 for a few days and so on. (See No. 632 above).

THE MIGHTY MODERN TONIC FOR BRAIN AND NERVES

NO MORE DISTURBED NIGHTS

Quick Relief and Comfort for
Kidney, Liver and Bladder
Troubles

Kidney and Bladder Troubles, such as Cystitis Prostatitis, Chronic Congestion, with associated Gout, Rheumatism, Backache, Sciatica, Constipation, Gravel, Scalding and constant getting up at night are quickly relieved by the bloodless surgery of the **Shadforth "Bladder Comforters"**. Immediately, all day and all night, painlessly, secretly, and without the loss of one drop of blood or one hour of employment, they get to work. They cleanse, cool and heal. They move what is harmful. Stop worrying! Start taking this proved remedy now and be quickly restored. Ask for **Shadforth Prescription No. 285**. Price: 2/6 (50), 4/6 (100), 13/- (300 pills).



He needs
"SHADFORTH"
BLADDER
COMFORTERS

HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE

REJUVENATE YOUR ARTERIES.
STRENGTHEN YOUR HEART.
COME OFF THE DANGER LIST.

Avoid Blood Pressure Break-downs! Steady heart action co-ordinated with youth-like elastic arteries are now possible for those past their prime. The "Shadforth" Simple Home Treatment for Arterio-Sclerosis rapidly reduces high blood pressure and tension. It gives prompt relief from palpitation, giddiness, premonitions of collapse, and sleeplessness; it leads to permanent restoration and makes you 20 years younger within 20 days. Get it now. **Prescription No. 1108/T**. Prices: 2/6, 5/6, 15/6.



EAT WHAT YOU LIKE!

No More Acidity, Gastritis or
Pain after Eating

From now on eat and enjoy whatever you fancy in moderation without unpleasant "after-effects." Thousands of Sufferers from Acidity, Heartburn, Sour Stomach, Fermentative Dyspepsia, Gastric Catarrh, Wind or Flatulence, Fullness after Meals, and all forms of acid indigestion, have been cured by the "Shadforth" Acidity Prescription (No. 1077). Popularly known as "White Lions."

They give prompt relief and comfort. Even Gastric and Duodenal Ulcers yield to this treatment. This is the famous "White" prescription used by hospitals everywhere for stomach trouble. Ask for "White Lions."

SHADFORTH PRESCRIPTION No. 1077.

Prices: 2/6 (144, over 3 weeks' supply); 7/- (432 Tablets, over 10 weeks' supply). Make your mealtime happier! A trial will convince you that "White Lions" are

POSITIVELY The World's Greatest Remedy for Indigestion

Boots, Taylors, Timothy Whites, and leading chemists either hold stock or gladly obtain to order at a few days' notice if required to do so. In case of difficulty you can always obtain by return of post from—

SHADFORTH PRESCRIPTION SERVICE LTD.

Qualified Dispensing Chemists,

(Dept. P.G. 14), 49 KING WILLIAM STREET, LONDON BRIDGE, E.C.4, and Branches.

WINTER COUGHS and COLDS

The New Chest and Lung Tonic

One of the latest products of the Shadforth Laboratories. Prescribed for common winter coughs, colds, and chest troubles in adults when asthma and bronchitis are absent.

Gives quick relief and comfort, promotes restful nights; good for aged patients.

When mixed with sugar and water as directed, makes 2 pints of the World's Best Chest and Lung Tonic. **Shadforth Prescription No. 617**.

Price 3/- per bottle.

USE THIS SOOTHING, WARMING LUNG TONIC and STOP THAT COUGH!



DOLORES DEL RIO

As a result of her latest picture "Flying Down to Rio" Dolores emerges in the new rôle of one of the screen's best-dressed women. The lovely velvet hat strikingly frames her beauty in the larger picture. At the right she shows you the new "epaulette" pyjamas in coral satin.



3 good reasons why



'Mine's a Minor!'

1 Because these D.R. Minors are made of as mild Virginia tobaccos as are used in the most expensive De Reszkes.



2 Because a D.R. Minor smokes for a full ten minutes—which is just the right time for a good cigarette to last.

3 Because nevertheless D.R. Minors cost only fourpence for ten.



DE RESZKE MINORS

60 for 2/-

ALSO IN HANDY CARD CASES

CONTAINING 20 FOR 8d.

PICTUREGOER

The Screen News Magazine de Luxe

FAIR PLAY for MICKEY

Subordinated to "Symphonies"—
Falling Off in quality—*Les Miserables*
as Talkie—Why do Stars go Broke?—
Joan Crawford's "Strip Dance"—
Soviet Cycle on Way.

IT is gratifying to hear from Mr. Kay Kamen, Walt Disney's representative, who has been visiting these shores, an official denial of recent rumours current in the film world that Mickey Mouse, like lesser human stars before him, is in danger of qualifying for film-land's well-known "all washed up" label.

Mr. Kamen even assures us that, so far from being dropped, there is a distinct probability that Mickey will soon be produced in all the glory of colour.

Personally, I was sceptical of reports that Disney contemplated a quiet burial of the world's most famous cartoon character in order to concentrate on the more ambitious "Silly Symphonies."

The Richest Rodent

Apart from the fact that I cannot believe that Disney feels he has exhausted Mickey's possibilities, the little fellow is too valuable commercially.

Its creator at present is stated to derive more revenue from royalties on Mickey Mouse novelties than he has done from the films themselves.

Nevertheless, the future of Mickey has been causing me some anxiety of late.

A Temporary Lapse?

My own observations and the presence of an increasing number of complaints in the PICTUREGOER letter bag point to the conclusion that not only is the scintillating brilliance of recent "Symphonies" overshadowing the mouse star, but that the latter cartoons are definitely falling off in quality.

That, of course, may be a temporary lapse due to the fact that the cartoonist has been in the throes of experimenting with and perfecting the exploitation of the new three-colour process.

One hopes so rather than that it has been decided as a definite matter of policy that Mickey be entirely subordinated to his more spectacular stable-mate.

Mr. Disney's greatest danger at the moment is being adopted by the highbrows who a few years ago invested Mickey with Freudian complexes and inhibitions and are, now that they have found a new love, clamouring for his extinction along with his "bourgeois barnyard" companions.

Room for Both

Very few screen artistes have survived the acclaim of the self-appointed intelligentsia. Mr. Disney, I hope, will not take their flattery as seriously as they take themselves.

There is surely room, indeed almost a need,

on the screen for both the Silly Symphony in the form in which it is now developing and the roystering, rowdy, vastly amusing Mickey Mouse we knew until recently.

I have already paid my tribute to the artistic brilliance of the new colour films, but in spite of the fact that one of our more learned critics has pronounced them the greatest pictures ever made, they are by no means above criticism from the point of view of the average film fan.

No "Belly Laughs"

The coming of colour has changed the form of Disney's creations. One detects in most of the new "Symphonies" a temptation—probably due to the immaturity of the new medium—to paint "pretty" pictures, to tickle the palate rather than amuse, to give us a quietly and innocuously pleasant charm rather than hearty entertainment and a happy smile instead of the old "belly laugh."

And I am not at all certain that with all the modern improvements we are getting a fair exchange for the grandly rowdy irresponsibility of the Mickey Mouse cartoon of nights gone by.

Sufficiently uncertain, at any rate, to hope that Mr. Disney will accept our solution of the problem by providing us with both.

Two Guineas for Ideas

We have a fascinating new two-guinea competition for you this week.

The PICTUREGOER WEEKLY has, through its various departments, developed an unrivalled service of screen news, views and reviews for the fans, but we are not satisfied to rest there.

In accordance with our policy of giving the film public what it wants, we ask you to make your own suggestions as to what you want to read in your PICTUREGOER.

What new features would you most like to see? Have you any suggestions for extending the scope of existing ones?

PICTUREGOER will award a prize of two guineas for what in the opinion of the Editor is the best letter on the subject received. There will also be several smaller prizes.

Letters should not exceed 150 words and should be addressed to "Suggestions," PICTUREGOER, 93, Long Acre, W.C.2.

Gary's Marriage

The marriage of Gary Cooper to Sandra Shaw will make life a little easier for the film gossip writers.

It also removes from Hollywood's happy hunting grounds one of the few remaining eligible screen bachelors.

Ramon Novarro must be nearly the last of the species, although among the Reno widowers, Bill Powell, Richard Dix and one or two others are footloose and fancy-free at the moment.

In the meanwhile, Gary Cooper has received a gift from Charles Laughton that has kept him busy trying to think up the answer.

The other day the postman arrived with a large box bearing a British stamp.

On opening it, Gary found an elegant bust of himself and this note: "I found this while strolling along Piccadilly Circus. I think it's revolting. Love, Charlie."

"Les Miserables" Again

One of the most interesting production announcements of the week is the news that Twentieth Century is to tackle the Victor Hugo classic, *Les Miserables*, as a starring vehicle for Fredric March, one of the studio's most recent acquisitions.

March is scheduled for the Jean Valjean role. Physically, he is not, I am afraid, the popular conception of the character, and only an outstandingly good performance on his part will convince me that it is good casting.

March on the screen usually gives an impression of sensitive intellectuality rather than the rugged brute strength one associates with the Hugo hero.

Pre-talkie picturegoers will recall the version produced some years ago by one of the French studios. It was one of the classics of its day.

Pauline Frederick "Broke"

While the Roosevelt salary axe hangs over the heads of the movie Midases, the news arrives that Pauline Frederick is "broke."

Miss Frederick, once one of the biggest salaried players on the screen, occupied in her heyday the throne on which Garbo now sits.

When she made pictures here in the early days of talkies she was "the highest paid star ever to have worked in British films."

Now she is reported to be unable to meet debts of £645.

Recently she has been playing in stock.

I don't think it is generally remembered that Pauline started one of the feminine beauty fashions that changed the faces of the world's women—plucked eyebrows.

Few Film Fortunes

Some of the big stars of other days—and days not so very far away—have managed to hold on to their money, but you could count the great movie fortunes on your fingers to-day.

(Continued on page 6)



Elsa Bright and
Joan Marion,
who appear in
"Take a
Chance."

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(Continued from page 5)

Chaplin, Fairbanks, Mary Pickford, Marion Davies, Thomas Meighan, Colman, Garbo and one or two others will never find themselves in the position of Miss Frederick.

But in the cases of most of the others who once earned thousands a week, the money has vanished as quickly and as easily as it came.

Conrad Nagel and Lewis Stone, two players who have never been in the really big money but who have carefully avoided the extravagances associated with film fame, are among Hollywood's wealthiest citizens.

Perhaps their case affords an explanation of why stars "go broke."

Stories v. Stars

The latest studio to put its hand on its heart and make that annual resolution about concentrating on stories rather than stars is Columbia.

Such pronouncements are usually received with polite scepticism and quietly forgotten by everyone concerned.

However, the company whose fortunes are guided by Mr. Harry Cohn, one of the three cleverest producers in the business, has always maintained a policy of good story value in its productions, and has never overdone star exploitation.

The present proposal, therefore, must be regarded as possessing some significance, particularly as Ray Long, one of America's most successful editors, has been installed as chief of the scenario department with complete supervision over the selection and preparation of stories.

Elissa Landi's Future

One interesting development is the possibility that Elissa Landi may appear in the leading role of a filmisation of her latest novel, as yet unpublished, *Ancestor*.

Those of us who have seen most of the films producers have given Miss Landi will sympathise with her belief in the theory that if you want a thing well done do it yourself.

The progress at Columbia of Miss Landi, one of the players who, despite a promising start, just missed greatness, is being watched with interest by the film world. The studio has a reputation for investing stars with a new lease of life.

The film city had largely lost interest in Barbara Stanwyck when Columbia put her in *Forbidden*.

The recent *Lady for a Day* elevated May Robson, who had been playing small parts for years, to the front rank of screen names.

The company also brought Lee Tracy to success when that actor quarrelled with Warners.

The Girl on the Cover.

Britain's Latest Hollywood Import

THE film career of Britain's latest Hollywood importation is a Cinderella story that has not yet contrived to catch up with the happy ending.

It really started when she was seventeen and almost unknown in the studios and John Barrymore chose her from sixty candidates to be his "Trilby" in *Svengali* because she looked like Dolores Costello (Mrs. Barrymore).

She gave an excellent account of herself in that and subsequent offerings like *The Mad Genius*, *The Road to Singapore* and *Five Star Final*.

Her progress since, however, has been checked by two handicaps. The one was ill health in the last year or two and the other that she was rushed into stardom in *Under Eighteen* before she or the public was ready for it.

Marion was born on British soil—in Trinidad—but was taken to America, when she was ten. She attended the famous Hollywood High School, which has produced several famous stars, and got into pictures via the extra route.

She had risen to a small contract by the time Barrymore discovered her.

Miss Marsh is now at work on her first British picture, *Love at Second Sight*—a comedy romance with music.

Her real name is Violet Kranth. Her mother has accompanied her on her present trip.

Some of the critics are rather fond of telling us how they discovered Jean Harlow's acting ability in *Dinner at Eight*.

Mr. Cohn and one or two other people, including THE PICTUREGOER, discovered it a long time ago when he rescued her from the fate of being a one-picture actress after she was "all washed up" at United Artists. It was her work in *Platinum Blonde* and other Columbia offerings that attracted the attention of the Metro moguls.

Joan's "Strip Dance"

Well, Joan Crawford does her "strip" dance in *Dancing Lady*. Or, rather, she starts to do it.

The producers have tactfully got over the difficulties of presenting the number by introducing a police raid on the theatre before the proceedings have got very far.

In the meanwhile the latest news from the *Bolero* lot, where Sally Rand is doing her fan waving, is that the actress "wears a very

Spencer Tracy and Loretta Young are teamed in "A Man's Castle."

filmy garment that will serve to satisfy those who object to nudity."

The Sex Cycle

A few weeks ago I predicted that 1934 would be a more sexy screen year. I was rather interested, therefore, to note that my views have been confirmed by Jay Brien Chapman, a well-known Hollywood film writer in the current *American Screen Book*.

Mr. Chapman also advances the same reasons: the Mae West influence and the growth of the nudist vogue in the States.

"Producers must make at least part of their forthcoming pictures hotter than ever," he writes, "or quit and close up shop. And stars—the ladies particularly—from Mae West all the way to Greta Garbo are entered into a vamping competition they can't stop.

"The one who cools off, or fails to raise her rival's latest ante simply loses her place in films."

Profitable "Nudies"

The American public, he adds, is forcing producers, against their will and judgment, to put out warmer stories, plots, situations, songs and dialogue.

The writer goes on to point out, as I did, that there are hundreds of nudist colonies now in existence in the States and that nudist pictures shown in 1933 "cleaned up at the box-office."

He advances the further interesting theory that the recently completed recognition of Soviet Russia will be another major contributory factor in the loosening of movie moral standards.

Hollywood evidently believes that the Soviet's 600,000,000 movie fans must be wooed with films which get away from "old-fashioned" custom so far as sex is concerned.

Soviet Series

One definite result of the new friendly political relationship between America and Russia will be a cycle of films dealing with life in the Soviet.

One of the first and most important is *Red Square*, now in production under the direction of Lewis Milestone, who told me something of his plans for the picture when he passed through London on his return from Russia, where he shot considerable footage for the film, a few weeks back.

Over at Metro they have again got *Soviet*—a story they have had for some years and which has been announced at intervals as a starring vehicle for players on the pay role as widely divergent as Wallace Beery and Jean Harlow—down from the shelves.

Authentic Picture

Mr. Milestone, a Russian himself, is enthusiastic about *Red Square*, which is based on a novel called *The Life and Death of Nicholas Courlov*, by a prominent young Russian novelist named Ilya Ehrenbourg.

The story, the director states, is a dramatic, sympathetic, but not idealised tale of an O.G.P.U. agent in the hectic days when counter-revolution and foreign intervention made this sinister body so vital to the existence of the U.S.S.R.

The producers, I understand, have been given considerable assistance by the Soviet authorities.

Laurence Stallings, of *What Price Glory* fame, who is doing the adaptation, also spent many weeks in Russia studying conditions.

These factors and the records of Milestone and Stallings make one hopeful that at last the screen will be able to give us a reasonably authentic picture of the world's greatest social experiment.

De Mille Disappointed?

Hitherto, Hollywood's attempts to portray Soviet Russia have been notable chiefly for some of the worst films ever screened.

I still have painful memories of *The World and the Flesh*, in which Mr. George Bancroft (now happily restored to the screen, after two years' absence, in *Blood Money*) did his heaviest he-man act in the role of a Bolshevik sailor.

Douglas Fairbanks, jun., and Nancy Carroll did *Scarlet Dawn*, which did not even have the merit of good melodrama.

The Old Master, Mr. Cecil B. De Mille, who weighed in with *Forgotten Commandments*, reversed



the Milestone process by making his film first and then going there to see if the Muscovites were living up to his film ideals. He was, according to unkind critics, terribly disappointed.

New Dix in Pictures

Jack Oakie started something when he persuaded Paramount to let his mother play the role of his screen mother in *Too Much Harmony*.

Since then Dietrich's little daughter Maria has been launched on a film career to play the part of Marlene's child in her new "Catherine the Great" picture.

And now it is announced that Mary Ellen, Richard Dix's little daughter, is to make her screen debut with her father in his next vehicle. Mary Ellen is about the same age as Baby LeRoy.

Another newcomer with a famous name I am looking forward to seeing shortly—in *Trigger*—is "Nan Sutherland," better known as Mrs. Walter Huston.

When Mae West was Rejected

Mention of the name of Mae West causes a painful jar in the executive offices of the Burbank and Movietone studios.

It appears now that a little while ago the services of the actress who has become the greatest money spinner in pictures were hawked round Hollywood and nobody would look at her.

Charles Walsh, brother of Raoul Walsh, the well-known director, was so impressed by Miss West on the Broadway stage that at his own expense he made a screen test of her.

With his can of film under his arm he toured the studios.

Fox, where brother Raoul was then working, did not even bother to see the "test" run through. Warners consented to look at it but that was the last he heard.

Eventually he "sold" her to Paramount for that supporting role in *Night After Night*.

Gloria's Come-back

Gloria Swanson, I am glad to note, is not making the mistake of many former feminine stars in her new come-back attempt.

Most of them can never forget that they were once ingenues.

The Motion Picture Relief Fund is at the moment supporting at least one well-known actress because she will not accept offers of mature roles.

Miss Swanson, however, is to play the role of a mature motion-picture actress in her new film *Twentieth Century*. Gloria, of course, is by no means old except in the sense that she has been on the screen for many years.

The proposal for her to appear in a biographical film of Bernhardt appears to be hanging fire, but it has already inspired the wisecrack that Sarah Bernhardt acting the real story of Swanson's life would be rather more interesting than Gloria in the life of Sarah.

Short Shots

Ida Lupino is now being described as a new rival to Jean Harlow—Mae West's fan mail, which has leapt in a few months to 2,500 letters a week, is now claimed to be the heaviest in Hollywood—Lewis Stone has bought a 105-ft. schooner—Schnozzle Durante has patented his name—Marie Dressler has just turned down a \$40,000 offer for thirteen radio broadcasts—Charles Farrell has found a new screen sweetheart in *The Big Shake-down* in Bette Davis—Mrs. Borritt, the much-discussed woman announcer, is to appear as compere in a series of shorts about B.B.C. personalities—The latest report on the Chaplin-Paulette Goddard romance is that they are to be married in England in June—Garbo is house-hunting because her address was made public in recent court proceedings in which a gate-crasher was charged—Gene Raymond composed the music of the new song hit, "Brief Moment."

A New "Henry" Book

The Alexander Korda film has created more interest in the character of Henry the Eighth than all the historians have been able to conjure up in the last three centuries.

Some further revealing sidelights on the personality of the much-married monarch are provided by "The Love Letters of Henry the Eighth," a new book edited by Ladbroke Black and published by the Blandford Press at 2s. 6d.

It is dedicated to Charles Laughton—surely the first film star to be honoured in this way.

Kinema Couplets

This week's half-guinea prize is awarded to James A. Joslin, of 30, Gilbey Road, Tooting, S.W.17, for:—

**The Fire Raisers
Tell England**

Half-crown prizes are awarded to:—

Mr. A. Turner, 88, Palmers Road, New Southgate, London, for:—

**Blonde Crazy
Men Are Like That—**

E. M. Doucy, 33, Hope Street, Sheerness, Kent, for:—

The Easiest Way

L. F. Garrett, 18, Graham Road, Hackney, E., for:—

The Miracle Man

He Learned About Women

D. Nicholson, 7 x 5 Avenue, Blyth, North, for:—

Broadminded

The Good Bad Girl



Elissa Landi and Paul Lukas in a scene from their new film, "By Candlelight."

Hard Hit British Stars

British stars in Hollywood are, I hear, being hit by the current rates of exchange.

Diana Wynyard who sends money home to England is one of the chief sufferers.

Lilian Harvey also invests her savings here, and is finding that under present conditions her salary is two-fifths less than it was a year ago.

There is even a possibility that unless the exchange rates improve Lilian may pack up and go back to Germany.

Some of the Continental stars are even more badly off. Greta Garbo, as is well known, sends every cent home to Sweden.

A year ago she could buy 100 Swedish crowns for 23 American dollars. Now they cost her something like 29 dollars.

Talent "Drought"

The dearth of new screen talent is causing furrowed brows and greying heads among the movie moguls.

There seems to be little doubt that the talkies have shortened the screen lives of the stars, and

now with all the usual sources temporarily exhausted the shortage is assuming serious proportions.

Major producers, it is learned, are strengthening their "scout" forces and have issued orders to "dig deeper than ever for possible bets."

The next few months will see an intensive comb out for entertainers in radio, night clubs, vaudeville and amateur dramatic societies.

Beery as Barnum

It is now settled that Wallace Beery is to play the role of Barnum in the Twentieth Century picture of the great showman's life.

The studio has something of a weakness for Wallace. "It 'borrowed' him from M.-G.-M. a little while ago to star in *The Bowery* and, incidentally, gave him the best part he has had for months.

Beery will not find characterising the ballyhoo king a new experience. He played Barnum with great gusto a few years ago in support of Grace Moore when the singing star did *Jenny Lind*.

"Mauve" Movie Cycle

The success of *Little Women* seems certain to let loose the inevitable avalanche of similar subjects, and for the next few months the screens will be flooded with tender sentiment. All the scenario chiefs are busy brushing the dust off the best-sellers of the "mauve decade."

Both Radio, which sponsored *Little Women*, and Metro are reading *Little Men* and *Jo's Boys* by the same author.

Over at Fox they are talking of *Anne of Green Gables* as the next Janet Gaynor vehicle, while another possibility, also for Janet, one imagines is *Pollyanna*, in which Mary Pickford charmed us back in 1920.

Will Rogers is already busy on *David Harum*.

Shock for Society Beauties

The exclusive society circles of Rio de Janeiro have a shock coming to them, when Radio's musical extravaganza *Flying Down to Rio* reaches Brazil.

For the exterior scenes of this picture, Roy Hunt, one of Radio's crack cameramen, was sent to Rio de Janeiro.

With the co-operation of the proprietors he arranged to film the cream of Rio de Janeiro society as they lounged and bathed on the beaches and terraces of the exclusive Hotel Copacabana.

Three naval aeroplanes were stunting overhead and Roy Hunt filmed the upturned faces as they watched.

In the completed film, however, the crowd will be shown watching the arrival by air, of Fred Astaire and his dancing girls called in the film "The Yankee Clippers."

But they were not aware of that when they so condescendingly allowed themselves to be filmed!

This Week's Great Thoughts

The doctors have told me that my particular brand of singing is due to a little unobtrusive growth between my vocal cords.—*Bing Crosby*.

I love Johnny Weismuller because he is the only real, natural man in this town of Hollywood.—*Lupe Velez*.

After I make my first Hollywood picture then I will talk.—*Anna Sten*.

Although I have been in the headlines more than any other star I actually live a more unexciting life than any of them.—*Clara Bow*.

You've got to be nice and naughty to make them like you these days.—*Ida Lupino*.

Joan Barnes is my legal name and I'm proud of it.—*Joan Blondell*.

I have great need to be alone; I can't have people about me in my leisure hours.—*Sylvia Sidney*.

I did *Sadie Thompson* badly, I know it; I would have given anything to recall it.—*Joan Crawford*.

It's the John Barrymores who get the orchids, but we cowboys put the punch into pictures.—*Tom Tyler*.

MALCOLM PHILLIPS

WILL BERGNER

be the BERNHARDT

of the TALKIES?

"PICTUREGOER" presents the first English film interview with the great German actress whose genius is now the talk of London's theatreland.

Miss Bergner continued:—

"You would hardly believe what a fever for work possesses me and how excited I am to see whether I shall really be able to win over the British public.

"But please," continued little Elizabeth, almost in tears, "please don't talk to me about politics. Unfortunately, I have suffered too much through them during the last few weeks, and now I must concentrate entirely on my work."

Yes, it is true. Politics in Germany have, in the last few months, dealt very hardly with Elizabeth Bergner. She is a Jewess and, as is well known, Herr Hitler no longer has any use for Jewesses, however valuable their services to Germany.

I can recall how, for many years, the Berlin play-going public, spoiled though it was through seeing the greatest actresses and film stars in the world, was at the feet of Elizabeth Bergner.

She drew tremendous crowds to the theatres and aroused the enthusiasm of men and women of all ages among the art-loving population of the capital.

She made Shaw's *Saint Joan*, a huge box-office success, and through her Shaw secured a place among those authors whose plays are most often produced on the German stage.

All Germany flocked to the kinemas to see her films, of which *Ariane* and *Dreaming Lips* are reckoned among the consummate achievements of German

filmcraft.

She made all her pictures under the direction of her husband, Paul Czinner, himself one of the leading producers in the German film industry and who is also directing *Catherine the Great*.

From the little, lovable, clinging young woman of *Dreaming Lips*—and through her great success in this she will be best remembered by the London film-going public—she has in her latest film suddenly grown into a dominating ruler, energetic, greedy for power, driven by the wild scourge of passion.

She plays the great Russian Czarina, Catherine.

Elizabeth Bergner told me that she had become so wrapped up in her part that it sometimes seemed to her quite comic that she should have to speak in English.

"Russian," she said with a little laugh, "Russian is what I ought to speak. But I have to struggle a little with my English," she went on, "though what one learns in childhood is not easily forgotten.

"You see, we had an English governess at home, and what she taught me comes back now and helps me. I had to wait a comparatively short

time before I was able to start working in English.

"But every day I had an English lesson and even now I still continually have my lines heard, so as to perfect my English. At the same time I have to work at my part and to rehearse and discuss how we shall work it out with my partner and with my husband. Yes, yes, it's a hard life—but marvellous!"

I asked Elizabeth Bergner about her plans for the future, but at this stage she could not tell me anything about them. "It's hard to say," she told me. "And, as I have said, it depends very much on what success I have here in London.

"But now you must let me get back to my work; I still have rehearsals to-day, until late in the evening." And just like a little schoolgirl, with a look of real regret in her eyes, shyly and not at all like a prima donna, she gave me her hand.

"Good-bye," she said, "Auf Wiedersehen!" And rustling in her magnificent court robes she moved away.

But, fascinated, I followed her, and I will let you into the secret of what I saw. Just like a little schoolgirl, prim and demure, Elizabeth Bergner sat down on a hard little stool that happened to be there in the studio.

An elderly lady came up to her and Elizabeth Bergner began to go over her part. Over and over again.

Obviously the lady was her English teacher.

And the expression in Elizabeth Bergner's eyes was really quite pathetic when she had to go over her words again because her strict teacher had found some fault or other with her diction.

But both these women were as if in a different world; they were blind to the rehearsals and shots that were in progress all round them, they were deaf to the shrill signals and the shouting of the technicians.

The two women just sat there and went on with the English lesson.

Elizabeth Bergner was regarded as one of the cleverest actresses in Germany; and who can doubt that she will also succeed in making a conquest of the British public?

She has already made the first step through her performance in *Dreaming Lips*, with which she charmed London's film devotees. *Catherine the Great* may establish it.

One of Germany's most illustrious novelists, inspired by her artistry, made her the central figure of one of his most beautiful books.

In London a famous authoress has written a play especially for her. The tradition of admiration, interrupted for a brief space by the machinations of politicians, has been re-established.

C. B. Cochran has called the German artiste "the greatest actress in the world," and perhaps Elizabeth Bergner's art proves more conclusively than anything else that art knows no national boundaries.—P. WIT.

NEXT WEEK—

An open letter to Joan and Constance Bennett which inaugurates a new "Picturegoer" series; frank and intimately provocative.

Two interesting studies of Elizabeth Bergner, who makes her British talkie debut in "Catherine the Great."

SUDDENLY she stood before me, out there in the spacious studio at Elstree. The "great" little Elizabeth Bergner.

It was while she was completing her first British picture, *Catherine the Great*, and she had only a very few minutes to spare for her talk with me as she was deep in her work.

And, of course, everybody knows what that means for a film actress; concentration, excitement, nervous tension and, in addition, living oneself into one's part.

"Come along quickly," she whispered to me as she seized me by the hand and led me aside. I followed her, in her wonderful blue brocaded robes and her charming white perruque, into a corner of the studio.

"I am so very, very happy, you know, to be able to act here in England," she enthused. "Do you know, I had offers from all the chief countries; I could have gone to Hollywood, and in Vienna, too, I might have acted. . . ."

At the word "acted" she broke off.

It is now, of course, history that she has scored a big success on the stage in *Escape Me Never*, the play that Margaret Kennedy wrote especially for her.



Left: Mr. Charles Te Water, High Commissioner for South Africa, recently visited the "Wild Boy" set at the Gaumont-British Studios and is here seen (second from left) with Sonnie Hale, Leonora Corbett, Director Albert de Courville and Lyn Harding.



THROUGH OUR LENS



Above: Another visitor to Shepherd's Bush was Lion Feuchtwanger, the author of "Jew Süss," who is seen discussing the filming of his novel which is now in production, with Director Lothar Mendes. On the left is Paul Graetz, who plays the part of "Landauer."

Miriam Jordan, the Fox player, wearing one of the new afternoon suits that shows the definite Cossack influence in style trend. It is made of black velours trimmed in baby lamb. The black leather belt is fastened with a chromium buckle, and the three buttons fastening the collar are also in chromium. A Russian turban in antelope completes this sports costume.



Left: Christmas is over, but Ben Lyon has devised this novel method of preserving the Christmas cards of his friends.

What a Life! This is the way a Hollywood dance director earns his living—and he gets paid for it. Larry Ceballos teaching some of the chorus girls in "Sitting Pretty" how to do a new step.

January 6, 1934

AS STUPENDOUS



Left to right: Maurice Chevalier, who is to appear in three London Film Productions; Conrad Veidt, of Gaumont-British; Michael Balcon, production manager of G.-B.; and Jack Hulbert, who appears for the same firm.

THE outlook for British pictures this year is better than it has been for a long time. The old cry of "prosperity is just around the corner" had developed into the proverbial cry of "Wolf," but just as that call eventually proved true—in a somewhat disastrous manner—so is the former slogan proving true but with this difference, that people are ready to heed it and support it.

Last year saw the finest prestige picture that has been turned out of a British studio, *The Private Life of Henry VIII*. It has caused comment throughout the film world and it looks as though it is going to be followed up.

Again, *Rome Express*, which was released this year, and *Channel Crossing* show that our studios have nothing to learn in the matter of ingenuity of setting and imaginative camera work from the other side.

But more important even than these isolated examples is the fact that the technique of British pictures as a whole has improved immeasurably. I omit some of those quota "quickies" which are still something of a blot on production over here.

And talking of quotas reminds me that exhibitors as a whole have far surpassed the required legal percentage.

People are definitely going to see British pictures because they like them.

There was a time not so very long ago when the reverse was the case. Patrons stayed away if a British picture was billed. All that is changed now, and while there is certainly still room for improvement—especially in story values—our product is progressing and becomes a competitive force with which to be reckoned.

Below, the production chiefs of two of our biggest studios detail their 1934 plans for you.

They are ambitious and far-reaching in effect. There is a wide diversity of subjects, and several are planned on a big scale which augurs well for the future.

My own impressions concerning the vital needs of British pictures generally are that more attention must be paid to story construction.

Technical qualities, settings and camera work are now on a well-established standard, but story values and continuity are still apt to be weak.

We concentrate too much on comedies or drawing-room dramas. More vital themes are needed, stronger drama, and plots with a topical flavour.

The English countryside and towns still need to be put on the map. Picturegoers are more familiar with the skyscrapers of New York or Chicago than they are with the time-mellowed buildings of London or the spires of a cathedral town. They have lived, pictorially, more in the vast prairies of the West than in the soft pastures of the west country.

These things will, I feel sure, come in time; filmgoers have been asking for them long enough

to have their wishes acceded to.

Gaumont-British are launching forth on a large scale. They are varying their topics very considerably, and judging by the titles in the list of subjects presented by Michael Balcon, there is going to be something to suit all tastes.

They are beginning to line up stars and exploit them fully. One of the biggest assets in American studios has been the way the executives have seen to it that stellar names count.

Maybe one day we shall be able to dispense with such adventitious aids to box office success but, at the moment, there can be no doubt that "names" count very considerably.

If the stellar vehicle is not worthy of the star who appears in it, I agree that he or she may prove ineffective, but given all things equal all round, stellar prestige plus production value is better than production value on its own.

It is merely a question of human nature. You create interest in some personality and we picturegoers are going to see that personality, quite apart from the other merits of the entertainment offered.

If we are disappointed we shall feel a little put out, but we shall probably go again to see if the defect has been remedied in the star's next vehicle.

If it is not, our depression, like the B.B.C. weather reports, will probably deepen, but we shall go a third time—just to see what it is all about.

After that, the star, so far as his or her name is concerned, is finished—that is if we are once again let down.

That is when the star system is working. If, on the other hand, we go to see a picture with players whose personalities have not been strongly brought to our notice, we see that picture and then if it is bad, we decide that we do not want to see the people participating in it again.

A case of once bitten, twice shy, and no love for anyone concerned to make us wish to go again and see if we shall be caressed instead of bitten. This is all rather by the way, but I have felt very strongly that the creation of some personal contact through the publicity department is one of the things that is sadly lacking in British films generally.

It is, I think, going to be altered. There is a distinct tendency to introduce us film fans to the people who work in our studios and make us conscious of their personalities; make us feel for them and like them quite apart from their histrionic ability.

And do not misunderstand me. If that ability is not there we shall not like them very long; that has been proved in dozens of cases from the other side. We may feel sympathy with their rocket-stick downfall, but we just do not go to see them. It is ability that counts all the time; but ability plus personality is better.

London Films are introducing into their organisation several names which will draw us

OUR PLANS for 1934

to see their productions. Apart from those mentioned in Alexander Korda's article there are, I believe, René Clair, the most successful of talkie musical directors, Milestone, the famous sponsor of *All Quiet on the Western Front*, and Lubitsch, whose Chevalier pictures have evoked world-wide enthusiasm, just as his brilliant silents led the way in technique and imagination.

These are directorial stellar names, and they have won their place in the front ranks by results. Fans would do well to follow the directors of films rather than the stars in many cases, and these three provide a very good example of the reason why.

Meanwhile the accompanying programmes and aspirations as set forth by Michael Balcon and Alexander Korda make one feel that we are in for an entertaining and prosperous film New Year.—L. C.

What London Films Are Doing —by Alexander Korda

My chief aim and hope in 1934 is to continue to produce films of the quality or, if possible, better than *Henry VIII* and *The Rise of Catherine the Great*, which will further the prestige of the British film industry in foreign markets.

London Films has an extremely ambitious programme, and will produce six films of world-wide importance this year.

The first will be *Exit Don Juan*, directed by myself, and will star Douglas Fairbanks in a very original story by Lajos Biro and Arthur Wimperis.

A brilliant cast will support Mr. Fairbanks and will include four young star girls under contract to London Films.

Following this, Douglas Fairbanks and his son will appear together for the first time in one film entitled "Z," based on the popular romantic screen figure, "Zorro," created in silents by the former.

This will be made on a large scale and will have certain exterior scenes made in Spain.

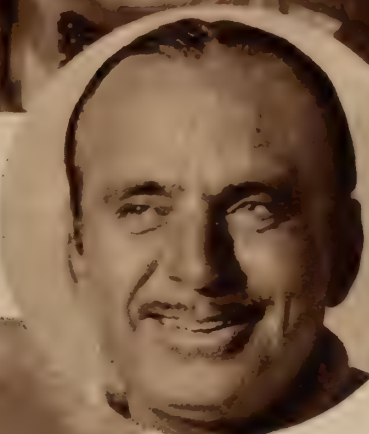


This Year looks like a bumper year for British studios. Below we publish "with an introduction" the aspirations and production plans of our two largest studios, written by Alexander Korda and Michael Balcon.

Cicely Courtneidge as herself, Tom Walls, our premier laughter-maker, and Charles Laughton, who needs no introduction.

The man who puts laughter into the screen versions of Aldwych farces—Ralph Lynn.

Douglas Fairbanks, sen., whose initial appearance in this country will be in "Exit Don Juan."



A glance at the programme we have scheduled for production will confirm this. During the forthcoming year our programme will include the following subjects: *Chu Chin Chow*, *Brown on Resolution*, *Rhodes*, *Magnolia Street*, *Mary*, *Queen of Scots*, *My Old Dutch*, *Roadhouse*, *Brave New World*, *Little Friend*, *A Cup of Kindness*, *A Bit of a Test*, *Covent Garden*, *The Camels Are Coming*, and *Soldiers Three*.

Here is every variety of topic. The ground covered includes subjects that deal with the Navy, the Army, with the Empire, musical spectacle, history and with life at home—both in the light of drama and comedy.

Our object will be to make these pictures to appeal, not only over a wider range of interest, but also with an increased standard of entertainment within that interest.

For the first time a number of our directors will be going to various parts of the Empire to make pictures. *Brown on Resolution* will be made in Malta, and Walter Forde, on the completion of that picture, will go to India to make *Soldiers Three*.

Victor Saville will be leaving for South Africa to make a film with Cecil Rhodes as its subject, while Robert J. Flaherty, who made *Man of Aran* actually in the Aran Islands, will be going to Australia.

Jack Hulbert and Cicely Courtneidge have left for Egypt, to make their next picture, *The Camels Are Coming*, under the direction of Tim Whelan.

These facts, in themselves, justify our claim that 1934 will be beyond everything a year of expansion for Gaumont-British and Gainsborough.

The choice of subjects scheduled for production in the studios at home include an ambitious and spectacular version of the famous musical play, *Chu Chin Chow*, a film version of *Roadhouse*, more Tom Walls-Ralph Lynn comedies—including *A Cup of Kindness* and *A Bit of a Test*—and two sides of London life in *My Old Dutch* and *Covent Garden*.

In *Magnolia Street*, from the famous novel by Louis Golding, there is a film with a particular appeal to the north of England.

It has been our announced intention to make a picture of the life of *Mary*, *Queen of Scots*, and this year will see the realisation of this.

This, then, is our programme and while the immediate work in hand is in progress, the films which have been made in 1933 will be finding their way round the world and will be part of our progress in 1934.

The progress in British films has been such that we can confidently look forward during 1934 to an even greater consolidation of the position we now hold on the screens of the world.

Doug. Fairbanks, jun., as Peter III in "Katharine the Great," in which he appears with the great German artist, Elizabeth Bergner

My brother, Zoltan Korda, will direct *Kongo Raid*, which will contain magnificent African sequences, and it is hoped that it will be one of the most sensational films of this year.

This film is based on the late Edgar Wallace's famous character, *Sanders of the River*.

H. G. Wells, undoubtedly England's greatest imaginative author, is writing a screen story specially for us which is based on his book, *The Shape of Things to Come* and other of his works.

This film will deal with the world in the future, and will be a complete departure in technique from previous British productions.

It will be planned on a big scale.

I am not interested in producing a large programme each year. I want to make only a few films each year, but those will be of world-wide importance and cost not less than £50,000 each.

What Gaumont-British is Doing —by Michael Balcon

THE year 1933 for Gaumont-British and Gainsborough marked a stage of progress and consolidation in that progress. The next and inevitable development from this position must be towards a wider field, both of output and of interest, and our keynote in 1934 will be "expansion."

Alexander Korda, the presiding genius of London Film Productions.

Walter Forde, one of our most versatile and talented directors, who can also act with the best of our screen comedians.

It is intended to produce something really outstanding.

Maurice Chevalier, who will make six pictures during the next three years, will appear in three of them for London Film Productions, and at least one Maurice Chevalier super picture will be produced in the 1934 programme.

Charles Laughton will make five pictures exclusively in this country for us during the next three years, and one or two super pictures starring him will be put into production in 1934.

Other prominent actors of world-wide reputation will also be seen in our pictures.





CLARA BOW

The "It Girl" returns to the screen in "Hoop-la," a new version of that early talkie success, "The Barker" and the latest contribution to the circus cycle. Clara, as you can see for yourself in this picture, has been on a "slimming" campaign, and the figure that used to delight the bald-headed back rows in the days of "It" and "Get Your Man" is likely to be one of the major spectacles of the coming season



Concluding THE GIRL I WENT TO SEE SOMETIME

MAE WEST DISCUSSES MEN and SEX APPEAL

by Cary GRANT

"BIG masculine men of the not-so-handsome type make the best husbands—they have more male 'It,' according to the views and experience of the screen's newest sensation.

MAE WEST told me the other day that she hopes soon to fulfil an ambition to come to London.

She will probably make a personal appearance tour here and in Paris.

It will be the first time she has crossed the Atlantic.

Her busy, struggling life has left her little time for recreation.

"A good many persons who have known me only since I have been acting for the screen seem to feel that success has come to me overnight," she told me wistfully one day; "that it was a case of being touched by the magic wand of Hollywood and, presto—the whole world knew me.

"That's not true.

"I have had the hardest kind of a struggle all my life. In fact, it is the literal truth that I have been working, hoping, planning and wishing for something like my present recognition ever since I was four and a half years old.

"That was the occasion of my debut as an actress. I have been acting, either in stock, vaudeville, musical comedy, or my own plays ever since.

"For how many years? Well—more than twenty."

Mae is perfectly frank about her battle for fame. "I've never gone hungry, walked the tracks when stranded, or had to do any of the picturesque things other Thespians have endured for their art," she confesses, "but I have worked twenty hours a day, many times.

"I have rehearsed for twelve hours at a stretch, and then lain in bed for hours more repeating, improvising, even adding new lines and business.

"I have taken criticism from persons who sought to curb my originality and to repress my personality.

"I have sacrificed everything for a career, have passed up pleasure and good times, even travel, because I found myself on a fascinating merry-go-round and wanted to know where it would carry me.

"I believe in fate and destiny and things like that, but nothing has happened to me through accident. My whole life has been like an orderly, logical chain of events leading to the present.

"Even the new fashion vogue which the style magazines credit me with starting, after those Frenchmen saw *She Done Him Wrong*, was something I deliberately wished for, ever since, as

A striking new study of Mae West, who in real life is a "smaller, daintier woman than you would expect to meet."

a small girl, I used to admire the lovely gowns worn by Lillian Russell. Those Gay 'Nineties gowns, emphasising the hour-glass waist, I wore in *She Done Him Wrong* were designed at my suggestion.

"Perhaps the most terrifying thing about fame, however, is the burden it imposes. One has to live up to it. I've found all my life that one can't rest on past laurels."

Nevertheless, Miss West can now spare a little time for relaxation. Her European trip, for instance.

It will have to wait a little while, of course. She has her new picture, *It Ain't No Sin*, to complete, and after that she is due for a personal appearance tour of America.

Recently the broadcast studios made her extremely tempting offers.

One offered her £1,000 each for a series of thirteen fifteen-minute broadcasts.

She has rejected all of them because it is her working creed to concentrate on whatever she is doing.

She believes that you cannot do well two things at the same time.

Mae West, although a charming and even fascinating companion, has never had her name linked with those of men—even in Hollywood, where, as everybody knows, the gossipers work overtime.

There has, incidentally, never been the slightest suggestion against the conduct of her private life.

But you only have to work with her to know how deep is her knowledge of masculine human nature.

One reason for her detached attitude to men was her close attachment for her mother, who died three years ago after a long illness.

"My mother never seemed to like any of the men I cared for," she says, "and now I think she was right. I'd have probably been married and divorced a number of times if I hadn't listened to her. Then when I grew old enough to make up my own mind I took care of my mother."

Mae West, however, has definite views about



the type of man that makes the best husband, and it is not the "sheik" type, she declares. She has a preference for "big masculine-looking men of the not-so-handsome type."

"Those guys," Mae adds, "have more sex appeal. Besides, they're not so hard to keep."

Mae West in real life is a smaller, daintier woman than you would expect to meet after seeing her on the screen. She is five feet four inches tall, and weighs 116 to 120 pounds.

Her face is round and dimpled. She has a peaches-and-cream complexion, and beautiful teeth.

She wears ankle-length dresses, and clothes which while being smart and up-to-the-minute are contrived to make the most of those famous curves.

Now let me tell you something about Mae West's future.

Mae likes pictures and Hollywood very much indeed, and is flattered by the amazing success which has rewarded her efforts. She expects to continue in pictures indefinitely.

She attributes her great vogue in part to the fact that talkie audiences have reached that point in their mental development where they are prepared to hear matters of sex, love and morals discussed in a frank but humorous manner. She herself believes in referring to a spade as a spade, and thinks that the public to-day appreciates this.

Fame seems to have come overnight to Mae West, but, as a matter of fact, it has long been denied her. She has built on strong foundations, surely, and Hollywood expects her to continue her reign for many years to come, because she is the first movie "queen of sex" who also has been gifted with a sense of humour and real acting ability.

Pre-Views of the Latest Films

ALICE
WHERE
ART
THOU?

Let our Film Critics
who really see the
pictures guide you.

I DOUBT whether it is possible to film Lewis Carroll's two books at all satisfactorily, and I am certain that this *mélange* of *Alice Through the Looking Glass* and *Alice in Wonderland* put out under the latter title does not capture the spirit of clever nonsense which is inherent in both.

It was once mooted that Walt Disney should do a cartoon version of Alice's adventures with a central human figure; this, I consider, would have been eminently fitting.

Directly you attempt to bring Carroll's words and Tenniel's drawings into human shape with human artists in heavy disguise and elaborate robes you ruin the whole illusion. And you cannot for one moment divorce Carroll from Tenniel any more than you can divorce Gilbert from Sullivan.

This picture has the air of a hurried effort. It has certainly clever technical effects; the make-ups are ingenious but grotesque rather than familiarly ridiculous and worst of all Alice—and several of the long cast—speak with a devastating American accent which strikes a thoroughly incongruous note.

Carroll's essays into the ridiculous are put over—or rather they try to put them over—as wisecracks and they will not work that way.

The sins of omission—a lot has necessarily had to be left out and the theme and continuity in each book has been completely lost—are as bad as the sins of commission, where the director has sought fit to elaborate or emphasise on the author's original work.

It is definitely a 'question of "Alice Where Art Thou?" and the answer is very assuredly and definitely—in Hollywood.

As Alice, Charlotte Henry looks even if she does not speak the part; at times, indeed, when she is driven to the verge of tears she reminds one forcibly of Zasu Pitts.

She wanders in a haphazard manner through the mixed adventures with the chess characters of "The Looking Glass," the card character of "Wonderland," and the various beasts which are encountered in both.

I found that the director, Norman McLeod, had

erred on the side of the grotesque. His "Duchess"—played by Alison Skipworth—was not just hideous, but thoroughly repulsive. Tweedledee and Tweedledum played respectively by Roscoe Karns and Jack Oakie, were also more grotesque than funny.

Incidentally the recital of the "Walrus and the Carpenter" was done in an indifferent cartoon; but it was a straw in the wind that showed that it is as a cartoon that Carroll's works would best take a pictorial form.

Neither the White Queen played by Louise Fazenda nor the Red, played by Edna May Oliver, seemed to approximate to childhood memories, while the Queen of Hearts of May Robson was a vague shadow of the original.

Perhaps the best character of all was the White Knight, played by Gary Cooper—he fell off his horse so well. But even he seemed to lack the "foolish gentleness" the part required, and his accent was a distinct handicap.

This same criticism applies to W. C. Fields as Humpty Dumpty, while Edward Everett Horton as the Mad Hatter and Charlie Ruggles as the March Hare overdid the fooling by being thoroughly conscious that they were meant to be mad.

Altogether a not too happy an effort, hurried in effect, lacking in even the coherence of the ridiculous.

Children may be pleased with it, but I think that any of those who are well acquainted with the book will be disappointed.—L. C.



Top, left : Charlotte Henry with Tweedledum (Jack Oakie) and Tweedledee (Roscoe Karns) in "Alice in Wonderland."

Kay Francis, with John Halliday, in "The House on 56th Street," which will be fully reviewed next week

Dancing Lady

Although in nett sum and substance Metro's major contribution to the back-stage musical cycle amounts to little more than that story of the

promoted chorus girl who scores a first night triumph and saves the show, served up with different music and ensembles and a new batch of wisecracks, *Dancing Lady* is so skilfully and luxuriously "put over" that it has excellent claims to be considered the best song and dance show of the current series.

Indeed, only the absence of the really strong hit song numbers that were a feature of its distinguished predecessor makes one cautious about predicting for it the popularity that *Broadway Melody* achieved five years ago.

The plot, slight and familiar as it is, is—miraculously for this type of talkie—made reasonably credible and interesting by the polished direction of Robert Z. Leonard. In it we see Joan Crawford as Janie, a dancer in a cheap burlesque show, who, through the interest of Tod Newton (Franchot Tone), a wealthy society man, is given an opportunity in the chorus of a Broadway show produced by Patch Gallagher (Clark Gable).

The latter, though impressed by her dancing talent, tries to stifle any other interest in her.

He promotes her to the "top spot," but in order to take Janie, now torn between a career and a successful society marriage to him, on a respectably chaperoned trip to Havana, Newton has the financial support of the play withdrawn. However, Janie comes back in time to save the show and score a triumph, and, as we expected

all along, Great-Lover Gable gets his girl in the end.

Joan Crawford, if still emaciated, exotically made up and inclined to be soulful at the slightest provocation, is much more at home in this type of thing than she has been in some of her recent more ambitious flights into serious drama, and she gives us the most appealing Crawford portrayal we have had for many movie moons. The role, of course, also provides her with an opportunity to demonstrate her not inconsiderable skill as a dancer, although the simple "routines" she performed for the most part might make the captious critic sceptical about Janie's claims to Broadway stardom. The best work in this department, as was only to be expected, comes from Fred Astaire, who contributes several excellent numbers.

Most of the spectacle is reserved for the final reel, a logical and merciful device which prevents it getting entangled with and holding up the action.

Moreover, it is some of the most strikingly and ingeniously effective "spectacle" I have seen.

Clark Gable's performance in a role to which he was well suited, like the entire production, showed very few signs that it was interrupted by illness. Franchot Tone is engaging enough as the play-boy lover, although he appeared to be in doubt whether or not the character should be in a state of mild but permanent inebriation.

May Robson, Winnie Lightner, Nelson Eddy (one of Culver City's "musical" white hopes) and Robert Benchley make the minor characters interesting.—M. D. P.

The World Changes

A film with Paul Muni and Aline MacMahon is always certain to have my patronage. It is also likely to make me super-critical because I cannot bear to see two such fine artistes in anything but good pictures.

I will first relate the story of the film before telling you of my own reaction to it.

Orin Nordholm and his wife Anna are two of those pioneers whose praises America—and rightly so—is never tired of singing. Their wagon is lumbering towards the West some time about

1854. Anna who is about to have a child, selects the spot on which they will pitch their tent—a magnificent piece of acting—and with the passing of time we see the log cabin and Orin II.

A meeting with Buffalo Bill gives young Orin an ambition to blaze a trail of cattle driving and in little time he becomes partner in a big Chicago packing business and marries Virginia, his partner's daughter.

We now arrive at the third generation. Virginia is a social climber and is ashamed of her husband's business, from which she insists on keeping their two sons. One becomes engaged to Jennifer Clinton, the daughter of an aristocratic family.

To impress the Clintons, Virginia stupidly announces that her husband is retiring from business. Orin tells his wife what he thinks of her and she, flying into a rage, becomes insane. Orin weathers a financial crisis, but the death of his wife takes all the fight out of him and he retires from business. He goes to New York and buys his son, Richard, a brokerage business.

The world again changes and we arrive at the fourth generation—the Clinton Nordholms. Natalie, daughter of Richard and Jennifer, is engaged to Sir Phillip Ivor, an English baronet. The grandfather protests, because Sir Phillip is a waster, twice divorced, and is told by his daughter-in-law to mind his own business.

Enter Anna, great-grandmother, who decides to visit New York, for the wedding, taking with her Selma, a granddaughter of the girl who was the first real love of Orin II.

The father of the bride is in financial difficulties, the mother of the bride has been carrying on with a lover, a brother of the bride has embezzled a large sum of money. The only decent person is Orin III, the other brother of the bride, who appears worthy to bear his grandfather's name.

The marriage does not take place. While the bride is in church waiting for her father to come, he commits suicide, and with this tragedy comes also the end of Orin II.

We end on the happy note of Anna, great-grandmother, and two young lovers Orin III and Selma III, down on the farm in Orinville. So really the world has changed very little, as far as men and women are concerned.

There is so much that is good in this picture, and there is so much that could have been better, that it makes me furious to think how chances of turning out a superlative picture are thrown away.

Personally, I would like to have seen more of Anna, because of the brilliance of Aline MacMahon. Her acting in the opening sequences is superb. An occasional scene in Orinville would have helped the film and been a contrast. I should like to have seen how that speck in the Great World had been faring all those years and how much it had changed.

I am certain we could have been spared the insanity scenes, and the English baronet is the most absurd person I've met for many a long day. Just as ridiculous as one of the sons who is supposed to be at Oxford.

The baronet may have been stuck in to please the uninitiated American patrons, but it is an insult to the intelligence of an audience in this country. Of course, the producers and director may say that such people do exist, but that is no excuse for so libellous a caricature. The gem is reached when the baronet, bolting from church, puts his fingers in his mouth to whistle a cab.

There were chances to include scenes that would have made this film memorable, but they were thrown away for unreal melodramatic stuff.

Paul Muni, who plays Orin II, is really fine from his time as a young pioneer to his end as a tragic grandfather. But was it beyond the imagination of the producers to give him a great scene with his mother, especially as she was Aline MacMahon.

Of Aline I have already written. I need only add that I commend Warner Brothers who decided to make a star of her after this picture.

The large cast includes such well-known names as Mary Astor (looking like a dishevelled Lady Macbeth in the insane scenes), Allan Dinehart, Guy Kibbee, Margaret Lindsay, Jean Muir, Henry O'Neil, Anna Q. Nilsson, Patricia Ellis, and Alan Mowbray (to whom I extend my sympathy for his Sir Phillip).

In spite of certain severities in my criticism, I recommend you to see this picture. There's Muni and MacMahon.—M. B. Y.

Service

It is becoming increasingly more apparent that the best stories of English life come from America. It is certainly a queer topsy-turvy state of affairs, but there it is.

You have only to cast your mind back to such pictures as *Cavalcade*, *Berkley Square*, and so on to realise the truth of that statement.

And now here is another. *Service*, a stage play has been exceptionally well adapted to the screen with a wholly convincing English atmosphere.

Clarence Brown, the director, has completely caught the spirit of tradition which is the dominant theme of this story of the managing director of an old-established store which is threatened with extinction in the slump, and is nearly bought up by an enterprising but cheap-jack firm.

How *Service*, with the help of his son and daughter, who grow suddenly aware of the honourable business their ancestors have built up, saves the situation by determining to carry on in face of all odds, is thoroughly interesting.

But there is a lot more to the picture than that. It shows the love his children have for him brought out by adversity, and also depicts the life of a big shop with a wealth of detail and realism.

The employee's point of view is expressed through Benton, an old and valued servant of the company, who is discharged after forty years service.

He in turn has to get rid of his daily help, so that the ramifications of unemployment are clearly expressed.

Incidentally, this maid of all work, unnamed in the cast list, gives a performance that will bring a tear to the eye of the most hardened and cynical picturegoer.

Benton takes his dismissal hard but faces the facts, and with the help of his wife, his son and daughter, who also rally round him, starts a pastrycook's business which proves successful.

It is indeed partly due to his example, and—in spite of his treatment—unswerving loyalty to the firm that employed him that *Service* decides to carry on.

Another factor in his decision is the underhand methods of forcing a sale used by the firm that is in the market to buy up *Services*.

Service, however, is not so lucky in his wife as Benton. She is a young woman he married after his first wife's death, and spends her time at variance with her step-children and going out with a man-about-town. When she learns of the impending crash she deserts him.

A touch of romance is introduced with a love affair between *Service's* efficient but shy young secretary and his daughter.

As a whole, Clarence Brown gives us a microcosm of the world with its loves and hates, hopes and fears as mirrored by the people connected with the old-established firm.

At times the sentiment is apt to be over-stressed, and there is a symbolical ending—*Service* sees in a rainbow which appears after a storm the symbol of prosperity not only for himself but for the world—which strikes a note of bathos.

Generally, however, the picture is sincere and human and very well acted.

Lionel Barrymore, dispensing with his more familiar mannerisms, gives a brilliant study of the elderly clerk. It is one of the best things he has done this year.

Lewis Stone is sincere and thoroughly convincing as *Service*, while Elizabeth Allan, who appears to be steadily on the starward path, is delightfully ingenuous and human as his daughter, Caroline.

As *Service's* wife, Benita Hume looks beautiful, but she puts no life or enthusiasm into the part.

Colin Clive is not well cast as Caroline's lover; he does not suggest a romantic attachment at all well. Phillips Holmes, however, is good as *Service's* son. All the minor characters are well cast, and there is an atmosphere of realism which makes the picture a wholly convincing and entertaining one.—L. C.



Joan Crawford and Clark Gable again prove an ideal talkie team in "Dancing Lady."



Two English stars, Colin Clive and Elizabeth Allan in Hollywood's "Service."



LEWIS STONE

Adds another to his long and distinguished list of popular characterisations in "Service." We will see him next with Greta Garbo in "Queen Christina." Stone has hardly missed a single Garbo film since talkies

PHIL LONERGAN sends it HOT from HOLLYWOOD

NASTY SHOCK for STARS

Are Mexican Divorces Legal?—Sequel to Mae West Hold-up—
Ramon's Good Deed—Alice White's Wedding—Romance for Joan
Crawford—Constance Cummings's Accident—Jean Harlow
Denies Divorce Rumours.

MANY residents of Hollywood are deeply worried, for the Mexican supreme court has ruled that quick divorces secured in that country, wherein one of the parties has not been granted a hearing, are invalid.

Filmland's celebrities have been in the habit of dashing gayly over to the southern republic and returning in a few days, triumphantly waving divorce decrees.

Among those who secured Mexican divorces are Sally Eilers, Zita Johann, Richard Dix, Lenore Ulric, Jack Holt and Max Baer. Sally Eilers recently married Harry Joe Brown.

Friend or Foe?

Los Angeles police are trying to determine whether Harry Voller is a friend—or an enemy—of Mae West. Voller was at the wheel of Mae West's car, when the actress was held up by two bandits and robbed of \$3,400 in money and \$16,900 worth of jewellery.

Voller and his wife had won the friendship of the star, and she was loath to believe that he could have had anything to do with the robbery. However, he was arrested in Chicago, and has been brought back to Los Angeles to stand trial with the two hold-up men, who are now in gaol.

A Good Samaritan

A genuine human interest document, received by the city editor of a Los Angeles newspaper, has been forwarded to the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios.

It reads: "A word of praise is sometimes considered cheap flattery, but I, as one in a party of four who were looking for employment, became stranded at Cameron, Arizona. All tyres were down to the last fabric. One gallon of gasoline was left. We had no money and were hungry. I want to show my appreciation in this way, as at present I cannot repay the money."

"Mr. Ramon Novarro, who is starring in *Laughing Boy*, was our benefactor to the extent of money, tyres, hotel, gasoline, and a smile that only a humanitarian could give. His only request was that he wanted us to pray for him, which was taken lightly by our party, but there was no doubt in my mind that he really meant it."

The letter was signed and a Los Angeles address was given.

Wedding Bells

Alice White has finally taken the fatal step. She recently became the bride of Sidney Bartlett, scenarist, at Magdalene, Mexico.

The ceremony was performed by a Mexican judge. Señor Rodriguez Galles, Governor of Baja, California, was one of the witnesses.

A Deep Secret

Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone have returned from New York, where they attended the première of the actress's latest production.

While Tone makes no secret of his affection for Joan, the latter will not admit that marriage is contemplated. Her divorce decree from Douglas Fairbanks, jun., does not become effective until next April. Every indication points to a marriage soon after that date.

Joan also declares that she was not in a private sanatorium in the East, under an assumed name, undergoing medical treatment.

Sylvia Wins

Sylvia Sidney scored a victory when her father, Victor Kosow, withdrew a court action whereby he sought to set aside the adoption of the actress by her step-father, Dr. Sigmund Sidney.

The little star publicly defended her mother so emphatically and attacked her father with such energy that Mr. Kosow decided to withdraw his action.

He said he undertook legal proceedings in order to demonstrate to Sylvia in open court that he was not responsible for the estrangement which separated him from his wife and daughter. He declares he withdrew the suit when he discovered his daughter's hostile attitude.

Hard Luck

Connie Cummings had an unfortunate experience at Palm Springs, where she was sojourning for a few days with her husband, Benn Levy, the noted English playwright.

While riding in the desert, she was thrown from her horse and several bones in her wrist were broken. The wrist was put in a cast, where it remained for two weeks.

A Devoted Wife

Irene Dunne has a very agreeable arrangement with the Radio studios, to whom she is under contract.

The studio is required to give her notice ten days in advance of the starting time of a production in which she is to appear. As soon as the film is completed, she is free to depart for New York, where her husband, Dr. Francis Griffin, resides.

Irene always takes advantage of the vacation clause in her contract. She returned a few weeks ago from a reunion with her husband.

A Studio in Turmoil

Comedies sometimes fail to be funny, not only to audience, but often also to the actors.

The Educational studio recently started production on *The Fur Flies*, a comedy wherein excitement is caused by the appearance of three skunks in a certain scene. The animals were supposed to be minus their potent weapon, but, as in "The Charge of the Light Brigade," someone had blundered.

When the animals were released from their cage, one of them promptly went into action and soon the stage was filled with an odour almost as terrifying as the gas used during the World War.

Director, players and workmen fled madly from the stage. Eleanor Hunt, the leading lady, fell and sprained her ankle.

It was an experience the actors will not soon forget.

A Rumour Denied

Jean Harlow indignantly says that there is no foundation for stories that she and her husband, Hal Rosson, are considering divorce proceedings.

The actress and her husband have been married only a few weeks, and appear to be very devoted to each other. Miss Harlow has a handsome home at Bel-Air and an apartment, dividing her time between the two homes, which may account for the divorce rumours.

Hostile Pets

On her arrival in Hollywood, Pat Patterson, London musical star, under contract to the Fox studio, on invitation took up temporary quarters at the home of her friend, Heather Angel, also from London.

Miss Patterson brought with her a vivacious Scotch terrier, which immediately proceeded to attempt to make friends with Heather's two "Peke" dogs and her pet kitten.

The "Pekes" and the cat proved most inhospitable. The trio turned tail on their guest and fled for safety to a haven under a davenport.

At last reports they were still under cover, and consistently refusing to extend a paw of welcome.



Rochelle Hudson makes the most of a fox fur.
Her latest picture is "Dr. Bull."

A Sister's Chance

Joan Blondell is in the hospital, recovering from an appendicitis operation, so is unable to play opposite James Cagney in *The Heir Chaser*.

The Warner officials have taken tests of Joan's sister Gloria, and may assign the role to the latter actress, who is a most attractive young lady.

Something New

A trained steer plays an important role in *Wheels of Destiny*, Ken Maynard's latest Universal picture.

Ken discovered the animal on a ranch at Pawnee, Oklahoma, where he saw it jump over a fence. Upon inquiry he learned that a cowboy had trained the steer to do the "stunt."

The actor brought cowboy and steer to Hollywood, and both are now headed for screen careers.

Hollywood Says That—

—Lilian Harvey never uses soap or water on her face, invariably removing her make-up with a solution of a dry cleaning fluid recommended to her by a French beauty expert.

—Loretta Young observes her twenty-first birthday to-day (January 6). She was born in Salt Lake City.

—Edmund Lowe always wears yellow gloves, except with evening clothes.

—Spencer Tracy has played the leading male role in eleven talking pictures during the past twenty-two months.

Tod Newton (Franchot Tone), a society "play boy," who has helped Janie (Joan Crawford), a burlesque show chorus girl to break into Broadway, tries to persuade her to throw up her career and marry him.

PICTUREGOER Weekly



Patch Gallagher (Clark Gable), the hard-boiled show producer, promotes Janie to stardom and eventually succumbs to her charms after she has rejected Newton's offer of marriage and wealth in order to pursue her stage career.

Right: Janie scores a triumph on the opening night of Patch's revue and justifies his faith in her.

An example of the striking spectacular effects achieved in the revue sequences.

DANCIN



January 6, 1934

PICTUREGOER Weekly

GALLERY ENTRANCE

JOAN CRAWFORD returns to her "dancing daughter" days in one of the best musicals of the season.

She has the rôle of a Broadway chorus girl who rises to stardom and rejects a society life as the wife of Franchot Tone, for a career, and the love of Clark Gable, as a stage producer.

Fred Astaire, the International stage star, contributes some excellent dance-numbers.

"Dancing Lady" was directed by Robert Z. Leonard.

G LADY



Above: Janie and the other chorus girls are arrested for performing a "strip" dance. She is bailed out by Newton, who sets her on the path to Broadway stardom and fame.



Janie persuades Gallagher not to "quit" when his show looks like flopping.

An attempt to escape the back way fails when she learns the hard way.

THAT'S HOW

SECRETS of the famous Hollywood name-making factories, that throw new light on the careers of some of the screen's most popular players. The "inside dope" on a "racket" at which the American studios excel.

HOLLYWOOD, January. . . . Perched high in their mountain top observatories round Los Angeles, astronomers sit peering through telescopes searching for new stars.

Ensconced in their huge leather chairs, behind vast plate-glass covered desks in executive offices of Hollywood studios, producers pore over photographs and scrutinise "tests" in their ceaseless quest for motion-picture stars.

Picking prima-donnas is no easy task, and a vast organisation whose ramifications extend to the farthest corners of the globe, is constantly on the hunt for new faces, unique and unusual personalities, capable of exploitation to stellar proportions.

The development of a kinema star is no haphazard affair. It is not the offhand selection of a pretty face nor a well-turned figure, nor an attractive voice nor a graceful carriage. It is the choice of an entity embracing all these qualities plus a personality that can be projected from a strip of celluloid to thrill countless millions in motion-picture theatres all over the world.

It means the expenditure of perhaps a million dollars in preliminary training, beauty-enhancing processes, artistic culture, publicity and propaganda, then the eventual production costs of a suitably imposing vehicle to turn the budding starlet into a glamorous, irresistible planet.

Public taste is changeable. It veers, suddenly and swiftly from the flaming redheads to the raven locked brunettes; from golden blondes to glittering platinum Valkyries.

When sound was synchronised and "movies" became "talkies," a new element was added and the velvety resonance of Miss Janet Gaynor's low modulated voice started the vogue of the throaty,

husky tones now so popular on the radio as well as the screen.

Female audiences are particularly fickle. One year they clamour for mystical, Oriental sheiks, dark, desperate and swarthy. Next they switch to handsome, fair-haired Romeos, and then about-face and centre their attentions on the cave-man type, the brutal domineering he-men of a whole cycle of pictures.

From that, the natural reaction is to the category of shy, timid, lovers whose boyish bashfulness arouses sympathy in the feminine theatre-goers' hearts.

Hollywood is the world's melting pot of feminine pulchritude. Like a giant, irresistible magnet the centre of the motion picture industry draws its satellites from all over the earth.

The powerful lure exerts its influence over the United States, across the Atlantic, surges over England and Europe, thrusts its urge into Asia and even Africa.

Its vibrations beat across the Pacific to the Far East, to the Orient, China and Japan, and against

Australia; then radiate on to India, and the great frozen North beyond.

Girls and youths from the four quarters of the globe are attracted to this mecca by the siren call of glittering success in glamorous surroundings of fame and wealth and triumph, amid plaudits and recognition from the peoples of the earth.

From this premise, it would seem easy for the motion picture magnates to recruit their personnel, to find potential stars waiting on every restaurant table, serving at every soda fountain, on duty at every counter in every sixpenny store.

Investigation, however, reveals that such is not the case. On the contrary, curiously enough, the diametrical opposite is true. A vast majority of the stars, present and potential, is gleaned from the distant byways, from regions far removed from the boulevards of Hollywood, and the golden hordes of dazzling girls who haunt the casting offices and agents' bureaux in this sunshine flooded city.

Here in these studios which deal in feminine charms as a commodity, the old adage that "beauty is only skin deep," has been tested and proven to be correct. An attractive face and a good figure are not considered sufficient assets to warrant the risk of a million dollars for the creation of a star.

Talking pictures have complicated matters and added a new requisite to the necessary factors which must go to make up a featured player. The talkies have added voice and the audible reaction of theatre-goers to the former essential of a pleasing appearance carrying visual appeal.

Besides the timbre of the voice, there must be careful enunciation, proper pronunciation, meticulous diction, and appropriate gestures to accompany the spoken word. There must be a suitable tone to the laughter; gleaming teeth and a cupid bow mouth are no longer sufficient.

But more than that, deeper than that, there must be innate artistry, a gracious deportment, with a fine elastic stride, a jaunty swing of the shoulders and hips; effortless play of the hands, and a proud carriage of the head, which training cannot instil, but merely develop.

Invariably visitors to Movietone City remark: "Why, the waitresses in the restaurant on the lot, the secretaries and stenographers in the offices, appear much more pretty and attractive than most of the actresses on the sets."

Just another common fallacy. Long, expensive experience has taught producers that lenses do not lie. Experiments

and tests have taught them, too, that there are three different and distinct phases of beauty.

There is the natural form of beauty in life; the actual living and breathing person. Then there is the still photograph, the camera's faithful portrait of that same person. Lastly, there is the moving film of that person in action, talking, gesturing, walking.

All three impressions are different. Not so



Myrna Loy, though born in no more romantic atmosphere than that offered by Helena, Montana, has become one of the screen's most exotic stars.

Lilian Harvey, who won stardom in Germany and is now being glorified by Hollywood.



STARS are MADE

marked to the layman, perhaps, without an explanation, but exceedingly diverse to the trained eye of the successful producer, who spots at once the elements lacking in the only process which interests him, the motion picture screen test.

Basically, probably, it's all a question of a radiation of personality. Personality is that intangible, almost indefinable charm which emanates to a greater or lesser extent, from a human being.

It is the aura which in proportion to its development, lifts the individual from the brute level to the appealing, attractive, lovable and alluring type which can draw countless millions to pack theatres in any city in the world.

Certain persons are capable of projecting their latent personality from a still photograph, a portrait. Others, fewer in number, are endowed with the subconscious ability to disseminate this personality and rouse one's sympathy and interest, from a motion picture reel.

It is this last category that picture producers seek, persistently, and continually. These are they who draw indiscriminately Chinese coolies, Asiatic nomads, European peasants, African aborigines to picture shows.

Winfield Sheehan, one of the most successful of Hollywood's producers in discerning the faint gleam in a potential star, estimates that the public rates its likings on a basis of 25 per cent. beauty and 75 per cent. artistry.

This executive who is himself responsible for the discovery and development of more than twenty stars of the first magnitude, considers beauty in face, form and voice comparatively prevalent, that ambition and determination are fairly common, but that artistry, the ability to act naturally but convincingly, is extremely rare.

From his long experience in spotting box office material, Mr. Sheehan has come to the conclusion that Americans and English, and members of the Slav races are, generally speaking, most likely to achieve stardom.

Perhaps the mixture of blood from all the nations of the earth for long generations has contributed to fitting citizens of the United States for the requirements of the films.

To mobility of countenance and vivacity of expression, the Slavs—Russians, Czecho-Slovaks, Poles and Hungarians—add, however, a singular ability to reflect soul and character in their countenances, he finds.

"Perhaps it is the result of centuries of suffering, of generations of oppression and misery in the turmoil of the Old World history that has left the stamp on these peoples," says Mr. Sheehan, "but certainly their artistry arouses sympathy, establishes a definite link and interest for the moviegoer."

Mr. Sheehan is careful to differentiate the Slav type from the Oriental, which lacks entirely in the appeal, and the allure of his neighbour. Natives of India and China are not photogenic, fail utterly to register satisfactorily on the films.

The immobility of their visage, the stolid fatalism of their belief, is probably largely responsible for this absence of expression.

Technical and biological reasons have been advanced to account for this difference. The deficiency is ascribed variously to dullness of the eye, chemical composition of the facial epidermis, the missing vibrancy of the voice, the slow or lethargic movements of the limbs.

The Slav type is more completely enshrouded with the air of mystery than her more mystic Oriental neighbour. She emanates an elusive illusiveness, a sense of the unreal and unfathomable, which intrigues the spectator and fires his imagination as to the reality of the figure on the screen.

Janet Gaynor is an example of the American type girl which draws universally, not only among her compatriots in the United States, but to audiences all over the world, men, women and children alike. Miss Gaynor's great appeal is to the heart, to the emotions, through her naive wistful, sympathy-stirring personality.

Myrna Loy is an example of the exotic Slav type, almost Far Eastern in her characteristics. Actually she was a school teacher in Montana be-

by Henry
WALES

fore going into pictures. Miriam Hopkins, despite her Nordic blondeness, exudes the suppressed glamour of the Slav type, although in reality an American girl of Yankee parentage.

Miss Lilian Harvey is a cosmopolite. Born in England of Teutonic descent, she studied and appeared first in public in Vienna. Later she made pictures in Berlin, Paris and London, and came to Hollywood to complete her triumphs as a real, international star.

Two newcomers to Movietone City are Miss Pat Patterson and Mlle. Ketti Gallian. The former, an English girl, is from the town of Sunderland on the North Sea, bombed by Zeppelins and shelled by battleships during the Great War. Her golden hair is a reminder of her Saxon

Spencer Tracy, one of the Fox studio's most valuable "discoveries."

Janet Gaynor, the shop girl who became the world's biggest box-office draw.

progenitors, themselves neighbours of the warlike Slavs.

Mlle. Gallian is a brunette from the Midi of France, a true Gallic type, with the alert, temperamental gestures of the Latin, the impulsive, vibrant voice so closely allied with the vocal characteristics of the Slavs.

With other youthful aspirants, these two girls will be put through an intensive course of training and preparation at Movietone City.

Candidates are groomed physically as well as in speech. Teeth are made perfect for photographic effect—coiffeurs are arranged to harmonise with countenances. They are taught poise and carriage, walking with long, clean-limbed paces.

They learn dramatics, the proper stance for speaking, the development of flexibility of the lips for proper, clear speaking, swift transitions of mood and expressive reactions.

One of the earliest of Mr. Sheehan's successes was Theda Bara, the original "vamp," who rose in fame from an unknown to the highest salaried screen-player of her epoch. A web of mystery was cast about this gorgeous, mysterious creature which thrilled and hypnotised theatre-goers.

Charles Farrell was another "find," who shot like a rocket from the unknown to become an international matinee idol.

Paul Muni, destined to become the most compelling of all the widely contrasting characters so popular on the screen; the two glittering beauties—Barbara La Marr and Dorothy Mackaill; then Spencer Tracy the likeable "he-man" of to-day's sophisticated screen-plays; the dashing Helen Twelvetrees and the siren-like Dorothy Jordan; George Brent and the vivacious Dolores Del Rio; and the inimitable swashbucklers, Victor MacLagen and Eddie Lowe, are among the other stellar talent discovered by Mr. Sheehan.

Charles Farrell was a "find" who shot like a rocket from the unknown to become an international matinee idol.



A tense scene between Richard Barthelmess, Robert Barrat, Loretta Young and Aline MacMahon.

THE STORY OF THE FILM by MARJORY WILLIAMS



HEROES FOR SALE

THE CAST

Tom..... Richard Barthelmess
Ruth..... Loretta Young
Mary..... Aline MacMahon
Roger..... Gordon Westcott
Max..... Robert Barrat
Pa Dennis..... Charles Grapewin
Mr. Winston..... Berton Churchill
George Gibson..... Grant Mitchell
Blind Man..... James Murray
Leader of the Agitators
George Collins
Dr. Briggs..... Robert McWade
Ella Holmes..... Margaret Seddon
(Freely based on the film "Heroes for Sale," by permission of First National Pictures, 135 Wardour Street, W.1.)

See next week's "On the Screens Now" for Lionel Colliers criticism of this picture.

I THOUGHT you were dead. I thought my decoration, my promotions—yours by right—wouldn't matter so much. What are you going to do?"

Tom Holmes, ex-private in the American Expeditionary Force, read agony in the eyes, the whole trembling frame of the man whom cowardice had prevented from doing his duty as a soldier.

"Nothing," he mumbled. "It wasn't your fault you got cold feet and stayed behind in that shell-hole. What did it matter who brought the prisoner in, anyway? Besides, I ought to have been killed. I should have been if it hadn't been for the German M.O. He got me through, though it took him two years in a prison camp to do it."

At that moment Tom thought it well worth while by a promise of

silence to save a man's reputation, such was the relief that dawned in Major Roger Winton's scared face.

"I'll see you're all right, for certain," Roger said. "My father's just been elected president of Nashville City Bank. You will not suffer if I can help it."

Tom did suffer. To begin with, he hadn't told Roger all. Hadn't told of the portions of shell left in his spine, causing him attacks of physical pain—unendurable pain that only morphine would relieve.

"Take these tablets, one at a time, when you can't stand it," the German M.O. had bidden Tom in excellent English when he had said "Good-bye."

He did take them, hating to see how swiftly their number diminished, sensing they would be hard to replace.

As bank clerk, work for which he had little aptitude, since it lacked the human touch that was so essential to him, life was dull but bearable. When in pain he couldn't stand it. Under those terrific onslaughts, that drew sweat from every pore, figures reeled, became meaningless, causing the despair of his superiors. Miserably right, too, he had been about the replacement of morphine.

Once, under an acute attack, he crept away from the bank in office hours; the local doctor proved adamant.

"My dear fellow, it's more than my place is worth. I daren't issue morphine in that strength."

"But can't you see I can't stand this? I must have it."

"Impossible. I'm sorry."

Tom struggled back to the bank, where he found the President had sent for him.

Roger was in the room keeping his mouth shut, while his father rated Tom for inefficiency.

When the white-haired man of business said, "This isn't war time, you know; can't expect us to get on with peace if you can't work," Roger bent over the chair where Tom sat with staring eyes.

"He's been badly shell-shocked, don't forget, dad. I'll look after you, Tom."

"You will. Then tell your father what I did to save your disgrace. Tell him I went out and brought in a Hun prisoner and you got the credit for it. Tell him your red tabs and medals belong to me."

Ashamed of his outburst, Tom got out of the room. He was later thankful to find that Roger's father had attributed his accusations to temporary insanity. He had done with the bank, anyway. Followed two nightmare years for Tom in hospital, from which, after a complicated spinal operation, he was finally discharged, cured both of his pain and the morphine habit.

America knew many such, but no lonelier man than Tom on the date of his discharge. His father and mother had both died within the past year and, as newcomers to Nashville on the declaration of war, had had few friends.

When Tom stepped on to a Chicago station platform and into the streets to look for a job, there was not a voice within five hundred miles to give him a welcoming "Hullo."

Liking the look of an eating house in 55th Street, he went in. The inscriptions on the colour-washed walls, "This is no flopping place, but you can snooze for a while," "No religious discussions allowed," and "Have you written to mother?"

sounded a genial note. So, too, the dark-haired young woman standing by the urn who took his order. Appreciating the quality of the coffee, Tom asked for a vacant room.

"We have one if Pop hasn't given

it away," she informed, nodding in the direction of a kindly greybeard installed at the counter. "I believe in folk having a bite for nothing when they can't afford to pay, but Pop's awful that way."

She took him upstairs, extolling the merits of a spring mattress by practical demonstration, while Tom was more concerned with the prospect from the window.

"Bit dark," he frowned and was deciding that a brick wall blocking the entire view, was not, under any circumstances, to be borne, when there was a rustle on the stairs. A girl appeared retreating on fear of interrupting.

"Come along, Ruth. You may as well be introduced to our new lodger. I'm Mary," announced the would-be landlady.

Tom found himself staring at the prettiest face he had ever seen.

"I'd better pay a week in advance, seeing that you don't know me," he observed, smiling for the first time in years.

The fact that Ruth worked at a laundry was deemed sufficient excuse for finding a post there himself and, having found it, to improve upon it.

In view of trade depression, no mere words but a devastating reality in Chicago, Tom, nevertheless, heard with dread that the manager wanted to see him.

Mr. Gibson, middle aged with the humanitarian's forehead, spoke from his desk.

"At a time when all my rounds-men are losing business, your round has picked up twenty per cent. How is that?"

"Well, sir, I've started a bonus scheme. Say Mrs. Jones recommends Mrs. Smith to the laundry, Mrs. Jones receives a voucher entitling her to groceries. I'm in

(Continued on page 23.)

HEROES FOR SALE — Continued

touch with various stores down town and. . . ."

Tom expanded his ideas and, in the friendly atmosphere of Mr. Gibson's approval and offer of a salesman's job at an increase of pay, dared to touch on a second topic that was near his heart.

"Where I lodge, sir, is a fellow who's tremendously keen on engineering. A bit of a crank, I should say; at the same time, the machine he's trying to patent has points to interest you. Would you spare him a half-hour sometime?"

Under the conviction that he had scored another round which, if only his fellow-lodger Max would co-operate, would win the game for them both, Tom went home.

"Mary. . . Ruth. . . Great news! Get on your hats! We're dining out to-night. . . . Where's Max?" he rotated in quick fire before he was well inside the hospitable doors of the coffee-room.

Taking Ruth's arm, for he couldn't bear, on this night of nights to let her go, he sought out Max. This somewhat eccentric engineer, having agreed to interview Mr. Gibson anytime, retired into his workshop-cum-bedroom, whence promptly issued animated sounds of chisel and hammer.

Tom had meant to wait till the end of the evening to approach Ruth on a subject even more thrilling than his work, but her flush of excited pleasure took him by storm.

Locked in each other's arms, he never knew that Mary, attired in her best, was watching them from the open door.

"I'm sorry," she faltered. "I can't come to-night. You two run along. It'd take me ages to finish my dress."

That was all. Tom never knew of the tears that threatened ruin to her sewing cotton when she had closed the door on his and Ruth's paradise.

The three years of Tom's married life in Chicago flourished as some gorgeous poppy in the waste spaces of the city.

The never-to-be-forgotten night of his child's birth was associated in Tom's mind with a second nativity. Max, regarding his invention as far more important than a baby, dragged Tom from the hospital to witness in the laundry a demonstration of the new machine.

The day following he and Tom were called to sign contracts in Mr. Gibson's office.

"These machines cut labour by twenty per cent. I want it understood that employment is not, thereby, to be reduced. Workers are to have shorter hours and improved conditions; not to be threatened with dismissal. Can I have a clause to that effect?" Tom inquired.

"Certainly." Mr. Gibson, living up to the humanitarian forehead, closed the deal with a handshake.

Two years went by and were recorded as flaming petals of beauty, having at their heart the dark core of tragedy.

First hint of it came with an early morning telephone call. Tom, turning away from the instrument, met Ruth coming with baby Bill into the hall of the brownstone house where they had rooms.

"Oh, Tom! Whatever's happened?"

"Mr. Gibson's had a heart attack. He's dead."

At first, Tom's sense of personal loss was so great as to blind him to the consequences of the greater loss of so generous an employer. Gibson's successor was a commoner type of capitalist. Inside six months he had probed the possibilities of Max's machines, installed them, and dismissed half his employees.

Employees, a simple word on paper or in the mouth of a political speaker, but representing a complicated group of men and women who could be awkward if roused!

Several husbands and fathers who had been discharged put in an appearance at the brownstone house one eve—hanging about the pavement, awaiting Tom's return.

"You're the guy who introduced machines and lost us our jobs. What are you going to do about it?" was the gist of complaint shouted by some thirty hotheads.

It was like being again in the trenches as Tom faced the mob from the steps.

"Listen, men. I'm doing nothing, because we're all in the same box. I was fired to-day."

"Raid the laundry; sack it; knock it to pieces!" came the angry retort.

The crowd had swelled to formidable proportions. Really alarmed, Tom went into their midst in the hope of discovering an ally. A hundred impetuous feet, fifty jostling shoulders surrounded him. He was hustled along, his protests ignored, past twenty blocks.

Building in progress gave the insurgents their cue. The leader, snatching a scaffolding pole and pointing out a heap of flints, was quickly followed. Half the mob were armed by the time it was seen by a policeman, who left his beat to telephone.

Never for a moment had Tom abandoned his shouts to desist or his hope of stemming the crowd. He had forced himself on and was marching at the very forefront, bellowing threats and entreaties, while his own head was in definite danger from the missiles of those nearest him.

The laundry courtyard was reached. The vast, unlighted building heaved dimly out of a faint fog. Facing the mob, facing Tom, was a line of police cars, from which dark-blue uniformed figures issued forth.

One of the mob fired an automatic. A policeman fell. Pandemonium followed, laced with deadly spurts of the official machine-guns. Tom felt both arms seized. A couple of sergeants, determining upon his being the chief rebel, maintained their grip.

Frenzy overpowered Tom. He had recognised a face. His wife's face. He saw it distinctly below the trilby of a man to his right. How could she be there? He was forced by his captors towards one of the cars. The mob surged back. He caught sight, in one horrific instant, of Ruth lying on the pavement, a trickle of red against her ashen face.

He was in gaol awaiting trial when he heard from Mary that Ruth had insisted on following him in a taxi when she heard where he had gone. She had died on the way to hospital.

Mary shed no tears when she visited Tom, who had been sentenced to a five years' term for dangerously inciting a mob to rebellion and with assault on police officers.

(Continued on page 24.)

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HEROES FOR SALE — Continued

"Don't worry about Bill. I'm taking care of him. He's happy helping Pop mornings."

"Nice of you, Mary. I'm grateful. I wish I could say so, but the stuffing's been knocked out of me." With his second visitor, Tom, however, had an interview that opened his floodgates of speech.

Max, flourishing a bank book through the grille, was almost incoherent from excitement.

"See those figures. Credit balance fifteen thousand dollars and mounting every day. You're a rich man, Tom. I'm a rich man. My invention; your introductions. We're both rich men. When you leave here you will be able to do anything you like—anything."

"Not me, Max." Tom barely glanced at the passbook. Obviously he had already mentally dealt with the possibility of its staggering news. "I can't touch a cent of that money. There's blood on it. Patent your machines in every country in the world, market them where you like, but I won't spend my share of the profits on myself. Let the account pile up. I'll deal with it later."

Realising that steel bars were more malleable than Tom behind them, Max departed, sustaining a series of explosive "Tchut-tschuts," his favoured expression when flustered.

Five years had gone by since Ruth's death, seven since his coming to Chicago, when Tom, grey-haired, with the stamp upon him of manual labour, approached the eating-house. A queue was on the move outside, composed evidently of Chicago's poor.

Gently putting aside a woman and her basket, Tom looked through the wide window on to the bar. Mary was behind the urn. Further along the counter Pop ladled from an outsize stewpan.

A nod from Mary and the street doors were banged to. A darkie janitor, polite but immovable, announced: "No more now. That's the last. Sorry."

The broken tramp of disappointed feet passed Tom. He went in.

"Listen, Mary," his eagerness precluded explanations as to homecoming or welcome. "Are you a free eating-house or what?"

"Not free. Pop and I've taken to giving out the left-overs since the slump. I wish there was more. We turn away hundreds every night Tom... you're looking well."

"How's Bill?"

"He's great."

"Good. Now, will you do something for me? I'm rich. I got a credit balance somewhat in the five figures. I want you to use it all—every cent—to feed these people."

He let her talk, but, though he was glad to see her, he was on tenterhooks, both fearing and longing to see his son. Mary sent the boy to him in the fussily furnished sitting-room with clean lace curtains, where he and Ruth had courted and kissed.

"Oh! Hullo, Bill! I didn't think you'd remember me."

"Course I do. Aunt Mary talks about you no end. Tell me what you've been doing in Alaska, won't you, Dad? I bet it snows there."

They talked about Alaska, Tom drawing on the sketchiest acquaintance with the state to supply answers for Bill's minute questioning. It was as though the first faint rays of sun were shining

through a blizzard; then, with an incisive knock at the house door, cutting short a man's voice and a boy's chuckle, an icy chill descended.

A couple of plain-clothes men, pushed their way past Tom before condescending to ask:

"Name of Thomas Holmes?"

"Yes."

"This your permanent address?"

"I can't say—yet."

"Oh, you're on the discharge list from the State prison! Crime; inciting a mob to violence."

"Like to tell you we're got our eye on you."

"And if there's any future trouble round these parts, out you go."

With spirits at zero, Tom turned to the staircase as the door closed. The meaning of two words became clear for the first time "Prison taint."

For a month Tom found precarious happiness with Mary and Bill, a month during which the precious banking account was transferred into Pop and Mary's names, a month during which the hungry were fed free and the neighbourhood was untroubled by mob outrage. Then with the first week of wintry weather Antonio Pesari was arrested, taken from his dark-eyed contadina and three children to gaol for getting up a "red" riot on Wall Street.

The same night two plain-clothes men put in appearance at Tom's house door.

"We told you to be careful. Pesari lives just one block from here."

"We don't want excuses. We don't care if you're in the business or not. We're asking you to clear out and not come back."

Aware of the uselessness of trying to justify himself, Tom packed a suitcase. Mary asked him to kiss her "Good-bye." He did so, pleased to have pleased her.

Not even thoughts of Bill worried him on his hundred-mile tramp from State to State looking for work. Morbidly anxious as he had been not to touch guilty money, he was now as determined not to let discomfort get him down.

In company with a dozen like himself, he had been turned out of a railroad shelter into a quarry pit in the pouring rain after dark when a familiar face loomed up in the light of a struck match.

"Tom."

"Roger Winton. I never thought

The harassed features of the wartime coward were very little altered. There was the same nervousness of manner as Roger said:

"No, I've come to this like all the rest. The slump broke up the bank and my old man. He committed suicide. Wish I had the courage. Seems to me everyone of us is going. America's going."

"Nonsense."

In the darkness Tom gripped the younger man's arm.

"Don't talk like that. We may die, but America will go on. Remember what President Roosevelt said in his inaugural address. 'You can't crush a nation of twenty million souls.'"

In Chicago, Mary was talking to her nephew above the eating-house where the hungry were fed for nothing.

"Never you listen to unkind talk about why your father went away, Bill. He's a good man. Reckon in these times many more like him go unrecognised, kind of heroes for sale!"

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On the Screens Now

by Lionel Collier

The PICTUREGOER'S quick reference index to films just released

***ORDERS IS ORDERS

c**SAMARANG

*CAPTURED

*MEET MY SISTER

*MIDNIGHT MARY

*THE STORY OF TEMPLE DRAKE

*SHANGHAI MADNESS

*THE BIG CHANCE

c*DRUM TAPS

VETERAN OF WATERLOO

What the asterisks mean—**** An outstanding feature. *** Very good. ** Good. * Average entertainment. c Also suitable for children.



Miriam Hopkins is very good as the heroine in "The Story of Temple Drake."

EXCEPT for a very bright British farce, *Orders is Orders*, and a novel and entertaining romance set in the Malay States, *Samarang*, the week is again an uninspiring one.

***ORDERS IS ORDERS

Gaumont. British. "U" certificate. Farce. Runs 88 minutes.

CHARLOTTE GREENWOOD.....Wanda
JAMES GLEASON.....Waggoner
CYRIL MAUDE.....The Colonel
FINLAY CURRIE.....Dave
PERCY PARSONS.....Zingbaum
CEDRIC HARDWICKE.....Brigadier
DONALD CALTHROP.....Pavey
IAN HUNTER.....Captain Harper
JANE CARR.....Patricia
RAYMOND MILLAND.....Dashwood
EDWIN LAWRENCE.....Quartermaster
ELIOT MAKEHAM.....Slee
HAY PLUMB.....Goffin
GLENNIS LORRIMER.....Miss Marigold
WALLY PATCH.....R. S. M.
SIDNEY KEITH.....Rosenblatt
Directed by WALTER FORDE. Adapted from IAN HAY'S and ANTHONY ARMSTRONG'S stage play.

This is one of the funniest farces made in this country and proves that Walter Forde is as versatile a director as he is a clever one.

The plot deals with an American film director who brazenly his way into some barracks and gets permission to "shoot" the troops for his production.

It is not long before the barracks are turned into a film studio and the soldiers into extras, and, since the director cannot make up his mind what sort of location he desires, the parade ground becomes in turn a square in India, the vaults of the Houses of Parliament in Guy Fawkes' time, and an Arab city.

The Colonel, at times, gets annoyed and, at others, interested and interfering, and the end comes with the arrival of the Brigadier, who pays an unexpected visit and finds the Colonel in the midst of a wild mob of "Arabs," "Legionnaires," and dancing girls.

This ending is not a very satisfactory one, as it lacks a really logical conclusion. Another weakness is the length to which some situations are spun out. Sharpened up to run for seventy minutes instead of eighty-eight, it would be even better entertainment than it is now.

There is a strong novelty value in the idea of a producing unit invading the sacred domain of a peppery colonel and the incongruous happenings that transpire are farce at its best.

James Gleason makes a brilliant debut in British production as the

hundred per cent. American director.

He makes the character an outstandingly funny one, yet avoids too much exaggeration of type. He carries a great deal of the weight of the picture on his capable shoulders.

Charlotte Greenwood as his assistant is also very good and makes the most of all the opportunities she has; they are not, however, quite as frequent as they might have been.

Cyril Maude is admirably fitted to the role of the Colonel who falls for the blandishments of Charlotte Greenwood.

Excellent support comes from Donald Calthrop as a harassed author whose plot is changed every few hours, Cedric Hardwicke as a Brigadier, and a whole host of competent artistes.

c**SAMARANG

U. A. American. "U" certificate. Romantic Drama. Runs 60 minutes. Featuring all native cast. Directed by WARD WING.

Novel and fascinating story which deals with the pearl fishers of the Malay States. It is all very simple in plot, but very sincere and artistic in detail.

The theme concerns the love of a pearl fisher, Ahmang, for a chieftain's daughter. The risks he runs in order to dive for pearls in prohibited and dangerous waters, so as to earn the right to win her love, are shown in a thrilling manner.

The under-water sequences are exceptionally good, especially those which depict a fight to the death between Ahmang and a shark.

Details of the life of the Dyaks,

the natives of the Malay States, are varied and illuminatingly dovetailed into the romance, and the native players act without a trace of camera consciousness.

The whole thing is very well directed and one hardly notices the absence of dialogue in the picturesqueness of the production.

*CAPTURED

Warner. American. "A" certificate. Triangle Drama. Runs 71 minutes.

LESLIE HOWARD.....Allison
DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JUN.....Digby
MARGARET LINDSAY.....Monica
PHILIP FAVENSHAM.....Haversham
PAUL LUKAS.....Ehrlich
ROBERT BARRAT.....Commandant
WILLIAM LE MAIRE.....Martin
FRANK REICHER.....The Adjutant
ARTHUR HOHL.....Cocky
JOYCE COAD.....Elsa
REGINALD PASCH.....Elsa's Lover
JOHN BLEIFER.....Strogin
J. CARROLL NAISS.....Guarand
BERT SPROTTE.....Sgt. Major
HARRY CORDING and
HANS JOBY.....Orderlies
Directed by ROY DEL RUTH. Adapted by EDWARD CHODOROV from SIR PHILIP GIBB'S novel "Fellow Prisoners."

The weakness of this picture lies in its incredibility. It is very hard to believe in the singularly inefficiently guarded German prison camp which is—once again singularly enough—nice and handy to an aeroplane base, equally poorly guarded.

In the prison camp we find Allison and Digby, old friends and prisoners of war. Strange to relate, the camp is in charge of one Ehrlich, who has been at the same university.

One night Digby, who has had a clandestine affair with Allison's wife, walks out, helps himself to an aeroplane, and flies back to his own lines.



Una Merkel is her usual amusing self in "Midnight Mary."

Unfortunately, on the night of his flight, a peasant woman was outraged and murdered, and after representations from the German commandant, supported by Allison's statement of his guilt, Digby is sent back to face a murder charge.

You see, Allison has found out about his friend's affair with his wife and his uppermost thought is revenge.

Digby is saved from the firing squad by someone confessing, and after that all the prisoners, following Digby's original example, seize aeroplanes and fly across to their own lines, leaving Allison—who repented of his action—to hold off the prison camp guard with the only machine gun.

And that, believe it or not, is the story.

Technically, it is good, with sound camera work and well-designed sets.

Leslie Howard is good as Allison, restrained and natural, but Doug. Fairbanks, jun. tends at times to over-act, and this is emphasised by the contrast between his methods and those of Howard.

*MEET MY SISTER

Pathé. British. "A" certificate. Marita farce. Runs 69 minutes.

CLIFFORD MOLLISON.....Lord Victor Wilby
CONSTANCE SHOTTER.....Joan Lynton
ENID STAMP-TAYLOR.....Lulu Marsac
FRED DUPRES.....Hiram Sowerby
FRANCES DEAN.....Helen Sowerby
JIMMY GODDEN.....Pogson, Butler
HELEN FERRERS.....The Hon. Christine Wilby
SYD CROSSLEY.....Second Butler
PATRICK BARR.....Bob Seymour

and Frou-Frou
Directed by JOHN DAUMERY.

An unpretentious picture which is well acted and has several amusing, well-handled situations.

Clifford Mollison is very good as the somewhat asinine Lord Wilby, who has trouble in discarding his mistress, Lulu, before he marries Helen, an American heiress, a role adequately played by Frances Dean.

His troubles are complicated by the fact that one night he finds a girl in his bed, whom his butler informs he has put there because she was drenched with rain when she came to serve him with a bill.

Victor has to lie to his father-in-law to be, that the girl is his sister. He acquires another when his mistress also poses in that relationship. Complications ensue when his real sister, an elderly straight-laced spinster appears on the scene.

After many complications, things are smoothed out and Victor falls in love with the strange visitor, Helen marries the man of her choice, and her father finds his affinity in Lulu.

The treatment is lively and things keep going at a brisk pace without any annoying hold-ups.



Spencer Tracy, Fay Wray, and Eugene Pallette in a scene from "Shanghai Madness."

Constance Shottor is most attractive as Joan, Enid Stamp-Taylor does well as Lulu, and Fred Duprez is sound as Helen's father.

As the straight-laced spinster, Helen Ferrers is excellent.

*MIDNIGHT MARY

M-G-M. American. "A" certificate. Gangster melodrama. Runs 73 minutes.

LORETTA YOUNG.....Mary
RICARDO CORTAZ.....Leo
FRANCHOT TONE.....Tom
ANDY DEVINE.....Sam
UNA MERKEL.....Bunny
FRANK CONROY.....District Attorney
WARREN HYMER.....Angelo
IVAN SIMPSON.....Tindle
HAROLD HUBER.....Puggy
SANDY ROTH.....Blimp
MARTHA SLEEPER.....Barbara
CHARLES GRAPEWIN.....Clerk
HALLIWELL HOMBS.....Churchill
ROBERT EMMETT O'CONNOR.....Cop
Directed by WILLIAM WELLMAN from an original story by ANITA LOOS.

A "fallen woman" story, well directed, but entirely obvious and conventional in theme. Ricardo Cortez is poorly served with the unsympathetic role of a rough gangster lover, who plans to kill the man who has supplanted him in his girl's affections, but is himself murdered by the heroine.

As the murderer, Loretta Young has also an unsympathetic part, but plays it with that sensitiveness which one can always find in her work.

Franchot Tone acts well in the conventional role of the young lover, and wealthy playboy who stands by the girl at the trial and is able to secure her acquittal at the cost of his own reputation.

The picture opens on the trial scene and flashes back to events in the accused woman's life as they pass disjointedly through her mind whilst she is awaiting the jury's verdict.

All this is quite ingenious, but one is never left in doubt what is going to happen next.

*THE STORY OF TEMPLE DRAKE

Paramount. American. "A" certificate. Sex drama. Runs 59 minutes.

MIRIAM HOPKINS.....Temple Drake
WILLIAM GARGAN.....Stephen Benbow
JACK LARUE.....Trigger
FLORENCE ELDRIDGE.....Ruby Lambert
SIR GUY STANDING.....Judge Drake
IRVING PICHEL.....Lee Goodwin
JOBYNA HOWLAND.....Miss Reba
WILLIAM COLLIER, JUN.....Toddy Gowan
ELIZABETH PATTERSON.....Aunt Jennie
JAMES EAGLES.....Tommy
Directed by STEPHEN ROBERTS from "Sanctuary," a novel by WILLIAM FAULKNER.

A very sordid adaptation of a book with which the censor has apparently been busy, but from which he has failed to remove its unpleasant atmosphere.

Basically, it is the story of a wealthy nymphomaniac who gives herself voluntarily to a gangster of the most vicious type, although it is true she does at first struggle against her inclinations.

Later on she pretends to care nothing for her decent lover in order to save his life and shoots the gangster with whom she has suddenly become disgusted.

The inevitable trial scene follows; a frankly incredible affair. She, herself, is not actually on trial, but is subpoenaed as a witness by her lover, who is a barrister, in order to help clear a man accused of murder.

To do this she has to confess to her relation with the gangster and also to his murder.

At the end of the recital the barrister, carrying his fainting witness out of court, remarks to his grandfather, a learned and respected judge, that he should be proud of the girl!

Jack LaRue makes the gangster as repulsively animalistic as could be wished, while William Gargan is sincere and virile as the barrister.

Miriam Hopkins is very good as the girl, but it is a hopelessly degraded part.

*SHANGHAI MADNESS

Fox. American. Adventurous romance. Runs 65 minutes.

SPENCER TRACY.....Pat Jackson
FAY WRAY.....Wildeth Christie
RALPH MORGAN.....Li Po Chang
EUGENE PALLETTE.....Lobo Loneragan
HERBERT MUNDIN.....First Officer Larsen
REGINALD MASON.....William Christie
ARTHUR HOYT.....Van Emery
ALBERT CONTI.....Rigaud
MAUDE EMBURNE.....Mrs. Glissen
WILLIAM VON BRICKEN.....Von Uhlenburg
Directed by JOHN BLYSTONE from a story by FREDERICK BRENNAN.

Spencer Tracy, as a naval officer who fires on Chinese Communists, is dismissed his ship, but re-instated after rescuing a mission station from the same gentlemen, gives a virile performance.

The picture is rather transparently obvious, but it is colourful and the characterisations generally are good.

For instance, there is Eugene Pallette as a typical easygoing sailor, Herbert Mundin, Reginald Mason, and Arthur Hoyt.

Fay Wray makes an attractive heroine.

*THE BIG CHANCE

Universal. American. "A" certificate. Boxing drama. Runs 60 minutes.

JOHN DARROW.....Frankie Morgan
Merna KENNEDY.....Mary Wilson
NATALIE MOORHEAD....."Babe"
MICKEY (McGUIRE) ROONEY.....Arthur Wilson
MATHEW BETZ....."Flash"
HANK MANN....."Tugboat"
J. CARROL NAISH.....Mr. Wilson
ELEANOR TRUE BOARDMAN.....Mrs. Wilson
Directed by AL HERMAN.

Typical boxing drama which exposes the American ring racket in an ingenious but quite entertaining manner.

John Darrow is likeable as a boxer who fights for a crooked manager, but goes straight when he falls in love, while Mathew Betz puts over the villainy admirably as the manager in question.

For heroine there is Merna Kennedy, looking pretty, and a child interest is supplied by Mickey Rooney.

For broad comedy relief there is Hank Mann.

Small-town atmosphere is quite good and the fights are well staged.

*DRUM TAPS

Gaumont-Ideal. American. "U" certificate. Western drama. Runs 60 minutes.

KEN MAYNARD.....Ken Cartwright
DOROTHY DIX.....Eileen Carey
JUNIOR COGHLAN.....Eric
CHARLES STEVENS.....Indian Joe
AL BRIDGE.....Liriat
HARRY SEMELS.....Pete
JIM MASON.....Sheriff
SLIM WHITAKER.....Stubby Lane
With KERMIT MAYNARD and the Los Angeles Boy Scout Troup No. 107.
Directed by J. P. MCGOWAN.

Conventional Western dealing with a man's lone fight against injustice—the man in the case being Ken Maynard, who rides and fights with plenty of vigour.

Dorothy Dix supplies the feminine charm, and for the rest there is action and good scenery.

VETERAN OF WATERLOO

Paramount. British. "U" certificate. Patriotic dramatic sketch. Runs 43 minutes.

JERROLD ROBERTSHAW
Corpl. Gregory Brewster
JOAN KEMP-WELCH.....Norah Brewster
ROBERT LIVESEY.....Sergeant McDonald
A. B. IMESON.....The Colonel
MINNIE RAYNER.....A Neighbour
Directed by A. V. BRAMBLE from a playlet written for H. B. IRVING by SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE.

Jerrold Robertshaw struggles hard to put over this slight patriotic sketch, which is unduly padded with incidentals and strikes an old-fashioned, out-of-date note.

The sentiment and patriotism are overstressed and one can find very little in it to recommend.

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SAYS MR. SOANES

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13 Church Road,
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3/12/33.

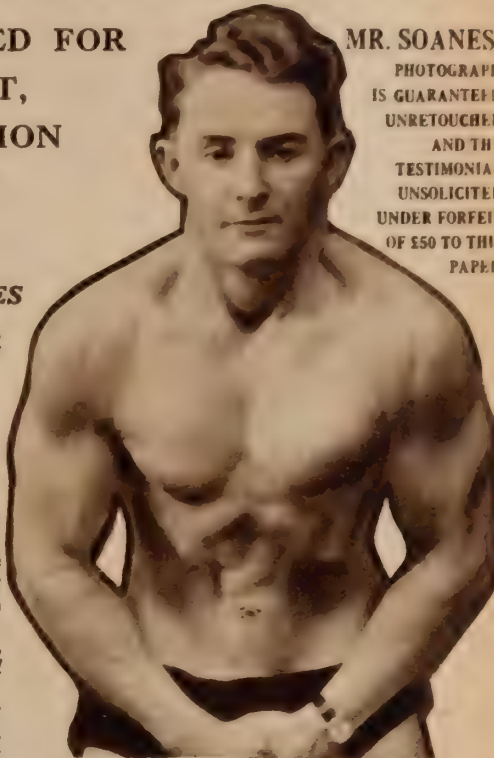
Dear Sir,

I herewith enclose three photographs to show you what your course has done for me and to tender my very sincere thanks for a course which is unparalleled for development, concentration and good health.

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Mr. P. H. SOANES in a superb exposition of exercise "H" of Maxalding. Note also the splendid supple all-round development, and the magnificent neck. The photograph is guaranteed unretouched.

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1. I suffer from and desire to be cured of Constipation, Indigestion, Biliousness, Nervous Debility, Lung Weakness, Liver Stagnation, Fatigue, Stomach Weakness, Lumbago, Obesity, Susceptibility to Colds, Lack of Self-Confidence, Dizziness when Stopping, Lack of Physical Development, and strength. 2. I desire to secure great nervous energy. 3. I desire to secure great speed, endurance, and strength.

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ON THE BRITISH SETS by E. G. COUSINS



Robertson Hare, Norma Varden, Tom Walls, Ralph Lynn, Veronica Rose and Marjorie Corbett in a scene from the film version of "Turkey Time."

Will there be a COMEDY DROUGHT?

*Finding New Funny-men—Police, Police!—No Smokee Opium—
A Gag-man Turns Director—And So Do Some Actors—
Dangers of the Studios—Dog-Bite and Steer-buck.*

IT behoves us to think of comedy—and how we are to secure it. "How absurd," you will say (and with justification) "that with all our wealth of comedians and humorous writers we should have to worry our heads about it! All we should do is to sit down and wait for them to make us laugh."

I agree that that *should* be the case. If it comes to that, in a rainy and well-organised country like Britain it is absurd that country districts should be suffering from drought in mid-winter, just because we had a dry summer. Yet it is so.

Now we are threatened with a laugh-shortage, too, both from Hollywood and from our own studios.

Why? For the same reason that we have a water-shortage—lack of forethought.

There has been no organised attempt to discover and exploit new comedians or humorists in the manner that "straight" stars are sought and launched.

A Certain Sameness

We have, it is true, a few screen comedians whose names carry weight and turn the s.d. at the box-office into £ s. d.; but there is one snag about these people, which may prove fatal if we are not careful.

They are chiefly players who have made a stage reputation with a certain brand of humour with which they are identified and which they have brought to the screen with them—and they are apt to get into a groove.

Sydney Howard, however, has a "gag man,"

Jack Marks, who is as full of comic invention as a Marx brother. Whenever I see Syd Howard doing a particularly funny bit of work in the studio, I spot the diminutive form of Marks a few feet away, and I know that they've had their heads together just before the scene was shot.

Those Elstree Blues

Jackie bobbed up from behind a sandbin on the corner of a street scene in the British and Dominions studio this week, waved a hand at me and bobbed down again just in time to avoid being caught by the camera—for a gag-man's existence must never be apparent.

He was rather more than a gag-man in this, however, for he was being "noises off" from behind the sheltering sandbin, in a very effective scene in *It's a Cop*.

The studio was chock-full of synthetic police, chief among whom was P.C. Sydney Howard. Syd. as a sleuth is destined to bring considerable joy into our sad young lives, I think.

Up-to-Date

Sydney is nothing if not abreast of the times, for he carries in his helmet one of those cunning little wireless sets with which the police of a provincial town are already provided.

What happens when, on the approach of the sergeant, he absentmindedly conceals his cigarette in his helmet is nobody's business—yet.

We have had police—in *Jack's the Boy*; and we have had Chinese—in *Jack Ahoy*; but it has been left to the ingenuity of B. & D. to bring them together in one picture.

Nowadays they don't rig-up an extra in a bald scalp, a pigtail and sloping eyebrows and call him a Chinaman. They go to everlasting trouble to

get hold of exactly the right types from Limehouse, Pennyfields, and wherever Chinamen congregate.

Welly Tolly!

However, Maclean Rogers in directing this picture came up against a bad snag, which discounted all his best efforts at realism.

In an opium-den sequence, in which Syd., the Sleuth, disguised as a Mandarin, is captured by Chinese, he had a most realistic model of an opium-den constructed, and invited some of the Chinese extras to take their places on the bunks and puff at dummy.

"Welly tolly," said the Celestials, with true Oriental politeness. "No smokee opium."

"You don't have to," the director explained patiently. "Only pretend."

"Welly tolly," said the Chinese firmly. "No smokee opium."

After two hours of exhortation, threats, bribery, cajolery, persuasion, wheedling, and every other device short of plain violence, they were paid off and allowed to return to their peaceful Limehouse homes, where they would be out of the reach of temptation!

Back View Only

Consequently anyone you see smoking imaginary opium in this film will be an extra, and you will only see his back. Fortunately the Chinese had been used for their other scenes before opium-smoking was mentioned!

Sydney Howard is likely to surpass himself in this, disguised as Chin-Chin-Double-Chin the "Gleat Mandolin from the Land of the Cherry Blossom and Kiwi, a man of great polish."

On the very next set I found a policeman in uniform, and for a moment I thought he had wandered in to watch the shooting of *Seeing is Believing*; but I found that not only had they a policeman of their own, but they had also a gag man—and he was directing the picture.

Not so Gaga

Redd Davis was at one time the only gag-man in British studios. Now he is a director as well—which saves a salary, as he points out.

He is making a cheerful little comedy, in which Gus MacNaughton is playing a leading part . . . and do I have to tell you again that I consider Gus one of our funniest, as well as most versatile, comedians?

Opposite him is a newcomer, one Vera Bogetti—at least, not quite a newcomer, for she tells me she was in *Mannequin*, which was made at Twickenham some time ago.

I did not see that film, so I can't say what she was like in that, but judging from her work in *Seeing is Believing* I should say she is a worthy recruit to the ranks of our screen comedienne—provided she is furnished with worthy material.

That is very often the difficulty. The cleverest comedian in the world cannot do his best work when struggling with stodgy or banal dialogue and situations, as is so often the case in British studios.

In fact, I am inclined to think that our very weakest department is the one responsible for dialogue.

Kindness to Birds

This week's Gold Cup for Kindness to Dumb Clucks goes to Ernie, the prop-man at Shepherd's Bush whom I found leading a couple of geese out of their cage by the wing to have a refreshing swim in the fountain.

They are figuring in *Jew Süß*, and the fountain stands in the market-place in Stuttgart—a remarkably realistic set occupying the whole of the enormous No. 2 Sound Stage.

I have a feeling that this will be even more imposing on the screen than the huge market-place scene in *I Was a Spy*, because that was so large as to be unwieldy—the camera had great difficulty in taking it all in at once. This one is more compact and certainly no less realistic.

There was a thrilling moment when the populace, in the act of burning the Duke and Jew Süß in effigy, are surprised by the arrival of both the Duke and Süß with a large body of cavalry.

Plenty of Scope

As Süß himself is Conrad Veidt, and the Duke is Frank Vosper, we are assured of some very fine acting in this costume drama.

There is any amount of scope for colour and movement in it (I saw the play, in which Matheson Lang played the Jew), and Gaumont-British are taking full advantage of the opportunities offered.

I found it fascinating to watch Lothar Mendes, the director, at work on this film. He was originally an actor himself, and when he is explaining to the players how he wants a speech delivered or a piece of business done, he goes through it all for his or her benefit.

But he doesn't stop there. Even after the camera has started turning on the scene, he is still playing the part—from a safe spot out of camera-range.

I know several actors-turned-directors—Lowell Sherman, Maurice Elvey, Monty Banks, Lupino Lane, and Jack Raymond are a few who come to my mind—and they all have that same peculiarity of going through the part with the players, quite unconsciously.

Any Port—

After missing the *Wild Boy* unit week after week (when they've been at Islington, I've been out to Northaw looking for them, and vice versa), I ran into them quite by accident this week—at Shepherd's Bush, of all places.

As a matter of fact, they've been squeezed out of the Islington studios by the size and number of sets built for *Princess Charming*, and very glad they are to get in anywhere, for they have spent the last few weeks doing "summer" stuff in the most rigorous weather we have had in England for some time.

I met Sonnie Hale in pyjamas (he was in the pyjamas; I was wearing the winter uniform of a studio correspondent, buttoned up to the neck).

He had just risen from bed—on the set—which he had been sharing with Mick the Miller, the most famous racing greyhound of all time, who plays the title-role in this film.

This was occasioned by a bit of dirty work on the part of a couple of plug-uglies who are out to pinch the dog.

Sonnie, suspecting their intention, pinches him himself and hides him in his flat, where they come for him, and a most unholy fight ensues at the end of which Sonnie is knocked out with a knuckle-duster.

The Miller Slumbers

Mick the Miller, having perhaps heard about the kitten that went to sleep in a drawer in *Princess Charming* recently, followed suit, for when it was time for him to spring out of bed Sonnie found him fast asleep!

A good many players would give something to be so completely at home in the studio.

Talking about dogs and suchlike animals, one

of them gave Elstree's Bravest Woman a nasty jar the other day.

The bearer of this honourable title is Faith Bennett, the pretty wife of Charles Bennett the playwright; she gained it by allowing a live mouse to career up and down her leg in a film at Elstree recently; but mice don't bite . . . much.

Alsations, however, do. And as she was saying good-night to the owner of one recently, something irritated the dog and it leapt up and bit her on the nose, of all places—and Faith's nose is the kind that just didn't need improvement or alteration of any kind.

Nearly a Tragedy

However, fortunately, it wasn't a very greedy bite—really just a nibble; and with a little skilful annointing she was able to apply a make-up for her part in *Seeing is Believing* that almost entirely conceals the damage.

But it might have been a tragedy.

By an odd coincidence, they have dogs galore in the other Elstree picture I mentioned—*It's a Cop*.

Sydney Howard has a bloodhound in the picture; and the bloodhound has to be encouraged with a bit of rather elderly meat; and this also encourages all the other dogs in the town—dozens of them.

For this scene a call went out for extras owning dogs—five bob extra per dog, per diem. When I passed the extras' dressing-room I thought all Crufts had broken loose—but it was only an Irish terrier trying to consume a mastiff, with the rest of the canine extras taking sides.

An Aristocrat

But the most important dog to poke her whiskers into the studios this week (excepting, of course, Mick the Miller, who is the most important dog in the world) is an aristocratic lady named True Lass—not precisely beautiful according to classical standards, for her ears are inclined to swing against her knees, and her eyes are perpetually bloodshot, but she is the ultimate apex of perfection as a bloodhound.

She is one of nine valuable "smell-dawgs" who are participating in British Lion's "digging deep"; they are all rather inclined to give themselves airs, but True Lass has every right to, for she is valued at one thousand guineas—a tidy little sum for a dog to be worth in these days of depression.

They cannot claim to be very popular with their fellow-players, Henry Kendall and Betty Astell, for any gentleness there may be in their disposition (and their owner assures me they wouldn't eat a wolf) is not apparent in their expression.

At least one prop-man who has wandered thither from Elstree is pining for the nice, safe tigers they used in *Red Wagon*, that only fought each other.

The Tauber Talkie

Everyone has heard of the golden voice of Richard Tauber, famous tenor who started off the phenomenal vogue of "You Are My Heart's Delight," but how many people realise that he is also a clever composer of music and has often sung his own compositions in public?

Herr Tauber is to make a film for British International Pictures at Elstree—his first British picture—and he has already written specially for this film several fine new musical numbers which he will sing.

The film, which will be directed by Paul Stein, who was a schoolboy friend of Tauber's, will be based on an entirely new version of *The Life of Schubert* and some of Schubert's original work will, of course, be used.

The film is to be planned on a big scale.

Tauber paid his first visit to Elstree the other day and said he might have to wait until the spring before risking the cold country air of Elstree.

He takes great care of his throat and during the winter he moves in perpetual fear of taking cold. One cold has been known to cost him as much as £5,000!

He works very hard and estimates that he composes, plays the piano or sings for eight hours every day. He never sleeps more than five hours in twenty-four and sometimes only three.

I Hear That—

—*What Shall it Profit a Woman*, featuring Valerie Taylor and Stuart Rome, has just gone into production at Sound City.

'All my friends
tell me that
AMAMI
makes my hair
look wonderful'



—writes this London Amami Girl.

"Your wonderful AMAMI has really made my hair look glorious," writes Georgina Coleman, of 72, Elms Road, London, S.W.4. "I am for ever having it admired! Once it looked absolutely dull and dead . . . but since I have been using AMAMI No. 5 it has always kept bright and full of life. I shall never use any shampoo but AMAMI!"

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NEVER NEGLECT ANÆMIA

A Warning You Should Heed

So serious is the havoc wrought by anæmia to many girls in this country that a warning is necessary to every girl who finds herself assailed by depressing weakness, with a feeling as though every spark of energy had deserted her, frequent headaches or backaches, and a dislike for food.

If neglected, anæmia leads to even more serious mischief, and a decline almost beyond treatment may result unless prompt measures are taken. Although anæmia does not readily yield to ordinary medicines, there is one effective natural treatment that has brought back the priceless gift of health to thousands of sufferers—girls who were once pale, languid and listless, but are now hearty, vigorous and full of the joy of life.

That treatment consists of a course of Dr. Williams' brand pink pills, which have the special power of creating new rich blood. This new blood quickly banishes anæmia and imparts the rosy bloom of health to pinched pale cheeks. So take a course of these pills now and see how quickly they will impart new life and vitality to your whole system.

You can now buy the world-famous Dr. Williams' Brand Pink Pills from any chemist at 1s. 3d. a box (large size 3s. 0d.). This remarkable blood enricher and nerve tonic is thus brought within the reach of all sufferers.



KEEPS HAIR LOVELY

"I'm so busy; I don't know how I'd take care of my hair if I hadn't learned the way that so many of my friends are doing theirs!"

This is typical of what women by thousands are saying about the new way so many of them are doing to keep their hair soft, lustrous, and beautiful.

It's so effective. So simple. Just a few drops of 'Danderine' on the brush each time you arrange your hair. Oily film goes. The natural colour of your hair is brought out. It takes on new life and sparkle!

Dandruff is quickly dissolved by 'Danderine.' It cleanses, soothes, invigorates the scalp. When it is used, hair is easier to dress. Stays in place wonderfully. And day by day 'Danderine' encourages your hair to grow longer, thicker, more abundant.

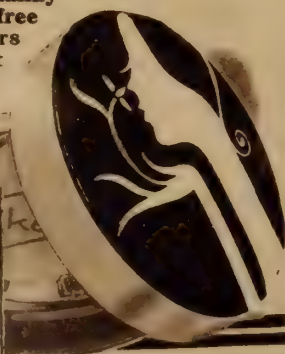
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'Danderine'
The One Minute Hair Beautifier
Made in England

New Tokalon Compact

Black and silver: With mirror and puff: Very stylish: Nothing like it ever produced before under 5/-. Contains the famous 'mousse of cream' powder which does not dry up the skin, and stays on all day even in wind, rain and heat. Gives marvellous complexion beauty.

A Pure Silk hankypuff given free at all dealers during the next few days with each Tokalon Compact



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What Do You Think? Letters from our Readers

"DEBUNKING" HOLLYWOOD

Do Fans Like the "Inside Dope" in Films

I REGARD with mixed feelings the prevalence of films like *Blonde Bombshell* which purport to give the 'inside dope' on Hollywood. I have had all that I require of the 'what Hollywood is really like' stuff.

"Hollywood has been 'debunking' itself so vigorously in the last year or two, that the public for behind-the-scenes disclosures must be thinning.

"After all, there must be a point at which imbecile executives, drunken directors, publicity wise-guys, and the other puppets regularly paraded for our edification, cease to be amusing.

"And are the producers of these films right in supposing that the public is so naïve as to be shocked or amazed at their sensational revelations? Most of us had 'debunked' Hollywood long before film-magnates started doing it for us."—N. T. Flood, Tatton Dale, near Knutsford, Cheshire, winner of this week's guinea prize.

[Hitherto films "debunking" Hollywood have not proved universally popular. Is the view expressed here the reason?]



Jean Harlow

A Male

Reader's Plea

"PICTUREGOER is an attractive and enterprising paper. I have, however, one fault to find with it. Its appeal is 95 per cent. feminine. The poor male doesn't appear to be catered for.

"Apart from the film criticisms and pictures, there are seldom any features addressed to him. Surely he deserves better treatment.

"We men would like to know more about the technical side of films. For example, an article on 'Stunts and Stunters in Films' would be appreciated. We are also keen on jungle, exploration and similar kinds of films, and would like articles describing how these are made and the adventures of the men who make them.

"Couldn't you possibly allocate two or three pages a week to matters likely to interest your neglected male readers? I am sure your women readers will not begrudge such a small concession."—John L. Marsden, 63 Raymond Street, West Bowling, Bradford.

["Picturegoer" this week opens a competition in which readers are invited to submit their suggestions as to what new features they would like. You will find particulars on page 5.]

The Story's the Thing

"JUDGING from a certain type of publicity churned out *ad lib.* by American studios, film audiences are largely composed of half-wits, whose interest in films is chiefly concerned with the personal idiosyncracies of stars—which 'love team' is likely to be the latest 'rave,' and 'the truth about so and so's love life,' etc., etc. I refuse to believe it!

"Who cares two hoots whether it is the 'magnificent animal,' or the 'excuse my glove' type of hero, that exercises the widest appeal? Do you or I give a 'rap' if Garbo takes a number nine shoe?

"No! What does matter is that instead of flooding the kinemas with perfectly photographed over-dressed and modernised versions of twopenny

novelettes of thirty years ago, American producers should bestow a little of their well-known lavish treatment and technical splendour on stories that are worth while, based on themes that are ditto.

"Banal publicity and cheap stories have too long been the curse of Hollywood.

"It is up to the British film industry to create newer and saner standards, and it is my belief that it eventually will."—(Mr.) G. P. Wheeler, 10 Fallow Court Mansions, N. Finchley, N.12, who is awarded this week's second prize of 10s. 6d.

[I agree that if Hollywood bestowed as much ingenuity on stories as it does on publicity fairy tales, the movie millenium would be near at hand.]

New Year Wishes

I wish: (1) That people would not bring their lunches with them to kinemas. There are plenty of restaurants about, and how can one enjoy a film when there is a rustling of bags going on and a smell of oranges, etc., floating around?

"(2) That mothers would not bring very young children with them. A dark coal-cellar would be just as beneficial, and less apt to cause annoyance.

"(3) That people would not argue with the usherettes. They do their best to find seats, but a kinema can be full at times.

"(4) That there were more films like *The Virginian* and *Five Star Final*, and less like *Blonde Venus* and *Strange People*.

"(5) More stars like Wallace Beery, Edward G. Robinson, Miriam Hopkins and Wynne Gibson, and less like Joel McCrea, Dick Powell, Nancy Carroll, and Adrienne Ames.

"(6) And lastly: that smaller prizes were offered for the best and second letters each week, the money saved to be given in smaller awards to the writers of each letter printed. Say, 10s. 6d. (first; 5s. second; and two or three 2s. 6d. prizes."—(Mr.) C. E. Taylor, 38 Corrance Road, Brixton, S.W.2.

Mae West Again

You're right, Mr. Hitchcock. One either likes or dislikes her. I'm one of the dislikes. Of course, she's the most talked-of woman in moviedom. Just as in the old days a particularly nasty divorce case became the raging topic of the day, just so does Mae West foist herself on the public by her very vulgarity.

"But for Cary Grant to call her the 'Queen,' as he does in his article, is an insult to the rest of the movie actresses *en bloc*.

"We swallow the divorce cases and we swallow Mae West, but do we acknowledge her 'Queen'? I should say we don't.

"She may suit the American taste, but to most English right-thinkers, the word 'Queen' stands for everything that is high and noble and gracious, not something that calls to our baser side and causes a surreptitious gloating in the dark. Hand this honour of Queendom to a Shearer or a Wynyard, but not to a Mae West."—E. Britton, Norwich.

[What have other readers to say about the meteoric star who has swept so devastatingly into prominence?]

YOUR VIEWS WANTED

What you think about the stars and films? Let us have your opinion, briefly.

£1 1s. and 10s. 6d. will be paid for the two most interesting letters published each week. Letters should be written on one side of the paper only and should not exceed 150 words. Address to "Thinker," The "Picturegoer Weekly," Long Acre, W.C.2.



Lose Ugly Fat

Yet eat 3 ample meals a day

Wide Choice of Delicious Dishes



It is not necessary to starve in order to lose weight. Of course, you can't eat four suffocating meals a day with second helpings of fatty dishes, and with snacks in between, and expect the same rapid results in reduction with Kruschen as people who pay a little attention to their food. You can eat your fill. But intelligent selection of food is the big secret.

There is a wide range of appealing and delicious dishes listed in the leaflet wrapped around the Kruschen bottle.

Here is a convincing letter from a woman who has Kruschen Salts—aided by sensible food selection—to thank for the loss of 33 pounds of unwanted fat.

"I feel I owe you such a deep debt of gratitude that it is only fair you should know the result which is highly satisfactory, as I have reduced my weight from 12 stone 7 lb. to 10 stone 2 lb., my measurements before and after taking Kruschen Salts being as follows:—

BEFORE		AFTER	
Bust	40 in.	Bust	36 in.
Waist	35 in.	Waist	30 in.
Hips	44 in.	Hips	39 in.
Weight	12 st. 7 lb.	Weight	10 st. 2 lb.

Your helpful food selection chart enclosed with the bottle is the greatest help possible in weight reducing, as it does not deny one the little pleasures that make one's food more inviting, but I most decidedly think that Kruschen Salts plays the biggest part, and helps to keep one fit while weight reducing goes on. I cannot express my delight at this, as I feel fitter than ever, and all my friends remark what a very great improvement there is in my health and appearance."

(Miss A. P. Cirencester.)

The analysis of Kruschen, which is printed on the label for everyone to see, shows that it represents the residual ingredients of the mineral waters from various European spas, natural aperient waters which have been taken from time immemorial for the relief of various ailments, including obesity.

Get a 1/9 bottle of KRUSCHEN SALTS at your chemist's (lasts four weeks) and take half a teaspoonful in a glass of hot water every morning.

HOW TO HAVE Lovely Hands

Anne Grey Shares a Secret.



Miss Anne Grey, who recently appeared in the Twickenham Studios production of "The Wandering Jew," discloses here the secret of hand beauty.

Cold weather spells disaster to many otherwise beautiful hands. But a new preparation has been discovered, by which rough hands or even badly chapped hands can easily be remedied. It is called VELDEW, and just before retiring for the night you rub a few drops into the hands—not a two minutes' job. "I think Veldew is a wonderful discovery," writes Miss Anne Grey, "just a few drops well rubbed into the hands last thing at night takes up so little time and keeps the hands as soft and smooth as satin." Veldew is a beauty specialist's recipe. A two months' supply in a dainty toilet flask costs only 2/-; or there is the trial size at 1/3. Any good-class chemist will supply you.

Start 1934 With

A BID FOR BEAUTY

Every intelligent woman knows that a charming appearance is one of her most valuable weapons in the whole battle of life. To want to be attractive is not vanity, it is not conceit—it is just evidence of plain common sense. Our Beauty Expert will tell you how, by cultivating a few beauty-building habits, every woman can become better looking.

COMPLEXION CHARM.—Lovely complexions are not always the gift of Nature. An ordinary skin can be transformed into an exquisite one by a little care and attention.

The first law of complexion loveliness is to remember that if you want a fresh, flawless skin you must keep the pores free from impurities, free from accumulations of waste tissue. The best way to do this is to use Mercolized Wax. This wax, to which so many of England's beautiful women owe their radiant loveliness, may be obtained quite cheaply from any registered chemists. Its use is simple. All you have to do is to smear a little over face and neck nightly, the wax does the rest while you sleep. Gently and imperceptibly it removes outworn tissues, banishing wrinkles and blemishes, and leaving a fresh, youthful complexion in place of a sallow, unlovely skin.

RULE YOUR WAVES.—Although straight hair can look very charming, most of us fall for curls and waves these days. This is not surprising, the new hats call for clusters of tiny ringlets or smooth silky waves. But what an expensive process it is to keep one's hair well-groomed if one has to go to the hair-dressers for every re-setting. Home-setting becomes much easier if you use a waving shampoo like Stallax. Even obdurately straight hair has been known to take on a hint of curl after a series of Stallax shampoos, while as for natural curls and permanent waves—they ripple with new beauty. Stallax is good for your hair, it gives it a gleaming loveliness unsurpassed by any other shampoo. Just a teaspoonful dissolved in a cup of hot water suffices for a shampoo so that it is quite inexpensive in use.

GOOD GROOMING.—The problem of superfluous hair is the greatest handicap to good grooming and daintiness. To-day, however, thanks to the new hair eraser, Sipolite—there is no need for any woman to suffer under this handicap. Sipolite is so safe to use that it can be confidently recommended for the most sensitive skin. Get half an ounce from your chemist to try. Mix a little to a smooth paste with cold water, apply this to the unwanted hairs and as the paste dries they will shrivel away, leaving the skin velvet-smooth, unblemished. Sipolite may be used to remove both facial and underarm growths.



Such a help in
Fog and Cold

No matter how strong the physique, young and old alike are subject to chills and easily contract colds. The best safeguard is to always have the wonderful Winter sweetmeat at hand. Don't venture out these wintry days without

STOP-KOF

At your Chemists and Confectioners 4oz 6d
MADE BY RICHER & SONS LTD. PETERBOROUGH

HOW TO DRESS WELL on 10/- or £1 per month

Open a Credit Account to-day. No Deposit, no References. **SALE NOW ON** Write for Sale Catalogue to Dept. W.T.

SMARTWEAR Ltd.
263-271, Regent Street, London, W.1.

ARE YOU PARTICULAR ABOUT YOUR FINGER-NAILS?

If so, you should use Kraska Liquid Nail Polish, to be obtained in all the fashionable shades at the best stores and chemists.



Clark's New Year VITA-Cleaning Offer

Here is a "sale-time" offer before our Spring rush starts. With any order of not less than 6/- you can have one of the following articles—**VITA-Cleaned FREE—HAT (Remodelled too), JUMPER, CARDIGAN, BLOUSE, PLAIN SKIRT, TROUSERS or PLUS-FOURS.**

Make up your order (minimum 6/-) from the list below and pin the coupon to the article sent for free VITA-Cleaning. Back in three days if remittance accompanies order.

VITA-Cleaned	
Man's Suit, Lady's Costume, Plain Frock or Long Coat	each 4/-
Hat (with Remodelling)	2/6
Jumper, Cardigan or Plain Skirt	each 2/-
Lady's Blouse, Man's Trousers or Plus Fours	each 1/6

Re-pleating and Repairs extra

POST TO

Clark's Retford
DYE WORKS LTD

COUPON I have made up this order in accordance with your New Year Offer, and enclose remittance (not less than 6/-). The additional garment I send is to be VITA-Cleaned FREE.

NAME

ADDRESS

THIS COUPON IS WORTH 2/-

It must be pinned to the article sent for FREE VITA-Cleaning.
Offer Closes February 3rd, 1934

Keep this advt by you if not sending at once

IS HE MERELY A METEOR?



Franchot Tone

A GREAT artiste or merely a meteor of the moment? Franchot Tone's qualifications have caused furious gossip in Hollywood. But even his critics won't deny that he is fine and handsome, characteristics shown to advantage in his portrait on a "Picturegoer" sepia glossy postcard, new series. Put this dazzling newcomer to Hollywood in your album and bring your cards up to date. Study the list below.

5¢ POSTCARD ALBUM FREE

Join "The Picturegoer" Postcard Club and we will present you free with a 5/- Album, handsomely bound in Art. Leather to hold 300 cards. To join, simply send an order for not less than one doz. new sepia glossy postcards at the regular price of 2/6 dozen. On subsequent orders you will receive substantial discounts as well as many Club privileges.

To "PICTUREGOER" SALON,

85 Long Acre, London, W.C.2
Please enrol me as a member of the "Picturegoer" Postcard Club, and send me Membership Card and full particulars of discounts, etc., on future orders. I enclose order for not less than one dozen Postcards, new series, sepia glossy finish, price 2s. 6d. dozen. Please include with my order your 5s. Free Postcard Album. I enclose 1s. extra to cover cost of postage and packing on my gift.

Name

Address

P.O. No. Amount

Overseas readers should enclose 2s. extra to cover packing and postage.

Cross P.O. and Co./and make payable to

"THE PICTUREGOER."

FIG. 6.1.34

Choose your "Cards" from list below. New arrivals in rich sepia glossy, 3d. each—2/6 doz. On sale to all. Full list on request.



Jimmy Durante
Madge Evans
Glenda Farrell
Clark Gable
Henry Garat
Greta Garbo
Janet Gaynor
John Gielgud
Lillian Harvey
Katharine Hepburn
Edward E. Horton
Jack Hulbert
Dorothy Jordan
Miriam Jordan
Boris Karloff
Jan Kiepura
Elissa Landi
Francis Lederer
Freddie March
Herbert Marshall
George Raft
Norma Shearer
Sylvia Sydney
Slim Sumnerville
Lee Tracy
Mae West
Diana Wynyard
Roland Young

Let GEORGE

Do It!

"George" and "Anne" are your enquiry departments. The former will be happy to answer any query regarding films, the latter anything connected with household or beauty hints. Write to them both c/o THE PICTUREGOER WEEKLY. When a reply by post is desired a stamped, addressed envelope must be enclosed.

AN ADMIRER OF KAY (Childs Hill, N.W.2.).
—Kay Francis was born at Oklahoma City, U.S.A., on January 13, 1903; 5 ft. 5 in. tall; black hair; grey eyes. Married (1) John Meehan (mar. dis.); (2) Kenneth McKenna. Write to her c/o Warners-First National Studios, Burbank, California. Pictures include: *Gentlemen of the Press*, *Illusion*, *Street of Chance*, *Behind the Make-up*, *Raffles*, *The Marriage Playground*, *A Notorious Affair*, *For the Defence*, *A Passion Flower*, *The False Idol*, *Virtuous Sin*, *Scandal Sheet*, *Guilty Hands*, *24 Hours*, *Girls About Town*, *Man Wanted*, *Street of Women*, *Jewel Robbery*, *Strangers in Love*, *One Way Passage*, *Trouble in Paradise*, *Cynara*, *The Keyhole*, *Storm at Daybreak*, *Mary Stevens*, M.D., *I Loved a Woman*, and *House on 56th Street*.

NATTIE AND MICK (Leicester).—Casts as required: (1) *The Flag Lieutenant*: Lieut. Dicky Lascelles—Henry Edwards; Major Thesiger—Peter Gawnthorne; Admiral Sir Berkeley Wynne, K.C.B.—Louis Goodrich; General Gough-Bogle—O. B. Clarence; Colonel McLeod—Sam Livesey, Lieut. Palliser—Michael Hogan; Midshipman Lee—Peter Northcote; Midshipman Hood—Tully Comber; Meheti Salos—Abraham Sofaer; Mrs. Grough-Bogle—Sybil Grove; Lady Dugdale—Annie Emond; Mrs. Cameron—Joyce Bland; Hermione Wynne—Anna Neagle. (2) *Say It With Music*: Jack Payne—Jack Payne; Dr. Longfellow—Evelyn Roberts; Betty Weston—Sybil Summerfield; Mrs. Weston—Joyce Kennedy; Philip Weston—Percy Marmont.

H. C. (Hendon).—(1) Ages this year: Nils Asther, 33; Fredric March, 36; Ricardo Cortez, 35; John Stuart, 35. (2) Addresses as follows: Nils Asther c/o RKO Studios, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, California. Fredric March, Cary Grant and Ricardo Cortez c/o Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon Street, Hollywood, California. John Stuart c/o Gaumont Studios, Lime Grove, Shepherd's Bush, London, W.12. (3) Some artistes do charge for signed photographs, but they will let you know the amount if you write and ask them. You can obtain International Money Orders to cover this fee and return postage from your local Post Office.

J. T. (Victoria, S.W.).—Lilian Harvey is in Hollywood at present and a letter addressed c/o Fox Studios, Beverly Hills, California, should reach her. Lilian has made two films in America, *My Lips Betray* and *My Weakness*.

E. E. (Sevenoaks).—Katharine Hepburn's pictures include—*A Bill of Divorcement*, *Christopher Strong*, *Morning Glory*, and *Little Women*. Address Miss Hepburn c/o RKO Radio Studios, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, California. I expect she will send you a signed photograph of herself if you ask her nicely. There may be a small fee for her picture.

D. W. H. (Edinburgh).—The film *The Smiling Lieutenant* was a talkie.

H. C. (Surbiton).—Herewith the casts you require: (1) *Under the Greenwood Tree*: Fancy—Marguerite Allan; Dick—John Batten; Shinar—Nigel Barrie; Leaf—Billy Shine; Penny—Robert Abel; Old Maid—Maud Gill; Parson Maybold—Wilfred E. Shine. (2) *Honey*: Olivia Dangerfield—Nancy Carroll; J. William Burnstein—Harry Green; Cora Falkner—Lillian Roth; Charles Dangerfield—Skeets Gallagher; Burton Crane—Stanley Smith; Doris—Mitzi Green; Mayme—Zasu Pitts; Mrs. Falkner—Jobyna Howland.

L. B. C. (Coventry).—Leads were played as follows: *Mad Masquerade*: Lionel Barrymore, Karen Morley and Nils Asther. *The Faithful Heart*—Edna Best and Herbert Marshall. *Make Me a Star*—Jack Oakie, Aline MacMahon and Sidney Fox. *Ben Hur*—Ramon Navarro, May McAvoy, Francis X. Bushman and Carmel Myers.

E. V. M. K. (Chiswick).—(1) Frances Dee was 22 on November 26 last. (2) Buster Crabbe's birthday is on February 7. He is married to Virginia Held. (3) I have never heard anything about the rumour you mention. (4) John Boles has two children.

FILM CRAZY (Hove).—(1) Marlene Dietrich's pictures include *Tragedy of Love*, *I Kiss Your Little Hand*, *Three Loves*, *The Ship of Lost Souls*, *The Blue Angel*, *Morocco*, *Dis honoured*, *Shanghai Express*, *Blonde Venus*, *Song of Songs*, and *Scarlet Pageant*. You can obtain a photograph of Marlene from

The Picture Postcard Salon, 85 Long Acre, London, W.C.2. (2) See "An Admirer of Kay (Childs Hill, N.W.2)" for the reply to your second question.

CURIOUS EDITH (Waulwyd).—(1) Latest films as follows: Janet Gaynor—*Paddy the Next Best Thing*; Constance Cummings—*Broadway Through a Keyhole*; Elissa Landi—*By Candlelight*; Ruth Chatterton—*Female and Mandalay*; Joel McCrea—*One Man's Journey*, *Chance at Heaven*, *Flying Down to Rio*, and *The Sea Girl*. (2) The principal roles in *The Stolen Necklace* were played by Lester Matthews and Joan Marsh.

C. A. R. (Leyton, E.10).—Constance Cummings took the part of Ruth Barry in *Attorney for the Defence*.

T. H. (London, S.W.4).—I regret your previous letter has not been answered before, but all inquiries are dealt with in strict rotation. Herewith the cast of *Loyalties*: Ferdinand de Levis—Basil Rathbone; Margaret Orme—Heather Thatcher; Captain Ronald Dancy, D.S.O.—Miles Mander; Mabel—Joan Wyndham; Major Colford—Philip Strange; General Canynge—Alan Napier; Charles Winsor—Algernon West; Lady Adela—Cecily Byrne; Lord St. Erth—Athole Stewart; Sir Frederic Blair—Patrick Curwen; The Lord Chief Justice—Marcus Barron; Gilman—Ben Field; Inspector Jones—Griffith Humphreys; Augustus Boring—Patrick Waddington; Jacob Twisden—L. Hanray; Goole—Arnold Lucy; Edward Gravier—Robert Mawdesley; Jenkins—Mike Johnson; Ricardos—Anthony Holles; Treasure—Stafford Hilliard; Robert—Robert Coote; Kentman—Aubrey Dexter; Ricardo's Daughter—Maxine Sandra.

JEAN HARLOW FAN (Norwich).—(1) Gracie Fields is married to Archie Pitt. Write to her c/o Associated Radio Picture Studios, Ealing Green, London, W.5. (2) I would suggest your writing to ask the following for signed photographs if there is any charge they will let you know. Jean Harlow, c/o Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, California. Kay Francis, c/o Warners First National Studios, Burbank, California. Sally Eilers, c/o Fox Studios, Beverly Hills, California.

J. V. (Cambs).—*I Lived With You* will be generally released on January 29, 1934, and the running time is 97 minutes.

INQUISITIVE FAN.—No, I do not mind you calling me George; that is my name. Of course, you are no trouble. (1) Ida Luino was born in 1917. (2) Write to Owen Nares c/o British and Dominion Studios, Elstree, Herts. (3) Cicely Courtneidge took the dual role of Mother and Daughter in *Soldiers of the King*. (4) Raul Roulien acted the part of Fasha in *Delicious*. (5) Richard Dix was born on July 18, 1894. Thank you for your good wishes.

W. B. (Walthamstow, E.17).—(1) Address your letter to the Editor. (2) Ralph Morgan appeared in *Rasputin*, the *Mad Monk*, while his brother Frank appeared in *The Kiss Before the Mirror*. (3) The artistes you mention have not made any films for a long time. (4) The cast of the screen version of *Alice in Wonderland* includes: Alice—Charlotte Henry; White Knight—Gary Cooper; Cheshire Cat—Richard Arlen; Humpty Dumpty—W. C. Fields; Leg of Mutton—Jack Duffy; White King—Ford Stirling; Duchess—Alison Skipworth; Mouse—Raymond Hatton; Dodo—Polly Moran; Red Queen—Edna May Oliver; Father William—Harvey Clark; Father William's Son—Lucien Littlefield; Caterpillar—Ned Sparks; Cook—Lilian Harmer; Sheep—Mae Marsh; March Hare—Charles Ruggles; Mad Hatter—Edward Everett Horton; White Queen—Louise Fazenda; Fish Footman—Roscoe Ates; White Rabbit—"Skeets" Gallagher; Tweedledum—Roscoe Karns; Tweedledee—Jack Oakie; Clock—Colin Kenny; Gryphon—William Austin; Alice's Aunt—Patsy O'Bryne; Uncle Gilbert—Leon Errol.

F. W. M. (Wembley).—George Arliss was born in Bloomsbury, London, on April 10, 1868. His pictures include *Disraeli*, *The Green Goddess*, *Old English*, *The Millionaire*, *Alexander Hamilton*, *The Silent Voice*, *A Successful Calamity*, *The Working Man*, and *Voltaire*.

AMUSED.—See "On the Screens Now" feature, page 26, for the cast and criticism of *Orders is Orders*.

J. T. (Cullercoats).—The Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences was founded on May 11, 1927, since that year they have given awards for the best performances, the best direction, best picture, best writing, etc. The awards for 1927-1928 were given to Actress: Janet Gaynor, for *Seventh*



Marlene Dietrich was born on December 27, 1906, in Berlin; 5 ft. 5 in. tall; red-gold hair; blue eyes. Married Rudolf Sieber and has a little girl Maria. Here she is in the German student garb she wears about the studio between scenes of "Scarlet Pageant," her new film.

Heaven, Street Angel, and Sunrise. Actor: Emil Jannings, for *Way of All Flesh* and *The Last Command*. Best direction: Frank Borzage, for *Seventh Heaven*; and Lewis Milestone for *Two Arabian Knights*. Best picture: *Wings and Sunrise*. Best writing: Ben Hecht, for *Underworld*; and Benjamin Glazer, for *Seventh Heaven*.

N. K. E. (Bristol).—Gracie Fields was born at Rochdale on January 9, 1898. She is interested in an orphanage. See Jean Harlow Fan (Norwich).

A NILS STRUCK SCHOOLGIRL (Bradford).—Nils Asther was born on January 17, 1901, in Sweden; 6 ft. tall, black hair, grey eyes. Married to Vivian Duncan (separated); one baby daughter. Write to him c/o Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, California. Postage for a letter to America is 1½d. for the first ounce.

MARGERY (Oldham).—Herewith the cast of *Tell England*: Edgar Doe—Carl Harbord; Rupert Ray—Tony Bruce; The Padre—Dennis Hoey; The Colonel—C. M. Hallard; Captain Hardy—Frederick Lloyd; Lieutenant Doon—Gerald Rawlinson; Private Sims—Lionel Hedges; Private Booth—Sam Wilkinson; Sergeant-Instructor—Wally Patch; Mr. Ray—Hubert Harben; Mrs. Doe—Fay Compton.

FAN CLUB NOTICE.—Readers wishing to join the Boris Karloff Fan Club can obtain full particulars from the secretary, Mr. Frank Houghton, 169 Tyldesley Road, Atherton, Lancs.

G. D. (Glasgow).—(1) Write to Kay Francis c/o Warners-First National Studios, Burbank, California. (2) Nancy Burne played the part of "Nina" in *Facing the Music*. Her other pictures include: *Little Napoleon* and *The Love Nest*. Address her c/o British International Studios, Boreham Wood, Elstree, Herts.

BARTHELMLESS FAN (Aberdeen).—I regret that we have not any particulars of a Richard Barthelmless Fan Club. If we hear of one we will let you know immediately. Thank you for your good wishes. You can obtain pictures of Richard Barthelmless, price 3d. each, from the Picture Post Card Salon, 85 Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

ADMIRER OF DENNIS (Birkenhead).—(1) See T. H. (London, S.W.4) for the cast of *Loyalties*. (2) Dennis King was born on November 2, 1897 at Coventry; 5 ft. 11 in. tall; brown hair; blue eyes; married Edith Wright. Write to him c/o Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, California.



Evan Williams Shampoo . . . is recognised as the most perfect shampoo in the world and will bring even greater beauty to your hair, no matter how lovely it may be . . . it is inimitable . . . and possesses an elusive quality that keeps the hair young and healthy.

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CHEMISTS
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SHAMPOO

Camomile
for Fair Hair in
Green Packet.

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PER PACKET

Ordinary Grade
for Dark Hair
in Blue Packet.

SKIN DISEASE
DEFIED SPECIALIST

Officer's Recovery In 10 Days

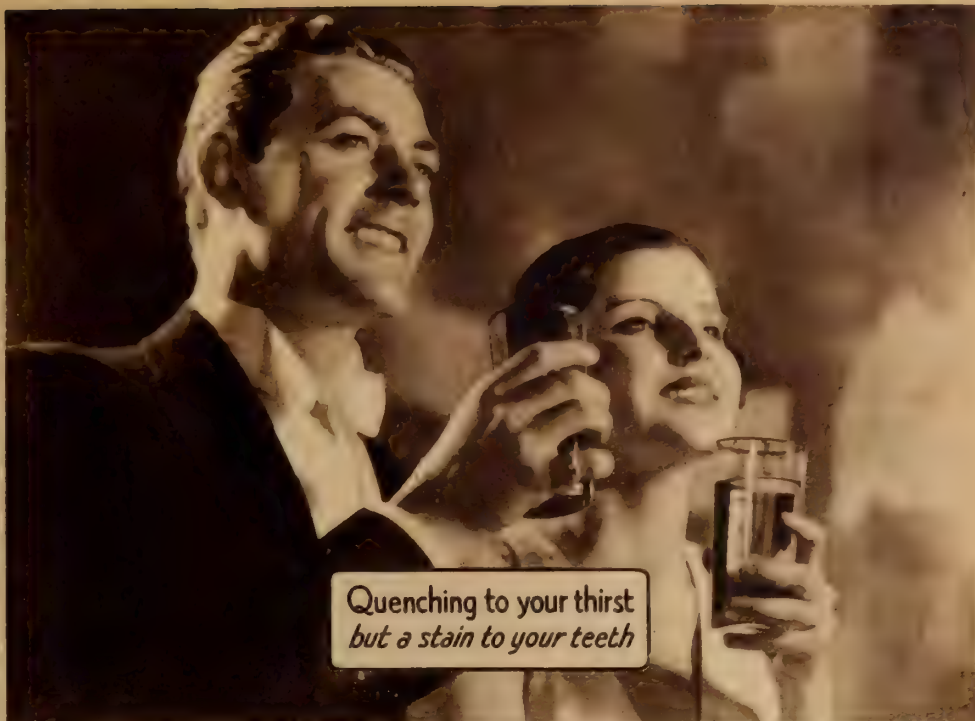
"A SMALL eruption on my neck became infected by dust or other foreign matter," says Mr. E. Harvey (late Lieut. in Royal Engineers), of 24 Stanley Crescent, London, W.11. "In a few days dozens of matter sores broke out, covering my head and neck. Ordinary salves didn't even check the sores and a specialist's treatment was equally useless. There must have been 50 sores altogether. My skin was painful, disfigured and inflamed. "It was my landlady who got me to use Zam-Buk. When I smeared this herbal ointment over the sores, the relief was little short of miraculous. Zam-Buk quickly ended pain and inflammation and thoroughly cleansed the bad places. In ten days Zam-Buk removed all trace of disease and left me with a clear healthy skin again."

Ex-Lieut. E. HARVEY

Ernest Harvey

Zam-Buk is also splendid for chapped hands, cold-sores, eczema, foot troubles, pimples, bad legs, piles, scalp disease, cuts, burns, scalds, etc. Rub it in for rheumatism, lumbago and cold on the chest. 1/3 or 3/- box, all chemists and stores.

ZAM-BUK
OINTMENT BRAND



7 kinds of stains discolour teeth COLGATE'S REMOVES ALL SEVEN

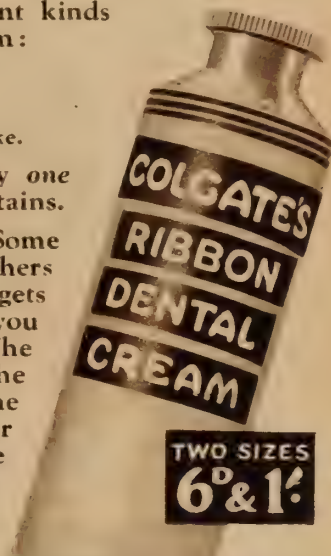
Everything you eat and drink, from soup to coffee, leaves stains on your teeth—seven different kinds of stains, all told. Here's what causes them:

- | | |
|-------------------------------------|-------------------|
| 1. Meats and other proteins. | 4. Sweets. |
| 2. Cereals and other starchy foods. | 5. Fruits. |
| 3. Vegetables. | 6. Beverages. |
| | 7. Tobacco smoke. |

Most toothpastes—because they have only one cleansing action—fail to remove all these stains.

For all stains will not yield to any one action. Some can be removed by an emulsive action. Others respond only to polishing action. Colgate's gets all the stains off your teeth because it gives you both actions. As you brush it, it foams. The emulsive action of this foam loosens most of the stains, dissolves them, washes them away. The polishing ingredient in Colgate's—a safe powder such as dentists use—gently rubs away the stains that are left. The result . . . teeth far lovelier than you ever thought they could be.

MADE IN ENGLAND



New Tokalon Lipstick



Marvellous new formula. Stays on all day. Will not rub off. Gives perfect shape to lips. Amazing value. Send 6d. in stamps to Tokalon Ltd.

(Dept: L. 18), Chase Rd., London, N.W.10.

State light red, dark red or orange.

6^d

REAL RELIEF

for dry, husky,
tickling throats.

VICK 6^d
BRAND
LOZENGES

DELIGHTFUL TO THE TASTE

GASTRITIS AND ULCERATED STOMACH FOR 5 YEARS

Now Eats Anything!

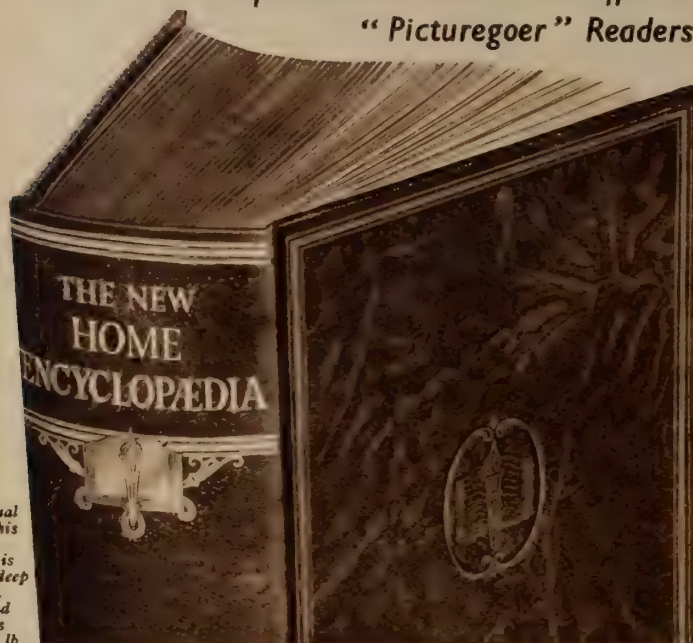
Every sufferer who knows the agonies of Gastritis and ulcerated stomach will find amazing relief by following the advice of Mr. Fowler, of Devon, given in his letter below:—

"It's no joke in a signal box all night when you're suffering agonies from Gastritis and ulcerated stomach. I did for five years. Often I couldn't even pull the levers. I'd even been in the Infirmary several times without getting better. A month ago the doctor put me to bed and for ten days the pain was so bad I could not stand it. Then I took Maclean Brand Stomach Powder and after the first dose I felt better. Now I can eat anything and it's marvellous."

You can get the same relief, but be sure to ask your chemist for the genuine Maclean Brand Stomach Powder with the signature "ALEX C. MACLEAN." It is not sold loose, but only in 1/3, 2/-, and 5/- bottles in cartons, of Powder or Tablets.

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Unprecedented New Year Offer to
"Picturegoer" Readers



The actual size of this Superb Volume is 8½ ins. deep by 6 ins. wide, and it weighs nearly 3 lb.

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Household Remedies.
The Family Medicine Chest.
The Handy Man About the House.
The House Beautiful.
Health and the Toilet.
The Whole Art of Getting Married.
Poultry-keeping for Pleasure and Profit.
Guide to Sports, Hobbies and Pastimes.
Cleaning and Polishing: Easy Ways of Doing Difficult Tasks.
The Care of Clothes.
How I Built my House and Paid for It.
Fashion Through the Ages.
Etc., etc., etc., etc.

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Leave it to ANNE

Answers to Correspondents—
Readers who desire a quick reply by post should enclose a stamped addressed envelope with their query. There is always a waiting list for answers in this column.

A PAIR OF SPARKLING EYES

BRIGHT, attractive eyes can redeem the plainest face. Nature has not been so bountiful as to endow us all with large, liquid orbs, but there is a lot we can do to improve her handiwork.

But, first of all, let us clear up the position about the wearing of glasses. So many girls write to me and bemoan the fact that they have to, or ought to, wear glasses. They are convinced that the glasses completely ruin their appearance. That, if I may say so, is sheer nonsense. Modern glasses, with their pretty coloured or horn frames and wide lenses, rarely detract from the appearance of the eyes. If you really require the assistance of glasses and do not wear them, then you are almost certain to look at the world with screwed-up eyes, to say nothing of developing a crop of lines, sore, inflamed lids, and scanty eyelashes.

Surely that is not an attractive picture, but it is a comparatively accurate one of eyes that are denied the optical assistance they need. Sometimes eye strain is purely a temporary condition brought about by illness or some physical condition that needs attention. In these cases, when the root cause is cured, the eyes return to normal. So you see how foolish it is to refuse to seek advice on these matters. I cannot give it; it is a matter for doctor and oculist.

Daily Care

My next advice is a repetition of what I have said often enough before. But it must be said again. The easiest and simplest way to bright eyes is by means of the daily eyebath. The girl who spends five minutes daily on opening and shutting her eyes in tepid boracic water will give them an appearance of beauty, even if the eyes themselves are really quite ordinary.

The whites of the eyes should have a slightly bluish tinge. If they are yellow or congested with tiny red veins, you may put down the cause to unwise diet, cold, dust, or strain. Here, again, the boracic eye bath is the best cure.

Make your saturated solution of boracic acid by adding crystals to warm water, till the water will dissolve no more. Bottle this and use as required. When using, add an equal quantity of warm water.

Internal cleanliness is a sure way to sparkling eyes. If the whole system is sluggish the eyes are certain to be dull and puffy. Drink plenty of cold water between meals. I cannot emphasise this sufficiently. A quart a day is not too much. It not only will give you clear, bright eyes, but will also help to clear up many of those troublesome complexion blemishes.

Never be tempted to use eye drops as a means of brightening. They are dangerous, except in the hands of qualified practitioners.

Eye Compresses

In a previous article I described the compresses that may be made from various well-known herbs. These have a beneficial effect on weak and tired eyes. Another compress that is beneficial is to steep pads of cotton wool in 1 pint of warm water to which has been added a teaspoonful of common salt. These should be placed over the closed eyes and a rest taken in a lying position. Leave them in place for ten minutes. Warm milk is very soothing and may be used in the same way, while for tightening up the lids of tired-looking eyes, use a mixture of witch hazel and rose water, 1 oz. of the former to 2 oz. of the latter.

I doubt whether Mother Nature ever made a pair of eyelashes as long and dark and curling as the screen variety.



When Mel Borus gets through working on Frances Dee she will emerge as "Meg" of "Little Women." Frances is just as particular about her ordinary make-up as Mel is of her screen appearance.

If you want such luxuriance, you will have to buy a pair.

But if you are content with something a little less luxurious, then castor oil is your remedy. It should be applied with a fine camel-hair brush every morning and night. It will increase the growth and darken them permanently.

A little patience will also induce the lashes to curl.

Dip a small eyebrow brush into warm water. Placing an orange stick along the lashes, brush the lashes upwards over the stick.

Do this night and morning and, when possible, once or twice during the day.

Answers to Correspondents

Why hesitate any longer? I am waiting to answer your queries, and I am just as eager to help men as girls. You will not be the only man who writes to ask my advice. Enclose a stamped addressed envelope if you wish for a reply by post.

ALICIA (Croydon).—Smooth a little vaseline along the eyebrows when plucking them. It makes the plucking easier, and a dab of witch hazel afterwards will close the open pores.

WORRIED (Balham, S.W.).—Eat liver at least once a week. It is rich in vitamins. Fry it very lightly or, better still, place in a fire-proof dish, cover with a little stock, and bake in a moderate oven for one hour. To make it more savoury, cover the liver with a veal forcemeat, pour over the stock, and bake as above. Keep the dish covered.

MOTHER (Plymouth).—You can clean the children's woolly toys this way: Make a thick lather with soap flakes. Allow to cool. Rub the cool lather into the coats of the toy animals with a clean rag, changing the surface as it soils. Take care not to wet the toy too much or it will lose its shape. Take a fresh cloth and wrung out of clean water, wipe off soap, dry in the open air. Brush up with a wire brush.

WORRIED (S.E.W.).—Your trouble is due to self-consciousness. Nothing you could take would make any difference. Go out as much as you can, meet as many people as you can and forget yourself. Be natural and try to remember that other people are noticing you far less than you imagine.

DOLL (Liverpool).—You can certainly use a reducing cream for the purpose you mention. Inquire at any large chemists. They are bound to stock it. Sorry, I cannot recommend named products in this column.

M. M. (Romford).—You cannot treat yourself for severe rheumatism. Consult your doctor and he probably will be able to make arrangements for you to attend the Red Cross Clinic for Rheumatism. At this clinic the most up-to-date treatment is given at fees within the patient's means.

OLIVE (Golders Green).—Avoid orange lip stick. Cleanse your face, first by steaming and then rubbing the blackheads with a mixture of equal parts of soft soap and fine oatmeal. Afterwards apply an astringent. Live simply and drink a quart of cold water a day between meals.

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guarantees
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"I wish to tell you that I have smoked approximately
44,000 Craven "A", Cork-tipped cigarettes during the
past five years or so and I have never during that time
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the past 5 years and never
suffered any throat trouble"**

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100% VIRGINIA

SEALED - FRESH

in Weather-proof 'Cellophane'

**20
for 1/-**

FOIL - PACKED

in the BETTER way

Made specially to prevent sore throats

C.A.58

The HAPPY FAMILY

Is the Family who
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Dose of **BILE BEANS**



HAPPINESS reigns supreme in the homes where young and old all regulate their Health with Bile Beans. These safe vegetable pills soon put right the liver, stomach and bowels, and so banish pain and sickness. No griping—only a gentle, natural correction of the body's functions.

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WE TALK TO JOAN & CONSTANCE BENNETT

PAGE
8

PICTUREGOER

2^d
WEEKLY



JOAN BENNETT

It may surprise you to know



THAT although D.R. Minors are made of as mild Virginia tobaccos as are used in the most expensive De Reszkes—

AND

although they cost only fourpence for ten—



YET they smoke for a full ten minutes apiece—which is just the right time for a good cigarette to last.

DE

RESZKE,

MINORS

Mine's a Minor!

Also in handy card cases containing 20 for eightpence

60 for 2/-

RALPH MORGAN

One of the more recent recruits from the stage, this sound character actor's real name is Ralph Wuppermann. His first big screen appearance was in "The Devil's Lottery" with Elissa Landi and since then he has had varied character roles in such notable pictures as "Strange Interlude," "Rasputin"—in which he played the Czar most effectively—and "Power and Glory." Ralph Morgan is a keen sportsman and coxed his university crew in his freshman year at Columbia.



"Try this new LUNG SYRUP



Hundreds Have Written

It wasn't long before the British Public discovered that Beechams Lung Syrup is the finest possible remedy for Winter Ailments. Here are just three extracts from the hundreds of letters received—

"I felt immensely better after only the first morning dose, and with two bottles my frightful COUGH had gone for good and all!"

—W. G. BRADFORD.

"I was in a terrible state. My BRONCHITIS seemed to get worse and worse. I was racked from head to foot by terrible attacks of Coughing. Then at last I tried Beechams Lung Syrup. One week later I was on my feet again, feeling fit as a fiddle!"

—(Mrs.) G. S. M.,
London, S.W.1.

"I should like to say that I have never met such a quick-acting and effective remedy. I have suffered from catarrh for the last three years. Of course, I have tried various things for it, but never until your Lung Syrup came along had I been able to cure it. The first dose brought relief—after three days the cure was complete!"

D. G., Manchester.

-it's made by BEECHAMS!"

THE GREATEST NAME IN HOME MEDICINES



Only the unrivalled experience of the famous House of Beechams could have produced a remedy so supremely efficacious, so pleasant to take, so utterly safe, as this new lung syrup. It was designed to act in a *new* way—a *modern* way. It is the remedy of to-day to meet the needs of to-day; a remedy that will end, once and for all, the misery and distress of chest sufferers.

Only Beechams Lung Syrup brings *complete* relief, because only this amazing remedy has

the "Five-Fold" action. Beechams Lung Syrup attacks every contributory cause of the trouble. First it stops coughing. Then throat irritation is banished—breathing is eased—feverishness and high temperature are reduced, and the system is cleansed of the harmful poisons generated by respiratory troubles. Don't delay. Keep yourself—your family—cough and cold-free this winter. Get your bottle to-day (1/3) and keep it handy!

PROVED in 1 MONTH!

as the Quickest and Surest remedy for

COUGHS, BRONCHITIS, CATARRH, WHOOPING COUGH, SORE THROAT, CHILDREN'S COUGH and LUNG TROUBLES

It is a little more than a month since Beechams Lung Syrup was introduced, yet already it is keeping thousands free from dangerous winter ailments. Three of their letters are published above. If you are a sufferer—DON'T DELAY. Don't let your trouble get worse—go to your chemist at once and get your bottle of this amazing remedy. Its five-fold action is all you need to make you well—and keep you well!

A
Beecham Product
Sold
Everywhere

1'3

BEECHAMS Lung Syrup

Suzanne Karren, a newcomer whose name you may be seeing in lights in the future.

PICTUREGOER

The Screen News Magazine de Luxe

The

MAN WHO MAKES the WORLD LAUGH

HAL ROACH'S 20th Anniversary
—The Shortage of Children's
Films—Why Not "Juvenile"
Theatres?—Britain Starts 1934
Strongly—Janet Gaynor and Charles
Farrell Re-united—Clara Bow's Bad
Break—Doug. Junior's Future.

HAL ROACH, who the other day celebrated his twentieth anniversary as a producer, tells a good story of his first film production.

He had previously worked as a screen cowboy. Then, in 1914, with the money he had saved from his £1 a day "extra" pay, he founded the Rolin Film Company and went into the making of his own films.

After his first day's work as producer-director, he confided to his cameraman that it was his first picture and somewhat apprehensively asked for any criticism as to his conduct.

The photographer, Fred Jackman, who later became one of the best known names in the business, said he had none to make, as it was his first day behind the camera!

The Biggest Smile Factory

From the little abandoned house in early Los Angeles, where the concern started, grew the world's greatest laugh factory. It now occupies a two-million-dollar plant in Culver City.

The history of the Roach lot closely parallels the history of Hollywood, which goes back very little farther.

Among those who began their careers on the Comedy King's sound stages are Janet Gaynor, Will Rogers, Lionel Barrymore (believe it or not), Jean Harlow, Lupe Velez, Bebe Daniels, Fay Wray, Jackie Cooper, Anna May Wong, Theda Bara, Olive Borden, Sally O'Neill, Harold Lloyd, of course, and dozens of others.

He discovered and made the team of Laurel and Hardy.

Lloyd, the Money-spinner

On his last visit to England I asked him who he considered his greatest discovery. "Well, Lloyd made the most money for me," he told me, "but Laurel and Hardy are still going strong, aren't they?"

Most producers who started in the short subject field were not content to remain there, but branched out into ambitious feature-length films.

Nearly all of them have since fallen by the wayside.

Roach, however, has made a considerable fortune out of two- and three-reel films.



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Tel.: Temple Bar 2468.

Telegrams: Picturegoer, Southern-
wood, Rand, London.

ON SALE EVERY THURSDAY, 2d.

The anniversary is being celebrated in Britain by special screenings of Hal Roach shorts all this week.

Stars Meet Disney

Among those who attended the Roach celebration festivities was Walt Disney.

Hardly anybody recognised him until a film journalist spotted him and introduced him to those present.

Disney goes out so seldom into the Hollywood social swim that few of the film celebrities know him.

He confessed that he got a tremendous kick out of meeting Harold Lloyd, Stan Laurel, Oliver Hardy and the Marx Brothers, all of whom he caricatured in *Mickey's Gala Premiere*.

Children's Films

The success of the special children's programmes put on during the recent holiday season again raises the question of film fare for the youngsters.

Juvenile audiences were better catered for in the silent era, chiefly because the general standard of films in those days was more wholesome if less sophisticated and intelligent.

I should say at a rough estimate that in most weeks ninety per cent. of the pictures now on offer are unsuitable for children.

They cannot live by westerns alone and even the westerns are falling off in quality.

I seriously doubt, too, if such current serials as "Tarzan" and the new *Perils of Pauline* will prove such thrilling entertainment for the majority of younger filmgoers as did their predecessors for some of us.

The Difficulty

Under the present system, moreover, the prospects of an improvement in the outlook for the kiddies is far from bright.

Producers, who already work under the handicap of trying to appeal to every class of the community at the same time, can hardly be expected to attempt to include children as well.

They cannot make pictures solely for children, except on a very small scale, for the simple reason that it would not pay.

And those pictures where they have deliberately aimed at a happy medium between the adult and child mind, such as *Alice in Wonderland* and *Oliver Twist*, have not been an unqualified success, though *Little Women*, of course, may have a fairly wide appeal among children.

Wanted: Juvenile Theatres

Nevertheless, I can see no practical reason why we should wait for graded theatres before tackling the problem of children's programmes.

The sooner a start is made in guiding the influence of the kinema on the coming generation into the right channels, the better.

(Continued on page 6)

(Continued from page 5)

I am satisfied after seeing the queues that lined to attend the special holiday showings that most large centres could support at least one small theatre with programmes mainly designed for juvenile consumption but not too naive to make it an ordeal for adult escorts.

Fare chosen from Mickey Mouse, the Silly Symphonies and other cartoons (many of which have shown considerable improvement in quality in the last year), discreetly selected comedies and good westerns would send everybody home happy.

Page Louisa Allcott!

We have heard about the movie mogul who wanted to commission originals from W. Shakespeare, but we now have it on no less authority than that of Mr. C. F. Millikin, the secretary of the famous Hays organisation, that after seeing the first run box-office figures of *Little Women* at least three producers have been trying to find out the address of Louisa M. Allcott.

He tells the story in the December issue of "Selected Motion Pictures," an organ sponsored by the Hays office.

The secretary of one literary agency approached, he relates, thinking the request was a gag, solemnly replied that he thought Miss Allcott could be reached "care of Jules Verne, somewhere on the River Styx."

Half an hour later the same company called him up again and asked what part of the country the River Styx was in.

British Film Boom

British studios are starting off the new year strongly.

In our last issue Alexander Korda and the Gaumont-British company outlined big "line-ups" for the coming months.

This week a note from Mr. Herbert Wilcox tells me of the ambitious plans for 1934 of the British and Dominions studio.

The B. and D. pictures have for some time been released in America by United Artists, but now it is reported that as a result of recent negotiations there will be a wide interchange of stars and directors with Hollywood.

Following on the signing up by London Films of such stars as Chevalier and the Fairbankes, and directors like Lubitsch and Claire, the announcement marks another important step towards the internationalisation of film production with Britain taking its proper place among the leaders.

PICTUREGOER has for years been predicting that



Edmund Lowe, Anne Sothorn and Gregory Ratoff are together in "Let's Fall in Love."

the trend of British film progress would move in this direction.

One of the first and most interesting of the 1934 pictures under the new arrangements will be Jack Buchanan's *Sons o' Guns*.

Lili Damita is to be his leading lady and Busby Berkeley is being imported from California to supervise the dance ensembles.

Berkeley is Hollywood's ensemble king. He was responsible for all those spectacular numbers in *42nd Street*, *Gold Diggers of 1933* and *Footlight Parade*.

At the time of writing the name of the director has not been announced but it is to be "an ace man from the United Artists or Twentieth Century roster."

Pleasing News

The latter news is particularly pleasing. Buchanan has never been seen at his best in home-made pictures.

Reviewing his last talkie, *That's a Good Girl*, I wrote: "With added experience, Buchanan has improved considerably as a film artiste and with stronger direction than he has been able to give himself he could undoubtedly be one of the biggest single assets of the British film industry."

Now it is possible that that belief will be justified.

Buchanan, it is interesting to hear, will also make a "reciprocal" picture in Hollywood as soon as his theatrical engagements permit.

A Lucky Film

Bitter Sweet has been a lucky picture for its players.

Fernand Graavey, the leading man, has accepted an American offer.

The film also proved a transatlantic passport for Pat Paterson and Hugh Williams, who are already at work on the Fox lot in Hollywood, and Monckton Hoffs, who was responsible for the dialogue, has gone to Paramount on a writing contract.

Anna Neagle herself has had at least eight offers from the Hollywood studios.

Anna's new picture, *Nell Gwynn*, is also to be produced on a "lavish" scale.

An internationally famous star is to be brought over to play the rôle of Charles II.

Gaynor-Farrell Reunited

The best news of the week for many film-goers is the announcement that Prince Charming Charles Farrell is to be restored to Cinderella Janet Gaynor.

Winfield Sheehan, the Fox production chief, states that they are to be co-starred in two productions to be made under his personal supervision.

In the year or so since

the firm broke up the efforts to find a new partner for Janet's "world's sweetheart" act have met with little success and it was even whispered that her popularity was beginning to suffer.

Farrell, too, has accomplished little since he left the old homestead and went out into the film world to free-lance, while the studio has had many months to reflect on the memory that the combination was probably the biggest money-making team in screen history.

Now that they are reunited everybody should be happy.

How Farrell Started

The story of how Charles Farrell got his start is one of the most curious of many curious stories of how actors who are now famous broke into the films.

Mr. Farrell was working as an "extra" when someone heard him blow a bugle and told Cecil B. De Mille, the famous director.

De Mille was then preparing to start *The Ten Commandments*. He engaged Farrell at £2 per day to ride by his side and blow the bugle when he ordered it. That was the signal to start filming and to "cut."

The actor worked for thirty days and saved £50, which he invested in a varied wardrobe so that he could demand better rôles. The result was almost immediate and Farrell began to get bigger and better parts until at last there came along the rôle which took him to stardom.

Back to the Land

Janet goes back to the land again in *Carolina*, her new picture. It was formerly called *The House of Connolly* and is already being boomed as another *Slate Fair*.

She will be seen as the daughter of a pioneering farmer who introduces tobacco to America.

It is, I am interested to note from a bulletin from the Fox studio, her "seventeenth distinct characterisation" since her success in *Seventh Heaven*.

"Miss Gaynor's diversification of rôles has covered everything from German housewife in Murnau's *Sunrise* to the girl of the French shams in *Seventh Heaven*," the announcement proceeds. "She has been an Italian waif in *Street Angel*, a trapeze artiste in *Four Devils*, a Dutch girl in *Christina*, a New York tenement girl in *Sunny Side Up*, a jilted girl of the East in *The Man Who Came Back* and so on down the line.

"She has been a Scotch girl, an English slavey, a princess, small-town farm girl, Irish girl and so on.

"Her variegated parts add up an amazing cosmopolitan total."

It only remains to further compute that if all her characterisations were laid out in a row they would—spell Janet Gaynor.

And Gable and Harlow Again

The personalities of Jean Harlow and Clark Gable merge so well on the screen that it is good news that they are to be "teamed" again in *China Seas*.

The combination proved even more happy in *Hold Your Man* than in the previous *Red Dust*.



Fredric March, Miriam Hopkins, George Raft and Helen Mack in "All of Me."

The Girl on the Cover.

THE CAREER OF

JOAN BENNETT

THE baby of the Bennetts was born in Palisades, New Jersey, on February 27, 1911. She came to England to "finish" her education and it was in London, when she was 16 years old, that she married her first husband, John Martin Fox, son of a Seattle, Wash., millionaire. A daughter was born to them in 1928. Marriage was not a happy one and a divorce followed soon after the birth of little Adrienne. Now she is married to Gene Markey, the writer, and is leaving the screen temporarily to receive the stork.

Returning to the United States in 1928, she was offered a role in the stage version of *Jarnegan*, in New York by her famous father. Without stage experience she accepted the part, appearing throughout the entire first act and for two minutes in the second act.

Soon after, her slender blonde beauty and charming personality had attracted the attention of John W. Considine, jun., who induced her to go to Hollywood and embark on a screen career.

Her first film rôle was that of "Phyllis" in Ronald Colman's all-talking picture *Bulldog Drummond*, and she scored an instant success. Although she has since been somewhat overshadowed by the more spectacular Constance, she has won a solid popularity.

She prefers emotional rôles. Insists that her little daughter is her only hobby.

Pastimes include swimming and horseback riding. Devotee of flying; makes frequent trips in airplanes. Reads classical literature and plays; likes Shakespeare's works. Mildly superstitious. Admits she is temperamental.

Height, 5 ft. 3 in., weighs 110 lb.; has blonde hair and green eyes.

An open letter to Joan and Constance Bennett appears on page 8.

The announcement also finally dispels the rumours current a little while ago that Jean and Clark had joined filmland's feudists.

China Seas has been mentioned as a Gable vehicle almost as long as I can remember and has been re-written several times.

The latest news from the Harlow-M.-G.-M. front is that the Platinum Blonde has had her salary boosted from £300 a week to £700, which, when you come to think of it, is quite a nice little "raise."

Fashion Note!

Talking of dancers and the new broad-minded vogue in pictures, the best story of the week comes from the Paramount studios.

A studio executive, a well-known bore, was delaying Sally Rand in her dressing-room with a lot of superfluous conversation when Sally broke in with:—

"Say, will you please get out of here. I've got to dress for my fan dance."

The famous fan dance, by the way, has now been shot.

It was made under the close scrutiny of a horde of studio censors.

Poor Clara!

They never come back! Poor Clara Bow. I came away from the private showing of *Hoop-la* the other evening feeling as if I had attended the funeral of a great screen star.

The much-scissored *Call Her Savage* was by no means an epic, but it left the question of the It Girl's ability to again rise to the heights open, but unless I am mistaken in my judgment of the new picture Clara will have a lot of extra ground to make up in her next.

Miss Bow was ill-advised in accepting that old melodrama *The Barker* as a starring vehicle. It never was a good story even in former screen incarnations. It is more mellerdrummerish than ever in this sophisticated age.

Rival to Mae West?

Clara reveals most of the old It and, incidentally, most of what once was the most famous body in the world—the producers add a topical

note by making her a fan dancer at the Chicago World's Fair—but even these "added attractions" were not enough to overcome the general banality of the production.

Hoop-la, however, should not be a total loss. It at least made me wonder if it had occurred to her sponsors that in the new and more mature Clara Bow they have, if exploited properly, a logical and ready-made rival to Mae West.

With one or two exceptions, the current contenders are not impressive. Clara at her best could eliminate all of them in that particular metier and even give "Diamond Lil" herself a run for her money.

Doug., Junr.'s Plans

Douglas Fairbanks, junr., back in America to make *Success Story*, has been busy dispelling the idea that his return to the Hollywood fold is a permanent one.

It is not generally known that "Junior" is, with his father and United Artists, financially interested in London Film Productions. He will collect his salary for *Catherine the Great* in the form of royalties.

He will, he told the somewhat surprised New York news hounds, make most of his films here.

Most American stars who visit us give their home press vastly differing accounts of British studios to those which are published amid hurrahs in our papers, but Mr. Fairbanks is sticking to his guns, although he adds in praising our efficiency that he "can, of course, only speak for his own company and not the more typical British studios."

Short Shots

Joe E. Brown has been given a new five-year contract by Warners—The latter studio is to groom Jean Muir for stardom—Cecil B. De Mille is conducting a search for a Mark Anthony for his *Cleopatra*—Herbert Mundin is returning to Britain to make a picture—Mae West has received an offer to star in a film for a British studio—May Robson is to be starred in *Old Hannibal*—Ned Sparks is in the divorce news—Maurice Chevalier uses two signatures; one for autographs and the other for cheques—James Cagney is to be a jockey in his next picture, *Goin' to Town*—Ronald Colman's new picture is to be adapted from

"Sapper's" *Bulldog Drummond Strikes Back*—Recent court proceedings revealed that Dorothea Wieck's Hollywood salary is £55 a week—Wallace Beery and Jackie Cooper are to be teamed again in *Cabbie*, an original story about a hansom-cab driver.

Gordon Harker—in American

It is interesting to hear an acknowledgment from the other side that the scheme for "dubbing" British pictures with American voices is not working out in practice.

The latest film to be thus hybridised is *White Face*, the Edgar Wallace story which was made here something like two years ago.

Apart from the fact that to us, at any rate, the substitution of a Bowery twang for Gordon Harker's gloriously rich Cockney is something altogether too painful to contemplate, New York reviewers complain that the general result is unsatisfactory.

It is fairly easy, theoretically, to "dub" English into American, because the lip movements are the same, but the critics are finding that actually the lip movements of the players suggest different intonations than those of the voices heard and the effect is unnatural and unpleasant.

Kinema Couplets

This week's half-guinea prize is awarded to Miss B. Hawkin, 1, Byerley Road, Shildon, Co. Durham, for:—

If I Had a Million

Ten Nights in a Bar-room

Prizes of half a crown each are awarded to:—James Joslin, 30, Gilbey Road, Tooting, S.W., for:—

The Tenderfoot
Dancing Partner

Mrs. Wootton, 4, Rifle Butt Road, Brighton, for:—

Maid Happy
Her Night Out

Miss R. Chivers, 51, Rothsay Road, Forest Gate, E.7, for:—

Gold Diggers of 1933
Love Among the Millionaires

L. Page, 44, Cochrane Street, N.W.8, for:—
The Blue Angel
Trouble in Paradise

There are no conditions attached to the Kinema Couplet competition except that entries must be sent on a postcard. Envelopes cannot be opened.

MALCOLM D. PHILLIPS

One of the first stills of Marlene Dietrich as she will appear in "Catherine the Great."





An OPEN LETTER To Constance and JOAN BENNETT



A famous family. Richard Bennett with Constance on right, Joan, the Baby, next to her and left, Adrienne Morrison Bennett and Barbara.

Miss Swanson was about that time encountering very much the same sort of problem that you are in danger of coming face to face with now.

The trouble is that the more sensational the success the more impermanent it is. The public which can be faithful to the mere mortals tires quickly of the goddesses it makes.

Your change to another studio to-day is a rather less spectacular affair than it would have been a year or so ago.

We see the name of Constance Bennett less frequently in the headlines. There are fewer of those "£6,000-a-week-star" stories; reporters no longer sprint after you so vigorously in order to misquote your views on love and life. The legend that you spend £50,000 a year to clothe the Bennett body in the balmy climate of California has almost died a natural death; Mae West is now being boosted as Hollywood's headline fashion queen.

Perhaps you are glad of it. A lot of it was ridiculous and most of it was not your fault. And I know that while you have a shrewd sense of the value of publicity to a picture player, you have always maintained the right to your own private life even to the extent of acquiring something of a reputation among film journalists for snobbishness and temperament.

When I say that you are now entering on a new phase of your career I do so in the belief that with your well-deserved reputation for common sense you appreciate that your change to the Twentieth Century organisation means more than moving your make-up box into a new dressing-room.

For the past twelve months you have been poorly served with material and no star, however great, can survive poor material.

Now, I understand, you are to have greater freedom of choice in the matter of your starring vehicles, and I hope that you will insist on better stories. I think you will get them, not only because the present policy of Twentieth Century is quality rather than mass-produced quantity but because you are one of the best "insisters" who ever occupied a star dressing-room.

Your genius for handling hard-boiled movie moguls has passed into legend. The stories of how you met the Warner board of directors and so overwhelmed them that before they knew what had happened they had handed you that £6,000-a-week contract and of how tough studio executives dived down manholes at the first sign of a frown on that million-dollar brow, have for long made picturesque reading in the film magazines.

At any rate, you carry my hopes (for what they are worth) that your new association will mark the beginning of a new lease of steady stardom and that it will be a long time before you carry out that threat to retire to the South of France.

And now I am coming to the end of my space and I still have a word or two to say to you, Joan.

First, I want to congratulate you on your success in *Little Women*. It augurs well for your return to the screen.

The reason you are entering on a new phase in your career is a rather different one to that in the case of Constance. You are retiring temporarily in order to have a baby.

We shall miss you, but the announcement of your forthcoming "blessed event" is good news.

There are generations of acting talent behind the success of the Bennetts. M. D. P.

Constance Bennett as she appears in her first picture for Twentieth Century, "Moulin Rouge."

Dear Constance and Joan,

I HOPE that you will forgive me making this a joint offering and allow me to hasten to remove any suspicion on your part that in doing so I am actuated by any ungallant or parsimonious desire to kill two birds with one stone—or rather, hit two stars with one brickbat.

There are several reasons why I prefer to ask your permission to address both of you.

For one thing, the possibility of writing to two "relations" in Hollywood who are on sufficiently good terms to share the letter presents an opportunity so nearly unique that I cannot resist it.

Yes, I know those stories that there have been, and are, serious rifts in the family lute and I know, too, that they are not true.

Your firm, though undemonstrative, devotion to each other has survived not only the professional jealousy that has broken up so many theatrical homes, but all the gossippers of Hollywood as well.

You, Constance, have always been the star act of the Bennett outfit, but the fact that you have rather overshadowed the others has never made any difference to your relations with them.

I might add as another reason for making this a joint letter that if there is anything more interesting than one Bennett it could only be two Bennetts.

However, my main purpose for this communication is the fact that you are both entering on new phases of your screen careers.

Let me take your case first, Constance. I have said that you are entering on a new phase of your screen career. I refer, of course, to your transference of activities to a new studio at the conclusion of the Radio Pictures contract under which you rose to stardom.

Your sensational climb to the topmost heights of the talkies began at the old Pathe lot. You went there as a promising silent screen ingénue who had thrown up her career to marry and had decided to "come back." It is, perhaps, not necessary to recall that the queen of the studio at that time was a film actress named Gloria Swanson.

THROUGH OUR LENS

Right : For informal evening wear, Clara Bow chooses this smart frock of dull red crêpe marocain, with velvet flowers of the same shade at the waist. A velvet turban, gloves and shoes in the same shade completed this chic costume.



Is my face black? Marion Davies in an unusual make-up for her latest starring vehicle, "Hollywood Party."



They're all oblivious. The bustle of a movie set means nothing to Jack La Rue and Ida Lupino, who've been seen together a lot of late. This picture was snapped as La Rue, in an idle moment, found Miss Lupino awaiting her camera call on the set at Paramount.



Here is Mrs. Bing Crosby who delights in flowers and always sees that her famous crooner husband's new home is well stocked.



Left : Out of the frying pan into the banjo. You always can depend on Gracie Allen to do some silly thing, such as baking a potato in a banjo. George Burns evidently thinks it's soup.

PICTURES of To-Morrow

by George ARLISS

AS I walked along Broadway on a clear, bright day in mid-Winter, my heels clicked a lilting tune in keeping with my mood of expectation.

I was going, you see, to keep a rendezvous with Romance.

I was to meet, for the first time, my favourite screen actor. At 49th Street I turned into the modernistic skyscraper which houses the offices of United Artists Pictures.

No, the man I would meet was not Gary Cooper nor Clark Gable, nor any of the usual romantic types whose masculine beguilements stir feminine hearts to a similar state of excitement.

But you can see for yourself. The door opens and I am received with a gracious, kindly smile and we settle in comfortable arm chairs. The man opposite is small and grey and sixtyish. Poised. Gracefully at ease with himself and the world about him.

His personality vibrations are built on a subtler key—charm, gentleness, and courtesy amounting to an old-world courtliness.

As he spoke, in the rich, unhurried voice, the traffic beneath the windows diminished; the fret and turmoil of the workaday world were, for the moment, forgotten. Something of his own quiet calm and that old-worldliness lay behind the replies he gave to the interviewer's numerous queries.

"The trend in pictures? Above everything, I sense a tendency for more restful movies. Audiences, I think, are tiring of swift action. They would love to listen. They want longer conversations with the actors, not always having to do something. This would give them a clearer and fuller understanding of the characters."

"But how would this affect the so-called popular movies?"

"It would make them more popular! For characterisation is really their chief factor. Popular pictures, you see, have their roots in human nature. You find something in a character that is in yourself, or is like somebody you know. This is the idea behind stories which fetch the widest magazine circulation and it is the same with the box-office."

"A picture is not really good unless it is popular. The public is the critic and teacher. If it refuses to accept a picture or a star, it has very sound reasons. From my own viewpoint, it has never been with me a question of art for art's sake. I make the sort of films I do because I believe it's what the people like. So, after all, I'm very commercial. I believe you're not getting anywhere unless you make a financial success."

"I am convinced that a new value has been given to the films and I cannot too strongly stress that this value is literature. I feel certain that the time is not distant when we shall see the plays of Shakespeare brought to the screen, as well as the other classics."

He prophesies, also, a renaissance of the costume picture, ushered in by the tremendous popularity of *Henry VIII*. It was this which largely influenced him in the selection of his current film, *The Rise of the House of Rothschild*.

"Thus I saw that the 'commercial artist' keeps in close touch with the happenings of Hollywood, even when vacationing some 6,000 miles away at his summer cottage in England."

"But your own picture, Mr. Arliss? It's predicted that *Rothschild* is a character you've long wanted to do and that it's likely to be your favourite rôle."

As shrewd as Voltaire in the "business of art" Mr. Arliss cannot be trapped into naming his best loved characterisation. Really, he prefers not to talk "shop." But he was persuaded to sketch briefly the highlights of the film and it was not difficult to see that "*Rothschild*" is a scenario that utterly charms him.

"The film opens with the head of the house of *Rothschild* in his money-changing shop in Frankfort-am-Main. Time about 1780. It is a dingy little shop with a door that rings a bell when it is opened. The story concerns itself with the Jewish family of famous bankers, old Mayer and his five sons. They become social leaders, friends of royalty, practically dictators in Europe. They are identified with the social and financial life of Frankfort, Paris, Vienna, London and Naples. You see the wide scope of it."

I could see the rich pageantry of the times and the presentation of a galaxy of historical figures—Napoleon, the Duke of Wellington, King George III and Prince Tallyrand. I spoke of this.

"Yes, there's almost unlimited scope to it," he repeated. "Also magnificent costumes and characters who have their roots in human nature. Everybody is related in some way to the *Rothschilds*."

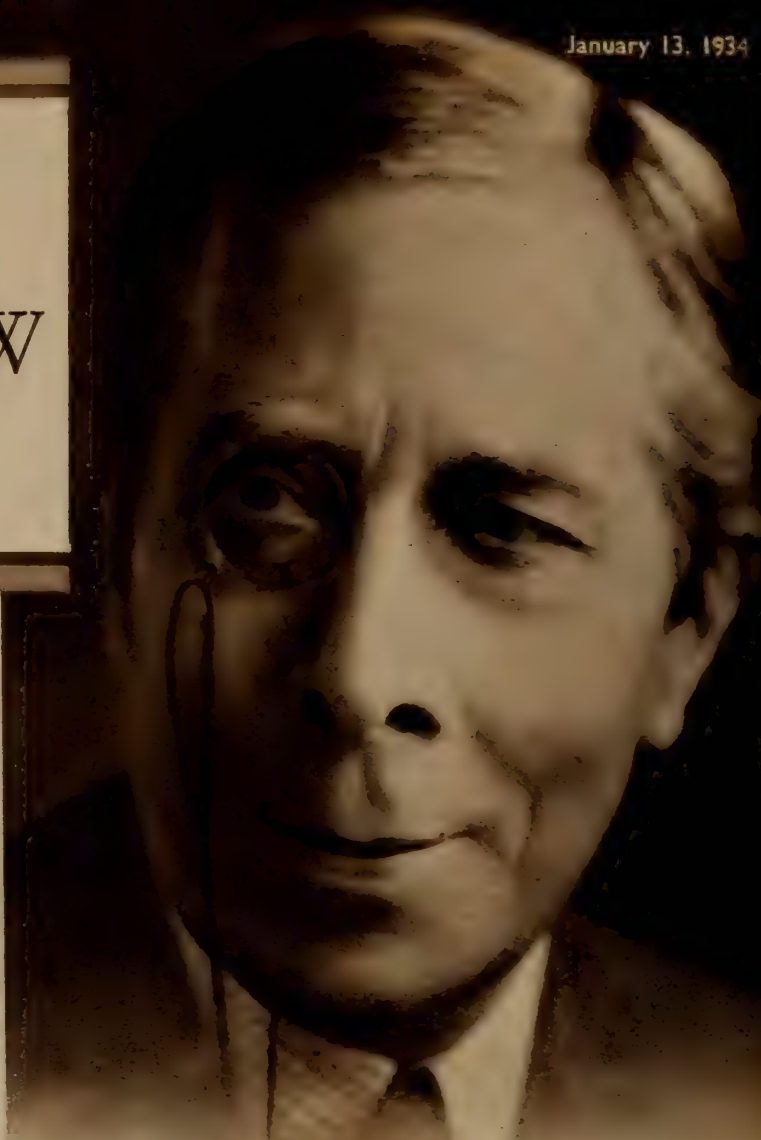
"You, of course, will play the part of Nathan, the English banker?"

"Obviously," he smiled.

And, oh, is Arliss British? From the monocle on its smart black cord to the gold tipped cigarettes prepared for him by a tobacconist in London. He came to America to stay four months and has remained for more than twenty years. He has always intended to go back. But, by an ironical trick of the Fates, he has only once—in all these years—appeared on a British stage and this was when he played in *The Green Goddess* in the St. James Theatre.

But he's British, not only by birth, but by preference. He allows nothing to interfere with his holiday in England which is passed each summer at his cottage by St. Margaret's Bay on the white chalk cliffs of Kent. Here he lives quietly, simply and away from the clamour of the world. He is happy there in the large rooms among his books and pictures and collection of antique clocks, his dogs and "Dinky," the parrot.

Traits of nationality reveal themselves in his



George Arliss. A recent portrait of the "First Gentleman of the Screen."

speech, his mannerisms, his mode of dress and in the leisurely tempo of his life. This love of his native land colours even his plans for the future.

"Are you likely to go back to the legitimate stage?"

"I may," he said simply. "Though I've been away four years I've never really felt that I've left the stage. If I could only find a suitable play! I haven't read one in the last ten years that appealed to me. There's a streak of vulgarity running through most of them, good or bad. Please don't misunderstand me," the thin, narrow hands were clasped in an earnest gesture, the sympathetic tolerance of grey eyes deepened, "I'm not early Victorian in my point of view. Really I'm not, but, you know—"

I did know. And I suggested that perhaps it was significant that the outstanding hits on Broadway had none of the flagrant sex episodes which offended his artistic sense of values. Yes, he saw in it a definite indication of the passing of the bedroom drama.

But his own plan for returning to the theatre "I'm thinking of organising my own repertory company. We'll give revivals of the plays that have been successful. I think the idea of the revivals is partly due to cowardice on my part. I shouldn't care, you see, to be a 'flop!'"

"And will you take your repertory company to London?"

"Oh, yes! And to the provinces as well. I only meant to take an excursion into pictures. Then, when talkies came along I felt they were more to my liking. A new and interesting medium more allied to my job."

He dislikes nothing quite so much as being termed a "screen star." First and always he is of the theatre. Though he admits that there are many aspects of film making that are very much

WHO, in a frank talk with Gladys Baker, the famous interviewer, states that he senses a trend towards "more restful movies." Audiences, he says, are tiring of swift action. Among other things he discusses are screen stars' salaries and his own future plans.

to his liking. Even in Hollywood he manages to carry on his own life in the way of his established customs. He is one of the few great stars who has remained aloof from the pleasure-mad whirl of the kinema colony.

"As a matter of fact, there are many things I like about the film city. There's nothing more delightful than to be on 'location' in the country on a charming sunny day. In being able to settle in a home with lovely surroundings and have my friends around me."

"Do you think that more and more of our stage celebrities will be won to the talkies?"

"It is inevitable. I consider it not only reasonable, but almost a duty for any actor of reputation to give a certain amount of his time to making pictures—whether he likes it or not."

I quoted a certain actor who told me that Hollywood wanted "new faces" and would hire young girls without acting experience. "It's good for the movies," he said, "but bad for the girl. A girl who has a beautiful face but who cannot act may easily spoil what might become a good career."

"And the essentials for a good career in the movies?"

"Sincerity and restraint."

Because the papers were full of it, I asked Mr. Arliss his opinion of the controversy in Hollywood which threatened to fix the salaries of the stars.

"The salaries of movie stars can never be kept down except to a minimum. These salaries are not as fabulously large as is generally believed, for the actors are paid only while at work on a film. Most of them make only two, or at the most three, pictures a year and their income has to be reckoned on this basis. In my opinion, the stars are really underpaid and their salaries have got to be made higher. Also, film stars should be the highest paid of all radio entertainers. For the simple reason that they are better known by the greatest number of people. By engaging a movie celebrity for a programme the advertiser insures himself millions of listeners for the merits of his product. For such a service it is only just that the remuneration of the entertainer should be adequate."

Mrs. Arliss returned with her husband from England and would accompany him to the coast not only to appear in the rôle of "Hannah" in the Rothschild picture, but because the Arlisses are seldom separated.

They've been married now for thirty years and theirs is one of the ideal romances of the Theatre. They met when acting in Mrs. Patrick Campbell's company in London. Arliss was first attracted to pretty Florence Montgomery because she had "nice arms." He proposed when they were caught in a sudden rainstorm. With adorable gallantry he gives his wife credit for his success on the stage and screen.

According to this devoted husband it is Mrs. Arliss who makes all the vital decisions. Frequently she appears with her husband on the screen and will be remembered in *Disraeli* and *The King's Vacation*. It is safe to say that if the script calls for a player of Mrs. Arliss' type she gets the rôle!

Knowing Mr. Arliss' true British reticence in discussing his personal life I sought not to peer



Mr. Arliss welcomes the return of the costume drama. Here he is seen in "The Affairs of Voltaire," recently shown in the West End.

too closely into his happy marital relationship.

But there was one subject of a quite personal nature which proved irresistible. I'd been wanting for years to ask him about it. Arliss is a vegetarian. Numerous and fantastic rumours have been put forth as the reason for his abstinence from meat—he was a Buddhist, a Theosophist, a believer in the transmigration of souls. Tentatively I told him of these reports.

He laughed. No, none of these reasons would do. "I'm sorry. It would make a much better story for you. But I abstain from flesh food simply because I do not believe in cruelty."

"And it has nothing whatever to do with religion?"

"I think not. Though it seems to me that one of the tenets of all religions might conceivably be the avoidance of cruelty—to ourselves, to our fellow humans and to other living creatures."

Because he had responded with such good grace to the other personal query, I grew bolder. I told him that, in my estimation, he was the most romantic actor on the screen.

The bubbling whimsicality which seems always just ready to break forth crinkled the corners of his eyes; his smiling mouth prepared me for a facetious reply: "Are you making a matinee hero out of me? No, I wish I could believe that, but I can't. Even my most ardent admirers have to admit that I'm not much to look at. That doesn't matter so much on the stage, but it has always been considered a drawback on the screen. Then, too, the kind of parts I play offer no effective scope for the art of osculation. My screen kisses nearly always have to be paternal or avuncular—never lasting more than the fraction of a second. No," he shook his head in mock despair, "it's absolutely impossible to fade out on one of my kisses."

And on this merry note we parted.

As I walked back along Broadway my heels clicked quite as liltingly. For I had kept my rendezvous with Romance—and was not disappointed.



With Mary Astor in "A Successful Calamity."

Mrs. George Arliss has appeared in many of her husband's pictures—a scene from "The King's Vacation."

JEANETTE
MACDONALD

The "Queen of the Musicals" is again in the news as a result of a reported screen breach with Maurice Chevalier. "Maurice," she is quoted as saying recently, "should give me credit for at least some of the success of his biggest talkie hits." In the meanwhile, however, it still appears likely that she will star in *The Merry Widow*.

I HAVEN'T REACHED the PEAK YET

by Joan
CRAWFORD

THE brilliant star who returns in *Dancing Lady* to the type of picture in which she first sprang to fame discusses Hollywood and her career frankly in this interview with a "Picturegoer" New York representative.

LOOKING as radiant as ever, Joan Crawford arrived for a brief vacation in New York and hurried to her hotel suite afraid that by the time she got there she might find a telegram calling her back to Hollywood.

Her trip to New York, the vivacious young star admitted, was made with the understanding that she would hurry back as soon as the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer officials decided to start work on *The Portrait of Sadie McKee*.

This is the much-discussed magazine serial by Vina Delmar which has been selected as Miss Crawford's next film. Clarence Brown, who did *Possessed*, will direct, and great things may be expected from the re-alliance of the two.

Franchot Tone, who with Clark Gable figures prominently in Miss Crawford's newly completed *Dancing Lady*, accompanied the actress to New York. When the two were besieged by reporters asking for a statement on a possible impending marriage, Miss Crawford reminded them that she would be unable to make or consider any decision of this sort until her final divorce decree in April.

Joan Crawford makes it a principle to take an annual journey as far away from California as possible. Last year she went to Europe. This time she can't get as much time away from work. She feels that a complete change of environment is the most stimulating influence for any screen player.

"Out in Hollywood we get into such a routine that if it isn't broken it may affect our work," she said. "We get up at 6.30 every day to get on the set by eight, lunch and dine at the same appointed hours, and do everything on schedule. It's fascinating work but it does require a complete change to keep your perspective. I like New York for that reason. It's absolutely different."

"I do all my visiting here. Out in Hollywood I hardly ever get around to see people, outside of the ones I meet every day at the studio. Then it's great fun seeing the new shows and visiting

some of the clubs or restaurants I used to know before I started pictures.

"I'd love to do something on the stage. I think it's the best thing in the world for a film actor or actress to do a stage piece occasionally. I think you can go back to Hollywood with redoubled interest and incentive. Almost everybody has a secret desire to do something on the stage, but most picture people are kept so busy with their work in Hollywood they can't do anything about it."

Questioned about the value of a stage apprenticeship for anybody seeking a screen career, Miss Crawford said she thought it the best possible way to get started.

"There's so much competition in Hollywood now," she said, "that you have to take advantage of every opportunity. Movie officials are looking for people who have already done something to show their ability. It's hard enough to get a chance at best, but doing something on the stage first gives you a better chance. This is more important than a few years ago because of the importance of diction and the speaking voice. Besides, there are more people than ever before trying to get into pictures. It's harder to start but the rewards are higher than ever."

"Dancing is a good thing for anyone trying to get started. Even if you do not intend to dance on the stage or in pictures, it gives you poise, and helps keep you in good physical condition. It trains a person to walk gracefully, and eliminates all awkwardness."

"There is some dancing in my new picture, *Dancing Lady*. I like to do an occasional picture with a musical background, if the background fits

into the picture naturally, and I think *Dancing Lady* is the best thing in this vein I've ever tried. We had a lot of trouble with it, partly because of Clark's illness, but we had a tremendous lot of fun too, and I feel very happy about the results."

Questioned about her outlook on the future, Miss Crawford mentioned two potential story properties, *Sacred and Profane Love* and *The Stamboul Quest*. Neither is definite at the moment and in any case *Sadie McKee* will come first. These are all strongly dramatic stories.

"I hope I haven't reached the peak of my career yet," said the actress. "I feel that I've just gotten to the point where I can do my best work. I've done some things I liked but now I want to concentrate on stories that have very definite appeal to me. I want to put myself, completely and without reserve, into every part. I don't mean that I should restrict myself entirely to dramatic rôles, because I think that's bad for anyone. A lighter film every three or four productions helps you keep a proper sense of balance, just like taking a trip once a year away from Hollywood."

All the way to New York the picture star had a very special job to take care of. It wasn't a new novel that she'd been waiting to read, or some writing in her diary (though she does keep a diary). It seems that her sister-in-law is soon to become a mother, and Aunt-Joan-to-be busied herself making several baby garments, which she air mailed to California as a present for the new arrival. Lucky baby.

NEXT WEEK

HARLEY KNOLES, the famous director, who made the original silent version of *Little Women*, takes you back to those glamorous days and traces the careers of several famous artistes connected with that production in a revealing and most interesting article.

FILMING the FROZEN NORTH

PPETER FREUCHEN, the Danish explorer and author of the book "Eskimo," from which W. S. Van Dyke filmed this Polar epic, tells you of the difficulties which beset the expedition in Alaska and how they were overcome.

SIX feet six, the wooden left leg thumping firmly along, the heavy brown beard and brown hair framed by an old sea-captain's hat tilted at an angle of forty-five degrees, Peter Freuchen breezed into New York with the freshness and openness of the Arctic regions where so much of his life has been spent. In his hotel suite the Danish author talked of *Eskimo*, the M.-G.-M. picture which has been adapted from his book of the same name.

"My own book," he began in a voice strangely gentle for so large and hearty a man, "treats of the Greenland Eskimos, whom I know and with whom I have lived; whereas this picture is a story of the Alaskan Eskimos."

"What is most amazing is that their customs are almost exactly alike. You see, there are only about 32,000 Eskimos altogether in the world."

"Most of them originally came from the North of the United States; and when they drifted northwards and separated in Alaska, Greenland and Siberia, they were speaking the same language and living with the same folk lore."

"For a thousand years now explorers and surveyors like myself have been able to go from one Eskimo community to another, separated by days and weeks of travel, and find only the slightest variations in speech or habits."

In the beginning we thought of going to Greenland, since that, after all, was the place I knew best—but Greenland has four solid months of darkness during which it is not only dangerous to move about but almost impossible to do any photography.

"Furthermore, the rays of the sun are so penetrating that all our film would have been ruined in a short time."

"Though I'd known that the life in Alaska was pretty much the same as in Greenland, it was still surprising to find so many similarities. About the only serious difference was the extent to which the Eskimos in the North are civilised. This is, of course, the influence of the white man and, in particular, the missionaries."

"In certain cases we were shocked to find that the Eskimos had lost the habit of their own customs, so much had they assumed white characteristics."

"But it wasn't long before they became intensely interested in re-enacting the details of the life they had lived before the white man came and attempted to re-live them—and I should not be surprised if some of them have since abandoned the white communities and gone back to their own lives."

"Habituating oneself to the rigours and peculiarities of such a climate as Alaska's is a difficult enough task for transient visitors. But establishing semi-permanent and livable headquarters where all manner of special equipment can be stored is a far greater problem and one which presented formidable complications for the expedition when it arrived for nine months of intensive work at Teller Island, off the tip of Alaska."

"The result of these nine months of labour, and of eight further months of editing and retaking in the studios, is the ambitious film drama, *Eskimo*."

"When W. S. Van Dyke, the director, disembarked with myself and his company from

Mala, a mighty hunter of the North, who plays a leading role in the picture.



Dortuk, "The Garbo of the North," and Nunarook, "the Eskimo Jimmy Durante," brought back to Hollywood for further interiors and close-ups in Van Dyke's production.

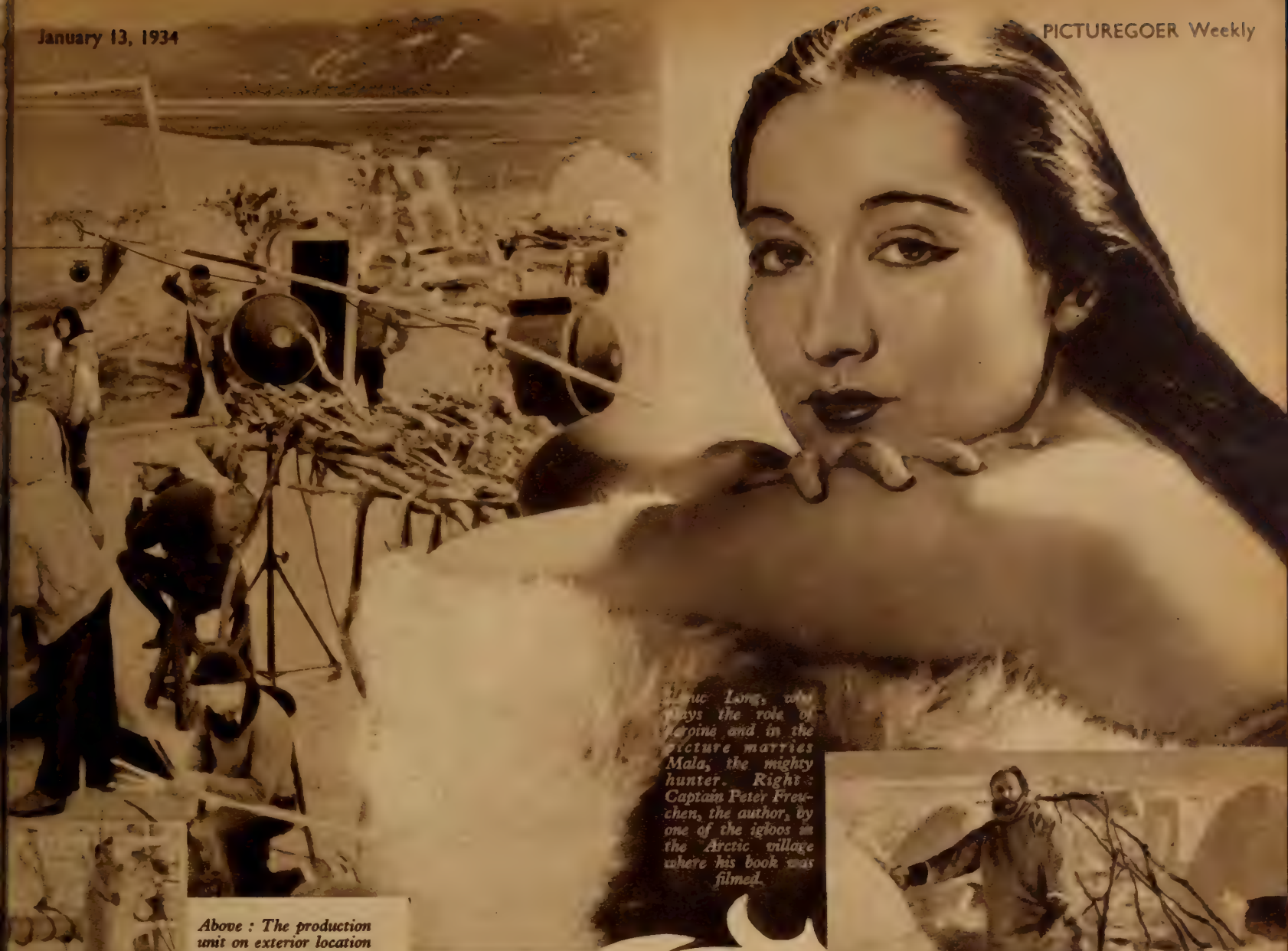
the whaling schooner, *Nanuk*, it was late in June of last year—and Alaska, contrary to a general impression of all-year-round frost, has a season which they choose to designate as summer."

"Up around Teller Island this means a temperature ranging from 20 degrees to 50 degrees, and the habitations are not the famous igloos (which function only in the extreme winter) but tents of sealskin, later dismantled and preserved."

"Although we were eager to live in the same manner as the natives, partly to ensure friendliness and partly to be as comfortable as they seemed, the plan was not found to be feasible because we should have had to construct the tents on too large a scale."

"Too many sealskins would have been needed and, before the tents could have become really livable, we should have had to move out of them into our winter headquarters."

"Accordingly, we set up only a dozen tents of the more easily obtainable caribou skin, merely for sleeping; where we actually lived was in a series of wooden shacks and in a large old ware-



Nanuk Long, who plays the role of hero in the picture marries Mala, the mighty hunter. Right: Captain Peter Freuchen, the author, by one of the igloos in the Arctic village where his book was filmed.

Above: The production unit on exterior location filming Eskimos in their native village in Alaska. Left: A giant polar bear, trapped by the expedition, is hauled aboard the "Nanuk."

house built of logs which had served as a trading centre many years before.

"The real storehouse remained the *Nanuk*, where all the food and apparatus was put in specially made ice-boxes and deep holds. These were held in safe position by the surrounding ice floes.

"When winter rolled by—and this was not long, since we arrived toward the end of June and the northern winter begins as early as mid-

September—it was necessary to shift headquarters.

"Here, again, it was impossible to live as the Eskimos, since the winter igloos are made of stone, chinked and covered with moss and banked with snow, and built halfway underground.

"The entrance is a long passage high enough to admit a man crawling on his hands and knees. The construction of these is a lengthy undertaking which scarcely seemed worth while in view of the fact that we were not scheduled to stay for more than four additional months or so. "Bag and baggage, we moved over to the *Nanuk* and stayed there until February.

"Living on the ship was hardly a paradise, since violent winds would periodically throw the vessel far out of its course and make the return a long and wearisome struggle.

"Almost as frequently we would be completely frozen in and unable to move until the sun shone with sufficient intensity to break the ice.

"But there was a heating apparatus on the boat and a radio, and this made things a little more tolerable than they might have been in the heatless igloos.

"The only really native construction we were obliged to do came when we set about photographing the interiors of ice huts.

"With ice-saws, chisels and picks we bisected the tops of the spherical dwellings, then placed cameras opposite the opening, turned the lights into them and hung up the microphones.

"In addition to buying each such hut with bacon and other goods, the studio mechanics had to help the evicted owner build another!

"The manufacture of ice houses is not a very lengthy process. The form is hollowly circular and the material is nothing but snow.

"A roaring fire is built inside until the snow begins to melt and drip. The fire is stamped out, the door left open, and the midnight frost transforms the structure into solid ice.

These dwellings are not permanent; they are made only by travellers or itinerant hunters and serve simply as resting places when the weather makes movement impossible.

"They are so easy to make that often this task is entrusted solely to the woman or women of the tribe.

"If the members of the film expedition did not live as the Eskimos, they at least dressed like them, with underskins of fur and enormously cumbersome over-garments—but this failed to keep them as warm as they chose to feel, so that they kept running inside to the heating apparatus every ten minutes or so.

"For a picture taken so spasmodically and with so many atmospheric obstacles, *Eskimo* is at the very least an achievement in sheer continuity.

"The only actual troubles in filming the picture, were atmospheric; sudden sunlight would melt the ice houses; extreme winds would blow the vessel miles out of its course; intense cold



would freeze us in and make all travel impossible.

"Controlling our own men and controlling the Eskimos was about the most complicated concern we had. But Col. Van Dyke, our wonderfully careful director, attended to both of these points with his usual shrewdness.

"For those periods when work couldn't be done he created over a dozen engrossing activities for our forty-two people, ranging from cribbage to ice polo.

"And when the Eskimos became a little recalcitrant—such as the time when they decided out of a clear sky that they were going to strike for higher wages than \$5 a day—Van Dyke knew how to show them either that they were quite dispensable or that they had a great deal to gain by staying; bacon, oranges, corn cakes and other foods they had grown to like.

"The result was that, by the time all our filming had been done, we were living in perfect harmony together and had to tear ourselves away.

"I feel that it has all been well worth while and hope that when you see the picture you will agree with me.

"Mr. W. S. Van Dyke has certainly lived up to the reputation he has made with such features as *White Shadows in the South Seas*, and *Trader Horn*.

"He has brought vividly to the screen the life of these little-known people and invested the theme with a wealth of strong drama and romance."

FRANCHOT TONE

The New York stage actor who in the space of a few months has become one of the most popular leading men on the screen.

Franchot, whose name has been linked by the gossips in romance rumours with that of Joan Crawford, plays opposite her in her latest picture, "Dancing Lady."



PHIL LONERGAN sends it HOT from HOLLYWOOD

SWEET EIGHTEEN and MUST NOT BE KISSED

And an Actor who Must Not Marry—Strange Clauses in
Movie Contracts—Society Extras Storm—Baby
Le Roy's Attack of Whooping Cough

EVELYN VENABLE'S father, Professor Emerson Venable, is a parent who looks after his daughter most conscientiously. He is responsible for a clause in Evelyn's contract with Paramount, which provides that the 18-year-old actress must not be kissed by any of the male members of any pictures in which she appears.

The Professor chanced to be on the set when Fredric March, as called for in the story, placed his arms around Evelyn. A long argument ensued before Professor Venable permitted the scene to be taken in this manner.

Incidentally, Professor Venable is about the only father of a Hollywood movie actress who has anything to say about his child's career.

Mothers are usually the autocrats of the studios, as far as their offspring are concerned.

He Lost His Temper

Joel McCrea, who is now the husband of the charming Frances Dee, recently learned that he would have to work far into the night, taking make-up tests for a forthcoming role.

He decided to 'phone Mrs. McCrea, and tell her that he would not be home until very late, but he could not remember the 'phone number of his new home.

Unfortunately the 'phone was unlisted, and the telephone operator very properly refused to give him the number, telling him, when he said he was Joel McCrea, that it was "an old gag!"

Joel irately leaped into his car and dashed for home. On the way he was stopped by three police officers, vigorously reprimanded for various traffic offences, and given three "tickets" calling for fines when he faces the judge. However, he finally reached home.

The actor now has his 'phone number written on ten different slips of paper—one in every pocket!

All for Love

Dick Powell, one of the most promising juveniles in moviedom, is engaged in quite an argument with the Warner studio.

The officials desire to incorporate in the young actor's contract a provision that he will not wed before the end of 1934, as they believe that a wedding in the near future might cause him to lose the favour of feminine fans before he has won stardom, which they confidently believe he will achieve in the near future.

Dick has refused to permit the clause to be inserted. While he has no present intention of marrying, he does not care to commit himself for the future.

Amateur Extras

The depression has been exceedingly hard on the men and women employed as "atmosphere talent," so it was scarcely surprising that these "extras" felt like anarchists when 250 "debs" and "stags" of Los Angeles society were employed in a very pretentious production.

The society people arrived at the studio in luxurious cars and created quite an impression, in more ways than one. The executives, directors and stars were greatly flattered at the opportunity of mingling with the social elite. The displaced extras, many in dire need, were in a deeply resentful mood.

The society "extras" had a thoroughly enjoyable time. The regular "extras," whose places

and pay cheques they took, were not in such a jovial mood.

Punishing "Spanky!"

Baby Le Roy, child star of *Miss Fane's Baby Is Stolen*, was recently incapacitated by an attack of whooping cough, thereby holding up production and greatly embarrassing the Paramount studio.

The Board of Education, under whose jurisdiction all children are placed, decided that the fault lay with "Spanky" McFarland, juvenile star of "Our Gang" comedies, who worked in a sequence of the picture.

The Board believes that "Spanky" had whooping cough when he appeared for work at the studio, and has suspended his acting permit for 90 days, thereby punishing the child's parents for negligence.

Roach studio officials are also unhappy, as the "Our Gang" comedies are delayed in consequence of the boy's suspension.

"Big Chief" Novarro!

Meet Chief Dine-Id-Loi! Such will be the proper introduction for Ramon Novarro when he returns to Hollywood from the filming of *Laughing Boy*, the famous Indian classic, during which he was initiated as a fully fledged Navajo chief.

The ceremony was performed before 700 Navajos, dressed in all their tribal finery.

Chief Tuchene-Bege made the presentation for his tribe, assembled in a vast camp on the reservation near Cameron, Arizona, where they were performing Navajo dances and taking part in horse races for Novarro's forthcoming film.

A Deep Mystery

A rumour around Hollywood is that George Raft and Gene Raymond indulged in fistic combat at the Brown Derby, and that, despite George's prowess as a professional boxer, Gene emerged the victor. The row was reported to have centred around a well-known film actress.

Both actors deny that they participated in a fracas at the Brown Derby or anywhere else.

Poor Garbo

Greta Garbo is searching for a new home in a location which will not be readily discovered by her many admirers.

Some weeks ago a gentleman with a warped mentality appeared at the Swedish star's home and endeavoured to secure an audience. Police were summoned and the intruder was taken into custody.

The newspapers, in their accounts of the affair, mentioned the star's address, and then the fun began.

Countless people called at the home, myriads of letters were received in the mail, and the star was nearly frantic.

A suggestion for Garbo is to buy a submarine,

Bobbe Arnst, the former wife of Johnny Weissmuller, who appears with John Boles in "Beloved."



or charter the dirigible which cruises over Los Angeles!

Cupid Wins

Fifi Dorsay, who has eluded matrimony for several years, although one of the most popular ladies of the film colony, has finally capitulated. She was recently married to Maurice Hill, of Chicago.

Unlike most of our celebrities who flee to Arizona or Mexico to have the knot tied, Fifi and Hill were wed in the rectory of St. Victor's Church in Hollywood.

The bridegroom, a medical student, won a magazine contest as the handsomest man in the Middle West. He seems destined for a film career and, with the energetic Fifi to aid him, he is likely to attain his goal.

Thief Wears Wings

This comes under the head of almost unbelievable happenings.

While Jane Barnes, Fox actress, was strolling on the beach at Santa Monica, a huge seagull swooped down, boldly snatched her purse from her hand, flew out to sea and disappeared.

The purse, according to Miss Barnes, contained little of value other than her driver's licence.



Jo (Katharine Hepburn), seeing that Aunt March (Edna May Oliver) has fallen asleep while she reads to her, seizes the opportunity to slip out on one of her girlish pranks.



Jo at the gate of the March home. This is an exact replica of the Louisa Alcott home where the original story was written and which she describes so minutely in her book.



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The
Dav

e (Douglass Montgomery), who courts Jo unsuccessfully,
 ses Meg and Brooke in the conservatory during the dance
 given at his home.

PICTUREGOER WEEKLY

A characteristic study
 of Katharine Hepburn
 in the greatest role she
 has yet been given on the
 screen.



LITTLE WOMEN

Picture presents the Louisa Alcott
 with all its tender memories of child-
 hood and fragrant old-world sentiment. The
 gives Katharine Hepburn still another
 to prove that she is the greatest stellar
 of 1933. The direction of this delightful
 is in the capable hands of George Cukor,
 cast includes Frances Dee, Joan Bennett,
 Parker, Paul Lukas, and Douglass
 Montgomery.

riage of Meg (Frances Dee) to Brooke (John
 Lee), at the March's New England home. Brooke,
 it will be remembered, is Laurie's tutor.



Amy is punished by her
 tutor (Glen Howland) in
 the good old-fashioned
 "dunce in the corner"
 manner.

Jo comforts the "baby"
 of the family, Beth
 (Jean Parker) with the
 help of her sisters, Meg
 and Amy (Joan Bennett).

Pre-Views of the Latest Films

GANGSTERS INVADE SHEPHERDS BUSH

WHAT a curious lot of people we are! For ages now we have pleaded, prayed, stormed, raved, threatened, and thrown ourselves into a hundred and one righteously indignant attitudes at the mere mention of an American gangster picture.

Then along come Gaumont British and into their new musical *Aunt Sally* they introduce a gangster plot, and they actually make them American gangsters imported from U.S.A. How the Americans must smile!

Why do we do it? Isn't it possible to produce a musical talkie with an all-British plot and story? Isn't it possible to be just a little ingenious?

It is such a great pity because there is much to praise in the actual production, but the story soon becomes a little trimming for Cicely Courtneidge's single act.

Mike Kelly, ex-Night Club King in New York, decides to operate in London. Rehearsals are in full swing for a spectacular cabaret. Enter Sally, who tries to convince Kelly she is a star. She is unceremoniously bundled outside and takes a job as a maid in Kelly's house.

She discovers that he needs a Continental star. Disguising herself (not too much) as Mademoiselle Zaza, she gets a job and captivates Kelly. The gangsters who cannot muscle in on Kelly's business kidnap Zaza at the dress rehearsal, but that doesn't worry us too much because we know perfectly well she will outwit them and will make her appearance right on the dot. And does she? We should say she does.

But the gangsters are not through yet. They knock out Zaza's Apache dance partner, and substitute one of the gang with instructions to shoot Kelly. The dance soon develops into an all-in wrestling bout for the gun. The audience believes it is part of the dance, but when Zaza (or Sally, if you like) is triumphant, Kelly tells his audience what has actually happened. Cheers all round.

Three authors, Guy Bolton, Austin Melford, and A. R. Rawlinson, all with reputations, were responsible for the concoction. It's difficult to believe.

The production and performances are fortunately superior to the story. Cicely Courtneidge will delight her many fans, but I would suggest that in her next picture some of her mannerisms be dropped. And the producers should know by now that some real acting from Cicely, and she can give it to us, would be most effective no matter how comic her role.

Sam Hardy is extremely competent as Kelly, and Hartley Power and Ben Weldon are two conventional gangsters. Enrico Naldi is good as the Apache dancer, and a word of praise is due to the chorus.

I must add, in fairness, that on the occasion I saw the film it was received with much laughter and much applause.—M. B. Y.

Jimmy and Sally

Bright, cheerful little picture, which opens in brisk comedy style, but later develops into slow, conventional romance.

However, as a whole it is quite entertaining and contains two catchy song numbers, "It's the Irish in Me" and "You're my Thrill," the one put over by James Dunn and the other by Lya Lys—both effectively.

The former shows to very good advantage as a happy-go-lucky Irish publicity agent who is employed by the Marlowe Meat Packing Corporation.

He engineers a stunt which introduces a circus

Let our Film Critics who really see the pictures guide you.

in a shop window and proceeds to add to its effect by releasing a mouse which causes an elephant to run amok.

He gets plenty of publicity, but not of the right sort: the damages against his firm amount to a sum which decides his employer to fire him.

But Marlowe's mistress, Pola Wenski, thinks differently, and he is engaged to act as her press agent, much to the disgust of his sweetheart, Sally, who acts as his secretary and believes that the press work is not all on paper.

James's idea of a stunt for the actress is to publish the fact that Pola is secretly in love with a handsome gangster. This brings all the racketeers in town to her show and ends in a riot, in which both James and his employer are severely handled.

This time James is fired for good, and, having quarrelled with Sally, he starts to take life more seriously, eventually finding a job as a meat packer in another firm.

Later he decides to return to Sally, only to find her engaged to his rival. However, he uses cave-man methods on her instigation, and wins her and a job for himself.

It is this later part that is so banal, but the brisk action of what goes before it negatives its dullness to a large extent.

Claire Trevor acts well as James's sweetheart, but she is inclined to appear a little hard in appearance and character.

As Pola, Lya Lys gives a suitably languishing and exotic performance, and Jed Prouty gives a good character study as James's employer.

The comedy situations are well handled. The circus fiasco proves most amusing, as does the other publicity stunt, when all the gangsters arrive at the café where Pola is appearing, each thinking that he is the handsome gangster who is secretly loved.—L. C.

The House on 56th Street

The apparent determination of the movie moguls to confine the services of Miss Francis to themes of manufactured emotionalism is a matter of growing concern to this Kay-conscious department.

The latest in the series introduces her as a "Follies" girl of 1905 who marries a wealthy young man about town, severing her relationship with a gentleman named Fiske, who is apparently her "protector," in order to do so. After a species of Continental Cook's tour honeymoon, introduced mainly, one imagines, in order to include a Parisian chorus of the period, her husband installs her in a mansion on 56th Street, in which her baby girl is born.

Fiske again comes into her life. When she tells him that she will not see him again he takes a revolver from a drawer and threatens to commit suicide. In the subsequent struggle for the weapon the gun goes off and she is charged with manslaughter and sentenced to twenty years' imprisonment.

Her husband is killed in the war and on her release she joins forces with Ricardo Cortez in a

profitable little card-sharper partnership. Believe it or not, but the house chosen for their operations is none other than her old home on 56th Street, now turned into a gambling hell, and the gambling room her own bedroom.

After that it was not difficult to digest the succeeding sequences in which her daughter, now grown up, in the belief that her mother is dead, loses £3,000 at the tables and, taking another revolver from another drawer, bumps off Cortez when he threatens to collect the debt from her husband.

Personally, I should be inclined to have called it murder, or at least manslaughter, but the producers (and the censors) were satisfied to put it down as good clean girlish fun, and the racketeer owner of the house obligingly disposes of the corpse and allows the temperamental young gambler to depart on a trip to Europe on the condition, one gathers, that her mother becomes his mistress.

The film is designed to demonstrate the stoic nobility of femininity in times of stress, but, although charming in the somewhat overstressed romantic scenes in the early part of the picture, Kay Francis failed to give the complete impression of a woman doomed to tragedy.

In view of the heights to which the star rose in the portrayal of tragic beauty in *One Way Passage*, the latter fault must be charged to the general theatricality of the character.

And despite the wealth of incident and the suspense support of some good gambling scenes, the story with its transparent basic superficialities fails to grip.

Gene Raymond gives a sympathetic portrayal of the husband and Margaret Lindsay, as the daughter, shines in her big emotional scene, but the rest of the cast is given few opportunities.—M. D. P.

Turkey Time

The Tom Walls and Ralph Lynn fans will give hoots of delight to see their favourites reunited in this picture.

Although there is a Christmas setting to the picture, the topicality will not interfere with the enjoyment of any Walls-Lynn audience.

The Stoatts are having a small party to celebrate Christmas. Ernestine Stoatt, wife of hen-pecked Edwin, is the boss. Louise, a sister of Ernestine, Max (Tom Walls), her fiancé from the wild and woolly West, and David (Ralph Lynn) complete the group.

Max, who settles arguments by k.o.'s to the point of the chin, rescues Rose, a concert party artiste, from the unwelcome attentions of a scoundrel (played, of course, by D. A. Clarke-Smith; how many homes has he broken up and how many innocent girls has he lured to their downfall!).

David falls in love with Rose, and complications begin. Max helps David and arouses Louise's suspicions. Edwin is dragged in and receives the



Cicely Courtneidge and Sam Hardy, who is appearing in his first British picture, in "Aunt Sally."

January 13, 1934

full weight of Ernestine's anger and her strong arm. And so on.

There's no point in relating the story in detail. Either you will roar with laughter or you will say "We are not amused." It's just a personal matter.

The whole company throw themselves into the romp with plenty of energy. Robertson Hare is excellent as the down-trodden husband, and Norma Varden is splendid as the dragon wife. Tom Walls and Ralph Lynn are their usual selves, and Mary Brough, Dorothy Hyson, and Veronica Rose (looking uncannily like Renate Muller) are well in the picture.

I have often criticised Tom Walls for directing the films in which he himself plays, so it is only fair to add that this particular picture does not in any way appear to suffer from being handled by one of the principal actors.—M. B. Y.

Sitting Pretty

Another addition to the musical cycle which contains several catchy tunes well sung and ingeniously presented. The other reason for seeing this picture is Jack Oakie.

I've never seen him put up a poor performance and here he carries most of the weight of the entertainment on his very capable shoulders.

The main reason for this is that the plot is a thoroughly conventional and also a very slight one.

It concerns a self-opinionated song writer, who goes to Hollywood and eventually wins through to success after having been vamped by a leading lady and got so swollen-headed that he was fired from his first assignment.

About the only claim to originality in the story is that Jack Oakie as the hero does not marry Ginger Rogers as the heroine, but loses her to the tried and trusted friend who writes his lyrics and sticks to him through thick and thin.

But even if the plot is transparently simple, there are a lot of amusing situations, capably handled by Harry Joe Brown and the catchy song tunes fill up those gaps where you might have been bored.

The way the song writer crashes the studio and interviews a movie mogul is very funny and has a touch of satire, while the sequence showing the adventurous pair hitch-hiking—that is cadging



Clara Bow appears as a side-show dancer in her latest picture, "Hoop-la," adapted from the play "The Barker," which was made as a part-talkie in the early days of sound.



Tom Walls is a he-man hero in "Turkey Time." He is seen here with Veronica Rose.



James Dunn and Claire Trevor, who replaced Sally Eilers for the distaff end of the title role in "Jimmy and Sally."

lifts—to Hollywood is also in a soundly humorous vein.

On the way they get a lift and a cheque from a man who says he is a certain famous producer—unfortunately, his car is driven to the Californian Asylum and the cheque comes back!

Jack Oakie's foil is Jack Haley, who is quite good and puts over the vocal numbers effectively.

Ginger Rogers looks attractive but has little to do; incidentally, her singing voice is not so charming as her face and figure.

A good little character study of a theatrical

agent is given by Gregory Ratoff and Thelma Todd makes a hit as the glamorous but ineffective and temperamental leading lady for whom the bumptious song writer falls heavily.

There is a very well photographed spectacular fan dance to the picture which is set to the tune of "Have You Ever Seen a Dream Walking," and altogether you will find the show quite pleasantly entertaining.—L. C.

Hoop-la

Clara Bow shows no signs of making a decisive come-back in this drawn-out and uninspiring adaptation of John Kenyon Nicholson's play, *The Barker*.

It was made, most of you will remember, as a part-talkie with Milton Sills in the leading role,

and it was not too satisfactory in that form either.

At any rate, the dialogue here strikes a theatrical and often a pathetic note, which robs the theme of sincerity in its depiction of paternal love.

It is the tale of a fairground "barker" who wants to bring up his son to be a lawyer, and is terribly distressed when the boy, during his college vacation, pays the show an unexpected visit and begs to be taken on to learn a little about life.

His father is persuaded to accede to his request, in spite of the fact that he is anxious to keep his relations to Chris, one of the show girls, from him.

Chris is relegated to the background and, fiercely jealous, she gets Lou, a tough side-show dancer, to vamp the boy for a consideration.

Lou does her work so effectively that she falls in love with him, confesses her original degrading idea, and agrees to marry him. When the father learns this he is furious and turns them out.

From that moment the "barker's" luck turns, and a year later, almost down and out, he arrives at the Chicago World Fair and is offered a job to "bark" for a show there.

He discovers it is Lou for whom he is supposed to work, and he promptly turns it down, even though he learns that she is working so that his son, her husband, may continue his studies and become a lawyer.

However, as he is turning away and hears the pathetic attempts of a substitute to intrigue the people in Lou's act, he repents his action and climbs on the platform—full of his old vitality—to "bark" for her. He realises that she is carrying on the work he started successfully.

Clara Bow in the opening stages has a touch of Mae West which proves intriguing, but later she does not seem too happy in her part.

Richard Cromwell is too simple and innocent as the boy, but he acts the part feelingly enough.

It was a pity, I think, to have made up a young man to play the middle-aged role of the father. Preston Foster never seems to convince to any extent, although he, too, puts some sound emotion into some of the most dramatic scenes.

The humorous interludes are in the capable hands of Herbert Mundin, but he is not called on to exercise his powers to any extent.

Generally the production is slow-moving and very obvious in development, but Frank Lloyd, the director, has caught the atmosphere of the fair ground well and technically there is nothing at which to cavil.—L. C.



Louise, the town girl, and her grandfather soon became fast friends.

THE CAST

Grandpa Storr Lionel Barrymore
Louise.....Miriam Hopkins
Guy.....Franchot Tone
Simon.....Stuart Erwin
Nettie.....Irene Hervey
Beatrice.....Beulah Bondi
Allen.....Grant Mitchell
Widdie.....Tad Alexander
Thelma.....Aileen Carlyle

(Freely based on the film *The Stranger's Return* by permission of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Pictures, Ltd., 19-21 Tower Street, Upper St. Martin's Lane, London, W.C.2.)

See "On the Screens Now" feature, page 26, for Lionel Collier's criticism of this film.

LIFE for Louise Storr, since fleeing New York and the trade depression, became a colourful pattern woven about Grandfather, his relations by marriage, and—Guy Crane.

Grandfather stood out pre-eminently. He was eighty-five, as upstanding a man as ever owned and worked his farm for half a century in Iowa.

She had liked him for coming to meet her by the midnight train. Over their first cigarette together on the front porch of Storr Haven, the morning after her arrival, she knew that Grandfather liked her.

"You're a Storr," he said with satisfaction, while her forearm, that had never sustained the weight of anything heavier than a highball,

was linked with his. "Those"—he dipped a silky-beard towards the house where his step-granddaughters intent on being good hostesses, were dealing with the washing-up—"are no blood relations. You're my son's child. Well, see that field over there?"

He developed the subject of his property, its acquisitions, and potentialities. During the ensuing days while Louise accompanied his round of sheds and sties, watched him bully Simon, somewhat bibulous farm-hand one minute and the next offer him a smoke, she made a decision. She would stand by Grandfather in face of "those."

Beatrice and Thelma, his step-grandchildren, were definitely unsympathetic, hovering round the old man like flies, attempting to cut down his food. Grandfather, a splendid trencherman, enjoyed egg and bacon, steak and chips, pork and beans.

"You know, father, doctor said you were to eat very little meat," Beatrice would remonstrate, morning after morning.

Raising his head after uttering the brief grace which preceded each meal at Storr Haven, Grandfather would seize the plate of cornflakes provided as his start for the day, and convey it unflatteringly to the chickens.

Just as uncompromising were his dealings with Guy Crane, neighbouring farmer. If it was the matter of a fence needing repair between the two properties, Grandfather didn't hesitate to speak his mind.

"You know perfectly well you ought to fix that fence; it's your job, young man."

"Well, I don't think it needs fixing."

"When a farmer says he thinks a

thing doesn't need fixing, it's pretty certain it needs fixing darn badly."

During ten minutes of this kind of thing, Louise, from the back of Nancy, the dappled mare, had time to look at Guy. So many things in and round Storr Haven were good to look at. The sweep, for instance, of the fields, broken only by the outlines of ash and willow and the sloping roofs of a farmhouse. The peaceful ducks waddling to the pond, the tangle of fuchsia and morning glory outside the porch, the golden beauty of the ripening corn.

Tired with a life of stress in the city, Louise found plenty to enjoy in Grandfather's home, the home which her father, speaking with the enthusiasm for days past, had been far from over-rating. It was disturbing to exchange the contemplation of ploughshares, geese, and baby chicks, for that of an unusually intelligent, good-looking farmer.

"Mr. Storr is glad to have you here. His bark's worse than his bite, as you've probably found out," Guy said, after admitting that his men were already half-way through the repair of the faulty fence. "Shall we see you at the Pittsfield dance to-morrow?"

Resting lightly in Guy's arms as he guided her over the pitch-pine floor under the Chinese lanterns of the Riverside Park Club, Louise couldn't resist expressing a tribute to her unexpected enjoyment of the evening.

"Don't talk about clod-hopping. You waltz divinely, and you know it."

The musicians—violinist one, pianist one—stopped playing. Louise veered towards the bench occupied by Beatrice and Guy's wife. The former, tight-lipped high-busted high-principled, drew Louise aside.

"Don't think I'm criticising; but you know, dear, in a little town like Pittsfield, people talk. You've danced half the evening with Guy and—"

"He's married and I'm separated

from my husband. What a scandal! Thank you for telling me. It was nice of you."

After that, what could one do but go to Guy and solicit him as partner.

"I asked you to dance. I had to," she confessed, and was thrilled to have him answer as though he meant it. "I can stand any amount of that, Louise."

Before Sunday dinner next day, at which Louise and grandfather at Storr Haven were to be guests of the Cranes, there was church.

Simon, the colour of macaroni, after the evening's potations, brought round the Buick.

Grandfather, who hadn't missed a Sunday-morning service in years, waited for Beatrice and Thelma to appear.

Thelma's husband, a mild-mannered solicitor who travelled daily to Pittsfield by an extremely early train, was already in the car.

"If you hadn't made a hog of yourself with corn whisky you wouldn't have a headache," Grandfather admonished Simon. "Keep your eye on the road, now."

"I'll drive if Simon isn't well," Louise offered.

"No. You aren't dressed for it. Simon must do his whack. Here, have a cigarette. Maybe you'll feel better."

Church, with the well-known psalms and responses remembered after a long interval, was soothing to Louise.

Above Grandfather's venerable head, nodding during the sermon, she caught Guy's hazel eye and smiled.

Followed, cooked by Guy's wife, one of those meals that honour the American country woman.

Nettie Crane was plump and gentle—nearly pretty, Louise found her—but unequal to Guy in brains and education.

There was something wistful in the way she said, after the three (Grandfather had left early for home, walking across the fields) had talked books and theatres till dusk:—

"I hope you'll come often and see us, Louise. It's so good for Guy to have someone like yourself to talk to. I never went to college and I'm always working in the house or farm. I feel Guy's Sundays are terribly dull."

Driving her alone in the Buick across the grass-grown track between the two farms, Guy suddenly let himself go.

Louise guessed too late to prevent what was coming. But something about Guy's kiss, snatched forcefully like a child determined to grab a forbidden sweet, made it hard for her to treat it lightly.

"Should I seem amazed, afraid, insulted, or compassionate?" she stammered out with a reckless stringing of adjectives, the heart beneath the folds of flowered organdi beating uncomfortably.

"None of them. I meant to do that. I wanted to. Now it's over and I apologise," he returned, while a thwarted look about the hazel eyes, barely recovered from their owner's gust of passion, suggested the affair was only beginning.

"Do you always believe in getting your own way, Guy?"

"Mostly. Not always. Sometimes one's decision to have or do a thing gets reversed."

"Suppose we reverse any future ideas that occur to us about—kissing."

"We had certainly better. Shake hands?"

Louise ran up the path, believing the matter settled.

One wasn't idle long, even if one was a guest at Storr Haven, a fortnight's haymaking, demanding long days spent in the fields, was followed by reaping.

Grandfather, eating his breakfast on one corner of the dining-room table while Beatrice and Thelma extended the other by the addition of numerous leaves, asked Louise if she knew what having the reapers in meant.

"They eat like pigs," Beatrice put in disgustedly, coming from the kitchen. Louise followed her to the stove and emerged, after three hours' baking and frying, on the porch with the magical words: "Dinner's ready."

Twenty stalwarts who, with horse-play thrown in, had been swilling off sweat at the pump, took possession of the elongated board spread to the last inch with edibles. Glistening rounds of beef jostled piles of potato and corn cakes, mammoth meat loaves and pies of every description. The next hour was conducted by Louise to the time of *presto, prestissimo*. In the end serving, handling, helping, alternated with rushes to pantry and kitchen, nearly brought on a collapse. She stuck manfully to piling hot beef, sweet corn, chutney, pickles, bread, butter, squab and blackberry pie, and cream on the hungry, till the dishes could be stacked ready for the washtub.

Tired out, she was ordered off to the hammock by Grandfather after supper. Drowsily she lay, conscious of a general ache, when Guy parted the screening boughs of a weeping willow. All day she had no time to think of him, though he had joined the reapers' meal.

"They like you, Louise. The men are all talking about you. Grandfather's pleased as punch. I had to see how you were getting along."

"I'm just done in, Guy."

He retrieved a cushion fallen from behind her head and was looking into her eyes as he put it back.

"Don't, Guy, please! Don't forget our promise. Besides, it was nothing—only a kiss."

"It wasn't only that. You know it, Louise. I love you."

From illimitable depths, in which time and space were meaningless, Louise was summoned by a child's voice.

"Daddy, mother's ready to go now."

Beside the eager face of Guy's ten-year-old son was a second figure. Louise sat up, realising that Beatrice had been witness of Guy's embrace. Determining on a single course, Louise broke through the willow boughs at a run. Beatrice was close behind her, until Simon, who had stepped out of the shadows and seized the elder woman's arm with the muttered words: "You got a grasshopper on your sleeve, Miss Beatrice," effectually secured Louise's uninterrupted arrival at the front porch.

"Grandfather, I'm awfully sorry to be leaving you; but, really, I think I should be getting back to New York," she said, hoping the words sounded natural.

The silver-bearded man looked searchingly at his granddaughter from the maple-wood rocker.

"Don't go, Louise. There's no need. Why worry about the little people of this world? Guy's not that. He's big."

Though it was a relief that Grand-

father understood, she nevertheless took worry to bed.

She was making the morning round of farm and fields next day when Grandfather appeared to have a seizure. He had been talking about New England cattle, when he suddenly broke off on a tirade against rebels, holding his head as though he felt the bursting of a blood vessel. He rambled on incoherently about the Civil War, pointing his stick as if it had been a six-shooter.

Sick with fear, Louise shouted for Simon.

"Build a rampart!" the old man shouted at him. "D'you want the place to be at the mercy of those men? Don't you see them; everyone armed, coming down the hill yonder?"

"Keep him talking while I get Mr. Crane," Louise ordered. For the first time she became irritated with Guy, who was perturbed, but not greatly so, at her story. He quitted a turnip field, however, to chat to the old man who had dispatched Simon to get stones from the quarry.

"Grandfather's certainly peculiar," he admitted to Louise, who hung about waiting for a report. "I shouldn't worry. Maybe the attack will pass as quickly as it came."

"How? A stroke is a stroke and may lead to another. He ought to see a doctor."

"I talked to him about that and he definitely said 'No.' Thwarting him when he's like this might be worse than anything."

He left abruptly. The soreness felt by Louise at his failure to offer material help was engulfed in the overwhelming distress of watching Grandfather.

Stampeding about the house in search of guns long dismantled and put away, he frightened the life out of Beatrice and Thelma with his war talk.

Within a week of Grandfather's being no better, talk of another kind filled Storr Haven.

Louise, coming to the parlour door in the half dark, saw Beatrice, Thelma, and her husband, who had come home early, in confabulation by the curtained window.

"The poor old man's out of his mind."

"He ought to go to the County Asylum before he's time to alter his will."

"Otherwise, goodness knows what he might do. He might leave the farm away from us, after all."

"Better call in three doctors to-morrow and have him certified."

So much Louise heard before she broke in:—

"No, no! You shan't. If Grandfather's going to be ill, why can't he be nursed here? You're not to let him be taken away, not if I can help it."

She was so angry that she never noticed Grandfather had followed her. Beatrice was busy with the lamp and, as the flame shot upwards, he turned on her with upraised stick.

"Spy! Spies on the land, that's what you are—all of you!" he shouted. "Get away! Don't touch me!"

Thelma and her husband exchanged glances and Louise guessed she was beaten. After all, they were three to one.

Following a telephone call from Thelma's husband, who deemed the occasion of sufficient importance to take a holiday, three members of the Lunacy Commission put in an appearance at Storr Haven. Two

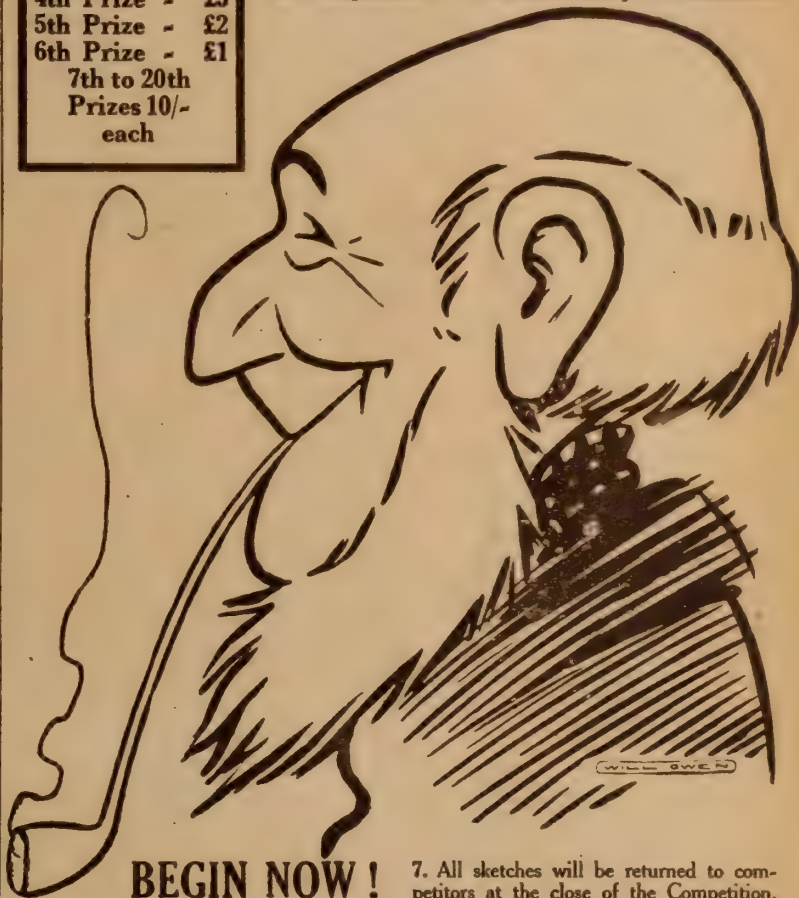
(Continued on page 24)

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STRANGER'S RETURN—Concluded

were known to Grandfather, though he had never required their professional services. The third, portly and bald-headed as his colleagues, like them, was provided with one of the parlour's least comfortable chairs. Grandfather, sitting opposite, had Louise in the rocker on his right, Thelma's husband on his left.

Beatrice and Thelma were nearest the door, in case of bells requiring attention.

Looking keenly round the group, Grandfather, who had spent the morning urging the dilatory Simon to get on with his job of carting stones for defences, observed:—

"Gentlemen, I guess you've come to see an old dotard of nearly ninety to carry him off to the asylum, haven't you?"

"Not exactly." Dr. Spaulding, the spokesman, was prepared to be tactful. "We're wondering about your plans."

"Plans, eh? I'll tell you. I'm not mad. What I've been doing for the past week is just acting, a piece of bamboozle. I'm as sane as you, and I'll prove it. I want you, gentlemen, to sit and listen while I alter my will. Then perhaps you'll be so kind as to witness the document for me."

Without waiting to study the effect on his hearers of this speech, Grandfather handed the parchment to Thelma's husband.

"There you are, Allen. You can alter the paragraphs as I dictate and they can be initialled. Mind you do it correctly. I don't want the will contested."

Ignoring the solicitor's reproaches, Grandfather read with consummate ease and fluency, interpolating fresh clauses so rapidly that Allen had hard work to keep pace with him.

"Paragraph seven," Grandfather amended. "I bequeath to my nephew's widow, Beatrice Storr, one thousand dollars, provided that she leaves Storr Haven the night of making this will. I bequeath to the husband of my stepdaughter, Thelma, my house in Pittsfield, provided that he and his wife occupy it prior to my decease, and immediately subsequent to the making of this will."

"To my granddaughter, Louise, all other property whatsoever."

"Paragraph ten. To my faithful, drunken employee, Simon Bates, one hundred dollars, probably to be expended on illicit corn whisky, on condition that he is to be given advice and employment at Storr Haven by my granddaughter, Louise."

"Now, gentlemen, will you sign, or do you think I ought to go to the County Farm?"

Dr. Spaulding coughed.

"For the good of the County Farm I think I'd better append my signature. What do you think, Craig?"

Louise, re-entering the parlour after enduring to breaking point Thelma's noisy sobs and Beatrice's dry-throated complaints, saw Guy at the French windows.

"If only you'd told me what Grandfather was doing, I could have borne it. It was all so terrible . . . seeing him like that."

"It was too bad. Yet the old man made me swear I would keep his secret."

"He told Simon?"

"He had to. Simon would have drunk himself more than silly otherwise, and he's a good farmer. Remember, you're responsible for him now, Louise. Grandfather saw

to things pretty thoroughly. He meant you to have Storr Haven when he's gone, from the first. He said so."

"I know, Guy. I'm not ungrateful—Grandfather's a darling; but, oh, I'd give anything to go away! Now I can't ever."

"Even if we both have ties, we can see one another."

"No, Guy."

In the sunlit porch the thoughts that had circled through the nights she had lain awake found an avenue of speech.

She was not what she seemed to those who judged by the surface, an ingenuous girl, high-spirited, unbruised.

She was a woman, young, ardent maybe, but no mere initiate in the art of loving.

Despairingly, her arms went out towards his. "Just to see you isn't enough. I can't bear to have you always beyond my finger tips. What is going to happen?"

He drew the shaking hands to his breast.

"Don't worry, dear heart. There will be some way out."

The next, most perfect June day of the year saw Louise late downstairs after hours of wakefulness forgotten in a heavy morning doze.

Simon met her on the lawn, his morose expression unusually softened.

"Miss Louise, your Grandfather didn't come to breakfast this morning."

"Simon—he isn't—"

"It was natural, Miss Louise. I found him in his chair by the window, looking the same as he used. He left a paper telling me what to do . . . and I've seen to everything . . . He never was one to want a fuss."

Simon had touched the right chord. An hour later, knowing that everything had been done that could be, Louise entered the dining-room. Thelma and Allen, whom Grandfather had told not to hurry over leaving, occupied their usual places, on either side of the vacant chair, at the head of the table.

No one had breakfasted.

Louise felt like an airman who has crashed and is ordered to take up another 'plane before his nerve goes.

Slipping into Grandfather's place, she bowed her head. "For what we are about to receive . . ."

She was superintending the first of the season's ploughing with Simon, when Guy called from a stile:—

"Louise, I'm going to Cornell to take up teaching. I've been offered a post for the fall term . . . I think Nettie's pleased."

"Guy, I'm driving you away."

"We're changing places, that's all. City girl comes to the country. Country man goes back to the town. Good-bye, Louise!"

The expression of the hazel eyes was too much.

"I can't let you go like that. It's all my fault. I can't bear it."

"You will. Things won't hurt after a little. Remember what Grandfather used to say: 'When the hands are busy the heart doesn't ache so badly.' Besides, you're a great girl, Louise."

"Don't! Why, there's Simon!"

"He's calling you 'Boss.' Sounds great."

Facing wind and plough through tears, she turned towards the fields.

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THELMA, VISCOUNTESS FURNESS

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Verna Hillie as you will see her opposite Randolph Scott in "Man of the Forest."

On the Screens Now by Lionel Collier

The PICTUREGOER'S quick reference
index to films just released

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| ***THE STRANGER'S RETURN | *DON'T BET ON LOVE |
| **HEROES FOR SALE | *RACE TRACK |
| **MAMA LOVES PAPA | *MAN OF THE FOREST |
| **UP TO THE NECK | *LOVE'S OLD SWEET SONG |
| *MAID HAPPY | *THE SONG YOU GAVE ME |
| *THE RIGHT TO LIVE | WORTHY DECEIVER |
| | MAYFAIR GIRL |

What the asterisks mean—**** An outstanding feature. *** Very good.
** Good. * Average entertainment. c Also suitable for children.



Sally Blane in a scene from her British film, "Mayfair Girl."

QUITE one of the best performances that Lionel Barrymore has ever given on the screen is that in *The Stranger's Return*, a picture which, for sound character drawing and strong human interest, deserves a place amongst the best films of the year.

Barrymore is ably supported by Miriam Hopkins, who is also given a chance here to show what a talented artist she is.

For the rest the week has little to offer, although admirers of Richard Barthelmess will appreciate his work in a sombre, but nevertheless interesting, picture, *Heroes for Sale*.

***THE STRANGER'S RETURN

M.-G.-M. American. "U" certificate. Rural drama. Runs 86 minutes.

For full cast and story freely based on the film by MARJORY WILLIAMS, see page 22.

Directed by KING VIDOR from a story by PHIL STRONG.

Written by the author of *State Fair*, this picture is another of those rural studies of America in which Hollywood production always seems to reach its highest level.

They are always sincere, and this one is no exception to the rule. The people of the countryside and the farmer, who feigns madness in order to test who are his friends, are drawn with an unerring human touch and you live with them.

Lionel Barrymore has seldom done better work than he does here as Grandpa Storr, a part in which he seems to revel and in which he sinks most of his mannerisms.

No less good is Miriam Hopkins as his orphaned grand-daughter, Louise, to whom he leaves his property in such a way that her romance with a neighbouring farmer is temporarily nipped in the bud.

The lover is sincerely portrayed by Franchot Tone, a likeable character. In fact, this picture is singularly free of the conventional sex stuff and as such is refreshing and invigorating.

As a somewhat bibulous farm-hand, Stuart Erwin supplies some first-rate humorous incidents and the supporting cast plays up extremely well to the leads.

It is all very simple, but sympathetically and skilfully directed, with a convincing atmosphere both in the country surroundings and in the characters who reside there.

**HEROES FOR SALE

First National. American. "A" certificate. Social drama. Runs 71 minutes.

RICHARD BARTHELMESS.....	Tom
LORETTA YOUNG.....	Ruth
ALINE MACMAHON.....	Mary
GORDON WESTCOTT.....	Roger
ROBERT BARRAT.....	Max
CHARLES GRAPEWIN.....	Pa Dennis
BERTON CHURCHILL.....	Mr. Winston
GRANT MITCHELL.....	George Gibson
JAMES MURRAY.....	Blind Man
GEO. PAT COLLINS.....	Leader of Agitators
ROBERT MCWADE.....	Dr. Briggs
EDWIN MAXWELL.....	Pres. of Laundry
MARGARET SEDDON.....	Ella Holmes
ARTHUR VINTON.....	Capt. Joyce
JOHN MARSTON.....	The Judge
DOUG. DUMBRILLE.....	Chief Engineer
TAMMANY YOUNG.....	Dope Pedlar
HANS FURBERG.....	German prisoner
ROBERT ELLIOTT.....	The Detective
WILLARD ROBERTSON.....	The Sheriff
WARD BOND.....	"Red"

Directed by WILLIAM A. WELLMAN from a screen story by ROBERT LORD and the late WILSON MIZNER.

A somewhat grim plot of post-war depression and the vicissitudes of an ex-soldier who seeks work and finds himself embroiled in an industrial revolt.

The story of this picture, freely based on the film by Marjory Williams, appeared in our issue of last week; so I will not go into it fully again here.

It is notable for some good characterisations and, though the tone is sombre throughout, it holds the interest consistently.

As the ex-soldier, Richard Barthelmess acts with restraint and yet rises excellently to the strongly emotional scenes he is called on to play.

Loretta Young is thoroughly convincing and wholly charming as his

young wife, who is killed in a riot, while Aline MacMahon provides an effective foil as her sister.

**MAMA LOVES PAPA

Paramount. American. "A" certificate. Domestic farce. Runs 65 minutes.

CHARLIE RUGGLES.....	Wilbur Todd
MARY BOLAND.....	Jessie Todd
LILYAN TASHMAN.....	Mrs. McIntosh
GEORGE BARBER.....	Mr. Kirkwood
WALTER CATLETT.....	Tom Walker
MORGAN WALLACE.....	Mr. McIntosh
RUTH WARREN.....	Sara Walker
ANDRE BERANGER.....	Basil Pew
TOM RICKETTS.....	Mr. Pietepont
WARNER RICHMOND.....	The Radical
FRANK SHERIDAN.....	The Mayor
TOM MCGUIRE.....	O'Leary

Directed by NORMAN McLEOD from a story by KEENE THOMPSON and DOUGLAS MACLEAN.

Really good comedies are rather scarce these days; so that this one will, I am sure, meet with your approval, especially as Charles Ruggles is right on top of his form.

His particular brand of humour is particularly suited to the role of Wilbur, a shy clerk in a furnishing company who is induced by his wife to get out of the rut and cut a dash in society and elsewhere.

He leaves his old job for an appointment with the crooked manufacturer of playground equipment, who mistakes him in his new resplendent morning coat for a Children's Welfare Commissioner.

All this nearly leads to the estrangement of husband and wife, but eventually things are straightened out.

While the general trend is farcical there is some sound psychology in the characters and they are very humanly interpreted.



Lilyan Tashman tries her wiles on "Papa" Charlie Ruggles in "Mama Loves Papa." Mary Boland is "Mama."

Mary Boland, for instance, is true to type as the ambitious but very simple wife who comes under the spell of a psychologist and starts to fire her husband with ambition.

Excellent support comes from Lilyan Tashman, Morgan Wallace, and Walter Catlett.

**UP TO THE NECK

United Artists. British. "U" certificate. Farce. Runs 69 minutes.

RALPH LYNN.....	Norman B. Good
WINIFRED SHOTTER.....	April Dawne
FRANCIS LISTER.....	Eric Warwick
REGINALD PURDELL.....	Jimmy Cattlin
MARJORIE HUME.....	Veta Dane
GRIEDELDA HARVEY.....	Miss Fish
MARY BROUGH.....	Landlady

Directed by JACK RAYMOND from the screen story by BEN TRAVERS.

Ralph Lynn's numerous admirers will not be disappointed with this slight and familiar but infectious gay farce, which has been written especially for the star by Ben Travers.

Certainly the role he has been given—that of a timid bank clerk who has stage ambitions—fits him admirably.

The whole thing is reminiscent of *Merton of the Movies*, put over in a broader manner without the underlying human note of that picture.

Here the fun is fast and furious, but Ralph Lynn is not called upon to strike a sentimental note.

*MAID HAPPY

W.P. British. "A" certificate. Comedy with music. Runs 74 minutes.

CHARLOTTE ANDER.....	Lena
JOHANNES RIEMANN.....	Fritz
MARJORIE MARS.....	Mary Loo
DENNIS HOBY.....	Sir Randolph Bartlett
SVBIL GROVE.....	Miss Warburton
H. SAXTON SNELL.....	Bruckman
GERHARD DAMMAN.....	Schmidt
POLLY LUCE.....	Madge
MARIE AULT.....	Miss Woods

Directed by MANSFIELD MARKHAM

Very thin plot of an ingenuous nature, accompanied by some tuneful numbers and unsophisticated slapstick. There is some attractive Swiss scenery and a touch of artless romance.

Charlotte Ander is quite appealing as a cabaret artist who is sent to a Swiss school and indulges in a number of gay escapades.

One leads to all the trouble—she receives a note from a young diplomat written indiscreetly on an important paper. The rest of the picture resolves itself into a chase to regain it.

Johannes Riemann is adequate as the young diplomat.

*THE RIGHT TO LIVE

Fox. British. "A" certificate. Robust melodrama. Runs 72 minutes.

DAVID BURNABY.....	Sir George Kessler
PAT PATERSON.....	June Kessler
RICHARD BIRD.....	Richard Bord
FRANCIS SULLIVAN.....	Roger Stoneham
LAWRENCE ANDERSON.....	Hugh Latimer
FRANK ATKINSON.....	Hatty Woods

Directed by ALBERT PARKER from an original screen play by GORDON WONG WELLESLEY.

Artless and transparently simple story, but put over in a vigorous melodramatic manner with good technical qualities and quite sound characterisation.

To enjoy it you must not attempt to analyse its qualities too deeply.

David Burnaby is very good as a famous chemist who discovers an antidote to poison gas and has a duel of wits with an unscrupulous financier who is determined to exploit the discovery.

The rôle of the financier is also effectively played by Francis Sullivan, while Pat Paterson appears to advantage as the chemist's daughter, who, with the help of her fiancé (one of her father's employees) helps to outwit the villain in the approved style.

Richard Bird is weak as the fiancé but the rest of the cast puts over the old melodramatics with zest.

*DON'T BET ON LOVE

Universal. American. "U" certificate. Racing comedy drama. Runs 61 minutes.
LEW AYRES.....Bill McCaffery
GINGER ROGERS.....Molly
CHARLES GRAPEWIN.....Pop McCaffery
SHIRLEY GREY.....Goldie
Merna Kennedy.....Ruby
Tom Dugan.....Scotty
Robert Emmett O'Connor.....Sheldon
Lucille Webster Gleason.....Mrs. Gilbert
Henry Armetta.....Caparillo
Brooks Benedict.....Cunningham
Clay Clement.....Ross
Alfred White.....Rosenbaum
Directed by MURRAY ROTH from the screen play by HOWARD E. ROGERS and MURRAY ROTH.

Quite a good average comedy drama, dealing with horse racing which points the moral of the folly of gambling.

It is a well-balanced mixture of comedy, drama, and romance, and contains some exciting racing sequences, which are well directed.

Lew Ayres makes a genially boyish hero and Ginger Rogers does well as his sweetheart, who tries to persuade him to stick to his job and not become a professional punter.

Amusing and interesting supporting types are supplied by Robert Emmett O'Connor, Charlie Grapewin, and others.

*RACE TRACK

Gaumont Ideal. American. "A" certificate. Turf melodrama. Runs 82 minutes.
LEO CARRILLO.....Joe
JUNIOR COGHLAN.....Jackie
KAY HAMMOND.....Myra
LEE MORAN....."Horseface"
HUNTLEY GORDON.....Attorney
WILFRED LUCAS.....Mr. Ryan
JOSEPH GIRARD.....Judge
Directed by JAMES CRUZE.

A somewhat artificial and slowly developed sentimental story of a bookmaker who befriends a boy who has been deserted by his mother, played against a background of the race track.

Leo Carrillo does not seem quite at home in the rôle of the good-hearted bookmaker, and Kay Hammond is fair as the mother who deserts her child, but who eventually wins back his love.

*MAN OF THE FOREST

Paramount. American. "A" certificate. Western romance. Runs 61 minutes.
RANDOLPH SCOTT.....Brett Dale
VERNA HILLIE.....Alice Gaynor
HARRY CAREY.....Jim Gaynor
NOAH BEERY.....Clint Beasley
BARTON MACLANE.....Mulvey
BUSTER CRABBE.....Yegg
GUINN WILLIAMS.....Big Casino
VINCE BARNETT.....Little Casino
BLANCHE FREDERICK.....Mrs. Forney
TEMPE PIGGOTT.....Mrs. Baxter
TOM KENNEDY.....Blake
FRANK MCGLYNN, JUN.....Pegg
Directed by HENRY HATHAWAY from a ZANE GREY novel.

Quite good detail work and fine mountain scenery are the best characteristics of this conventional Western, which presents all the familiar situations and personalities. There is a wild animal interest,

and a minor thrill is provided by a fight between a lion and a crook sheriff.

Most suitable for juveniles.

*LOVE'S OLD SWEET SONG

Butcher. British. "A" certificate. Sentimental melodrama. Runs 79 minutes.
JOHN STUART.....Paul Kingslake
WILLIAM FRESHMAN.....Jimmy Croft
JOAN WYNNDHAM.....Mary Dean
RONALD WARD.....Eric Kingslake
JULIE SUEDE.....Iris Sinclair
Directed by MANNING HAYNES from a screen play by LYDIA HAYWARD.

A mixture of robust melodrama, naïve sentiment, and artless emotionalism, which will please those whose predilections tend to the sentimental.

The story deals with the love of a man for a woman whom he protects by assuming the guilt for a murder committed by her worthless husband.

Joan Wyndham is fair as the heroine; her voice is doubled in the vocal sequence which introduces the title of the film.

John Stuart is adequate as the hero, as is William Freshman as a young farmer, who also loves the unfortunate heroine.

The best acting, however, comes from Ronald Ward as the husband.

*THE SONG YOU GAVE ME

Wardour (B.I.P.). British. "U" certificate. Romantic comedy with music. Runs 83 minutes.
BEBE DANIELS.....Mitzi Hansen
VICTOR VARCONI.....Karl Linden
FREDERICK LLOYD.....Baron "Bobo"
CLAUDE HULBERT.....Tony Brandt
LESTER MATTHEWS.....Max Winter
IRIS ASHLEY.....Emmy
EVA MOORE.....Grandmother
WALTER WIDDOP.....
Directed by PAUL STEIN from *The Song is Ended* by WALTER REISCH, adapted by CLIFFORD GREY.

This picture is hardly likely to enhance Bebe Daniels' reputation. It is very slight and obvious Viennese romance, with the star as an actress who falls in love with her handsome secretary and spends the best part of the picture's footage trying to make him propose to her.

Bebe Daniels sings well, and as a make-weight we have Walter Widdop dragged in—also to vocalise. Victor Varconi is fair as the secretary.

WORTHY DECEIVER.

Gaumont Ideal. American. "A" certificate. Social comedy. Runs 60 minutes.
REGINALD DENNY.....Henry
CLAUDIA DELL.....Alice Parker
JED PROUTY.....Horace Parker
CYRIL CHADWICK.....Lord Arthur Crawley
Directed by REGINALD DENNY.

Reginald Denny does not show to advantage either as a director or as an actor in this artless old-fashioned comedy.

He appears as an actor who, to oblige a friend whose mother is profoundly jealous of her neighbour, who has a titled guest, poses as a lord.

The deception results in the titled guest being unmasked as a crook, while the actor himself has a right to his rank.

It is all very ingenuous and deficient in slickness and the detail which might have put it over.

MAYFAIR GIRL

Warner. British. "A" certificate. Murder drama. Runs 67 minutes.
SALLY BLANE.....Brenda Mason
JOHN STUART.....Robert Blair
GLEN ALYN.....Santa
D. A. CLARKE-SMITH.....Capt. Merrow
ROLAND CULVER.....Dick Porter
Directed by GEORGE KING.

Novelty murder story, which suffers from being drawn out with tedious detail. It attempts to expose "the smart set," but lacks crispness and dramatic force enough to hold the interest.

Except for Sally Blane and John Stuart, who are quite good, the acting is definitely weak.

ROUGH

HOUSEWORK HANDS

—specialist
tells how to
get yours soft
and smooth



Skin of housework-hands (magnified photograph) showing effects of "dermatitis calorica." To get yours nice, the best remedy is "Vaseline" Jelly, specialists say.

DRY... Then rough... Then Dred... Hands that have housework to do are unattractive unless you take care of them. It's so easy to get yours soft and smooth — just half a minute regularly last thing at night with this simple treatment!

FAMOUS DOCTOR ADVISES "VASELINE" JELLY

Dr. Kromayer, of Berlin, the world-famous skin-care expert, says "The skin again becomes soft and pliable... with 'Vaseline' Petroleum Jelly." It replaces naturally the oils your skin needs. Just rub well in, then wipe clean — no mess. Start tonight! Chesebrough Manufacturing Co. Cons'd., Victoria Road, Willesden, London, N.W.10.

Trade **Vaseline** Mark
Petroleum Jelly

THE MOST PERFECT MEDICAL PROTECTION KNOWN —

JARS 4½d., 6d., 9d.

ON THE BRITISH SETS

by E. G. COUSINS

between, who were engaged for *It's a Cop*, began to do their stuff.

Or, rather, when they declined to do it. The idea was that when Syd produced a bit of meat to encourage the official bloodhound, all the unofficial wolfhounds, rathounds, and pughounds in the neighbourhood should flock round him.

The Gag That Slipped

A grand gag—not precisely new, but not as completely worked to death as some of the jests in daily use; but this time it came unstuck.

It would probably have been all fine and dandy if only the pack had not been kennelled all together in a dressing-room until required, where several private feuds developed. As soon as the hounds were unleashed for their first rehearsal, they set to work to adjust their differences. It took five minutes to unravel the tangle, and two hours to secure the shot.

I understand that Director McLean Rogers is not planning to include a dog sequence in his next picture. I wonder why?

Two Halves

There is likely to be another tangle to unravel at the British Lion plant at Beaconsfield; but it has nothing to do with dogs.

Nelson Keys, the comedian, has a brace of sons, one ginger-haired and called Keys, the other black-haired and known (for some esoteric reason) as Carstairs.

The latter has recently made a film at Sound City, called *Paris Plane*. (Personally, I think *Paris Plane* and *Croydon Coloured* would have been a chaste and snappy title, but no one seems to have thought of it.)

The point is that divers wits have from time to time referred to young Carstairs as "Half-Nelson Keys." Now I hear that the latest Beaconsfield production is to feature an ornament of the all-in wrestling ring, known as "Half-Nelson Keyes."

Will this result in the all-in merchant directing the picture, and John Paddy Carstairs being thrown round the ring by "Roughhouse" King Curtis, the other all-inner?

If so, it will almost be worth the day's journey to Beaconsfield to watch.

Warner Shadows

This new production is entitled *Without You*, and our debonair friend, Henry Kendall, is playing the lead. With him are Margot Grahame and Wendy Barrie.

Whoever ultimately finds himself directing the picture, it has been assigned to another old friend of ours—John Daumery, who for the last year or two has been directing for Warner Brothers First National at Teddington.

And this makes it practically a Warner First-Nat. production, for the story is an original by W. Scott Darling, who has been working at Teddington for the past year or two writing originals.

And Kendall has been foregathering with the other two at Teddington for a large number of pictures, so a Teddington man wandering into the Beaconsfield studios now would feel perfectly at Teddington.

Twickenham Races

Speaking of the Thames Valley, there have been dark and stirring doings at the Twickenham studios this week—and when I say stirring I am not thinking of puddings. No, marm.

Bernard Vorhaus, the brown-bearded young director who was responsible for two highly interesting films in *Money for Speed* and *Crime on the Hill*, is working on *The Broken Melody*.

I am used to seeing the Twickenham premises overrun with negroes, or Chinese, or Frenchmen; but they do not as a rule appear in the same film. This time they are well and truly jumbled up together, and the steam hose turned on them!

That seems at first blush a rather drastic way of maintaining order in the studio. Actually, however, it was for the mutiny scenes on board the convict ship bound for Devil's Island.

From what I have seen of it, I expect it to be quite uncomfortably realistic. The wretched



Kate (Jane Correll) helps Lewis Dodd (Brian Aherne) to make his bed in the cow shed—a scene from the new talkie version of "The Constant Nymph."

"DOG DAYS" at ELSTREE

Another Greyhound Picture—Fuller Seeks a Mongrel—A Gag Goes Wrong—Mixing the Keys—A Little Steam at Twickenham—Bobbie Howes Comes Back

GOSH, you can't get away from these dogs!

I thought last week just about touched a peak (no, no, not *Peke*! I'm surprised at you) where dogs were concerned, but we ain't seen nuthin' yet, apparently.

Or at any rate, we ain't seen Leslie Fuller's greyhound.

Of course, you mustn't murmur the word "cycle" to the story department at British International.

No, sir! Every subject, theme, and plot is selected absolutely on its merits, with no reference to any other film or any other studio.

So it's merely a coincidence that, with Gaumont-British just finishing their greyhound-racing picture, *Wild Boy*, B.I.P. should be just starting their greyhound-racing picture, *The Outcast*.

Plenty of Room

Anyway, there's room enough for both, provided they are well done. I keep declaring, with my hand on my heart and my jaw jutting out obstinately, that the subject doesn't matter two hoots provided the story is a good one and entertainingly told.

But that's all the more reason why producers should not crowd each other round a handful of subjects that have already been used, for all the world like children playing musical chairs at a Christmas party.

The essential difference between this film and *Wild Boy* is that the latter is the story of an

aristocrat of the dog world (I almost said the aristocrat, for the part is played by the famous Mick the Miller), while *The Outcast*, as its name implies, is about a mongrel, the True Friend—isn't that the correct tailwagging expression?—of Leslie Fuller.

The canine star for this film has not been chosen yet; he must have appeal, both comic and pathetic, and be a respectable performer on the track.

But for heaven's sake, don't bring your record-breaking mongrel to me. Write to B.I.P. about him.

First Come

The merry lads of Shepherd's Bush were hugging themselves when I arrived there this week, because they'd thought of the greyhound business first—not with *Wild Boy*, mind you, but with *Lucky Number*, which Anthony Asquith directed at the Gainsborough studios some time ago.

Only, of course, there was very little racing in that, except the race between Clifford Mollison and nearly everyone else in the picture for the winning lottery ticket.

We shall probably (mark my words!) have Sydney Howard featured before long in *Oop for the Waterloo*, or some such title. So far he has only been oop for two events—t' Coop and t' Derby, both visits being singularly hilarious occasions.

But poor Syd has had trouble enough with dogs this last week or two.

The excitement occurred when the couple of dozen hounds, of every breed from Newfoundland to Schipperke, with bull-terriers and tripehounds

prisoners are confined in cages on the ship—a real “hell-ship” of the most approved and brutal type—and being scalded with steam in a cage is a great deal worse than being drowned like a rat in a trap, let me tell you.

I haven't tried it, but it looks abominable.

Mixing 'Em

But it isn't all brutality and butchery, this film. Vorhaus showed us in *Crime on the Hill* that he was skilled at mixing drama and comedy.

He has some light scenes in a *Café Chantant* in Paris (though, as a matter of fact, there is no such thing in France, for the expression really means “a singing café,” and cafés, strictly speaking, don't sing), where the waif (Merle Oberon) sings for her bread-and-butter and gin-and-bitters, and where she meets the broken-down opera singer (John Garrick).

Garrick is one of the latest batch of imports from Hollywood.

He travelled in good company. Meet, for example, the so cosmopolitan M. Marcel Varnel, who was educated at Charterhouse, became a Parisian play-producer, went to Hollywood and made several films for Fox, including *Chandu the Magician*.

That film had one of the feeblest stories that ever tottered out of Writer's Row, but some wonderful trick photography just saved it and landed it in the Not-so-bad Division.

Influx from Germany

I hope Director Varnel is not counting too much on using trick photography in England, because that is a department in which none of our cameramen seems to have specialised.

However, there are enough German cameramen in England now to provide a crowd scene by themselves, and they are very good at standing the camera on its head and making it shoot backwards at the audience.

Cameramen, yes, and directors, and actors, too, are flocking into our studios from Germany, as well as from Hollywood.

It's fortunate for them that, now the Fatherland doesn't want them, the Mother Country is giving them a job.

Link With the Past

Varnel is to direct a film of the Walter Hackett play, *Freedom of the Seas*.

Edward Sutherland, also from Hollywood, is likewise to direct for B.I.P. He is a Londoner, and was a Keystone comic in the days when that company's droves of policemen caused practically all the laughter there was in kinemas. He has

worked with Chaplin, and directed forty films so far, including *Sky Devils* and *Close Harmony*.

Then he got homesick, and here he is.

Bobbie Back

Look who's coming back to Elstree! Bobbie Howes, no less.

Marian Marsh will be heroine of his new film, *Over the Garden Wall*; and I am inclined to envy Mr. Howes.

I saw Marian for the first time, this week, while she was playing in a comedy called *Love at Second Sight*, and I asked myself, “Why second?”

So will you.

David Manners, also, is liable to set a few hearts beating more vigorously this spring. He is a good-looking lump of a lad—the typical athletic, clean-limbed young Englishman, for all that his real name is Rauff Acklom and he hails from Canada.

He also has a voice which makes the sound recording engineer hug himself and utter little cooing sounds of satisfaction.

Keep an eye skinned for David—and an ear cocked, too

A Remarkable Set

One of the most remarkable “sets” ever constructed for a film has been built at the B.I.P. studio at Elstree for use in the film *Contraband* in which David Manners, Greta Nissen, Clifford Mollison, Hugh Wakefield, and Camilla Horn have the chief roles.

It is a full-sized replica of a British destroyer and every detail has been worked out to perfection by Art Director Clarence Elder under whose supervision it was erected inside the large studio.

In this huge building, 300 feet long and 100 feet high, the ship that will never be launched awaits the filming of big scenes showing the departure of an exiled monarch (Hugh Wakefield) who has supposedly been recalled to his throne.

Discipline First

Visitors to the studio this week have asked why it is necessary at such expense and trouble to build a destroyer when there is such a fine British Navy which might well be proud of a little recognition on the screen.

Apart from the fact that the filming of scenes aboard an actual warship is always difficult and hazardous, it is certain that no British film company could secure admiralty permission to film on board comedy scenes such as are invariably desired in films.

There can be no relaxation in naval discipline for the purpose of film making . . . not in the British Navy, at least.

So the complicated parts of this great destroyer—torpedo tubes, gun decks, cabins, huge funnels, boats and derricks—have all been made in the Elstree workshops and assembled on the spot.

Greta's “All Blacks”

Greta Nissen apparently has not seen enough dogs at Elstree. At any rate, the other day she ‘phoned a Bond Street pet store.

With that sagacity which dog dealers seem to borrow from their dogs, a salesman arrived at the film star's hotel—with two dogs!

A miniature Scotty named Drambuie and a cute little French pug named Napoleon—presumably after Bonaparte.

Both had such eyes and such a way.

Suspecting the weaknesses of the film star and sensing the joys of an early trip from Elstree to Hollywood, they sat up smartly.

Miss Nissen looked them over . . . and then again . . . and again. “I can't choose,” she said. “How did you expect I ever would.” The salesman made no reply . . . just picked up his hat and the cheque for two little black dogs.

Now Miss Nissen already had a black kitten named Hannibal, after the tiger which had to attack her in *Red Wagon*. She also had an Irish maid. All Irish, too.

“I be after getting meself a new job . . . film star or anything at all,” she declared. And forthright, being true Irish, she did.

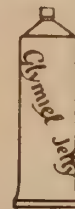
So now Miss Nissen has an English maid . . . and a girl to take care of two black dogs and one black cat . . . and to teach Napoleon, the frowning pup, that the cushions and carpets in a film star's dressing-room are not Waterloo.

Are you ashamed to show your hands?



What a pity . . . and how unnecessary to have unattractive hands when Glymiel Jelly works such wonders! Rub in a little of this fragrant non-sticky, non-greasy jelly at bedtime and every time you wash. See how swiftly and completely your skin absorbs Glymiel Jelly . . . responding immediately to Glymiel Jelly's feeding, soothing, smoothing action. Just one rub makes a marvellous difference and soon your hands are caressingly smooth, soft, white and romantic. Only Glymiel Jelly can transform red, cracked, rough and puffy hands to hands of beauty so quickly, for only Glymiel Jelly contains certain skin beautifying ingredients and is made by a private process impossible to copy. Try the beautifying effects of Glymiel Jelly. Buy a tube from your chemist to-day.

GLYMIEL Jelly



TUBES . . . 3d . . . 6d . . . 1/-
DECORATIVE JARS . . . 2/6

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ENTIRELY BRITISH



GET ready for the Big Picture. Pop a Zube into your mouth. There's nothing finer for the throat and chest. Tobacco smoke won't irritate your throat now. Ensure comfort . . .

Go . . . Suck a **ZUBE**

2^{LD} OUNCE 3^D & 6^D IN FLAT TINS

ALL LEADING CINEMAS SELL THEM

**YOU CAN'T
BE SMART
WITH SHABBY
SHOES**



But why have shabby shoes when with Radium you can easily and quickly transform the oldest pair and make them like new? Radium costs but 6d. per bottle and may be had in every fashionable colour. Shabby shoes ruin your appearance. Use Radium and be smart always.

**Radium
LEATHER DYES 6D**

Also Radium Cleaner for cleaning and reviving reptile shoes of all colours—6d.

RADIUM LTD., BROADHEATH, MANCHESTER

FREE Real Silk HANKY PUFF



**AMAZING
OFFER**

For Few Days Only

Any woman can now quickly get a fresh, clear, unblemished skin and beautiful complexion. Great Specialists agree that the greatest beautifiers of the skin are dairy cream and olive oil. These are combined in Tokalon Vanishing Skinfood. They penetrate into the pores and remove deep-seated impurities which soap and water cannot reach. Blackheads quickly disappear. Other tonic and astringent ingredients soon contract ugly enlarged pores and give the skin a smooth, girlish beauty. Use Tokalon Vanishing Skinfood (non-greasy) during the day.

If you want to look ten years younger, use Tokalon 'Biocel' Skinfood at night. 'Biocel,' the discovery of Prof. Dr. Stejskal of Vienna, is the precious, natural element the skin itself contains and must have to look young. Rejuvenates the skin, removes wrinkles, and tones up sagging facial muscles.

For a few days only a real silk handkerchief puff will be given free with each purchase of any of the following Tokalon products:—

1/- jar Vanishing Skinfood 1/3 jar 'Biocel' Skinfood
1/- box Poudre Tokalon 1/- New Tokalon Compact
Ask your Chemist to show you the range of pastel shades, and take the one you prefer.

GET YOURS TODAY
Before Your Dealer is Sold Out

This offer does not apply in Irish Free State.

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Soothe tickling
throats. Fresh-
en the mouth.

**VICK
LOZENGES** 6d

DELIGHTFUL TO THE TASTE



**Magnetic, Alluring
EYES**

A wonderful new discovery which made my eyelashes grow nearly three-quarters of an inch! Has given hundreds of women long, dark, thick, luxurious eyelashes. Rapid, guaranteed harmless, unlike all other preparations. Brings alluring, upcurling lashes in a month. Complete outfit, 3/6. Includes PRKE, my famous Beauty Eye-drill Movement. Complete sold at 3/6, adopted by famous film stars. Write—Mrs. Lionel Stebbing, Dept. P.G., 28 Dean Road, London, N.W.2.

What Do You Think? Letters from our Readers

DO WE WANT THE NUDIES?

"No Mystery or Glamour Left!"

IT is amusing to read about the whole-hearted way in which Hollywood is setting about the problem of giving the public nudity.

"It will be even more amusing, soon, to read the letters of protest from the more moral of the fans, telling us that the public don't want nudity.

"As the producers of films can only make money by giving the public what it wants, the inference is that there is a demand for films about near-naked women.

"This may be deplorable, but it is useless to blame Hollywood.

"Presumably there will be keen competition among the female stars for the title of the 'least-dressed woman in films.'

"It will be interesting to see whether the winner is able to retain her fan following. She won't have much mystery or glamour left, anyway."

—W. H. Moore, 164, Derby Road, Nottingham, who is awarded the first prize of £1:1:0.

(What do other readers think?)



Sally Rand, who "fan" danced to new film fame.

Shedding Star Dust

DO the countless stars who pass through the divorce mill ever realise just how much star dust comes off in the process?

"Film fans, rightly or not, have romantic conceptions of many of these screen luminaries, conceptions somewhat shattered by the brutal divorce-court bulletins.

"We were told recently that Kay Francis was having an 'amicable separation.' Whatever that may mean, I venture to say it caused considerable disillusion among the Francis devotees, to whom she had always been a lady *sans peur et sans reproche*.

"The Fairbanks split was a crushing blow at Hollywood glamour. As for the matrimonial gyrations of certain others, they are merely nauseating to the average man.

"I don't think it is an exaggeration to say that Garbo has kept much of her tremendous popularity by the manner in which she has always held aloof from the disgusting domestic scimmages that keep Hollywood so constantly in the news."—W. Burgess, 33, North Drive, St. Annes-on-Sea, Lancs.

(I fear this divorce controversy will never be finally settled. I am still being flooded with letters expressing opposing views on the subject.)

Those Come-backs

How sad it is to see a once great star striving to recapture the glory and power of the past!

"To see that wonderful troupier, Gloria Swanson, making a brave display in the far from *Perfect Understanding* was incredibly painful to one who remembered her triumphs in *Manhandled*, *Zaza* and *Sadie Thompson*. Even more painful was it to see that fine actress, Pola Negri, dissipating her powers in the utterly banal *Woman Commands*, when one remembered her unforgettable performance in *Passion*.

"The great figures of the kinema come and go. Garbo and Dietrich occupy disputed thrones. Perhaps no one is aware more clearly than themselves that other claimants are already within the gates."—Mrs. S. Hargreaves, 46, St. Annes Road East, St. Annes-on-Sea, Lancs., who wins the second prize of 10/6.

Have Longer Films

"Peg o' My Heart suffers from being badly cut towards the end. The girl of about sixteen suddenly got engaged. We could have seen her grow up if the film had been longer.

"The public will not stand more than an hour of a film. Why not have two-hour films divided in the middle by a ten-minute news-and-music interval?

"The time of beginning should be advertised for those who like to see the proper sequence of films.

"Most film stories have already been read in book form. I nearly always enter cinemas in the middle of the film and so I see the end first and the first part afterwards. I thoroughly enjoy watching the beginnings in this way and I look out for the little bits of revealing detail in plot and character."—Alec George, Willesden.

(The suggestion is novel, but I fancy that few films could survive the break in dramatic interest provided by a ten-minute interval.)

Lifeless Advertisements

What does the name kinema convey to us? A place of entertainment.

"Yes, it should be, but to judge from the continued display of lifeless advertisements screened in our cinemas without variation from week to week, a person is at a loss to understand what good purpose can be served if the proprietors have before them the best interest of their patrons.

"One often hears that advertising pays, but who are the recipients? Certainly not those who go for a night's enjoyment.

"Surely our proprietors have reached the limit in this respect; it certainly appears to me from the programmes I see nowadays that the average kinema-goer's patience has well nigh become exhausted."—George Wolsey, 23 Hillview Street, Oldpark Road, Belfast, Northern Ireland.

(Complaints have been made here about advertisements before. I am glad to air a long-felt grievance again.)

The Comedy Slump

The fade-out of the Comedy Kings of Hollywood was as certain as the crash of the money kings of Wall Street.

"Hollywood stocked up with buffoonery had figured that folk would keep laughing in the belief that they were enjoying comedy. But if there is one thing which palls quicker than another in entertainment it is buffoonery.

"Durante's stock-in-trade is his nose; Joe E. has some mouth; Eddie Cantor rotates his eyes and a list of freaks could be extended without finding one real comedian among them.

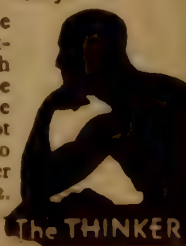
"Chaplin is above criticism but wisely nurses a genuine talent.

"This is not to say that there are no other comedians in U.S. I could name several who get little chance because they are not anatomical curiosities. Alas for Hollywood's sense of humour!"—J. Hart, Bristol.

YOUR VIEWS WANTED

What you think about the stars and films?
Let us have your opinion, briefly.

£1 rs. and 10s. 6d. will be paid for the two most interesting letters published each week. Letters should be written on one side of the paper only and should not exceed 150 words. Address to "Thinker," The "Picturegoer Weekly," Long Acre, W.C.2.





People called
it
"Personality"

She was so natural, so different, so alluringly herself. Yet she was one of the crowd until KHASANA Blush Cream emphasized her own individual colouring.

You too can bring out all your natural beauty with KHASANA Blush Cream—its discreet colouring gives just that added charm which is so essential to every woman. Its cold cream base protects the skin and makes it easy to use effectively.

In the same way KHASANA Lipstick gives beauty to the lips, emphasizing their natural shape and colouring, absolutely kiss- and water-proof and non-detectable.

Be a KHASANA Girl and always look your best.

KHASANA

Blush Cream 1/6.
Trial Size 9d.

Lipstick 1/6 & 2/6.
Trial Size 6d.

Cuticura

*The Secret of
Many Healthy Skins the World Over*

Is found in the regular use of the **Soap** to cleanse and protect the skin, the **Ointment** to heal any rash or pimple, the **Talcum** to complete the toilet. Pure and medicated, they will do much to make and keep your skin healthy.

Soap 1s. Ointment 1s. 3d. and 2s. 6d.
Talcum 1s. 3d. Sold at all chemists
Cuticura Shaving Cream 1s. 6d.

Preparations



The Girl With the Perfect Teeth

She's a Eucryl Girl, of course. Become one yourself. Eucryl quickly removes all stains and preserves the teeth.

SEND FOR FREE SAMPLE TO
EUCRYL LTD. (Dept. C. 152), SOUTHAMPTON

★ EVERYONE LOOKS AT HANDS! ★

OTHER blemishes can be concealed, but you cannot hide your hands. That is why it is so important to keep them beautiful. Too many people's lives have been ruined because their hands were not "just so" at the critical moment—do not make the same mistake. "KRASKA" specialities have a world-wide reputation and are used by Royalty.

"KRASKA" LIQUID POLISH. The ideal polish for all occasions. Gives a perfect brilliance, lasting a full week.

Made in

Naturelle, Rosée, Double Rosée, Quadruple Rosée, Chinese Lake (Red), Orange, Blue, Black, Ruby, Deep Ruby, Green, Coral, Deep Coral, Etc., Etc. Prices 1/-, 1/6, 2/6

Gold, Silver and Pearl. Prices 1/6 and 2/6
"KRASKA" POLISH REMOVER. Removes polish in a moment; just brush on the nails, then wipe the polish away! Price 1/-

"KRASKA" CUTICLE REMOVER. Supplied with patent cuticle extractor. Prices 1/- and 1/9

Kraska Obtainable from all Hairdressers, Chemists and Stores, and all branches of Boots, the Chemist.

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... and gets it



to know that one is perfectly dressed is the surest way of attracting admiration from man and woman alike. that is why the best-dressed man has his clothes made in savile row.

that is why the wise woman comes to corot to bond street. here fashion is tempered with discrimination to achieve the perfect result, at prices we can all afford, and on an instalment system that takes any strain off the bank balance.

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a knitted tweed weave is used to make a smart cardigan suit, of which the jacket is in a plain weave, effectively contrasted by a novelty design skirt. in several shades. 9/- cash 3 gns.

monthly.

The best people have the
Liqueur-Newberry Habit

Meltis
NEW BERRY FRUITS
with Fruit Liqueur Centres



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GOOSEBERRY
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LEMON FIG
2 6 boxes
1/- cartons

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Read this Officer's tribute to the healing power of Zam-Buk Ointment, nature's own remedy for chapped hands, eczema, pimples, piles, bad legs, foot troubles, scald diseases, cuts, burns, scalds, sores and infections of all kinds.

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Fig. 13.3.34

Let GEORGE

Do It!

"George" and "Anne" are your enquiry departments. The former will be happy to answer any query regarding films, the latter anything connected with household or beauty hints. Write to them both c/o THE PICTUREGOER WEEKLY. When a reply by post is desired a stamped, addressed envelope must be enclosed.

H. A. (Calcutta).—(1) Boris Karloff's films include: *The Deadlier Sex*, *Criminal Code*, *Graft*, *Young Donovan's Kid*, *The Public Defender*, *Five Star Final*, *Business and Pleasure*, *The Man Who Dared*, *The Guilty Generation*, *The Meddlin' Stranger*, *The Phantom Buster*, *Phantoms of the North*, *Two Sisters*, *Frankenstein*, *The Miracle Man*, *The Old Dark House*, *Mash of Fu Manchu*, *The Mummy*, *The Ghoul*, and *The Return of Frankenstein*. (2) Walter Huston has appeared in the following films: *Gentlemen of the Press*, *Bad Men*, *Abraham Lincoln*, *Virtuous Sin*, *Criminal Code*, *Beast of the City*, *Star Witness*, *Ruling Voice*, *A House Divided*, *The Wet Parade*, *American Madness*, *Rain*, *Kongo*, *Justice for Sale*, *Gabriel Over the White House*, *The Prize Fighter* and *The Lady*.

NILS ASTHER FAN (Coulson).—(1) Write to Nils Asther c/o Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, California. He has made two films since *Storm at Daybreak*—*Beautiful and Behold*, *We Live*. (2) Yes, Carl Brisson is married. Thank you for your good wishes, which I heartily reciprocate.

FILM STRUCK JOYCE (Warrington).—Here-with the cast of *Almost a Honeymoon*: Basil Dibley—Clifford Mollison; Charles, the Butler—Donald Calhoun; Rosalie Quilter—Dodo Watts; Cuthbert de Grey—Lamont Dickson; Sir James Jethson—O. M. Hallard; Mr. Clutterbuck—Edward Thane; Margaret Breul—Pamela Carme; Lavinia Pepper—Winifred Hall.

MUSICAL FAN.—(1) John Longden was born in the West Indies in 1902, son of a Wesleyan minister. Educated Kingswood Wesleyan College, Bath. Married Jean Jay. (2) I regret I am not able to answer this question; possibly it is only a rumour. (3) Lee Tracy, Spencer Tracy, and Arthur Tracey are not related. (4) The latter part of your letter has been passed on to the *Melody Maker*.

VEIDT FAN (Manchester) AND UNZERO.—(1) Yes, Conrad Veidt is appearing in *Jew Suss*; a picture of this appeared in the December 23 issue of THE PICTUREGOER, on page 28. Your request has been passed on to the Editor. (2) Write to Conrad Veidt c/o Gaumont British Studios, Lime Grove, Shepherd's Bush, London, W.12.

JACK (Lancs).—(1) Jack Hulbert has returned from America. He played with his wife, Cicely Courtneidge, in *Falling For You*. He was born on April 24, 1892, at Ely, Cambs. (2) Try your local music agent for the film music you require. (3) You can obtain a photograph of Jack Hulbert from THE PICTUREGOER Postcard Salon, 85 Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

M. T. (Lincoln).—(1) Gracie Fields' screen brother, Joe Milroy, in *This Week of Grace* was played by Douglas Wakefield. (2) Kay Francis' screen sister, Gloria, was played by Florine McKinney in *Cynara*. (3) The role of the Princess in *Our Betters* was played by Phoebe Foster. (4) Edmund Gwenn played the part of Jess Oakroyd in the screen version of *The Good Companions*.

E. C. B. (London).—(1) Leslie Howard was the leading man in *Secrets*. (2) Write to Mary Pickford c/o United Artists Studio, 1041 North Formosa Avenue, Hollywood, California. (3) Boris Karloff is William Henry Pratt in real life; write to him c/o Universal Studios, Universal City, California.

J. T. (Findon).—(1) Write to Gracie Fields c/o Radio Associated Pictures Studios, Ealing Green, W.5. (2) And to Stanley Lupino c/o British International Studios, Boreham Wood, Elstree, Herts. (3) Herewith the cast of *The Good Companions*: Susie Dean—Jessie Matthews; Jess Oakroyd—Edmund Gwenn; Miss Trant—Mary Glynn; Inigo Joliphant—John Gielgud; Mrs. Jess Oakroyd—Mrs. Florence Gregson; Jimmy Nunn—A. W. Baskcomb; Elsie—Margery Binner; Sam Oglethorpe—Frank Pettingell; Mrs. Joe Brundit—Viola Compton; Joe Brundit—Dennis Hoey; Vicar's Wife—Muriel Ake; Morton Mitcham—Percy Parsons; Effie—Olive Sloane; Jerry Jerminham—Richard Dolman; Big Annie—Barbara Gott; Monty Mitcham—Findlay Currie; Dr. McFarlane—Alex Fraser; Mr. Ridvers—D. A. Clark-Smith; Mr. Tiptstead—Ivor Barnard; Fred—Wally Patch; Nobby—Robert Victor; Lenard Oakroyd—Cyril Smith; Albert—Jack

Hawkins; Joby Jackson—Wallace Everett; Solicitor—Harold Meade; Hilary—Arnold Riches; Ted Oglethorpe—Fred Piper; Daisy Callender—Jane Cornell; Vicar—Fisher White.

RENE (Wellingborough).—You can obtain back numbers of THE PICTUREGOER from the publisher, Odhams Press, 8 Endell Street, London, W.C.2. Thank you for your good wishes.

A CROMWELL FAN (London, E.1).—(1) *This Day and Age* will be generally released on February 26, 1934. (2) Address Richard Cromwell c/o Columbia Studio, 1438 Gower Street, Hollywood, California. I expect he will send you an autographed photograph of himself if you ask him nicely; there may be a charge for this, but I cannot tell you the amount.

W. D. S. (Burton-on-Trent).—Herewith the cast of *Charley's Aunt*: Fancourt Babberly—Charles Ruggles; Stephen Spettigue—Halliwell Hobbs; Charley Wykeham—Hugh Williams; Jack Chesney—Rodney McLennan; Amy Spettigue—June Collyer; Kitty Verdun—Flora Sheffield.

TWO REGULAR READERS (Golders Green).—I regret I cannot find any trace of the young man you describe in the cast list of *It's a King*.

J. K. D. (Edinburgh).—(1) Ida Lupino was born in 1917; she is the daughter of Stanley Lupino and Connie Emerald; 5 ft. 7 in. tall, fair hair, and blue eyes. You will see her in her first American film, *The Search for Beauty*, soon. Address her care of Paramount Studio, 5451 Marathon Street, Hollywood, California.

P. C. (Liverpool).—(1) For particulars of a Jean Harlow Film Club, write to "Chaw" Mark, 226 East Mill Street, Staunton, Illinois, U.S.A. (2) Dorothy Burgess was born in Los Angeles; 5 ft. tall and brown hair and eyes. Hobbies—sculpture and horse-riding. Has appeared on the New York stage. Pictures include *In Old Arizona*, *Beyond Victory*, *Swing High*, *Recaptured Love*, *Taxi, Ladies They Talk About*, and *Out of Singapore*.

JOAN CRAZY (Crawley).—(1) The role of Stuart Erwin's screen sweetheart in *He Learned About Women* was played by Susan Fleming. (2) Casts as follows:—(a) *New Moon*: Lieut. Michael Petroff—Lawrence Tibbett; Princess Tanya Strogoff—Grace Moore; Governor Boris Brusiloff—Aolphe Menjou; Count Strogoff—Roland Young. (b) *Michael and Mary*: Mary Rowe—Edna Best; Michael Rowe—Herbert Marshall; David—Frank Lawton; Romo—Elizabeth Allan; Price—D. A. Clarke-Smith; Tullivant—Ben Field; Mrs. Tullivant—Margaret Yarde; Violet Cunliffe—Sunday Wilshin. (c) *Ambassador Bill*: Bill Harper—Will Rogers; The Queen—Marguerite Churchill; Ilka—Greta Nissen; King Paul—Tad Alexander; Lothar—Ray Milland; Prince de Polikoff—Gustav von Seyffertitz; The General—Arnold Korf; Senator Pillsbury—Ferdinand Munier; Monte—Edwin Maxwell; Northfield Slater—Ernest Wood; Littleton—Tom Ricketts. (d) *Hindle Wakes*: Jenny Hawthorn—Belle Chrystal; Mrs. Hawthorn—Sybil Thordike; Chris Hawthorn—Edmund Gwenn; Nat Jeffcote—Norman McKinnell; Alan Jeffcote—John Stuart; Mary Hollins—Ruth Petersen; Mrs. Jeffcote—Mary Clare; Beatrice Farrar—Muriel Angelus; Sir Timothy Farrar—A. G. Poulton; Bob Parker—Lionel Roberts; The Song Plugger—Bob Johnston. (3) Release dated as follows: *Gold Diggers of 1933*—January 1, 1934; *Good-bye Again*—January 22, 1934; *Havana Widows*—March 26, 1934; *Footlight Parade*—April 16, 1934. (4) Evelyn Knapp played Kirby Fennell's sweetheart in *The Vanishing Frontier*.

G. K. B. (London, S.E.9).—The music in *Into the Blue* is by Granichsaeden. Write to Zeni Films, Ltd., Denmark House, 25 Denmark Street, London, W.C.2, for further particulars.

RALPH FORBES FAN (Hounslow).—Ralph Forbes was born on September 30, 1905, in London; 5 ft. 11 in. tall, black hair, and blue eyes. Married Ruth Chatterton (marriage dissolved). Educated Denstone College, Staffs. Write to him c/o 10111 Valley Spring Lane, North Hollywood, California. His *The Avenger* was generally released on December 18, 1933.

J. J. (Liverpool, 4).—(1) Alexander Kirkland took the role of Norma Shearer's screen husband in *Strange Interval*. (2) The part of Wilson in *He Learned About Women* was played by Sidney Toler.

A GAYNOR FAN (London, S.W.1).—(1) Addresses as follows: Janet Gaynor, c/o Fox Studio, Beverly Hills, California; Marion Davies and Madge Evans, c/o Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studio, Culver City, Cali-



Bette Davis was born on April 5, 1908, at Lovell, Massachusetts. Real name—Ruth Elizabeth Davis; 5 ft. 3 in. tall, fair hair, blue eyes. Married Harmon Nelson, jun. Hobbies—riding and swimming. Pictures include "Bad Sister," "Seed," "Waterloo Bridge," "Other People's Business," "The Menace," "The Silent Voice," "So Big," "The Rich are Always With Us," "Cabin in the Cotton," "Three on a Match," "The Dark Horse," "The Working Man," "Ex-Lady," "Bureau of Missing Persons," and "The Shakedown."

fornia; Dorothy Jordan, c/o RKO Radio Studio, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, California. (2) Birthdays as follows: Joan Crawford—March 23, 1908; Anita Page—August 4, 1910; Janet Gaynor—October 6, 1907; Clara Bow—August 5, 1906; Dorothy Jordan—August 9, 1910.

BRISKET (I. O. M.).—(1) June Clyde is married to Thornton Freeland. (2) Katharine Hepburn was born in New York and educated at Brynmawr College; appeared on the New York stage; went to Hollywood in 1932 to play in *A Bill of Divorcement*. Address her c/o RKO Radio Studios, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, California. (3) Carl Brisson is married; his real name is Carl Brisson Peterson. He was born in Copenhagen on December 24, 1897. Thank you for your good wishes.

ARCHAEOLOGIST (Manchester, 15).—A centre-spread of *The Mummy* appeared in the February 11, 1933, issue of PICTUREGOER. You can obtain back numbers from the Publishing Department, Odhams Press, 8 Endell Street, London, W.C.2.

PONGO (Stafford).—Lupe Velez is Johnny Weismuller's second wife; his first was Bobbie Arns.

A. G. J. (Charlton, S.E.7).—Herewith the cast of *The Night Club Lady*: Thatcher Colt—Adolphe Menjou; Lola Carewe—Mayo Methot; Tony—Skeets Gallagher; Kelly—Ruthelma Stevens; Mrs. Carewe—Blanche Frederici; Everett—Gerald Fielding; Mike—Nat Pendleton; Vincent Rowland—Albert Conti; Eunice—Greta Granstedt; Bill—Ed Brady; Joe—Lee Phelps; Andre—George Humbart; Dr. Baldwin—Niles Welch; Dr. Langle—William von Brincken.

J. K. (St. Leonards-on-Sea).—(1) Greta Garbo's new film, *Queen Christina* will be shown in London shortly. (2) Owen Nares did not appear in *I Was a Spy*.

P. A. (Nottingham).—The little boy, Snookums, must be a big boy by this time, and possibly this explains why you have not seen him in the talkies recently.



Many are born BLONDE Few stay BLONDE

Fifty out of every hundred English girls are born blonde and stay blonde until they are six years old. Eight remain unbleached blondes after they attain the age of 19. The rest of the fifty become either dark or what is known as fair. Science now makes it possible for every woman to retain the beautiful blonde hair of childhood without bleaching. Stablond used on children prevents the fumes and gases in the atmosphere from destroying the pigment that keeps the hair blonde, and keeps their hair beautiful and golden, but, even if your hair has already darkened, Stablond will bring back its former true golden beauty. Stablond helps the permanent wave to stay longer. Stablond contains no dye, henna or injurious bleaches, and is free from camomile. Highly recommended for children's hair. Your money promptly returned if you are not more than delighted with results. Get Stablond to-day, 6d. a packet, of all Chemists, Hair-dressers, and Stores. Stablond is known abroad as "Nurblood" and "Blondex" and is the largest selling special shampoo in the World. Stablond is made in England. Stablond Laboratories Limited, Acton Lane, London, N.W.10

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If you would have a marvellous and fascinating complexion that will make you the admiration and envy of all your friends, get a box of Poudre Tokalon to-day. See for yourself how entirely different it is from all other powders, because "Mousse of Cream" is the exclusive secret of Tokalon.

X-RAYED ELEVEN TIMES FOR STOMACH TROUBLE

Do you suffer with your stomach? Do you know the agony of wind, indigestion, and stomach sickness? If so, read the experience of Mr. J. Hurley, of Dudley, and follow his advice:—

"I have been a very bad sufferer with my stomach for nearly 6 years. I have tried hundreds of remedies, but have never had anything to do me as much good as your powder. I attended hospital a long time and they put me under X-Ray eleven times and gave me lots of medicine, but never told me what my trouble was. I have not been able to eat a decent meal for nearly 6 years—but I am glad to tell you that after taking only three bottles of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder I can now eat a good meal without getting any pain. I shall always recommend anybody suffering from stomach trouble to take your powder."

Maclean Brand Stomach Powder will do the same for you. In hundreds of cases it has succeeded when all other means have failed. But be sure to ask your chemist for the genuine Maclean Brand Stomach Powder with the signature "ALEX C. MACLEAN." It is not sold loose, but only in 1/3, 2/-, and 5/- bottles in cartons, of Powder or Tablets.

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THOUSANDS of former nerve sufferers have blessed the day they wrote for the remarkable little booklet which is now offered FREE to every reader of this announcement. The writers of the grateful letters below might never have experienced the glorious happiness they now enjoy had they not taken the first step by sending for this unique booklet.

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“I can never hope to express my gratitude adequately to you. My cure means more to me than life itself, it seems as though I have been dead for years and have just come to life. It is really marvellous how my fears have all vanished, as they were so firmly established and of such a dreadful nature.”

“THE CHANGE IS MARVELLOUS”

“Although I have only been treating myself for three days, the change is marvellous. I had at times all the worst kind of fears, like going mad or committing suicide. I was even afraid to be left alone with the children, as I felt afraid I might hurt them. Your treatment is just the thing for a case like mine, and is, as I have said before, really wonderful. Thank you again so much.”

“HAVE SLEPT EVERY NIGHT”

“I am pleased to say I am getting on splendidly. I did not know what it was to have a good night's sleep before I had your treatment. I have slept every single night and my nerves are much better. Many thanks for your kindness.”

Every nerve sufferer should send at once for a copy of my absorbingly interesting book, “The Conquest of Fear!” which describes a simple, inexpensive home treatment for nervous disorders. The Rivers Treatment has achieved world-wide success, and is covered by a £1,000 Guarantee of genuineness and efficiency. A copy of this wonderful book, together with some of the most remarkable testimonials ever published, will be sent in a plain, sealed envelope to any sufferer. Send Coupon below (or a postcard) NOW and you will be delighted to learn how easily you can acquire strong nerves, robust health, and a happy, confident personality.

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Leave it to ANNE

Answers to Correspondents—
Readers who desire a quick reply by post should enclose a stamped addressed envelope with their query. There is always a waiting list for answers in this column.

A CHANGE IN HAIRDRESSING

I AM going to a dance next Tuesday, and I want to change my style of hairdressing,” wrote a girl to me the other day.

A change in hairdressing is all to the good, for too often we are prone to go on doing our hair in the same old way for no other reason than we always have dressed it that way. But, it is not a thing to be done at a moment's notice. Rather is it a matter for trial and experiment; practising and improving before a mirror, till we have acquired the knack of doing it neatly, and made certain that the new style is really becoming.

Keep Your Own Personality

Your style of hairdressing is limited to a certain extent inasmuch as it must be dictated by the shape and size of your face. For that reason I would advise you to study your own features and take stock of your own personality. I mean that seriously.

Look around any tram, tube or train, and take notice of the girls you see there. Any average picturegoer will be able to recognise an assortment of imitation Garbos, Dietrichs, Crawford, and other feminine stars who happen to be high in the film firmament at the moment. You may say that the particular style of beauty is worth copying.

My reply is that in seeking to be an imitation of a film favourite, you are also a replica of hundreds of other girls who are seeking the same effect. It is far better to develop your own style of good looks and make the most of your own personality. Better be an individual than one of a crowd of imitators. I could say a lot more on these lines, but we should wander from our first theme of hairdressing.

Thin or Plump

It is the girl with the long thin face that needs to be specially careful about her style of hairdressing! Not for her is the Madonna centre parting, nor yet the sleek head. Both make a long face longer. Neither can she follow a present fashion of turning up the hair in a knot on the nape of the neck. She must have a side parting, left or right, whichever is the more becoming, and the hair must be cut or arranged so that it does not come below the level of the ear lobes. There it must be full, and waved or curly. In this way the long lines are camouflaged and the slightly hollow cheeks appear fuller.

What of the face that is too broad, with prominent cheekbones, and perhaps a forehead that is too high. Here again skilful hairdressing can work a transformation. This is the face that can take a “long” hair cut. The hair must be deeply waved, pulled somewhat over the forehead, trained behind the ears, and brought forward again in little curls below the ears.

Or this face, if the owner has also a childish figure and is not a slave to fashion in hairdressing, can wear a page-boy style, with straight fringe and hair cut on to the cheeks.



Muriel Evans demonstrates the correct daytime make-up by using an astringent before powdering.

I suppose the girl with an oval face, that happy medium between the fat and the thin, can indulge more variety than any others. She can wear her hair entirely smooth. Or, it may be dressed in a bunch of curls at the back. A centre parting and a knot at the neck are equally becoming. Or again, she may exploit the very newest mode of a slender plait across the top of her head from ear to ear. If you have seen Madeleine Carroll in *I Was a Spy*, you have already realized how demure and charming this fashion is. It is being much worn by smart young society women for evening dress.

Answers to Correspondents

Why not send me a line about that personal problem. I have been able to help so many, why not you? Please enclose a stamped addressed envelope if you wish a private postal reply.

MAVIS (Worthing).—The water supply in your district is very hard. That accounts for your skin feeling so dry and sensitive after washing. Use a good superfatted soap and soften the water. You probably will find an ordinary oatmeal too drying for your skin, so soften the water with a special toilet brand of oatmeal. This is finely sifted and will help the skin. A tablespoonful will soften one quart of water.

L. L. B. (Croydon).—As your freckles have not faded by this time, I am afraid they are of the permanent variety. Ordinary summer freckles yield to a bleaching cream or lotion, but permanent freckles are exactly what their name indicates.

MRS. ABBOTT (Clapham Common).—As you object to varnish you can give your nails a beautiful soft lustre by the use of a good nail polishing powder. It must be applied with a buffer.

DOUBLE CHIN.—Wear your chin strap all night, and if you have the opportunity for ten minutes or so during the day. Use also a muscle oil.

JANETTE (Richmond).—You must cleanse the open pores before closing them. Open pores occur because they are producing grease too freely. The skin loses its elasticity as childhood is left farther behind, and consequently the superfluous grease tends to keep the pores open permanently. Having thoroughly removed the waste matter, the astringent lotion may be applied. You can also use an astringent powder.

BETTY (Ealing).—I would advise against neglect or tampering in your case. Consult your doctor.

W. D. (Watford).—I am afraid that I cannot answer your inquiries by post unless you send a stamped, addressed envelope. I have not the space to deal with them here.

VERA (Camberwell).—I cannot recommend the slimming course you suggest. If you would care to write in, I will send you the information you require.

Deep Waves and Tight Curls



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one
penny
a setting!

Witching waves and captivating curls... set while you sleep... at a cost so small you hardly notice it! "Wave-Set" your hair at night, and the waves your mirror shows you in the morning are waves a "professional" would be proud of. Simply a little AMAMI "Wave-Set"... a few pats and pinches... a tight cap while you sleep... and your coiffure will be the envy of every girl who doesn't know your secret.
From all Chemists and Hairdressers.



AMAMI

6d. and 1/3 "Wave-Set" royds

Hard
worked
hands...
but who
would
know...
thanks to



Snowfire

GLYCERINE

Jelly

Vanishing
6 Tubes
Sample Size 3d.

KEEP a tube of Snowfire Glycerine Jelly handy in the bathroom and by the kitchen sink. Use it every time your hands have been in water. Then you'll banish redness and roughness from your hands—make them smooth and white. Quickly absorbed, it leaves no "stickiness" after.

BRITISH MADE. Of all Chemists, Coiffeurs, etc.

THE NEVER-FAILING REMEDY

No cough or cold, however stubborn, can resist Galloway's Cough Syrup. In every case, this famous old London remedy means speedy and complete recovery.

GALLOWAY'S

COUGH SYRUP

Sold by all Chemists & Stores.
Price 1/3 or 2/6 per bottle or direct from P. H. Galloway, Ltd., Qualified Chemists London, S.E.17

CILOREAL

FOR DARK & LUSTROUS EYEBROWS & LASHES

Do not envy those with fascinating Eyebrows and Lashes. Permanently tint yours with CILOREAL, in a few minutes yours will look just as lovely. CILOREAL is guaranteed harmless and is not affected by Sun, Rain or Sea Bathing.

Descriptive folder sent on request to C. Nestle & Co. Ltd., 2 Ciloreal House, 48 South Molton Street, W.1.

'WARE 'FLU

High temperature. Bad enough if it should be a cold. Worse still if Influenza. So much of it about now. Take precautions. Take a ZOX POWDER—AT ONCE. Time is important, you know. Zox is invaluable for reducing the High Temperature, relieving Bad Headaches, Neuralgia and Nerve Pains. Being in powder form it is more effective. Over 30 years' reputation.

FREE

Zox Powders 2d. each or 1/6 and 3/- per box. Send 1 1/2d. stamp (cost of postage) for 2 free powders now. The Zox Mfg. Co., 11 Hatton Garden, London, E.C.1. (Dept. 6).

HEAD WON'T ACHE IF ZOX YOU TAKE

HOW TO DRESS WELL

on 10/- or £1 per month

SALE

Open a Credit. Account to-day. No Deposit, no References.

Write for Sale Catalogue to Dept. W.T.

SMARTWEAR Ltd.

263-271, Regent Street, London, W.1.

So Easy To SHAPE YOUR NOSE

Trados Model 25 (British Patent) corrects all ill-shaped noses quickly, painlessly and permanently. Over 100,000 satisfied users. For years recommended by Physicians. A sample of M.T.'s A.B.A. Lotion for Red Noses, Blackheads, enlarged Nose Pores and other Skin Eruptions will be sent for 6d.

Write for free booklet and Testimonials to M. TRILETT, P.39, Rex House, 45 Hatton Garden, London, E.C.1.

Clark's - New - Year VITA-Cleaning Offer

Here is a "sale-time" offer before our Spring rush starts. With any order of not less than 6/- you can have one of the following articles—VITA-Cleaned Free—Hat (Remodelled too), JUMPER, CARDIGAN, BLOUSE, PLAIN SKIRT, TROUSERS or PLUS-FOURS.

Make up your order (minimum 6/-) from the list below and pin the coupon to the article sent for free VITA-Cleaning. Back in three days if remittance accompanies order.

VITA-Cleaned	
Man's Suit, Lady's Costume, Plain Frock or Long Coat	each 4/-
Hat (with Remodelling)	2/6
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Re-pleating and Repairs extra	

POST TO

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DYE WORKS LTD. RETFORD

COUPON I have made up this order in accordance with your New Year Offer, and enclose remittance (not less than 6/-). The additional garment I send is to be VITA-Cleaned FREE.

NAME

ADDRESS

THIS COUPON IS WORTH 2/-

It must be pinned to the article sent for FREE VITA-Cleaning.

Offer Closes February 3rd, 1934

Nobody Loves a Fat Woman



The old saying has it that "everybody loves a fat man," but it's probably truer to say that nobody loves a fat woman. Man or woman, excess fat is a handicap. And with many a woman it is tragedy as well.

A woman's charm is in a slender figure. Fat is the foe of beauty, the hallmark of middle age. And fat is unnecessary. Science has discovered a way to control excess weight. A simple, easy way that supplies the same normal element that the body itself uses. Thousands of women about you are using it every day.

They find it in Marmola brand Antifat Tablets.

All you do is take four tablets a day. Moderation helps, of course, but starvation diets and strenuous exercise are not necessary. Try them yourself. Take them as directed in the book that you will find in every package. And when you reach the weight you desire stop. It is so simple and easy that you will regret that you did not get rid of your fat months or even years ago.

You owe it to yourself to try Marmola Tablets. Why not start to-morrow?

Marmola brand Antifat Tablets are sold by all chemists at 3/- per box or sent post paid on receipt of price by the Marmola Distributing Agency (Dept. 85H), 86 Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.1. Send this coupon or write for our latest book, a two-day sample free, and our guarantee.

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Please forward two-day sample and Marmola Booklet, also guarantee form—FREE.

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An Ambron New Year Dress Parade



All on Approval First Before you Actually Purchase

Ambron garments are not casual "ready-made" clothes. Every model is available in a number of graduated fittings, each carefully proportioned by experts from actual experience to "live up" to the luxurious quality of the material—the infallible, unexaggerated style that is just right.

ON APPROVAL. EASY PAYMENT TERMS.

IRRADIATING VELVETEEN

Model K.321.—Fast pile, twill back—the very latest whim of fashion. Set off to perfection by piquant frills of heavy art. crepe. Becoming coatee effect. Full skirt, inverted pleat at back. On approval for 2/- deposit. Balance 3/6 monthly. Bargain Price 15/11. Postage 6d. Sizes: SW.44, W.46, 48, WX.48. WX 1/- extra. In Dark Saxe, Navy, Black, Mid-Brown, Palm Green.

SMARTEST COURT SHOES

Model AS.122.—Be right in the fashion with London's latest shoes—shoes that keep their appearance through many months of hard wear. In glossy Black Patent or sleek Brown Glace. Elegant straight Spanish Louis heels; natural leather lining. On approval for 1/6 deposit. Balance 2/6 monthly. Bargain Price 12/6. Postage 6d. Sizes: 2 to 7 and half sizes.

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Dresses hang perfectly with the Ambron Belted Corsetette as a foundation. A corset and brassiere in one. Comfortable, too. Elastic insets at hips. Continuous spiral supports down the back. In fine striped coutille, Pink or White. Sizes range from 30- to 46-in. bust. On approval for 1/- deposit. Balance 2/- monthly. Bargain Price 8/11. Postage 4d.



NEW YEAR BARGAIN COUPON

(ONLY Fill in details applicable to YOUR order)

Please send me, on approval, model indicated, at present Bargain Price.

I enclose necessary deposit and postage, and will pay balance of price either in one sum or by the monthly instalments stated above. If not satisfied, and I return the garment at once unworn, you will refund my deposit.

Enclose Coupon with full name and address and Postal Order crossed thus / / . Overseas and Irish Free State full cash only. (A)

Post your Order to—

MODEL _____
COLOUR _____
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(No. 273, Picturegoer, 13:1:34)

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273, AMBRON HOUSE, 60 VAUXHALL BRIDGE ROAD, LONDON, S.W.

THE ROMANCE OF "LITTLE WOMEN" PAGE 10

PICTUREGOER

2^d
WEEKLY



FRANCES DAY



TO be beautiful to him is the wish of every woman. Make sure of your charm by gaining the skin beauty that every man admires. It's so easy when you use Snowfire Cream. Pure, fragrant, non-greasy, Snowfire Cream brings out all the natural beauty of your skin. It smoothes the texture and makes it velvet soft and radiantly clear.

BRITISH MADE

Snowfire VANISHING CREAM

Dainty Handbag Containers 3d. Tubes 6d. Opal Jars 1s. 3d.

THE TORTURE OF "NERVES" BANISHED FOR EVER!

Amazing Results of a Wonderful Drugless Treatment
for Nervous Disorders.

THOUSANDS of former nerve sufferers have blessed the day they wrote for the remarkable little booklet which is now offered FREE to every reader of this announcement. The writers of the grateful letters below might never have experienced the glorious happiness they now enjoy had they not taken the first step by sending for this unique booklet.

Are YOU a victim of fear? Are you tortured by the nerve-racking terrors of worry, pessimism, and depression? Are you "a bundle of nerves," obsessed by morbid thoughts and gloomy presentiments? Have you an "inferiority complex" which causes you to endure untold humiliation and embarrassment through being timid and self-conscious?

If you suffer from MORBID FEARS, WORRY, DEPRESSION, INSOMNIA, WEAK NERVES, TIMIDITY, BLUSHING, or any similar nervous disorder, stop wasting money on useless patent medicines and let me show you how to conquer your fear before it conquers you!

READ THESE SPLENDID TESTIMONIALS—PUBLISHED UNDER A £1,000
GUARANTEE OF GENUINENESS

"MY FEARS HAVE ALL VANISHED" "I GAVE UP HOPE OF EVER BEING CURED"

I can never hope to express my gratitude adequately to you. My cure means more to me than life itself, it seems as though I have been dead for years and have just come to life. It is really marvellous how my fears have all vanished, as they were so firmly established and of such a dreadful nature. I felt that I would have gone completely out of my mind, and just at that time your treatment came. I think my cure is wonderful in such a short time—just three weeks.

Your course is wonderful. I have lost that dreadful fear I had. I think I have been blind to this world. I used to be dreadful, always in fear. My family are more than surprised. I am sure there was nobody worse than I was. I gave up all hope of ever being cured.

"SUFFERED MISERY FROM CHILDHOOD"

I felt I must write and tell you how greatly I've improved during the first week of your wonderful treatment. It is remarkable how different I feel. I don't have that weak nervy feeling now and I do not tremble. To think I had suffered the misery from childhood. I only wish I had known of your treatment earlier.

"DONE ME A WORLD OF GOOD"

Many thanks for your kind and good advice, which has done me a world of good. I have been troubled with Self-consciousness more or less for 30 years. Would that I had seen your advertisement years ago!

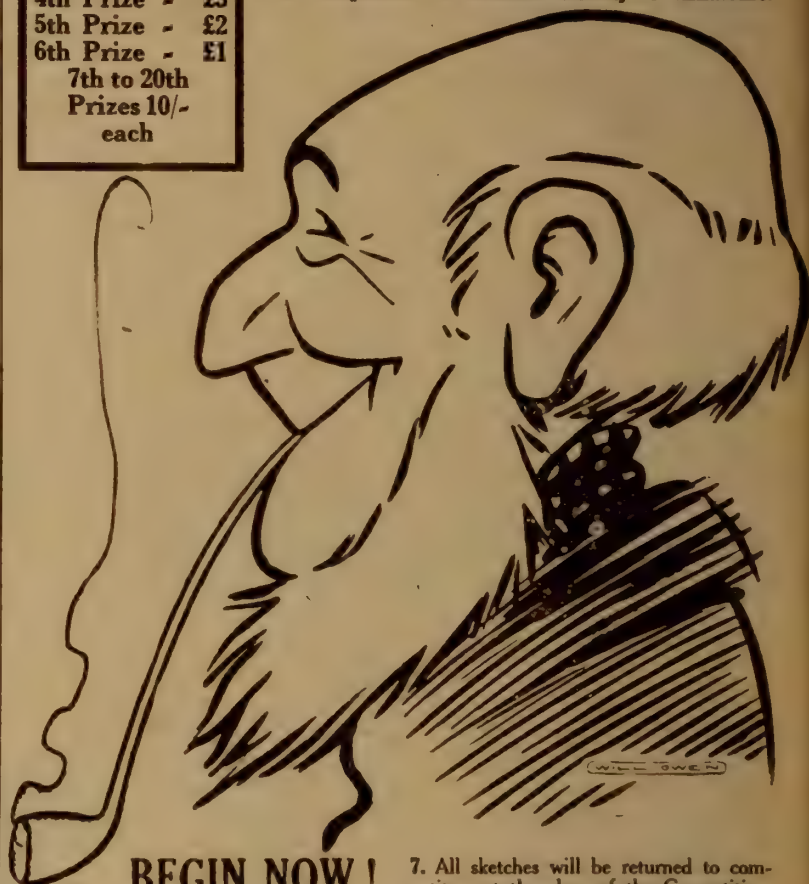
A copy of this absorbingly interesting book, describing a simple, inexpensive home treatment, will be sent in a plain sealed envelope without charge or obligation. Send for a copy NOW and you will be delighted to learn how easily and quickly you can acquire strong nerves, robust health, and a happy, confident personality.

HENRY J. RIVERS (Dept. P.G.29), 40, Lambs Conduit Street, London, W.C.1

WIN £20 DO YOU LIKE TO DRAW?

PRIZES:
1st Prize - £20
2nd Prize - £10
3rd Prize - £5
4th Prize - £3
5th Prize - £2
6th Prize - £1
7th to 20th
Prizes 10/-
each

Copy this Sketch and send us your Drawing. The Competition is being held to advertise the British and Dominions School of Drawing and is OPEN TO EVERYBODY WHO LIKES TO TRY. The only persons not allowed to compete are those who have had Sketches purchased by a newspaper or advertiser. The competition is confined strictly to Amateurs.



BEGIN NOW!

Copy this Sketch in pencil or pen and ink. See how well you can do it. Sit down and try. First of all read the Rules of the Competition. You can draw on any paper. Prizes will be awarded to the best drawings. All drawings will be returned to the competitors at the close of the competition. DON'T MISS THIS! SOMEONE WILL WIN THE £20. WHY NOT YOU? Send in your sketch to-day.

RULES OF THE COMPETITION

1. Anyone is eligible to compete except past or present students or employees of the British and Dominions School of Drawing and Professional Artists.
2. All sketches must be received by January 30, 1934.
3. Only one sketch may be submitted by each competitor.
4. The bottom left-hand corner of envelope should be marked plainly "COMPETITION."
5. Competitor's full name and address must be written on the back of the drawing with County. Competitors under 16 years must state age on the back of their sketch.
6. Sketches must not be drawn on paper larger than 8 in. high by 6 in. wide.

7. All sketches will be returned to competitors at the close of the Competition, together with a list of the prizewinners. The British and Dominions School of Drawing cannot be held responsible for any sketch which may be lost in the mails or elsewhere.

8. Sketches must be accompanied by a crossed postal order value 6d. (sixpence), in return for which each competitor will receive an illustrated book demonstrating the methods of artists in producing drawings. This will be sent with the results of the competition. Please do not send coins.

9. Sketch and postal order MUST BE SENT IN THE SAME ENVELOPE. Competitors are particularly requested NOT to send their sketch in one envelope and postal order under separate cover.

10. Sketches received insufficiently stamped will not be accepted. All packages should be sealed and bear letter rate of postage (2 oz. for 1½d.).

11. Competitors agree to accept the decision of the Artists of the British and Dominions School of Drawing as final and conclusive.

12. The British and Dominions School of Drawing reserves the right to purchase any sketch submitted. Any sketches purchased will be paid for at the rate of £1/10 (one guinea) for each sketch.

BRITISH & DOMINIONS SCHOOL OF DRAWING LTD.,
44, Greycoat Galleries, Greycoat Place, LONDON, S.W.1.

...all for
6d.

Every single thing the beauty-shop manicurist uses, comes in this handy box—and it costs 6d. Try Amami Manicure necessities this way. Other Manicure Sets 1/3 & 3/6 Obtainable from all chemists and hairdressers

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British-made MANICURE

SOUTHALLS
Protective
Lingerie

As dainty as any of your prettiest things yet affording perfect protection with your most fashionable gowns—Southalls hygienic lingerie is an essential part of every woman's wardrobe.

Fine net and pure rubber in charming delicate colours
No. 18 2/6 other numbers from 1/11 to 7/11

"JUST A GIRL THAT MEN FORGET..."

To which type of woman do you belong? Are you attractive to the opposite sex—or, in the words of the old-fashioned song, are you just a girl that men forget? If you have made up your mind that you belong to the latter class, forget it! Any woman can be attractive to-day.

SECRETS OF CHARM: Even if you were not born beautiful there is no reason why you should not be attractive. But you cannot be *chic* and charming if your skin is sallow and blemished. A good complexion goes a long way towards earning you a reputation for good looks, and no matter how neglected your skin may be, you can all achieve complexion beauty. Here is a beauty hint, once the cherished secret of the famous beauties of stage and society. Instead of ordinary night creams and skinfoods, use a complexion wax to keep your skin smooth and supple. The wax does even more than this: it gives Nature a helping hand in shedding the ageing outer tissue and keeps the skin ever-youthful. And its name? Just ask your chemist for Mercolized Wax, but see to it that you get the genuine article, sold only by registered chemists.

BEAUTIFUL HAIR: Another secret of feminine charm is lovely hair. Whether you are blonde, brunette or red-head, you can all have well-burnished hair, gleaming with lights and shades. Try doing your hair a new way. Choose one of the new flattering fashions, but prepare your hair for the fashionable wide waves and small, tight curls by using a *waving shampoo*. Stallax is the one I have in mind. Just a teaspoonful of its magic granules dissolved in a cup of hot water makes a shampoo which literally washes loveliness into the most neglected tresses. Just try it, and your hair will look lovelier than ever before.

GOOD GROOMING: Many a girl is unattractive simply because she is careless in matters of personal daintiness. Perhaps she is foolish enough to allow an ugly shadow of dark down to disfigure pretty lips, or she forgets that the prettiest dance frock loses its appeal if she has neglected her under-arm toilet. Natural reluctance to resort to the use of toilet razors or drastic depilatories is sometimes the reason for this carelessness, but to-day there is no need to adopt such dangerous methods of removing unwanted hair. Sipolite, the safe hair eraser, meets modern needs adequately. Just get half an ounce from your chemist to try. Mix a little to a smooth paste with cold water, apply this to the unwanted hairs, and as the paste dries they will shrivel away, leaving the skin satin-smooth and unblemished. Sipolite may be recommended with perfect confidence for use on the most sensitive skin.

Free Book Tells How You Can Become Slim

Send 2d. for postage to-day for a free copy of "Reduction without Drugs," which describes a simple yet highly scientific method of becoming slim without strenuous exercises or starvation diet.

MISS WINIFRED G. HARTLAND,
Dept. 596, 15, Baldwin's Gardens, Holborn, London, E.C.1.

STOMACH SUFFERER FOR 20 YEARS

If you are a victim of stomach trouble; if you know the agony of indigestion, wind, and sickness in the stomach read what Mr. Joseph Kelly, of Granville Square, London, writes:—

"I have been a sufferer from stomach troubles for over 20 years—during the War and since. Some time ago, I had an operation for the stomach trouble—Ulcerated Stomach—but the old trouble came on. I have tried all sorts of remedies—Bismuth Tablets, Magnesia, and different kinds of so-called Maclean Powder—but since I obtained a bottle of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder I shall use no other. For the last nine weeks I have had no indigestion or sickness in the stomach and I can thoroughly recommend it to anybody suffering from any kind of stomach trouble."

Follow Mr. Kelly's example, but be sure to ask your chemist for the genuine Maclean Brand Stomach Powder with the signature "ALEX C. MACLEAN." It is not sold loose, but only in 1/3, 2/-, and 5/- bottles in cartons, of Powder or Tablets.

CLARK'S
GLYCOLA



FOR BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXIONS

Use Clark's Glycola

A little massaged well into the skin will keep your hands, face, and neck smooth, soft, and youthful. Used regularly night and morning, it will

PREVENT

CHAPPED HANDS AND CHILBLAINS

Glycola is economical, protects the skin, and forms an excellent powder base. Massage a little on hands, arms, and face before applying powder.

TRY IT FREE

A generous sample of this wonderful preparation sent free on application:—

CLARK'S GLYCOLA CO., LTD. (Dept. P.G.),

Oak Grove, Cricklewood, N.W.2

Obtainable of all Chemists and Hairdressers, etc.
4 1/2 d. (handbag tube), 6d. and 1/- Jars.

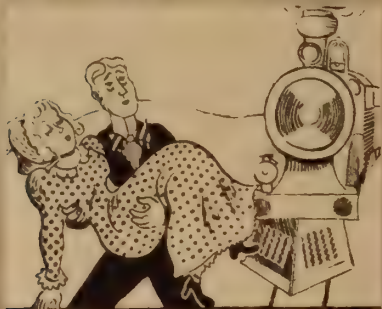


A little perspiration from dancing and she found her complexion ruined. Her powder would not stay on. Her nose shone and her skin looked greasy. Frequent use of the puff seemed of no avail. She did not know that just a little Mousse of Cream in her powder would have made a world of difference. Mousse of Cream is an exclusive Tokalon patent process. It makes the powder stay on in spite of wind, rain, or perspiration from dancing in overheated rooms, or playing tennis. It prevents your nose from getting shiny and makes your skin as smooth as satin. Mousse of Cream is the reason Poudre Tokalon is the most popular and widely used face powder. Try it to-day and see how different it is from ordinary powders. 6d. and 1/- a box.

FREE: By special arrangement with the manufacturers, any woman reader of this paper may obtain a de Luxe Beauty Outfit containing six shades of Tokalon 'Mousse of Cream' Powder so that she may test them for herself. The outfit also contains Crème Tokalon Skinfoods for both day and night use. Send 3d. in stamps to cover cost of postage, packing, etc., to Tokalon Ltd. (Dept. 329M), Chase Road, London, N.W.10.

Poudre Tokalon
Mousse of Cream Face Powder.

TO THE RESCUE



Just when the picture gets exciting, throat noises are most annoying. Get some Zubes and ensure your own comfort and that of your neighbours. To protect your throat and chest...

Go... Suck a **ZUBE**

2¹⁰ OUNCE 3⁰ & 6⁰ IN FLAT TINS

ALL LEADING CINEMAS SELL THEM

After Slimming

an actress writes:

"I really have had most gratifying results."

That is an extract from one only of the innumerable testimonials we have received from grateful users of the "Slintee" slimming process. Many have used it successfully after all other methods had failed.

Slimming—while you drink real, refreshing fragrant tea—could anything be more simple? No tiresome preparations, no dieting, no irksome exercises or restrictions—merely tea as you drink it every day. You enjoy the "Slintee" and—you lose superfluous fat.

"Slintee" is a process which, combined with real tea—*absolutely* tasteless, not affecting the delicious flavour of the tea itself. It reduces adipose tissue and promotes its utilisation and elimination by normal bodily processes. You have no bother, but gain the graceful, slender figure you so ardently desire.

You will like "Slintee"—everybody does. Besides slimming you, it will generally benefit your health as, by relieving your system of accumulated fatty tissue, it restores the muscular and circulatory tone and alleviates the strain on the heart. "Slintee" not only reduces excess of adipose tissue, but prevents it from forming. Slim women, therefore, take "Slintee" to keep themselves slim.

Ladies are invited to consult Nurse Stewart, c/o Slintee Ltd., regarding their use of the "Slintee" Process, who will be pleased to advise them on any point desired.

Trial box, 3/-; plus postage, 4d. Usual price, 5/- Cash with order or C.O.D.

Write or 'phone to-day for explanatory brochure, containing full particulars of the "Slintee" process to Nurse Stewart, c/o Slintee, Ltd., 84, Baker Street, London, W.1. Telephone: WELBECK 6297

"Slintee" will be demonstrated at Selfridges Grocery Dept. for week commencing 15th January.



This amount of Olive Oil goes into every tablet of Palmolive

Palmolive cleanses, soothes and beautifies because of its OLIVE OIL content

Safeguard your beauty with *natural* soap and water cleansing, night and morning. That is the unanimous advice of 20,000 beauty specialists. "But," they add, "be particular about the soap—it must be an olive oil soap... Palmolive!"

In Palmolive Soap the abundant natural oils of the palm and the olive combine to make Palmolive lather so soft and velvety that it cannot irritate the tenderest skin. On the contrary, by its emollient effect, it strengthens and feeds the living tissues—it beautifies and soothes while it cleanses. Follow the advice of 20,000 beauty experts—let Palmolive preserve for you "that Schoolgirl complexion."

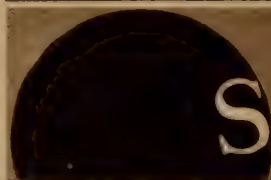
3^d Per tablet

Except in I.F.S.

ZOX is invaluable for reducing a high temperature, relieving bad Headaches, Neuralgia and Nerve Pains. Send 1½d. stamp (cost of postage) for two free powders now, to the Zox Mfg. Co., 11, Hatton Garden, London, E.C.1. (Dept. 6)
Zox Powders 2d. each or 1/6 and 3/- per box.

ARE YOU PARTICULAR ABOUT YOUR FINGER-NAILS?

If so, you should use Kraska Liquid Nail Polish, to be obtained in all the fashionable shades at the best stores and chemists.



SO MANY LOVELY WOMEN USE POND'S CREAMS

For sample tubes of both creams, send 2d in stamps, in a sealed envelope, to: Dept. MP25, Pond's Extract Company Ltd., Perivale, Greenford, Middlesex.

Name

Address

Why not follow their example and become lovely, too? Send for free samples.

PICTUREGOER

The Screen News Magazine de Luxe

The PASSING of the COMEDY "SHORT"

No. 139 (New Series).
Vol. 3.

January 20, 1934
Editorial Offices: 93 Long
Acre, W.C.2.

Advertisement Offices: 57
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**SENNETT'S Failure—Dance King's
Ten Commandments—Two
"Great Lovers" for Price of One—
"Merry Widow" Complications—
More Garbo Retirement Rumours—
Mary Nolan in Sensational Film.**

THE
passing
of the
old
Sennett

studio is one of the tragedies of talkies. It marks the passing of an epoch. The old-style one-reel and two-reel comedies have gone out of fashion and nothing has come to take their place.

Nearly all the studio stages where comedy "shorts" have been filmed are being closed. The crack of the yucca club, the luscious slap of the custard pie and the splash of the diving beach beauty are all but gone.

They were great nurseries for talent, too, the slapstick studios. Gloria Swanson, Sally Eilers, Carole Lombard, Mabel Normand, Bebe Daniels, Phyllis Haver, Wallace Beery and a score of others all got their training in the one- and two-reelers.

"Lost" Chaplin

Sennett, now "broke," was the man who first really exploited Chaplin.

He has always regretted that he let a rival company outbid him for the little man's services after Charlie had been established as a screen comedian.

For weeks before Chaplin's Sennett contract expired the studio was barred to all visitors and the comedian was watched at night to prevent him being approached by other companies.

One day a well-known actor arrived at the studio gates, presented his credentials and was given a job. He had been hired by the Essanay studio to get in touch with Chaplin. As a result of his negotiations Charlie signed the first of the million-dollar screen contracts.

It is reported that as he walked out of the office with the contract and an advance cheque for £20,000 in his pocket, almost unable to believe

in his good fortune, he turned to his brother Sid and said, "I think I'll go and buy myself a whole dozen neckties."

Last Stronghold

Sennett himself attributes his failure to the changed public taste and the advance of the cartoon.

Then the "short" field has been neglected for so long and film fame has become so much a matter of ballyhoo that it has been able to produce few new personalities who could compare with the comedy giants of other days.

Again, two-reelers which used to cost anything from £5,000 to £8,000 to produce cannot compete with cartoons which can be made for a fraction of that sum. Hal Roach and Laurel and Hardy represent almost the last stronghold of the comedy "short."

Chance for English Beauties?

I wonder if when Busby Berkeley comes over here to direct the dance ensembles for Jack Buchanan's new picture he will enforce his Ten Commandments for Berkeley Glorified Chorines.

Most of his choruses in his Hollywood pictures are hand-picked. For *Gold Diggers of 1933* he interviewed nearly 10,000 girls before selecting the 200 who appear in the picture.

True feminine beauty, he says, is the rarest thing in the world so far as the screen is concerned. "You can call it charm or It or 'that certain something,' but a girl either has that on the screen or she hasn't it and without that the prettiest girl in the world is a flat failure," he adds.

Berkeley, who has been busy working on Al Jolson's new picture, *Wonder Bar*, insists on rigid training for his prize beauties. Here are the ten rules which he enforces on those he employs:—

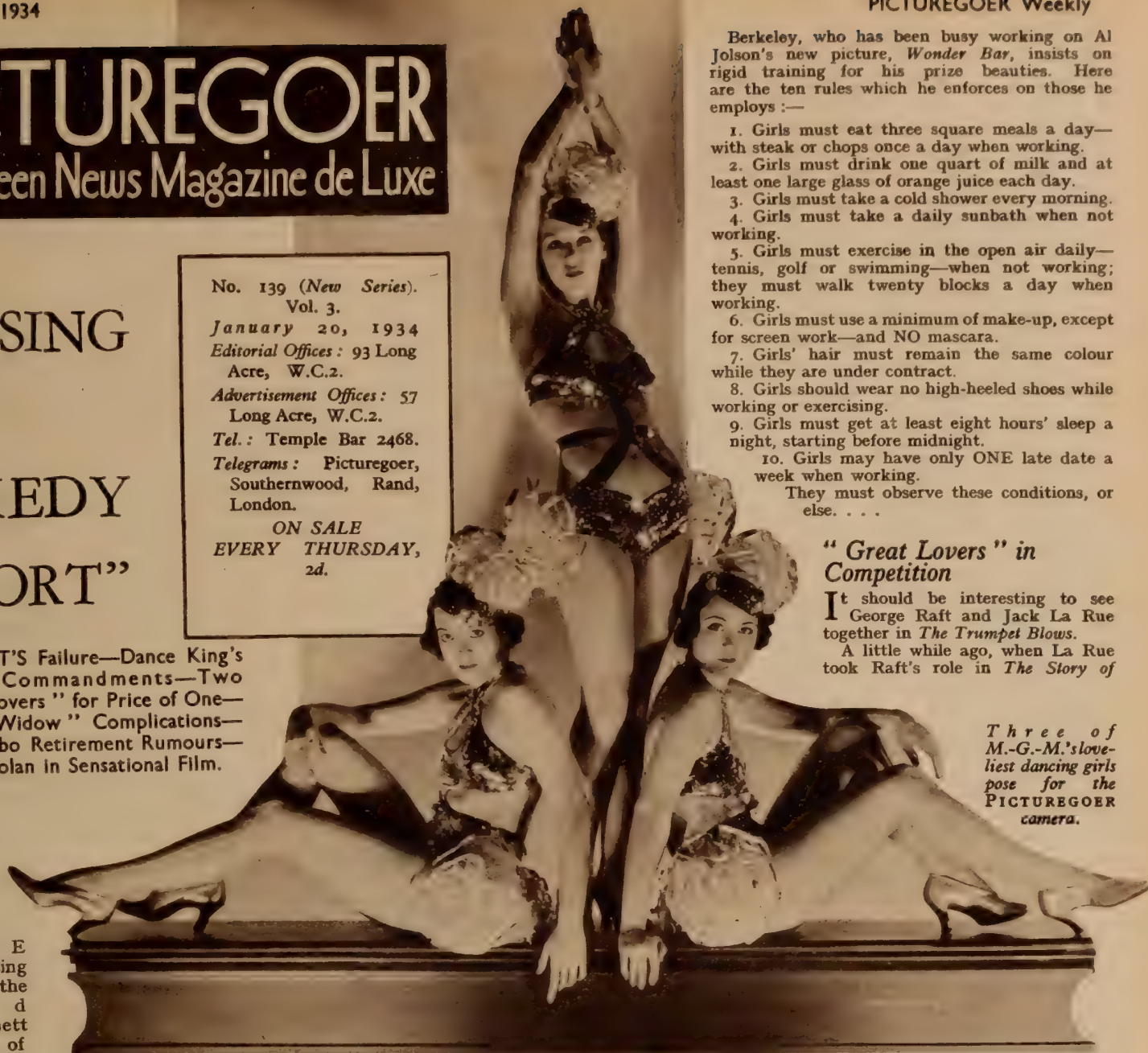
1. Girls must eat three square meals a day—with steak or chops once a day when working.
 2. Girls must drink one quart of milk and at least one large glass of orange juice each day.
 3. Girls must take a cold shower every morning.
 4. Girls must take a daily sunbath when not working.
 5. Girls must exercise in the open air daily—tennis, golf or swimming—when not working; they must walk twenty blocks a day when working.
 6. Girls must use a minimum of make-up, except for screen work—and NO mascara.
 7. Girls' hair must remain the same colour while they are under contract.
 8. Girls should wear no high-heeled shoes while working or exercising.
 9. Girls must get at least eight hours' sleep a night, starting before midnight.
 10. Girls may have only ONE late date a week when working.
- They must observe these conditions, or else. . . .

"Great Lovers" in Competition

It should be interesting to see George Raft and Jack La Rue together in *The Trumpet Blows*.

A little while ago, when La Rue took Raft's role in *The Story of*

Three of
M.-G.-M.'s love-
liest dancing girls
pose for the
PICTUREGOER
camera.



Temple Drake, they were publicised as rivals. The policy of giving us two "great lovers" in one film for our money has been developed in recent pictures.

In *Dancing Lady* we see Clark Gable sharing honours with Franchot Tone, who is being hailed as "Gable's most dangerous rival."

In *All of Me* Paramount gives you the opportunity to make comparisons between the techniques and sex appeal of Raft and Fredric March, while the latter "emotes" against Gary Cooper in *Design for Living*.

The policy has resulted in a new feud over at Warners, where it was announced that Edward G. Robinson and James Cagney were to be co-starred in *The Poor Chump*.

The day after the announcement both rushed to the front office to deliver the ultimatum that they'd have to have their names "on top" or that there would be nothing doing. At the moment it looks unlikely that the picture will be made at all.

No Feminine "Teams"

So far, this generosity has not spread to the feminine side. However, we may yet look forward to seeing Marlene Dietrich and Mae West sharing honours in a film or Joan Crawford and Jean Harlow competing for the same man.

Fox might even consider giving us a Janet Gaynor-Lilian Harvey co-starring vehicle and Radio could team Katharine Hepburn and Ann Harding.

In the meanwhile the Dietrich-West feud goes on. Studio officials anxious to heal the breach for publicity have been making frantic efforts to get the stars to pose in a "friendly" picture together, but so far without result.

(Continued on page 6)



Judith Allen and Randolph Scott, who have remade "The Thundering Herd."

The *Merry Widow* may also bring Eric von Stroheim back to the screen in the role of the heavy.

He directed the silent version of the film in 1925 with Mae Murray as the star. That production is still regarded as one of the most tumultuous in the history of Hollywood.

Will Garbo Retire?

With *Queen Christina* on the way the rumours are now being revived that Greta Garbo is again contemplating retirement.

According to current reports, the Swedish Goddess will "definitely abandon her professional career when she completes her present contract."

The star is further stated to have finally "O.K.'d" the plans for a castle-like home to be erected on the estate she recently purchased in Sweden.

However, there is no need to worry unduly yet awhile. Greta's contract calls for three pictures after *Christina* and has over a year to run.

Mary Nolan Again

The latest development in the move towards the sensationalisation of pictures is the news that following the engagement by Paramount of Sally Rand, Universal is negotiating with Mary Nolan to play in a film based on her own life-story, plus the lurid "dope" angles that have been part of her recent serialised "confessions" in the American yellow press.

Miss Nolan, you may remember, wrote her modified biography for *PICTUREGOER* some time ago and it was far from ideal film material even then.

The logical next step is obviously the frank cashing in on notoriety that has hitherto

always been rigidly barred by the Hays organisation.

Elastic Prices

Several complaints from readers have reached me recently objecting to the practice that is pursued in some cinemas of putting up the price of seats when a big special feature is being shown. Some big West End theatres are not the least offenders in this respect.

When I say the prices are raised I mean that the number of seats available, say, for the 2s. 4d. patron are reduced and several rows added to the 3s. 6d. accommodation.

This is extremely unfair to the regular kinemagoer, who probably has paid good money several times to see poor pictures, only to be politely informed when he tenders his 2s. 4d. to see a picture that is outstanding that there is standing room only and when he enters to find that his habitual seats have been included in the higher-priced seating.

A Bad Policy

Not only is it unfair to the regular patron who is, after all, the backbone of the box office, but it is also a very bad policy which is likely to make enemies of those who wish to be the cinema's best friends.

Exhibitors who practise this particular form of "smart" business would do well to bear this in mind.

The remedy so far as the kinemagoer is concerned is simply to stop away from theatres which treat a regular customer in such a cavalier fashion.

Horror in Shorts—

When I saw the ingenious new short, *Mascot*, which animates dolls in an entirely lifelike manner, I particularly noticed an undercurrent of the macabre running through it which produced an unpleasant atmosphere and rendered it unsuitable for children.

Now, this picture which, except for this atmos-

phere, would be excellent juvenile fare, is not an exception. Cartoon shorts have a most unhappy knack of introducing the macabre into their composition in a manner that seems only to warrant a pathological explanation.

Skeletons, weird, ghostly figures, are all part and parcel of the cartoon film's stock-in-trade and their effect on children, for whom they seem otherwise ideally suited, must be definitely bad.

I hope that film cartoonists will forget the graveyard for a little while and emulate the freshness of Disney's *Silly Symphonies* which hitherto have steered clear of such incidents.

—And Questionable Sub-titles

There is another tendency in shorts suitable for children—chiefly of the interest and natural history variety—which also needs checking.

That is the inclusion of questionable remarks and wise-cracks. I do not say they are to be found in every subject, but every now and again they crop up and recently they have become much more frequent.

The Monster

It was inevitable. I mean someone sooner or later had to get a kine camera and go hunt the Loch Ness monster.

I saw the result at a trade show recently and was not impressed.

It is a very short film which shows you the lake and its surroundings and also one of the trees which have been suggested are really the origin of the monster and, finally, something long and black well away in the background which you are asked kindly to consider as the genuine monster him- (or her-) self.

Missed Chances

It seems to me a chance has been missed here. If one's legs are to be pulled it could be done much more effectively and the subject simply asks for it. Perhaps some kind producer will give us a short comedy on this burning topic; I'm sure it would be popular.

Meanwhile the drama concerning the Loch Ness mystery beast is on its way. Billie Bristow has written the scenario and we are promised a good topical thriller.

Silence, Please!

Seeing a silent picture, *Thunder Over Mexico*, the other day, the first I have seen since *Tabu*, I was surprised at the way I failed to notice very acutely the absence of talk.

Sub-titles certainly produced rather a jarring effect, but the action generally was perfectly self-sufficient to express all that nowadays is contained in dialogue.

I felt that as a change I should like to see a few silent pictures, for I am convinced that the addition of sound has very seriously hindered the progress of the screen as a pictorial art—which is what it is and must be in essence.

For the Love of Mike

In its train the mike brought a flood of speech and a tendency to photograph stage plays with no further imagination than the new mechanical devices allowed.

It helped to stifle, at least temporarily, the gradual development of telling a story with pictorial detail.

I do believe, however, that the scope of the screen is again being realised and that the prevalent torrent of talk will again make way for action and camera opportunity.

At any rate, it would be a good idea if directors had to make a silent picture now and again with the aid of the fewest sub-titles possible. It would be excellent training.

Latest "Chiller"

The "chiller" season is starting again. Universal, I hear, are to follow up *The Invisible Man* with *The Golem*, another classic among "horror" tales. Boris Karloff is to be the star.

The stage fame of *The Golem* is world-wide. Yiddish companies presented the play originally, but it has since been translated into other languages and performed in virtually every country on the globe.

The history of *The Golem* extends back into the Middle Ages. Rabbi Low, of Prague, in what is now Czechoslovakia, is said to have actually

(Continued from page 5)

Not so "Merry Widow"

Another film that is causing some headaches for its sponsors is *The Merry Widow*, which is scheduled as one of the most important films of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer 1934 programme. So far it has been settled that Maurice Chevalier is to be the star and that Ernst Lubitsch is to direct.

At the moment of writing, however, the studio is confronted by five players, each of whom has claims and active support in executive ranks, for the role of the leading lady.

They are Jeanette MacDonald, Lily Pons, Vivienne Segal, Grace Moore and Joan Crawford.

Chevalier and Jeanette

Miss Pons is well known on the Continental and American concert stage, but the difficulty in her case is that it is considered that she may lack the screen fame that studios always feel is necessary.

The same applies to Grace Moore who, next to Lily Pons, has, so far as singing is concerned, the best claim to the role.

And in spite of formal announcements to the contrary, Maurice Chevalier is reported to be still antagonistic to Jeanette MacDonald being co-starred with him again.

Vivienne Segal, like the Misses Moore and Pons, is regarded as an unknown box-office quantity, so it seems likely that Joan Crawford will get the part after all.

In Three-colour Process

The Merry Widow should be interesting for several other reasons.

There is at the moment a distinct possibility that, like Ann Harding's new picture, *World Outside*, it may be produced with the new three-colour Technicolour process which is used in the *Silly Symphonies*.

There is a possibility, too, that Franz Lehar, the composer, may be imported to Hollywood to supervise the musical side of the production.

created this monstrosity and endowed it with life.

Each succeeding generation has added its embroidery to the story, until to-day "The Golem" is a legendary figure.

Karloff appears to be due for another exacting course with the make-up men. "The Golem" is reputed to be twelve feet high and proportionately built.

The "Alice" Coiffure

The latest feminine fashion to be started by the films is, I am told, the "Alice" coiffure.

The girl who started the vogue is Charlotte Henry, Paramount's discovery, who plays the title role in *Alice in Wonderland*.

For the picture she tied a simple blue ribbon over the top of her blonde hair so that it caught her long tresses off her forehead and ears—and a new mode was created.

Among the Hollywood stars who have adopted it are Miriam Hopkins, Joan Crawford, Claudette Colbert, Sylvia Sydney and Dorothea Wieck.

Leslie Howard's Hollywood Plans

Feminine fans will be pleased to hear that Leslie Howard is back at work in Hollywood to fulfil his screen engagements with Radio and Warner and, presumably, to live down *The Lady is Willing*.

The proposal that he should do *The Scarlet Pimpernel* has apparently been temporarily shelved and his first new picture is to be a Radio film version of the Maugham novel *Of Human Bondage*. This is to be directed by John Cromwell.

It should be intriguing to see how the combination of a star whose attitude has always been mildly contemptuous to "the pictures" with an author whose dislike of Hollywood is well known will work out.

On his present visit to the screen capital Howard has for the first time committed himself to a contract.

He has not had the best of luck on his last trip home. His stage play was not an unqualified success. *The Lady is Willing*, the film which he made here, is reviewed on page 20.

Short Shots

Mr. Sidney R. Kent, chief of the Fox studio, has been warning American producers that in view of the quality of recent British pictures they must "wake up"—Johnny Weissmuller is to be an Indian in his next picture, *Red Man*, and his wife, Lupe Velez, is an Indian squaw for *Laughing Boy*—Mary Pickford earned £2,000 a week and a percentage for her recent vaudeville appearance in New York—Clark Gable and Carole Lombard are to be teamed again in *Shoe the Wild Mare*—The title of M.-G.-M.'s *Transcontinental Bus* has been changed to *Fugitive Lovers*!—Tish, the famous Mary Roberts Rhinehart story, may be Marie Dressler's next starring vehicle—A recent survey among exhibitors by the *Hollywood Reporter* revealed that the five biggest feminine box-office stars in America are Marie Dressler, Norma Shearer, Janet Gaynor, Mae West and Joan Crawford, and, among the men, Clark Gable, Wallace Beery, Lionel Barrymore, Will Rogers and Fredric March—Gloria Stuart and her sculptor-husband, Blair Newell, are trying the Claudette Colbert-Norman Foster experiment of keeping up separate houses—Garbo has been heard singing "Who's afraid of the Big, Bad Wolf."

Sally Blane in English Studios

Sally Blane has interesting things to say in comparing film-making in Britain and America.

"In England," she declares, "players do not live, eat and sleep motion pictures as they do in Hollywood. They are interested in their work, of course, but English actors and actresses rarely talk about motion pictures. Even the stage hands and electricians are prone to discuss the art very casually."

"Making a picture over there is like spending a charming week-end in a kindly friend's home. There is little excitement. And such things happened to me as having a prop boy come up and say, 'I hope you're enjoying your stay in our country, Miss Blane.'"

"But I was so happy to get back to Hollywood, to the tempo I was accustomed to, to where youth and excitement reign. I know the English players have more repose and deeper cultural pursuits. But in Hollywood we live on the top layer of

civilisation and are interested in what is happening to-day—and to-morrow."

Kinema Couplets

This week's prize of 10s. 6d. is awarded to J. Roberts, 24, Mallory Buildings, St. John's Street, E.C.1, for:—

**Way of a Sailor
Always Goodbye**

Prizes of half a crown each are awarded to:—Miss A. F. Thompson, 444, New Chester Road, Rock Ferry, Cheshire, for:—

**Cure for Love
I Lived With You**

Marion Simms, 3671, Fredonia Drive, Hollywood, California, U.S.A., for:—

**Broadway Through a Keyhole
The Big Bluff**

Miss Barbara Jones, 9, Peter Street, Regent Street, London, W.1, for:—

**My Wife's Family
Accidents Wanted**

M. H. Angell, 21, Causeway, Grimsbury, Banbury, Oxon., for:—

**The Private Life of Henry VIII
Women of All Nations**

A Studio's Electricity

Are you interested in film studio figures—the arithmetical kind, I mean? Here are a few compiled by the mathematics department at M.-G.-M.:—

"Evidence that the motion picture industry is 'geared in high' and going at a pace which passes any record in its history, is indicated in a report from the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios relating a great gain in its consumption of electrical power.

"A few years ago the Culver City plant consumed 2,500,000 kilowatt-hours a year. Currently, with so many productions under way, half a million kilowatt-hours a month are being used, or six million a year.

"With the average for home consumption set at 601 kilowatt-hours a year, this means that this one Hollywood studio could furnish light for 9,983 average homes, or a city of more than thirty thousand."

Katharine as Joan of Arc

Despite the preponderance of historical and semi-historical films in the current production schedules, the best news of the week is the announcement that Katharine Hepburn is to become Joan of Arc in the not too distant future.

According to present plans the film will follow her impersonation of Queen Elizabeth in *The Tudor*

Wench, the first picture she will undertake at the conclusion of her present New York stage season.

I have always hoped that Garbo would give us the Maid of Orleans. However, Hepburn should provide a memorable characterisation.

A New Woman Director

It has always been one of the mysteries of movies that an entertainment whose appeal is concentrated on the feminine customer should have produced so few feminine film makers.

It is interesting to learn, therefore, that Wanda Tuchock has been promoted to the direction of the new Radio picture *Just Off Fifth Avenue*.

Miss Tuchock thus becomes Hollywood's second woman director. She has been working at the studio for several years as a script writer and was elevated to the more responsible post after having completed the script for this picture.

Dorothy Arzner is the only other woman director in the film capital. She has just completed *Nana* which introduces the long awaited Goldwyn-Glorified Anna Sten.

Pepping Up Elissa

A new screen personality, it is announced, is to be created for Elissa Landi.

She is to be given sex appeal and there will be no more of the cold, dignified rôles in which she has appeared in almost all her previous Hollywood pictures.

The Columbia Studio is at the moment negotiating with M.-G.-M. for the screen rights of *Congai* as a Landi vehicle.

Congai was originally bought to star Jean Harlow!

Temperamental Comedians

The latest development in the "all-star" vogue is "all-star" comedies.

Paramount has a round half-dozen funsters in *Six of a Kind*—Alison Skipworth, W. C. Fields, Mary Boland, Charles Ruggles, Gracie Allen and George Burns.

Comedians are notoriously temperamental, and *Six of a Kind* has produced more "scenes" and headaches for those in authority than all the aristocratic predecessors that brought the giants of screen drama together, like *Grand Hotel* and *Dinner at Eight*.

However, undismayed by Paramount's difficulties, the Radio studio has followed the fashion by pulling another six comedians, *So You Won't Sing, Eh?* They are Zasu Pitts, Edward Everett Horton, Pert Kelton, Ned Sparks, Lucien Littlefield and Billy Griffiths.

MALCOLM PHILLIPS



Constance Cummings and Eddie Foy, jun., in one of the cabaret sequences from "Broadway Through a Keyhole."

AN OPEN LETTER to CLARK GABLE

The second of a series of
frank communications to
the celebrities of the film
world.

DEAR CLARK,
lend me
your ears.
Metaphorically
speaking, of course.

On reconsideration and in view of what the Hollywood humorists have done on the subject of the Gable ears, that is, perhaps, not the most tactful of openings.

However, I'm not going to withdraw it. For one thing, I rather like those ears.

They are real, honest-to-goodness man's-size ears.

They have contributed to, and they are part of, the Clark Gable legend of rugged, dominant masculinity.

They stand out like giant land-marks on the moving picture scene as proof that screen idols need not necessarily be young Apollos with god-like beauty of face and form unapproachable by the ordinary man.

They have helped set a new fashion in film heroes—made them more human and more logical.

I would sooner hear about your ears than read some of the publicity stuff they are now sending out about your "flashing dimples."

If I were you I'd put on my best he-man look and go down and interview the publicity department about it.

Seriously though, Clark, your greatest danger now is of becoming "soft."

I am not suggesting for a moment that you are, mind you, but the danger is there just the same, and it will make itself increasingly felt in the coming months.

The personality which now makes you, I am told, the answer to ten million maidens' prayers, was moulded and built up in a hard school.

You have told us yourself how you threw up a manual job at £2 10s. a day in the Oklahoma oil fields to take a gamble and £2 a week on the stage. You were twenty then, and you had been supporting yourself since you were fourteen. There followed hard tramping work, one-night stands, odd jobs labouring in lumber camps. You even worked as a collector for a telephone company because work in the theatre was scarce and you had to eat.

Your friends have told me, too, how you met your first wife, Josephine Dillon, and how with her expert help you studied the real technique of acting and found new encouragement and ambition.

*A delightful informal
study of a he-man at
home.*

The story of how you hawked your talent and personality round the Hollywood studios and found no buyers is history now.

Still, tramping round the casting offices for extra work is good training for a potential star. It helps to keep your feet on the ground when you "arrive." It has certainly done so in your case.

After disappointment and discouragement you made up your mind to "make" Broadway or bust. You had set it as your goal, you had saved your money to get there—and you did.

When you went back to Los Angeles to play on the stage as Killer Mears in *The Last Mile* it was the studios who came to you this time.

You are still modest and level-headed enough to tell us that you were lucky, that stage players were in demand as a result of the coming of talkies, that you "just happened to strike Hollywood at the right moment."

You played "heavies" in one or two pictures. People began to take notice of you. Then you were cast opposite Joan Crawford in *Dance, Fools, Dance*.

It was your big chance and you took it. After the film was completed Joan Crawford went on record as saying of you: "He is the greatest find, the most outstanding personality, the screen has had for years." It was the beginning of your fame.

I have mentioned all your heart-breaking struggles and battles, the hard road you climbed to success, because it was those struggles and battles and hardships which went to create the rugged, vital character which sweeps the film world off its feet to-day.

You see, the pitfalls which you face to-day are not those that have faced many other idols who have been sky-rocketed to overnight fame.

You have demonstrated that you have no intention of losing your head. Few stars who have achieved your eminence have worn their honours with such modesty. Your background accounts for that, too.

What I am afraid of is the effect of success on your screen personality. Will luxury, security, easy living, yes, and flattery, undermine the natural brute "toughness" that is your screen stock-in-trade? If they do you will become just another actor.

When you attribute your success to luck you are right to a certain extent, because luck must always be an element in great film fame.

At the time you emerged from the ruck, the talkies, just getting into their stride, were clamouring for a male idol to fill the vacancy left by the silent "rages" who had failed to survive the great revolution.

In a world full of grovelling young men wooing their lady loves with heart-broken, apologetic croon songs your forceful restoration of the dominant male to his proper place in the scheme of things hit us like a bombshell.

The hour had found the man.

I must confess that we here were a little bit doubtful about you. America was hailing you as a sensation when we had only seen your few appearances as a gangster, and we wondered what all the shouting was about.

To-day you are as popular here as you are in America. We like you in the sort of roles you have in *Hold Your Man* and *Dancing Lady*.

I hope, nevertheless that if you ever believed those stories that as a great romantic lover you could give point to Casanova, *The White Sister* and *Strange Interval* have cured it.

The public likes you tough, and you will have to stay tough.

I read an interview the other day in which you were quoted as saying: "I'm bored. I'm fed up. I've lost my ambition. I just work here now. I do my work as well as I can, but I don't worry about it. I used to read everything that was written about me, but now I don't care what they say. Motion pictures are just a job to me—just the same as any other job."

That's the sort of thing I mean. Yes, I know that "I want to get away from it all" stuff is a stock Hollywood story, but it does not sound so good coming from the great conquering he-man Gable.

Neither does that talk of retiring when you have grabbed yourself enough money from the movie racket.

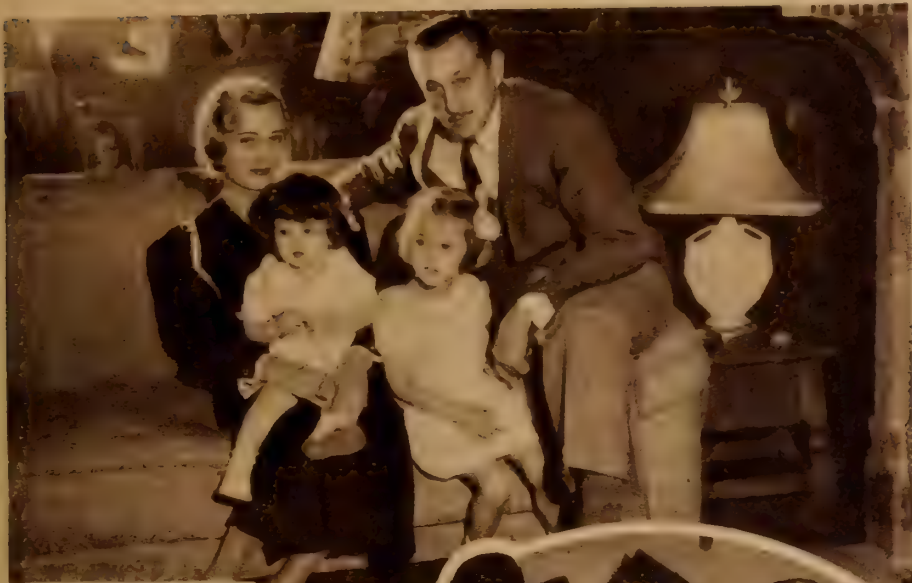
You say you do not care what the writers say about you.

Nevertheless, I hope you will read this because somebody ought to tell you that in this competitive age the public quickly loses interest in the people who are not interested in their jobs or them. Snap out of it.

Best wishes,

M. D. P.

THROUGH OUR LENS



John Barrymore in the new starring role of proud father. An unusual domestic study of the star with his wife (Dolores Costello), John Blyth Barrymore, jun., and Dolores Ethel Mae Barrymore.

Dorothea Wieck and Gary Cooper recently met on the Paramount lot. Here they are seen in conversation between scenes of their new pictures.



For informal street wear Heather Angel chooses this grey shaved goat-skin coat, made along simple lines, with a slight fullness in the sleeves below the shoulder line. Popularity is predicted this season for the small round muff.



At home with Lupe Velez and Johnny Weissmuller. Lupe does not relish a forced "header" into the water any more than anybody else.



Do you recognise the girl in the centre? It's Baby Peggy grown up. She is seen here with Barbara Barondess, who plays with her in "Eight Girls in a Boat," and Marshall Duffield, a famous American athlete, who is assistant director.

LITTLE WOMEN—Now and

The March family in the talkie version, Katharine Hepburn (Jo) and Frances Dee (Meg) in foreground. Left to right at back: Spring Byington (Mrs. March), Jean Parker (Beth), Sam Hinds (Mr. March) and Joan Bennett (Amy).



THE author of this intriguing article, which takes you back to the glamorous days of the silent film, was the director of the original screen version of Louisa M. Alcott's classic story.

I HAVE just celebrated the hundred and first anniversary of the birth of Louisa M. Alcott by seeing the talking picture of her world-famous book "Little Women." This is the finest picture that has yet been seen on the screen.

This was part of a talk by Mr. S. P. B. Mais, a modern Columbus, relayed over four thousand miles from Minneapolis, and as I sat here in London listening, such a flood of memories swept over me that I am afraid I heard little of the remaining broadcast.

It is just fifteen years since the silent version of *Little Women* had its world première at the Strand Theatre, New York.

Produced and financed by William A. Brady, released on the Art Craft programme by Adolph Zukor, sales controlled by Al Lichtman and Sidney Kent, first presentation by Joseph Plunkett, cut and edited by Josef von Sternberg and directed by myself.

Brady was the most colourful showman in America—what C. B. Cochran is to the English stage Brady was for many years to the American stage and screen, only more so; and, by the way, they are great friends, Cochran and Brady—a friendship which dates back many years before Cochran was known to London theatrical circles.

Forty years ago Brady managed and seconded Jim Corbett when he fought and beat John L. Sullivan for a world Heavy-Weight Championship, and then with uncanny judgment he sought out,

George Cukor, the director of the talkie version, discusses the script with Katharine Hepburn and Douglass Montgomery (Laurie).

became manager to, and seconded Jim Jeffries when he, in turn, beat Jim Corbett in one of the most spectacular fights in the history of the ring; and yet this simple story of American home-life—*Little Women*—with its pathos, sacrifice and tragedy, appealed greatly to Brady.

He it was who had this story dramatised and then produced it on the stage, revived it on several occasions, on one of which his daughter Alice, who looks like earning greater laurels as a talkie star than she ever achieved in the silent days, played Meg.

Brady, who had been in full charge of the film activity of the United States Government, under the Wilson regime during the war, had completed his mission.

He had also resigned his part-time position as Director-General of Productions of the World-Brady-Selznick at a salary of £100,000 a year. I had been associated with him for three years and had just received from him a special bonus of £1,500 over and above my salary for doing twelve feature pictures in one year at a cost of less than £6,000 per picture.

Brady wanted to sponsor a picture himself and his choice fell on the story he had always been keenly interested in—*Little Women*.

Conrad Nagel, who was under Brady's management, had just become established as a leading stage juvenile on Broadway and he was Brady's choice to play Laurie. This, by the way, was Nagel's first picture, and the commencement of a screen career which must have netted him nearly a million dollars. The part of Marmee was played by that dear person, Kate Lester.

What a perfect Marmee!—beautiful, digni-



fied, sympathetic and lovable. She was just as perfect off the screen as she was on, and her tragic death by fire in Hollywood a few years ago was the cause of great sorrow among her host of friends.

Jo was played by Dorothy Bernard, well-known in Fox silent pictures as leading woman opposite William Farnum.

The rest of the cast was chosen for their likeness to and fitness for the various characters rather than for their experience.

I had spent many years in America and had been in every State in the Union. I had read *Little Women* many times and knew the book from cover to cover. I had spent much time in the locality where the story was laid, and was proud and happy when Brady nominated me, as an Englishman, to direct this picture; the epic story of American home-life.

I wonder how many people who have read the

THEN

by
Harley
KNOLES



From the silent version. Seated in foreground, Julia Harley (Aunt March), Kate Lester (Mrs. March), Dorothy Bernard (Jo), George Kelson (Mr. March), Lilian Hall (Beth), John Vernon (Mr. Lawrence). Standing, Lyn Hammond (Professor Baer), Harley Knoles holding Ivy Ward (Daisy), Conrad Nagel (Laurie), Jemmy Lunn (Amy), Henry Hull (John Brook), and Marjory Lamond (Meg).



The wedding of "Brooke" (John Davis Lodge) and Meg. Behind her, left to right, Katharine Hepburn, Spring Byington, Jean Parker, Sam Hinds and Joan Bennett.

had heard the news, however, and was standing outside his theatre, The Playhouse, calmly smoking his cigar, with his hat pulled well over his eyes. "Better fire your camera-man," he said. "I'd rather keep him," I replied. "I wouldn't, but you're the boss," said Brady.

And that, as far as he was concerned, ended the incident; but my hat was off to a great sport.

The company worked like Trojans to make up lost time, and on the last session in the studio, we worked for eighteen hours without stopping, and reeled off eighty scenes. We set off on our second visit to Concord "wiser but sadder men."

We wanted spring and autumn scenes in the March orchard; we had missed the blossoms and the apples had not yet begun to grow; so my property man went to Boston and bought up every artificial apple blossom that could be found, and then, with five crates of apples, we transformed that orchard; one side of the trees was hung with blossom, the other side with apples.

The effect on the screen was so amazingly realistic that no one would believe the story, and thought it was just another publicity stunt.

The picture was finally finished and ready for cutting and editing and this gave rise to Jo Sternberg's problem. He was a laboratory manager who had, for two years, done two men's work; in the daytime he had attended to his laboratory duties and in the evening he had worked on my pictures, cutting and editing them without salary, partly because he loved the work, and partly because he wished to gain all the experience possible.

I finally persuaded Jo to make the plunge from laboratory to production. Jo resigned his position and became my cutter and editor.

I fixed up a cutting-room at my summer home and there Jo lived with me during the weeks we spent cutting, editing and preparing for the New York showing.

The picture was finally shown at the Strand Theatre, Broadway, New York, and on the second day all records were broken; fifteen thousand

people paying for admission, and the takings for the week equalled the total cost of production.

Adolph Zukor bought the picture and put it on the Art Craft programme along with the Mary Pickford and other super pictures, some of which had cost nearly ten times the amount spent on *Little Women*.

By loyal co-operation of my Company and hard work I had been able to keep inside the budget by about £200 and a figure which Brady had set before starting production, at £7,000.

It was hailed by many critics as the finest adaptation of a novel that had yet been transferred to the screen.

The photography was declared beyond praise, and that great showman, "Roxy," who saw it on more than one occasion and unashamedly wept each time, declares to this day that it is the best picture I ever made.

Jo Sternberg, shortly after, was called to take up technical duties at the Military College in Washington, where he helped to put the War Film Department on a proper basis.

I didn't see him again until just after I had completed the silent version of *Carnival*, when one day he arrived unannounced at St. Margaret's studio. I assigned him to supervise a production in which Clive Brook was the star, and then he helped to cut and edit *The Bohemian Girl*.

But that is another story, as is the one that, during all the years of our association at my home, at my club, and at the studio, Jo never once gave me an inkling that he was no other than Josef von Sternberg, who was, in later years, to startle the film world by his vast knowledge and skill.

The talking version of *Little Women*, with its wonderful cast, including the glamorous Katharine Hepburn, is sweeping America like a prairie fire; but I shall always consider that the man who made it possible was the man with the vision, who had the story dramatised, produced it on the stage and then transferred it to the screen—William A. "Bill" Brady.

book, know that it is the real life story of the Alcotts, and that the author, Louisa Alcott, was Jo?

Every word was written with loving memories crowding on her and the ring of sincerity and truth which permeates the book is undoubtedly the cause of its overwhelming conviction and everlasting popularity.

Having decided between us on the cast and the form scenario and treatment should take, Brady handed the production entirely over to me, and I couldn't get him to watch a scene taken.

He never said it, but I knew that he had confidence in me, and wanted me to carry out my conception of the story, of which he approved, in my own way.

Concord, Mass., is not only the birthplace of Louisa M. Alcott, but it is steeped in tradition. Here it was that the first shot was fired in the revolutionary war which was to gain America its independence, "the bullet which was heard around the world."

I took the whole cast along with me to Concord and after two weeks' hard work we returned to New York, confident that we had been successful in obtaining a lovely background of exteriors for the picture.

Here stalked tragic disaster. On the first day of working at the studio I was called off the floor with the ominous message "Jo Sternberg wants you immediately on the telephone." (Sternberg was in charge of the laboratory where the film was being developed.)

There I heard from him that our two weeks' work had gone for naught and, incidentally, one-third of the budget allowed for the picture had been spent without result. The camera mechanism had been faulty, and every foot of film was wasted.

I hurried over to Brady's office at once. He

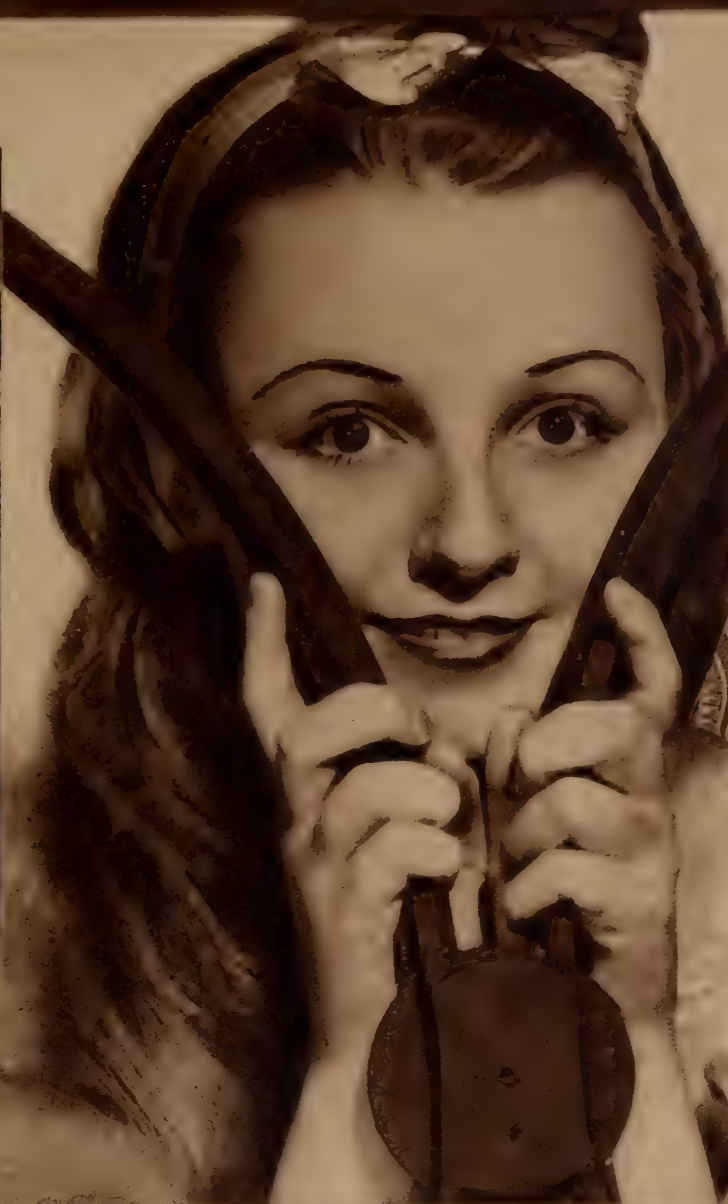


RUTH ETTING

The American wireless star, who is well-known to gramophone enthusiasts in this country, is now being glorified by Hollywood. She appears in Eddie Cantor's "Roman Scandals," and also supports Wheeler and Woolsey in their latest—the new "song and girl" extravaganza "Hips Hips Hooray."



Charlotte Henry as the screen "Alice" in the new Paramount picture



The King and Queen of Hearts as they are portrayed on the screen

WHAT *the* ORIGINAL ALICE THINKS *of her* SCREEN SELF by Mrs. ALICE HARGREAVES

MRS. HARGREAVES is to-day the closest link with Lewis Carroll and all his associations, for it was to her, then Alice Liddell, that the author told his immortal fantasy on warm summer days by the Thames.

IT was solely to amuse this real Alice and her two sisters that the story was begun. An intimate friend of Lewis Carroll persuaded him to write it down and give it to a publisher, and so *Alice in Wonderland* was given to the world.

On Christmas Day, Mrs. Hargreaves, who is now eighty-two, and her little grandchild, Mary Jean Hargreaves, saw the Paramount film version of *Alice in Wonderland* at their home, "The Breaches," Westerham, Kent.

And now Mrs. Hargreaves gives her impressions of the production to the PICTUREGOER, and we reproduce them here for the benefit of our numerous readers who hold dear the memory of the greatest children's author of all time:

"After seeing this film I was filled with delight, and am now convinced that the

talking picture is the only possible medium for the interpretation of this best-loved of books.

"Even though I was fortunate enough to have the incredible adventures described to me by Lewis Carroll himself, I was still forced, like everyone, to rely almost entirely upon my imagination—to re-create within myself the analytical continuity of the happenings.

"But in this film version I saw Alice—the Alice described to me by Lewis Carroll, the Alice of Tenniel's incomparable drawings—go down the rabbit-hole and set off on her topsy-turvy adventures exactly as I pictured it many, many years ago.

"I actually saw Alice changing from a midget to a giant, and that unfortunate baby slowly resolve itself into a pig.

"I saw a grin hang in the air long after the Cheshire Cat had vanished, and the little

oysters hurrying thick and fast along the sand.

"The epic battle of Tweedledum and Tweedledee, the fall of Humpty-Dumpty, the kitchen scene—all these things were captured for me and made tangible.

"The film meant a great deal to me, for, although the book has been adapted frequently for the stage and beautifully illustrated by many artists, I always think of Wonderland as inhabited by people who speak Lewis Carroll's words and look like Tenniel's drawings.

"And here the costumes are wonderfully done and the words are not maltreated or changed. I could see that every care had been taken to adhere, as nearly as possible in dress, words and action to the great original.

"It could not have been an easy task. Any fantasy, by its very nature, must necessarily put up almost insurmountable difficulties in the way of material treatment. And *Alice in Wonderland* must be the most difficult of them all.

"There is perhaps no critic so savage as a lover of *Alice in Wonderland*, but I feel sure that this film version of Paramount will satisfy everyone.

"I, myself, am glad to hear that an edition of the book is shortly to be published with illustrations from the film, for these 'living' characters would stimulate the imagination yet leave untouched those dear illusions.

"The film is one that represents a great revolution in kinema history. It is very gracefully and charmingly done and not only will it grip present kinemagoers, but it will convert those few people who are still anti-screen to the art of the talking picture.

"You will understand that I cherish the hope that this picture will have a wonderful success."



Clarence Muse. He plays "bits"—and he composes best-seller songs.

De Witt Jennings—the kindly police captain or prison warden of a score of talkies.

Oscar Apfel, one of the most popular of screen "toughs."

YOU KNOW THEIR FACES

FILM stars are like women and omnibuses; if you lose one there is always another along in a minute. At least there always has been another up to the present.

One can, consequently, view without serious misgivings the reported current shortage of what are known in the inner councils of the picture industry as "new personalities to stimulate the box-office."

One can even contemplate dry-eyed the anguish of the movie kings in the travail of producing spectacular, fresh names to save the last few million dollars in their old oak chests.

I think we can safely leave them to their birth pangs for this week, take a holiday from stargazing and pay a long-overdue tribute to the people who are the real atmosphere and backbone of the movies.

They earn no million-dollar salaries. Hollywood's publicity flood passes them by. Their love lives never reach the front pages or their names the electric lights.

Indeed, you probably do not know their names at all, although their faces are as well known to you as those of your friends.

They are the "bit" players.

They are indispensable to pictures. They supply the "atmosphere." They "feed" the Dietrichs, the Garbos, the Wests and the Gables. The life of most of them, unsung by the ballyhoo factories, is the life of the average professional or business man who lives in "the suburbs."

The financial rewards of most of them are on about the same scale. They earn anything from \$5 a day to \$100 a week—when they are working. Some of them are kept busy.

They live in modest little suburban villas within easy access to the studios, to which they drive in modest little cars when they are employed on a picture.

Their evenings off are spent by their own firesides, the home of friends, a theatre and, yes, even "the pictures."

For most of them employment is regular enough for them to live this steady, comfortable, pleasant existence amid the clamour and glamour of the great Hollywood show, although only very few are put on contract by the studios.

Sometimes some of them rise to the dignity and security of fixed agreements or even to featured billing and minor stardom, as George E. Stone did recently and Guy Kibbee did before him.

Even so short a time ago as *The Crooner* I saw Kibbee playing the bittiest of "bits" as a "drunk" in a short cabaret sequence.

But most of them are content with their lot. They have brought the best traditions of the

theatre to the making of films. They are proud to be known merely as "actors."

Some of them have been on the screens almost as long as I can remember.

Little Arthur Hoyt, for instance. Don't tell me you don't know Arthur Hoyt because even if you are an irregular picturegoer you must have seen him on the screen dozens of times.

There is a picture of him here. Arthur is the actor with the spectacles and insignificant moustache who is sent for whenever a casting director wants a timid, apologetic little clerk, a hen-pecked husband or a diffident, indecisive official—"any blasted weak little shrimp," as he himself puts it—but mostly the hen-pecked husband.

Let me tell you something about Arthur. The screen's most hen-pecked husband is not married! He has never married. He lives a bachelor existence at the Hollywood Athletic Club. He does not earn a spectacular fortune, but he makes about as much as if he had achieved success in another profession.

Off the screen he is a very different person to his usual screen characterisation. Before he went on the stage, round about 1901, he followed the he-man occupation of mining. He went to Hollywood by accident in 1915 and has been there ever since.

Everybody must know lovable old De Witt Jennings. De Witt has been acting for forty years,

of which he has been in Hollywood for fourteen. Now he plays mostly big-hearted detectives, police chiefs and prison wardens. His life to-day is very much like yours and mine. He lives in an unpretentious but cosy bungalow in what the estate agents would describe as a "quiet residential district," attends lodge meetings once a week, belongs to committees, plays golf or tennis at the week-ends and takes "mother" to the movies.

Great stars from Marie Dressler downwards are happy to call him friend.

Jennings only just missed great fame. He turned in a performance in *Beggars on Horseback* that, had he been favoured by fortune, must have won him the recognition he deserved. But Lady Luck was looking the other way. *Beggar on Horseback*, a fine picture, achieved no sensational popularity and De Witt went back to his "bits."

But he is satisfied. The "bit" players are the happiest people in Hollywood. Extras yearn for fame, the stars who have it find disillusionment and worry. The bit players have their acting, their smoothly running lives—they alone are content.

Most of them can, if given the opportunity, turn in a first-class acting performance any day of the week. Take J. Farrell MacDonald, for instance. He was educated at Yale and he, too, has been acting for something over forty years. He has probably appeared in as many pictures as anybody in the game to-day.

Usually he does little bits as a police official, a small-time politician or a boxer's manager. A few years ago Universal made a lavish football epic called, I think, *The Spirit of Notre Dame*. It was to feature Knute Rochne, America's most famous coach, and it was a big part. Rochne met a tragic death in an airplane crash while on the way to Hollywood. MacDonald was rushed into the rôle and gave one of the finest performances I have seen since talkies.

He did very well in another sizeable part as Marion Davies' father in *Peg o' My Heart*.

There are two artistes who, no matter what their rôles, have only to step on to the screen to "get a laugh" in almost any picture house in the country.

They are Zasu Pitts and—Henry Armetta. Henry excels in the portrayal of the excitable, gesticulating foreigner or the explosive Italian small shopkeeper with the heart of gold. Comedy or pathos, he can give us both.

Armetta is, in point of fact, an Italian. He arrived in America as a stowaway and practically his first glimpse of the New World was through the bars of the cell to which the unsympathetic authorities consigned him. He still, he once told me, has an inferiority complex about policemen.

Subsequently odd jobs led him to the Lambs' Club in New York (America's best known



Charles Middleton—wealthiest of the "bit" players.

theatrical club) in the capacity of "pants presser extraordinary." William Farnum, then a big star, took a fancy to him and after he had had some stage experience took him to Hollywood and gave him a part in his new picture.

Armetta's "trade mark" is that quaint, purposeful waddling walk. He suggested it to a director one day as a bit of "business" to brighten up a dull scene and it has stuck to him ever since.

Then there is Charles Middleton, one of the most interesting of all the small-parters.

You will recognise him when you see his picture on the opposite page. He plays bigoted reformers, incorruptible district attorneys or religious mystics. (You may remember him as Peter the Hermit in *Hell's Highway* with Richard Dix.)

Middleton has a distinguished stage record. It has, incidentally, always been a matter of regret to me that Lewis Milestone did not take a gamble and give him the rôle of the missionary in *Rain* which proved so unsuitable for Walter Huston.

He is also more wealthy than many of the stars. He struck oil on some land he owned in Venice, California.

But he carries on—"playing bits." Like the others, he is in love with his job.

Not all the bit players are men, of course. There is Elizabeth Patterson, the screen's favourite "maiden aunt." She was aunt to Katharine Hepburn in *A Bill of Divorcement*.



Everybody knows the features of Henry Armetta.

BUT NOT THEIR NAMES

Miss Patterson is a veteran stage troupier. She has scored triumphs in Shakespeare on Broadway.

Now she plays bits of varying sizes and devotes her spare time to her hobby of collecting antique furniture.

Others that come to mind easily are dear old Clara Blandick, who has been in films for twenty-five years (she played Walter Huston's wife in *The Wet Parade*), Blanche Frederici, who portrays society "dragons" and granite-faced mothers-in-law, Emma Dunn and one or two others. Not all the "bit" players are old troupers, either.

One day some producer is going to wake up to the possibilities of Sterling Holloway.

Holloway is the awkward, lanky, ginger-haired youth with the long, mournful countenance and voice who usually plays younger brothers (he performed that function for Joe E. Brown in *Elmer the Great*) or the butt of the party generally. He will probably best be remembered by the fans for his moving portrayal as the sailor trapped in the submarine in *Hell Below*.

He has been acting in films since he left school, which is several years ago.

Holloway may never be a really great star, but I expect to see him achieve at least the eminence of featured players like Stuart Erwin in the comedy field.

He has, incidentally, a delightful "bit" as an author going through the agony of having his play "pruned" by the producer in *Dancing Lady*.

AN overdue tribute to the unsung players who are the real backbone of the screen.

No list of the "backbone" artistes of Hollywood would be complete without mention of the negro actors who as porters, liftmen and servants contribute so much to the humour of the Californian product. One of the best known of them is Clarence Muse.

Clarence has never achieved the popularity earned by Steppin Fetchit (now, by the way, essaying a come-back), but he is one of the most versatile artistes in his line.

He drifted to films from vaudeville, musical comedy and stock in 1928 and the studios have kept him busy since.

You will know his face instantly when you see it on page 14, but so little publicity has been given him that very few people know that he composed *When It's Sleepy Time Down South*, one of the most popular songs of recent years. Yes, Clarence is not so dumb as he looks on the screen.

Oscar Apfel usually plays toughs, chuckers-out, broken-down pugilists and gangsters. He was the man Warren William punched on the jaw in the big court scene in *The Mouthpiece*. He was also the bullying chain-gang camp warden in *Hell's Highway*.

Apfel was once one of the ace directors of the old Edison company. Before that he was well known on the American stage as a producer. Another familiar portrayer of toughs is Matt McHugh, in real life a Varsity man.

One of the finest actors on the screen to-day is Sidney Bracy, but with the exception of one or two of the Poverty Row studios nobody gives him a chance to play anything but butlers. I have seen him turn in some brilliant acting performances in the Hollywood quickies.

Bracy is one of the tragedies of the star system. He lacks that indefinable quality known as "box-office personality." He has been in films for nearly a quarter of a century. Before that he learnt his job on the stage in drama, musical comedy and even Gilbert and Sullivan.

Now, because he was born in Australia, they think he should portray English butlers!

Another Briton in exile among the "bit" players is Eric Mayne, whose dignified figure and bearded, distinguished features are often seen in doctor and lawyer rôles. Mayne started as a star from the English stage. Now he lingers on in Hollywood in the small-part ranks. His wife is dead, he lost his son in the war. "There's nothing to go back to England for," he says. "I may as well stay here."

I wanted to write, too, had I space, of Burton Churchill, the distinguished-looking American who can lend dignity to the portrayal of great statesmen and soldiers and be equally as good as the smug, hypocritical business man as he was in *The Little Giant* and *Private Jones*, Robert McWade, Paul Porcasi (what will he do now that there will be no more movie speakeasies to run?), Allen Jenkins, Robert Emmett O'Connor, Clarence Wilson (he always plays villains), Charles Sellon, Auguste Tolaire (who plays French mayors and washes his magnificent white beard in milk every night) and many others whose names give me as much pleasure on a cast list as those of the major stars. . . .

They share little of the glory or glamour, but they are the happiest people in Hollywood. They are satisfied to be "actors."

MALCOLM PHILLIPS.

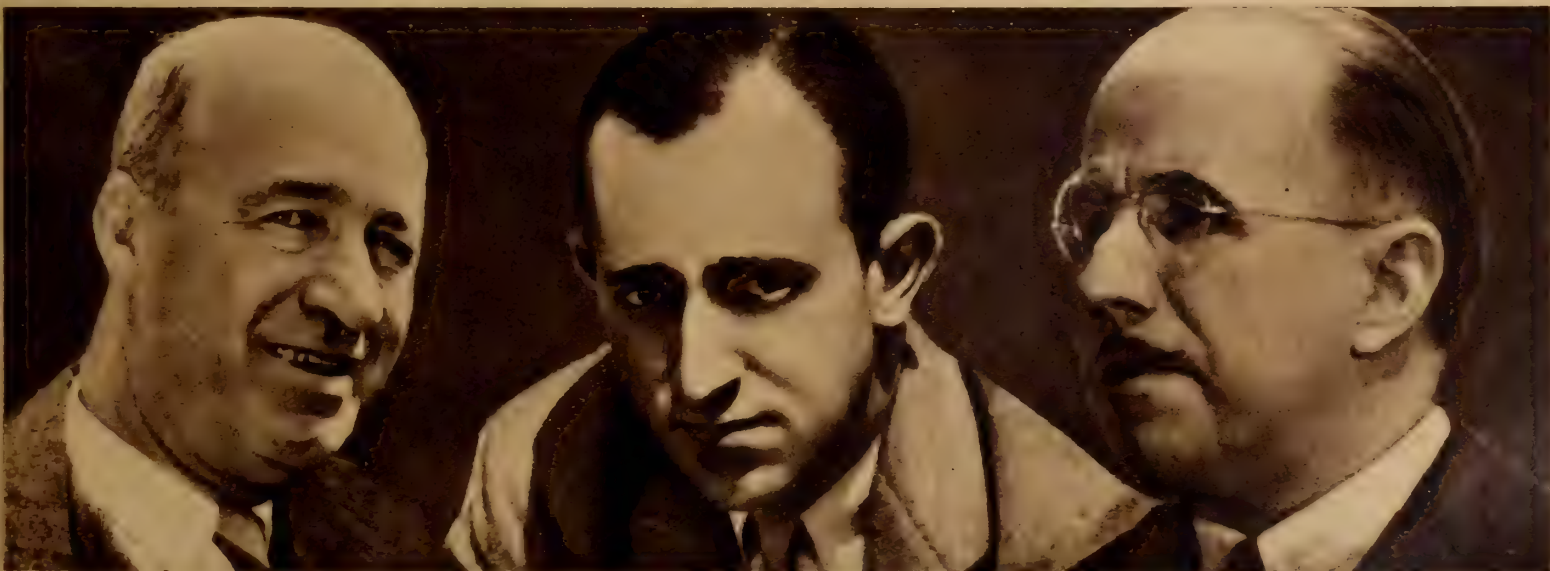
NEXT WEEK

The Story of "Little Women"

EVERYBODY is talking about "Little Women"—the picture which has proved the sensation of the new screen season.

"Picturegoer" has secured for its readers the exclusive "Story of the Film."

Make sure you do not miss the first instalment next week.



J. Farrell MacDonald, who can turn in a good performance any day of the week.

Allen Jenkins, who sometimes steals the honours from the stars.

Arthur Hoyt, the screen's most hen-pecked husband, is not married in real life.



WARNER BAXTER

One of the stars who has lived longest in popular favour, Warner Baxter, with his work in "Daddy Long Legs" and "Daddy the Next Best Thing," has ensured himself a further long lease of popularity. He is a keen fisherman, and was proud of the trout which he caught in Northern California while on location for his new picture, "As Husbands Go."

PHIL LONERGAN sends it HOT from HOLLYWOOD

WHAT'S in a NAME

*Ginger Rogers Wants to Change Hers—Star Works as
Extra—Big Audience for Fan Dance—Ben Lyons'
'Plane Burnt—the Kay Francis Separation*

WHILE the Warner Brethren are busy getting court injunctions to prevent Joan Blondell changing her name to Barnes, the Radio Studio is seeking a new first name for Ginger Rogers.

Studio officials, believing that "Ginger" stamps Miss Rogers as a comedienne and does not conform to the new personality which they desire to create for her as a straight dramatic actress, are appealing for the co-operation of movie fans everywhere to suggest a more suitable name for the popular screen favourite.

Ginger agrees with the executives. She points out that for a while she could use her new name with the "Ginger" in parenthesis, much in the same manner followed by Charles (Buddy) Rogers a few years ago.

In this way she would not lose her identity as Ginger Rogers. Eventually, they believe, people would become accustomed to the new first name and then she could drop the "Ginger" entirely.

A Child's Holiday

Baby Leroy enjoyed his first merry-go-round ride a few weeks ago, and became a motion picture extra because of it.

Having a day off from the *Miss Fane's Baby is Stolen* production, he was taken for a visit to the carnival set for *Good Dame*, co-starring Sylvia Sidney and Fredric March.

Once he spied the mechanical horses, he howled to be placed aboard, and when the company was ready to start work, yelled in protest at being taken off until an assistant director had to let him ride throughout the scene.

A Huge Success

If *Bolero* draws in the theatres as it did on the set where Sally Rand's famous fan dance was being filmed, it will be a box-office triumph.

Sally was all unconscious of the furore she was creating, but not so the harassed guards who tried to enforce the "No Admittance" signs posted to keep sufficient space clear on the stage.

A Surprising Secret

Hollywood was amazed when Miriam Jordan, the pretty young English film actress, recently instituted a divorce action, thereby revealing that she had been married for seven years. No one thought that Miriam had ever been married, which proves that a woman can keep a secret if she so desires.

The husband is Joseph Davis, described as a resident of New York and London. Miriam has been separated from her husband for four years. She claims that he is lazy and permitted her to support them both.

The little blonde actress leads a very quiet life, rarely attends any of Hollywood's social affairs, and has shown no interest in any of the colony's eligible young men.

A Plucky Girl

Sue Kellog, a young actress who played on the London stage, was one of the candidates considered for the title role in *Alice in Wonderland*. Charlotte Henry, however, was given the role.

While Sue was disappointed, she was not discouraged. She asked for the position of Charlotte's "stand-in," and her request was granted. (A "Stand-in" is a double who takes a player's place while lights are being tested and cameras placed in position.)

"Standing-in" for a star is a thankless task,

but Sue isn't a bit jealous of Charlotte. "Shottsy" is her best friend. They lunch and work together, and have even been known to sleep together between scenes on a set. We will not see Sue's name on any "cast and credit" sheet in the near future, but we may see her in electric lights in a year or two.

Real Thrills

Those who believe that stars always have doubles to take chances for them should be interested in this story.

Victor McLaglen, Edmund Lowe, and a staff of cameramen and sound technicians were taking scenes on a raft when a strong sea broke the rope which was attached to a tow ship, and carried the movie party far out to sea.

The castaways had to cling desperately to the insecure raft for over an hour before the tow ship overtook them and was able to effect a rescue.

Canine Warfare

Male members of the film colony frequently indulge in combat in hotels and prominent restaurants, so it is nothing unusual when such a fracas occurs.

However, an unusual argument took place in the lobby of the swanky Beverly-Wilshire Hotel. Jeanette MacDonald's sheep dog and Rudy Vallee's chow were the warriors, and a hot "chewing match" ensued for several minutes before Jeanette and Rudy were able to separate the animals.

Up in Smoke

Ben Lyon is one of the most enthusiastic flyers in the film colony, and was never happier than when he was up in the air in his favourite "ship."

I say *was*, because the 'plane was destroyed by fire in its hangar at a local aviation field. Up to the time of writing the cause of the blaze has not been discovered.

So Ben is preparing to purchase a new 'plane.

Another Separation

Kay Francis is one of the best liked members of the film colony, and appeared to be getting along most amicably with her husband, Kenneth McKenna, a successful actor and director. McKenna left for New York last fall, and Kay departed for the Eastern city shortly before Christmas, saying she intended to spend the holidays with her husband.

Like a bolt from the blue came the news that Kay and Kenneth had decided upon an "amicable separation." So far, no one seems to know the reason for the rift.

Future Stars

The Paramount Studio is training its youthful talent so as to give the youngsters every opportunity to achieve film fame.

A series of short plays will be presented each week on one of the sound stages, utilising studio props and equipments. The casting director and his staff, as well as directors and producers, will view the performances and gain added insight into the capabilities and versatility of the young players. The studio diction coach will be in charge of the performances.

The roster of students includes Larry "Buster" Crabbe, Ida Lupino, Kent Taylor, Toby Wing, Lona Andre, and many less known to film fame.

A Romantic Lady

Alice White exploded the theory that the bride should wear "something old, something new, something borrowed, and something blue."

She was in Mexico and decided on short notice



Adrienne Ames, who recently married Bruce Cabot, hopes to make a film with her new husband.

to marry Syd Bartlett at that particular time, so had to wear her red dress to the altar.

Alice has always believed that marriage is a solemn occasion, so she was wed in a four-hundred-years-old town hall, using the double-ing ceremony, with a long religious speech to bind bride and groom.

Hollywood Says That—

— Jack Holt is one of the least "social" men in Hollywood. He is rarely seen at night-clubs and social rendezvous, preferring to spend his leisure time at his Uplifters' ranch estate among non-professionals.

— Ginger Rogers cries when she becomes angry, and she adores spinach.

— Dolores Del Rio is superstitious about perfume.

— Edgar Kennedy pays his wife \$5 every time she allows him to eat garlic.

— June Brewster had 172 escorts during the past year.

ONLY YESTERDAY



A New Year's Eve celebration which becomes memorable to Mary (Margaret Sullivan). The other woman facing the camera is Billie Burke, seated next to Reginald Denny.

THIS film brings us a new screen star, Margaret Sullivan, and one need be no prophet to predict a great future for her. She plays the part of Mary, a girl who loves once, but who is forgotten by the man who means everything to her.

The picture has been finely directed by John M. Stahl, and the cast includes John Boles, Billie Burke, Reginald Denny, Benita Hume, Edna May Oliver, and a host of feature players.



Uncle Reginald entertains Jim jun., but appears less successful with Aunt Julie. Jim jun. is splendidly played by Jimmy Butler.

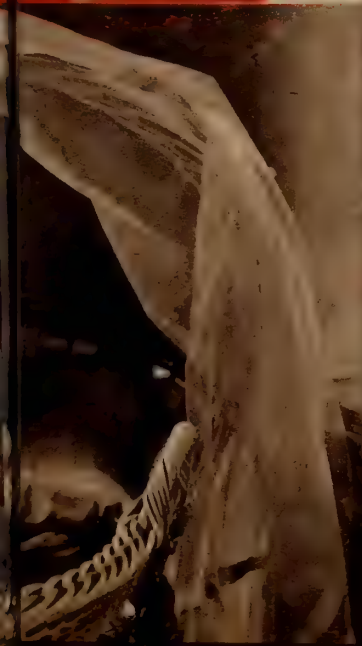
Rina Dumesnil (a girl) impersonates Jim jun., to whom his mother (Mary) has dedicated her life.





The arrival of Jim jun. Aunt Julie, splendidly played by Billie Burke, visits Mary in hospital.

Mary and Jim (John Boles) meet at a dance in Virginia. He is her ideal for whom she has yearned all her life.



The night Mary and Jim meet. She gives herself body and soul to the young lieutenant, believing, he, too, loves her, as she loves him.

A CURATE'S EGG from COLUMBIA

THIS week the Columbia studio gives us a curate's egg offering of three new talkies, one of which—*The Lady is Willing*—marks, somewhat inauspiciously, I am afraid, the company's entry into the field of British production.

In *Man's Castle*, however, Frank Borzage, Filmland's Fairy Tale King, has devoted all the loving care of a fine craftsman to a film that just misses greatness.

More sophisticated, more in tune with life itself, more logical than *Seventh Heaven*, to which it is hailed as a successor, and possessed at times of much of the same simplicity and charm, it lacks only its great emotional appeal to be an equally memorable production.

In *Seventh Heaven* Borzage dredged romance from the sewers of Paris, and in *Bad Girl* he found it in the hum-drum lives of the humble middle class.

Here he extracts it from the most sordid and unlikely source of them all—a dilapidated, miserable "shanty town" of the sort that, since the depression has grown like a poison fungus on the faces of America's cities. It is to a filthy hovel in this squatter "slum" that Bill, roving, irresponsible, reckless and little more than a common tramp, takes Trina, a girl he has picked up starving on a park bench, to live with him.

It is against this background and peopled by the strange, sometimes almost grotesque, inhabitants of this reeking half-world, that the story is set. Their intimates are Ira, the night watchman, religious, sentimental and benevolent; Flossie, gin-soaked and cynical; and Bragg, strangely evil and covetous of Trina.

Lawrence Hazard's story, one feels, is not so much a story as an episode. In essence, it is the eternal and psychologically sound one of the man who does not want to settle down, who feels restless every time he hears a train whistle, and the woman who wants to hold him.

Spencer Tracy turns in his finest performance to date as the tough, hard-boiled wanderer torn between his freedom and the love of Loretta Young. But the producer-director is the real star of the piece.

Mr. Borzage makes life very, very difficult for film critics. His genius lies in the atmosphere of reality and intimacy with the characters he creates in which pleasantly to insinuate his most flagrant descents to hokum on us. Some of the things which impressed us on the screen seem pretty awful when you emerge to the cold light of day and face your typewriter.

Only Borzage could charm something like beauty out of such a setting and make it live. Only Borzage could make the down payment by Tracy of £1 on a stove for his shanty town mistress seem like a moment of poetry. Or do it again in the final sequence in which we see them riding away together "hopping" a goods train, when Loretta wistfully regrets leaving "home" because "it was such a beautiful stove." There is a beautifully directed scene in which Trina tells Bill that she is going to have a baby, an actress rival played by Glenda Farrell, a melodramatically introduced burglary and murder and a "wedding in the sight of God" officiated at by Ira, the lay preacher.

Through it all one feels the paternal caressing touch of Borzage. Loretta Young, giving an inspired portrayal and appearing more faun-like and wistfully appealing even than in *Zoo in Budapest*, is presented in frequent, softly lighted Gaynoresque close-ups gazing angelically at the heavens. Symbolic shots of the free-flying birds and the beckoning stars are used with subtlety and effect to proclaim that the hand of the old master has lost none of its ancient cunning. Moreover he has learned some new tricks. There are several delightful moments of almost rowdy humour. No villain since talkies has been more repulsively yet convincingly villainous than the

Let our Film Critics who
really see the pictures guide you.

sinister but restrained Bragg of Arthur Hohl and I hope that Marjorie Rambeau's representation of the drink-sodden Flossie will not be overlooked amid the brilliance of the others.—M. D. P.

The Lady is Willing

Here is one of the mysteries of the film industry. The cast of this picture includes Leslie Howard, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Binnie Barnes, Sir Nigel Playfair, Nigel Bruce, W. Graham Browne, and Claude Allister.

"Excellent," you will say. The screen play is by Guy Bolton based on the work of Louis Verneuil, French dramatist. Again you will doubtless approve.

I must add that this is Columbia's first effort in a British studio, and, remembering the excellent standard set by this company in America, you will be anticipating a real entertainment.

Alas! Rarely have I seen so much talent wasted. The film bears not the slightest resemblance to that work which gave Columbia its reputation. It has the imprint of the amateur. I am afraid that Gilbert Miller, one of the really big men in the theatre, has much to learn as a director of pictures.

Was it really wise to entrust so precious a vehicle to Mr. Miller? After all, one may produce world-famous plays on the stage, as Mr. Miller has done and still does, and yet have a lot to learn so far as the screen is concerned.

There is an atmosphere of indecision throughout the picture which appears to have affected the artistes. One could almost hear them saying, "What do we do next?"

I was profoundly sorry for Leslie Howard and Sir Cedric Hardwicke, men whose ability is known, and who can really act. They seemed infected with this virus of indecision and amateurishness. They could not have had any faith in the parts they played.

And now let me tell you the story, which bears the name of Guy Bolton.

Dupont, a crook financier, has ruined many people. Three of the investors in the fraudulent company engage Latour, a detective, who has also been ruined by Dupont, to recover their hard-earned money.

Disguised as a window cleaner, Latour discovers that Dupont has a pretty wife, a mistress, and is negotiating to sell some valuable property belonging to the wife.

Latour, disguised as a doctor, offers to buy the property at a large price, and is invited to a party at Dupont's house. Latour, who has already made the acquaintance of the wife, decides to kidnap her and hold her to ransom.

Aided by his three clients, the wife is carried off to a castle where she is kept prisoner. The husband is in no hurry to pay the ransom and Latour, disguised as the doctor, suggests that Latour, the detective, should be hired. Dupont agrees and Latour arrives as his real self to negotiate the ransom.

In the meantime the wife has discovered a secret panel (yes, it's a fact!), escapes, and arrives just as Dupont is paying a million or so to Latour.

Does she expose him? Certainly not. Because even though I haven't told you, you guess that Latour and the wife are in love. She learns why she has been kidnapped and engages Latour, professionally, to prevent her from being robbed by her husband.

Dupont, anxious to complete the deal now that his wife has returned, phones for the doctor, and the real man, ignorant of Latour's work, is drawn into the negotiations. Latour puts him wise, fifteen million francs—in cash—are handed to the wife by Dupont, a general mix-up follows, the "escaped lunatic" gag appears—and all that sort of thing.

Anyway, the fall of the curtain—or the final black out—sees the investors with their money, and Latour waiting for the wife to be divorced, as obviously "The Lady is Willing."

Well, that's the story and I have told it in some



detail in order to show you that much better films have been made with much worse stories. Give Lubitsch half that plot and the artistes—well, do you remember *Trouble in Paradise*?

I have already referred to the principal actors. Leslie Howard is Latour and Sir Cedric Hardwicke is Dupont. It would be a kindness to forget that they played in this film. And will producers please stop casting Hardwicke for the part of crook financier.

Binnie Barnes is the wife. Once again I must record that her pronunciation of certain words annoys me.

Sir Nigel Playfair, Nigel Bruce and W. Graham Browne try to make the three investors life-like. Kendall Lee appears to be miscast as the financier's mistress.

I am sorry I am unable to write more kindly of Columbia's first effort in this country. But what is the use of fooling ourselves! It is as unlike the real Columbia pictures as anything can be. Maybe there will be more serious preparation next time—if there is to be a next time.—M. B. Y.

Shadows of Sing Sing

There is an ingenious idea behind this rather conventional melodrama, Columbia's third offering, concerning a police officer's son who falls



John Barrymore, Babe Daniels and Thelma Todd in "Councillor at Law" which will be fully reviewed next week. Right, Loretta Young and Spencer Tracy form a new team in "Man's Castle."



in love with a gangster's sister and is accused of the murder of her brother who intends to stop the marriage at all costs.

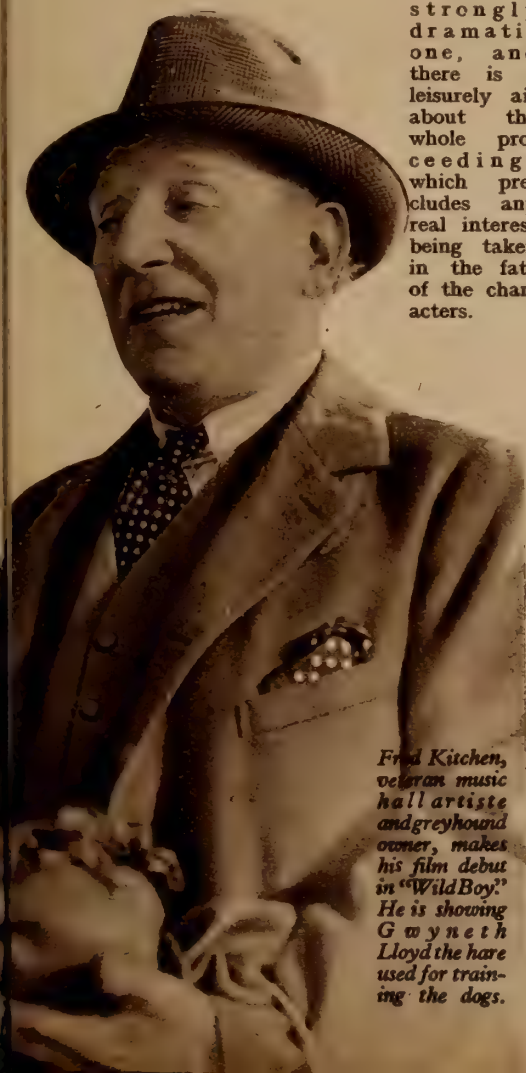
The ingenuity consists of the way in which the identity of the real murderer is established by aid of the police photographic department.

The accused man's impressions of a person he had met leaving the apartment before he himself entered and was surprised by the police, are noted down and a composite picture formed.

Through this the assassin is found out to be someone whom the audience is not likely to suspect.

But, in spite of this ingenuity, the picture as a whole tends to be slow and dull. Characterisations are sketchy and the broad outlines of the plot too entirely obvious to intrigue one at all deeply.

Phil Rosen has not managed to make the theme a vital or even a very strongly dramatic one, and there is a leisurely air about the whole proceedings which precludes any real interest being taken in the fate of the characters.



Fred Kitchen, veteran music hall artiste and greyhound owner, makes his film debut in "Wild Boy." He is showing Gwyneth Lloyd the hare used for training the dogs.

As the wrongly accused man, Bruce Cabot is youthfully virile and pleasant, while Mary Brian makes an attractive enough heroine.

Grant Mitchell is effective as his father, and the gangster is well portrayed by Harry Woods.

Other gangster types are effectively acted by Bradley Page, Irving Bacon and Dewey Robinson—the last two introducing a humorous note.

One thing I did particularly notice in this picture was the low-toned mumbling of some of the artistes—notably of the gangster characters, which was often inaudible and at times unintelligible.—L. C.

The Scotland Yard Mystery

It seems to be a curious axiom of British production that if technical qualities are good, story values are weak; and if story values are strong, production qualities are poor.

This picture is, at any rate, an instance of the latter, for the story is a sound one, but it has not been at all well exploited.

It is of the thriller order and should have been played in a melodramatic vein instead of in the rather anæmic and stilted way it has been presented.

Here is an outline of the plot which will show you that the material is all there to make a first class thriller.

An insurance company holds a board meeting to inquire into a curious coincidence—the death from heart failure of five heavily insured policy holders within the space of a few months.

Yet the company's doctor, Dr. Freeman, had certified all of them as fit.

Freeman is censured and his fiancée, the daughter of Chief Inspector Stanton, gets her father to take an interest in these very suspicious events.

Then another heavily insured person dies and he takes up the matter wholeheartedly, enlisting the help of Dr. Charles Masters, the Home Office pathologist at Scotland Yard, who also has a practice in the East End of London, which he runs, he says, as a hobby.

Stanton has the deceased policy-holders exhumed and in each case finds the coffin full of books. He tracks down the undertaker and discovers who ordered the coffins and thereafter gets on the trail of a Dr. Floyd who had signed the death certificates.

But before he can interrogate him, Floyd is poisoned by the man who is the root cause of the whole mystery—Dr. Masters.

I am not giving any mystery away by telling

Nils Asther and Esther Ralston in a picture to be shown shortly, "By Candlelight," which also features Warner Baxter and Elissa Landi.

you the name of the arch-criminal, because you are aware of his identity quite early on in the picture, and the interest is sustained, not by dragging red herrings across the trail, but by the manner in which he is trapped.

After Floyd's murder, Stanton manages to get hold of a youth who poses as the adopted son of the last policy holder who had died so mysteriously.

As he is putting him through a sort of third degree examination, Dr. Masters enters the room and at Stanton's suggestion gives the terror-

(Continued on page 22)



George Lacy and Betty Davies in the new B.I.P. farce "Oh, What a Duchess!"

(Continued from page 21)

stricken youth a glass of whisky. He dies—as Freeman says, of shock—before he can make a statement.

But Stanton's suspicions are now fixed on Masters and he has him shadowed until at last he has all the evidence he wants, whereupon he goes to his house to arrest him.

But Masters had been a move ahead of him. He has kidnapped his daughter and, when charged, he takes the detective to see his child lying in a cataleptic state.

It transpires that Masters had discovered a serum which induced a state of coma resembling death and by this means he had collected the insurance policies.

Only he knew the anti-toxin which would bring the person round and he threatens not to use it unless Stanton lets him go free.

But the detective puts duty first and arrests him. Desperately he uses drastic measures to make his prisoner speak and this induces the man's mistress, who is present, to give away its whereabouts.

Stanton's daughter recovers, but Masters, who has seized a revolver and held up his captors, makes good his escape and takes an aeroplane to Paris. Wireless instructions to the pilot result in his returning and Masters injects himself with his serum, giving the anti-toxin to his mistress who accompanies him.

As the plane lands, however, he opens fire and in returning it the bag containing the specific is broken so Masters is condemned to a living death.

Well, there is plenty of melodrama about all that, but it is all taken at much too slow a pace and there is an atmosphere of artificiality about the whole proceedings.

The way Freeman is shadowed is ludicrously ingenuous and generally the continuity is scrappy and lacking in the detail which should have built up tense situations.

Sir Gerald Du Maurier is impassive to the point of listlessness as Stanton. This suggests a strong character, but when he is called upon to express emotional feeling it is a distinct handicap.

George Curzon pursues much the same tactics as Sir Gerald, but he manages to be more convincing than the detective.

The rest of the cast, which includes Grete Natzler as the mistress, Belle Chrystall as the daughter, Leslie Perrins, as Freeman, Henry Victor as Floyd, Walter Patch, Herbert Cameron and Frederick Paisely, are quite sound.

Although the picture provides quite fair entertainment, my main complaint is that its

possibilities have not been more fully exploited.—L. C.

Thunder Over Mexico

Sergei M. Eisenstein is hailed by the intelligensia as the alpha and omega of screen directorial art. Lavish are the praises sung in his honour and his "montage" is acclaimed as the acme of artistry.

It would be nearer the truth, I think, to say that Eisenstein is a cameraman of exceptional ability and that he has a fine artistic conception for grouping and for pictorial effects.

Also that he is obsessed with the idea of propaganda for the proletariat as represented by the U.S.S.R.

Thunder Over Mexico shows no signs of any master genius' touch. It is beautifully photographed, it has finely artistic grouping but boiled down to its bare bones, it is a sort of emasculated Western with a theme which seeks to show the revolt of the down-trodden Mexican peons against the rule of the capitalist as materialised in the person of Senor Diaz.

If the birth of a new Mexico had been envisaged it would have proved of compelling interest, but actually this is only hinted at, the main footage of the picture being taken up with the treatment meted out to a poor peon who is eventually subjected to a dreadful death.

This scene, by the way, is perfectly revolting. A long sequence shows some condemned men being buried alive up to the shoulders and then being ridden over by their executors until the horses stamp the life out of them.

It seems that the censor forgets his spectacles sometimes as well as his ear trumpet.

In this instance one cannot perhaps blame Eisenstein entirely for the dramatic feebleness of his picture.

It was sponsored by Upton Sinclair, who, before the film starts, appears on the screen and indr in a little sales talk on behalf of the production.

It appears that Eisenstein took some 200,000 feet of film, about thirty-five miles in fact, and to see it all you would have to sit in a kinema for about thirty-five hours.

It is, of course, a moot point whether such prodigality of lens activity shows the master hand at work. My own opinion is, that it is distinctly the reverse.

However, the main point is that having filled two hundred cans with celluloid Eisenstein was recalled to Russia and Upton Sinclair was left with the task of reducing them to a picture of usable length.

It had to be cut in Hollywood and it has been cut exactly according to the scenario which Eisenstein submitted.

It is a silent picture with a musical setting by Dr. Hugo Riesenfeld and starts off with some very interesting historical shots of the remains of the great Maya and Aztec civilisations and also a comparison of the modern types with the sculptured effigies of antiquity.

Then comes the story proper. A young peon—that is the virtual slave of a big property owner—takes his intended bride, according to custom, to be inspected by his master and get his consent to the marriage.

She is raped by one of his guests and her fiancé, having attacked her seducer, is told to report after a fiesta that is about to take place in honour of the hacendado's, or owner's, daughter whose engagement has just been announced, while the girl is shut up in a cell.

While the feast is at its height, the peon enlists the aid of his fellows and they attack the house. They are driven off and chased into the fields by the employer's men and his guests on horseback—even the daughter takes a part in the man hunt; which goes to show there is nothing to choose between a male and a female capitalist!

A Western chase with gunplay ensues, the rebels are captured, but not before the hacendado's daughter is shot dead.

Retribution follows in the revolting spectacle of the punishment by horses which I have mentioned above.

The bereaved fiancée visits her mutilated lover and there comes revolt.

This is shown in a few scenes of super-imposed men marching and finally a scene depicting the new Mexico with its well drilled troops and its modern machinery.

It is all very ingenuous, very slowly developed, with much use of static poses to express grief and other emotion.

The types of natives are excellent and the beauty of the country with picturesque scenic effects is fully exploited, but even with these, the film as entertainment leaves a lot to be desired.—L. C.

Oh, What a Duchess!

The producers of this film have refrained from tagging it with a label, so, after seeing it—if you do see it—you may call it a farce, or a farce with music, or anything you please.

It is difficult to appreciate why any responsible company should want to make this type of picture unless it be for the said company's private amusement.

This sort of product is comparable with the cheaper twice-nightly revue, and until we have the specialised theatres prevailing in the music hall system, there is bound to be dissatisfaction among many audiences who may be forced to witness *Oh, What a Duchess!*

That there is a public for this kind of film is evident by the laughter that greeted parts of it when I saw a special show.

The story concerns a member of a repertory company who poses as a duchess. The company are the guests of the Duke's butler—his grace being on holiday. Enter the inevitable American and his daughter. They wish to see the castle. They mistake one of the actors for the Duke, and as somebody must be a duchess, a little female impersonation is resorted to by one of the actors. Usual twice-nightly revue stuff follows, and, of course, the American's daughter is in love with the son of the "Duchess," who is, of course, the "Duchess" herself, who is, of course—well, that's how it goes on.

Anyway, it all ends "happy ever after."

I always feel sorry for really competent artistes who have to earn a living acting in this type of film. Men like Fred Duprez and Hugh E. Wright actually rose above their material. They're good. George Lacy, who impersonates the Duchess, works hard, and Dennis Hoey and Pat Aherne are capable actors who deserve better consideration.

One actor I should like to praise is not mentioned in the programme. He played the part of the real Duke.

It is difficult to assess the ability of any of the women. Betty Davies, as the American's daughter, screens well and gives every indication of possessing talent for film work, but an atrocious accent, specially adopted for the role, was a serious handicap to any naturalness. If I were a director, I would take a chance and give her a real part.—M. B. Y.

The SONG of SONGS

The
STORY
of the FILM
by Marjory
WILLIAMS

Waldow found Lilly in an establishment such as in the 'nineties was known to many and talked about by few. He persuaded her to go to his studio for old times' sake.

derided by Aunt Rassmussen, with billowing cambric sleeves. Her fine, honey-coloured hair was massed in plaits over her head.

"Inspiration I want. I'm a sculptor. My work's at a standstill for want of a spark of divine fire."

Her interlocutor picked up a volume or two and put them down. Lilly thought she had seen him before through the window of a studio opposite. The room behind the plaster casts ranged on the sill had seemed to her full of strange, interesting things. All at once its owner studied her from the professional angle.

"I wish you'd sit for me some time. What's your name? Then, Lilly, can't you come to my studio to-night at eight?"

She excused herself on the score of Aunt Rassmussen while a thousand delicate tremors coursed up her spine. Actually, at the appointed hour she went, arriving at the studio breathless between haste and agitation.

Inside five minutes, Waldow von Mayer had put her at ease and she was talking to him on the topic that was still dearest.

"You would have liked my father. He was an artist in his way. He read poetry to make you cry; it was so beautiful."

"What poetry?" She repeated the chosen verses from Solomon's song her eyes on the ceiling, her face transfigured.

"Hold that!" Waldow almost shouted. "It's a marvellous pose. Inspiration, Lilly. You've brought it. Take off your clothes."

Effectually brought to earth, she stammered.

"My clothes! Oh I can't do that, Mr. von Mayer!"

"Waldow's my name and I defy you to use a prefix. Heavens, girl, there's nothing in posing to an artist without clothes! Don't think of me as a man. I'm looking at you as a sculptor."

He meant what he said. When Lilly, yielding, after infinite hesitation, to his practical entreaties, appeared from behind a screen, clad only in a wrap of his providing, she had nothing to fear, either from the satisfactoriness of her figure or his attitude towards it.

Aunt Rassmussen, she discovered, due to contents of certain concealed bottles in the parlour, tended to be drowsy after supper. With this advantage, Lilly's visits to the studio grew frequent enough for Waldow to harness his inspiration. By the time the statue of Lilly was finished, she was not only used to seeing herself in the nude, but could enjoy the image that very slightly flattered her. Waldow had caught her ecstatic pose well. In the idealised lines of the young girl's figure, with uplifted head and palms turned outwards, he had expressed innocence in marble.

"My patron not only thinks so, but wants to meet you," were the words with which Waldow ushered in a fine-looking man with military moustache, one evening as Lilly was on the point of leaving the studio.

Baron von Merzbach, very much Waldow's mentor and patron, fixing a monocle, uttered several compliments. Later, following his private conversation with Waldow, Lilly said, twinkling:—

"If the Baron is as anxious to make me a present as you say, tell him I'm extremely partial to gin."

Von Merzbach took the hint. There duly arrived at the bookshop, borne between two servants wearing the castle livery, a gallon jar, the contents of which nightly found their way into Aunt Rassmussen's tea.

Secure in the certainty of her aunt's somnolence after 8 p.m., Lilly continued her visits to the studio. Notwithstanding a certain fragility of physique, her fine capacity for emotion was taxed to the uttermost in her growing love for Waldow.

She loved him as he did not love her. That was tragedy. A delirious happiness in feeling, after weeks of waiting, the pressure of Waldow's arms was torn by the agony of knowing that he cared for her as he did for everything except his art, lightly.

One heavenly day in spring, culminating triumph of deceiving Aunt Rassmussen as to her whereabouts, Lilly yielded to Waldow's kisses, as she had often done. Certain of a subtle difference in his caress, she flung herself face downwards on the grass of the hilltop, crowned by budding birch trees.

"I must be quite close to earth. Don't you want to press yourself against it to feel our love?" she murmured.

He lay beside her, but did not quite reach her mood. When she scrambled up, smoothing a crumpled muslin and looking for a cast-aside wide-brimmed hat, he spoke with a touch of the sculptor.

"Time to be getting back. Be sure and turn up to-morrow at eight. I want to get along with that new pose."

Shortly before the hour of rendezvous, Aunt Rassmussen refused the cheering cup in which, ordinarily, Lilly was able to pour a double

(Continued on page 24)

THE CAST

Lilly Marlene Dietrich
Richard Waldow... Brian Aherne
Baron von Merzbach Lionel Atwill
Mrs. Rassmussen Alison Skipworth
Walter von Prell Hardie Albright
Miss von Schwertfeger Helen Freeman

(Freely based on the film *The Song of Songs*, by permission of the Paramount Film Corp., Ltd., Wardour Street, London, W.1.)

See "On the Screens Now" feature, page 26, for Lionel Collier's criticism of this film.

To Lilly, aspersions against her dead father were as stones cast at a crucifix.

"He was a good man," she breathed.

"Very likely. It's too late for supper. Get undressed. I'll show you the bookshop and your duties there in the morning."

Lilly obeyed by taking off a wincey skirt and four petticoats. From the interior of the striped bundle she withdrew a nightgown, brush and comb, and Bible with clasps. Her black hat, skull-crowned with back brim as large as a plate, had been carefully placed on the bed.

Tante Rassmussen sniffed. "If that's all you've got, you'll cost me something."

"But I'll work hard. Father's not to blame. He was a good man," Lilly repeated.

Sitting up in the narrow bed, hungry, she completed her litany of praise by reciting verses from Solomon's song that her father liked best.

Next day she was initiated in her tasks. She grew to like her aunt's frowsy shop, full of dust and the smell of leather. She liked the books, though she lacked time to improve her peasant ignorance by reading them.

Not, however, that education would have helped her when, one morning, the "ping" of the doorbell was followed by the entrance of a young man who asked if she could sell him an inspiration or two.

"What book is it you want, sir?"

She was wearing the costume

"SO you've arrived, after keeping me up and waiting half the night. What a fright you look in peasant clothes! Haven't you others?"

Grasping a striped bundle, tired and confused after journeying by train and one-horse fly from the Polish border to the German capital, Lilly bobbed nervously to the bleary-eyed old woman who peered at her under the gas-lamp.

"Th—this is all I have in the world, Tante Rassmussen."

"I thought so. Your father always was reckless... and religious. A bad combination."



He would never know

how she had longed for this moment. Yet she had no fear, confident in the knowledge that KHASANA Blush Cream gave her natural beauty, discreetly alluring, irresistibly right.

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measure of the baron's bounty.

She caught her niece making an undignified exit by the window and proceeded to impart a piece of her mind.

"Wicked girl. I know all about you. Tricking me night and day, going out with a man—a sculptor, too. You, with your demure looks and religious ways. Living with him, are you? Then you can't live here. Out you go to-night—this minute!"

Through despair at losing a home, Lilly felt a current of joy. Waldow surely wouldn't turn her away. He might offer to marry her.

Consumed with excitement, she was almost inside the open studio door when she realised a change had taken place. Plaster casts had gone, curtains been taken down. The statue of innocence was shrouded in a dust sheet.

She needed no note of leave-taking as she roamed through the darkening rooms. Plainly, Waldow had gone.

She was roused from passionate sobbing by a man's touch on the shoulder.

"Oh, Baron von Merzbach! Waldow's not here . . . Where is he?"

"Gone to Paris. Went last night."

"Didn't he leave me a message?"

Gradually, raising her drooping body from the floor, and unexpectedly gentle, holding her chilled hand in his, von Merzbach explained.

"Lilly, my child, Waldow's been playing with you. He found himself becoming something more than a casual lover and he was afraid. He dislikes marriage. Told me so himself. He ought to have gone away weeks ago or made things right with you."

"He oughtn't. It was stupid of me. I love him."

"Lilly, he's not worth your love. He won't offer marriage. But I do. Be my wife. Be mistress of my home. Titled women would be pleased to own it. And I don't only offer that; I offer my sincere love. Surely you will consider it."

Much more in this strain was said before Lilly yielded. Hers was the last nature that should have given way to the dictates of the head. Her heart was heavy, unresponsive as stone, throughout the wedding ceremony and the long drive to the feudal fortress that for generations had belonged to the von Merzbachs.

One face among those lined up in the entrance-hall to receive the baron and his bride called forth in Lilly a faint gleam of warmth. Walter von Prell, recently attached as equestrian to the baron's staff, possessed both youth and a dreamy profile. Lilly's beauty, outstanding above huge puff sleeves and over-ornamented bodice, wedding fashion of the 'nineties, acted on him like the home thrust of the fencer's foil.

He started, blushed at meeting her eyes, and recoiled. Though she was scarcely intrigued, his intensity of feeling, expressed in one burning moment, was the one live thing she encountered during her first weeks of marriage.

The baron, pompous and high-handed in public, missed the mark every time in winning Lilly's affection. His servants, all of whom but Walter elderly, were so many automatons. One, Miss von Schwartz-fegger, a housekeeper, though far from mechanical, annoyed Lilly by constantly following her about. Middle-aged and on familiar terms with the baron, her manner of veiled authority towards his bride made Lilly feel she was at school.

"My dear," the baron told his wife

Continuing —

after their first dinner together, "you are even more lovely to-night than when you posed for Waldow. Your hair is marvellous and I have never seen feminine complexion in the raw more flawless. I'm ambitious for you, my darling. In three months you'll rival any woman guest of the von Merzbachs."

As the result of the baronial complacency, she very literally was put to school.

A series of masters and mistresses, linguists, and artists were engaged to take up most of Lilly's day. Depression helped in time to make her eminently teachable. The subjects once gripped, she rapidly acquired a smattering of French, literature, and drawing, with more than a smattering of music.

Riding she was taught by Walter von Prell who, once she showed an aptitude for the saddle, threw prudence to the winds. Dismounting with her for a rest, he started to make violent love.

To Lilly, after hours of study, punctuated by the unwelcome demonstrativeness of an elderly man with a monocle, it was faintly attractive at first to listen to a boy's tale of undying devotion, touched with vague plans for the future. Suddenly a turn of phrase, reminding her of Waldow, made her shrivel.

She struck him with her crop. "You must be mad. Don't talk. I'll tell the baron."

"Some day," he persisted, "you'll need me. I knew, when I saw you that day in bridal white with a mist behind your hair and in your eyes, that we should come together."

Regretting the gash on his cheek, which he ignored till he had helped her remount, she turned the horse's head for home.

After dinner she played Beethoven while von Merzbach glowed pleasantly at her through his monocle.

"Good, my dear. Excellent. You shall repeat it at the At Home I intend giving shortly. But—rather interesting this—I propose having a guest at the castle to-morrow who will be particularly glad to see what I have made of you. Waldow is coming on his way from Paris."

The heart that she thought dead leapt on seeing Waldow, correctly attired in evening dress. He looked well, but the old careless manner had gone; was replaced by a seriousness that had changed him from boy to man.

Von Merzbach, supremely pleased with himself, touched Lilly's bare arm, which made her wince, before hurrying them into the dining-room. His hurry continued through dinner. He seemed anxious to reach the brandy stage and drank more wine than usual.

When the liqueur was poured he sat back in his red damask chair, fondling the big glass with nervous, gloating hands. During the meal he had led the talk through a gamut of politics, travel, and the arts. With the retirement of the servants, he became personal.

"Well, Waldow, my boy, what d'you think of Lilly? Splendid woman I've made of her, haven't I? When she met you she couldn't look, much less act, like a lady. It's all thanks to you, my boy."

"What on earth do you mean?" Lilly's joy in finding the restraint that Waldow had obviously been putting upon himself, loosed, was short-lived.

"I never tried to improve Lilly."

THE SONG OF SONGS

Waldow hurried on. "She was good enough as she was."

"For you, possibly. Artist's wife and titular baron's wife are two different things. As a matter of fact, I thought at one time you and Lilly—well, well, you understand me, don't you? I shouldn't have had the courage to propose if you hadn't stood aside. Remember the time you went suddenly off to Paris and said you'd left Lilly as a present?"

"Excuse me, please. I can't stay and listen to this. I'm going."

With a sob, Lilly left the table, hurrying through the French windows of the adjoining room into the garden. The rush of cool air on her bare arms and neck saved her from complete breakdown. She was on the verge of hysteria when Waldow came up behind her.

"Lilly, what is it? Don't send me away. I swear what the old man said was wrong. I never could understand your marrying him. Now I can. So he told you I'd gone to make way for him. He told you I—"

"Never mind what he said; it's too late."

"Nonsense. The whole thing's wrong. You've got to listen to my side. I never went to Paris to give you to that swine in there. That was his tale to make you believe I was a rotter."

"Why did you go without leaving anything, not even an address?"

"God knows! I must have been mad. Honestly, Lilly, I believed then I was getting too fond of you. I thought you were getting between me and my work. I hadn't money enough to marry. I thought it was right to go. If I'd known—"

"You did. You must have. Didn't we pledge our love for each other hundreds of times?"

"I didn't love you then as I've learned to love you, Lilly; as I love you now."

How impossible she would have thought it an hour ago to turn from such an utterance of his. Sunk in a surge of anger, she caught wildly at any straw that would keep her drifting out of his reach.

"Well, anyway, we were both wrong in those days," she flung out. "I may have thought I loved you, but I find now I don't."

"Lilly, look me in the eyes before you say that."

"I have. I do say it."

She pointed to a light glimmering through the trees surrounding an ornamental lake.

"That's where my lover lives. I'm going to him now."

Stumbling across the lawns, she came upon rough grass to the door of a four-roomed hunting lodge. The light in a window was transferred to the hall as Von Prell, a lamp in his hand, opened to her knock.

"Baroness!" he exclaimed. Happiness and understanding dawned on his weak, boyish face. "At last . . . I knew you'd come to me."

Putting down the lamp on the sitting-room table, he lost no time, seeing that her feet were wet and that she was trembling, in taking her in his arms. As he carried her past the table the heel of her slipper struck the lamp globe. The stand rocked violently and overturned with a crash that coincided with the closing of the bedroom door.

Lilly had hardly time to gasp "I can smell smoke!" before the crackling of wood warned them of fire oncoming and disastrous.

Through blinding smoke, von Prell carried her back to the open door. Four or five servants in the wake of the baron were not far off, but one figure already blocked the threshold. Miss von Schwartzegger might be fond of authority and jealous of Lilly, but let it be put on record that she could be magnanimous.

Grasping Lilly's arm, she urged her down a path through the shrubbery. "The baron won't see you here. Fly!"

Lilly had no choice. She hurried along and out of a lych gate unpursued. She under-estimated the baron's affection for her. Had he seen, he might have forgiven her, for he was getting old and her beauty might have weighed with him more than her faithfulness.

Lilly never gave him a chance. His deception, her own, and Waldow's scorching words had made the castle hideous. She sought out the greatest possible contrast to its medievalisms and austerity.

The winter found her the doyenne of an establishment such as in the 'nineties was known to many and talked about by few. The life did not appeal to her, but she had chosen it and there was finality in the choice.

Sometimes, under the wide-brimmed hat smothered with ostrich plumes, while allowing her table companion to light her cigarette, she would recall the girl in the cambric nightdress who knew verses by heart of Solomon's song.

The songs she sang in the Berlin night club were not exactly poetic, but, put over in a husky contralto, they pleased patrons who were prepared to pay for more than food and drink.

She had finished one such song when, glancing at the gallery above the diners, she saw Waldow and another man.

Five minutes later he was talking to her.

"Lilly, I think I've been to every restaurant, every bar, every place of employment in Berlin."

"How did you know I was here?"

"Where else could you make a living? Besides, night and day for two years I've been studying your character, without anyone, even yourself, to interrupt me. Now I've found you, I hate this place. You hate it. Let's go."

"Nonsense. I belong here."

"You belong to me."

"Not now. If I came to you it would be no use."

"At least you'll come to the studio—just once, Lilly—for old times' sake."

Bruised and overpersuaded, she allowed him to have his way. The statue of herself was in its accustomed corner. Waldow dropped the covering sheet and revealed innocent ecstasy expressed in marble.

Shame overwhelmed Lilly. Snatching Waldow's axe from the floor, she hurled it at the image, burying the blade deep in the marble trunk. Blow upon blow followed. Waldow paid no heed. A perfect understanding of Lilly's mental state, inspired by hopeless love, enabled him to bear the wreckage of his cherished work without uttering a word.

When exhausted by the outgoing of a very demon of misery, she collapsed fainting, his arms, but not till then, went round her.

She opened her eyes.

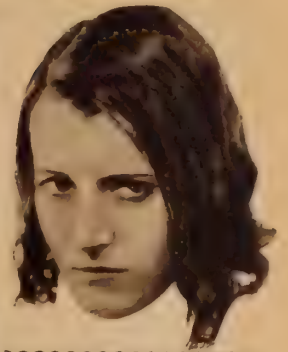
"From now on we start together all over again. Is that right?" he asked.

The new Lilly achieved the ghost of a smile.

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Pat Paterson displays charm and ability in "The Head of the Family."

It is not difficult to make your choice about which pictures you feel you really ought to go and see in this week's releases.

Generally, the level is far from high; indeed, for the last few weeks the standard of entertainment seems very definitely to have reached a low level.

You will probably want to see Marlene Dietrich under the direction of Rouben Mamoulian instead of the inevitable Josef von Sternberg. And, although you may be disappointed in the story weaknesses, I think you will agree that the star shows to good advantage.

The *Song of Songs* is the best picture of the week for that reason alone.

**THE SONG OF SONGS

Paramount. American. "A" certificate. Romantic drama. Runs 83 minutes.

For full cast and story freely based on the film by MARJORY WILLIAMS, see page 23.

Directed by ROUBEN MAMOULIAN from the story by HERMANN SUDERMANN and the play by HOWARD SHELTON.

Marlene Dietrich has not acted better than in this picture since her sensational success in *The Blue Angel*.

It is a new Marlene, too; quite different from the pseudo-sphinx-like creature of von Sternberg, who invested her with artificial glamour. Here, under the direction of Mamoulian, she becomes human and, in the opening scenes, appears as a simple little German girl, wonderfully fresh and ingenuous.

But, if her acting is good, the story, unfortunately, is very commonplace and obvious. It has been produced once before as a silent, when Pola Negri appeared as the little orphan who falls in love with a sculptor, for whom she poses in the nude and contracts a marriage out of pique with a wealthy and noble *roué*.

As in most of the pictures in which she has appeared, Fraulein Dietrich is made to slide down the moral scale; I cannot see why it was necessary, for, having introduced this lapse from grace, it makes the happy reunion of the lovers in the finale rather strained and unconvincing.

Actually, it is the opening sequence which contain the most charm. The star's love-making is irresistible and she exercises her fascination in a manner which makes one overlook

On the Screens Now by Lionel Collier

The PICTUREGOER'S quick reference index to films just released

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|---------------------------|-----------------------|
| **THE SONG OF SONGS | *CURTAIN AT EIGHT |
| **ANOTHER LANGUAGE | *WANTED |
| **GOOD-BYE AGAIN | c*THE LAST TRAIL |
| *THE MAYOR OF HELL | THE FIRE RAISERS |
| *SECRETS OF THE BLUE ROOM | HEAD OF THE FAMILY |
| c*THE LONE AVENGER | THE LAUGHTER OF FOOLS |

What the asterisks mean—**** An outstanding feature. *** Very good. ** Good. * Average entertainment. c Also suitable for children.

story weaknesses to a very large extent.

Mamoulian has dwelt too strongly on the symbolism of the nude statues in the artist's studio in connection with the visits of his model and the amorous Baron who is later to marry her.

On the other hand, there is a great deal of artistry and excellent detail work in the direction generally. Brian Aherne is not quite the ideal lover for Marlene; he tends to be stilted and artificial in his mannerisms, and Lionel Atwill, while good, also shows signs of over-acting a conventional part.

Alison Skipworth, however, is excellent as the scheming aunt who houses the little orphan in her bookshop and discourages the poor artist as much as she encourages the wealthy suitor.

**ANOTHER LANGUAGE

M-G-M. American. "A" certificate. Domestic drama. Runs 74 minutes.

HELEN HAYES.....Stella
ROBERT MONTGOMERY.....Victor
LOUISE CLOSSER HALE....."Mom"
JOHN BEAL.....Jerry
HENRY TRAVERS....."Pop"
MARGARET HAMILTON.....Helen
WILLARD ROBERTSON.....Harry
IRENE CATELL.....Grace
MINER K. WATSON.....Paul
HALL DAWSON.....Walter
MAIDEL TURNER.....Etta
Directed by EDWARD H. GRIFFITH from the play by ROSE FRANKEN.

Here is a typical example of a photographed stage play which does not utilise the scope of the screen. The result is a minimum of action and a maximum of dialogue.

From a production point of view, therefore, it is poor, but the subject

—the possessive instinct of a mother, who cannot bear to see her son taken from her by another woman almost ruining his marriage and happiness—is an interesting one.

Another point of interest is the brilliant acting of the late Louise Closser Hale as the mother. She gives a subtle interpretation of the character; the type which is at heart completely selfish, but covers it up with a continual expression of long suffering and martyrdom.

I do not know that one is very keenly concerned in the ultimate fate of any of the characters, but, at any rate, one is quite well interested in them.

Helen Hayes is good as the son's wife who exhausts all her tact in trying to reconcile her husband's family to herself, but in the end is forced to show fight and determination to win her happiness.

There is one particularly good scene she has with her husband's young nephew who has fallen violently in love with her. She has to disillusion him, since it was only her sympathetic understanding of his aspirations that had given the illusion of the grand passion to his immature mind.

Robert Montgomery has to keep his usually ebullient spirit in check and does not appear too happily cast. Somehow, he did not convince me that he was sincere.

The rest of the types in the family are very well drawn, especially that of the inevitable practical joker, who is liable to get on everybody's nerves and make the wrong comment at any given moment.



Helen Hayes scores an individual success in "Another Language."

It is played by Hall Dawson.

The action is practically confined to the young married couple's and the mother's apartments.

**GOOD-BYE AGAIN

First National. American. "A" certificate. Matrimonial comedy. Runs 67 minutes.
WARREN WILLIAM.....Kenneth Bixby
JOAN BLONDELL.....Arne
GENEVIEVE TOBIN.....Julie
HELEN CHANDLER.....Elizabeth
RUTH DONNELLY.....Maid
WALLACE FORD.....Arthur Westlake
HUGH HERBERT.....Harvey Wilson
HOBART CAVANAGH.....Clayton
JAY WARD.....Theodore
FERDINAND GOTTSCHALK.....Hotel Manager
RAY COOK.....Ray Cook

Directed by MICHAEL CURTIZ from the play by GEORGE HAIGHT and ALLEN SCOTT.

Hugh Herbert walks away with the acting honours in a cast which is very definitely a notable one.

He supplies most of the laughs as the complacent husband of a woman who is encouraged by a philandering novelist to believe that she inspired his most successful book.

Divorce looms in the distance, but is kept at bay by the novelist's secretary, who is genuinely in love with her employer.

It is all frankly farcical and often completely crazy in its situations, but it manages to keep you well amused all the time.

Warren William puts a good deal of vital and fascinating effrontery into his rôle of the novelist, and Joan Blondell is also sound as the "hard-boiled" secretary.

As the wife, Genevieve Tobin is provocative and definitely alluring. Although there are one or two dull patches, the general atmosphere is one of joyous irresponsibility.

*THE MAYOR OF HELL

Warner. American. "A" certificate. Social problem drama. Runs 86 minutes.

JAMES CAGNEY.....Patsy
MADGE EVANS.....Dorothy
ALLEN JENKINS.....Mike
DUDLEY DIGGES.....Thompson
ARTHUR BYRON.....Judge Gilbert
FRANKIE DARROW.....Jimmy
SHEILA TERRY.....The Girl
ROBERT BARRAT.....Mr. Smith
FARINA.....Smoke
HAROLD HUBER.....Joe
DOROTHY PETERSON.....Mrs. Smith
GEORGE PAT COLLINS.....Brandon
EDWIN MAXWELL.....Louis Johnston
JOHN MARSTON.....Hopkins
WM. V. MONG.....Walters
CHARLES WILSON.....Guard
MICKY BENNETT.....Butch

Directed by ARCHIE MAYO.

Just another Hollywood *exposé*, which deals with the reformatory system and shows up its abuses and suggests remedies for curing them.

It is all very mawkishly sentimental and sensational, but rarely sincere or convincing; in fact, the suicide of the governor of the



Warren William and Genevieve Tobin in a bright farce, "Good-bye Again."

reformatory when his charges revolt, after the cruel treatment meted out to one of their number, is more likely to raise laughter than tears.

James Cagney, on the side of the angels this time, as a gangster who becomes a reformer, does quite well, and Madge Evans strikes one of the few sincere notes in the otherwise artificial and dull proceedings.

Dudley Digges is well in character as the governor, and Frankie Darrow gives a fair representation of the juvenile American tough.

*SECRETS OF THE BLUE ROOM

Universal. American "A" certificate. Mystery thriller. Runs 67 minutes.

LIONEL ATWILL.....Hell-Corfi
GLORIA STUART.....Irene
PAUL LUKAS.....Walter
EDWARD ARNOLD.....Foster
ONSLAW STEVENS.....Frank
WILLIAM JANNEY.....Thomas
RUSSELL HOPTON.....Max
ELIZABETH PATTERSON.....Marie
MURIEL KIRKLAND.....Betty
ROBERT BARRAT.....Butler
ANDERS VAN HADEN.....Stranger
JAMES DURKIN.....Foster's Assistant
Directed by KURT NEUMANN from the story by ERICK PHILLIPS adapted by WILLIAM HURLBUT.

Conventional haunted castle background to a familiar type of thriller, in which murders occur with alarming frequency in a room that is supposed to be haunted.

Suspicion, as usual, is cast on all the characters assembled, and the solving of the mystery is kept to the last few feet.

It is quite competently put over of its kind and the acting generally is sound.

c*THE LONE AVENGER

Gaumont-Ideal. American "U" certificate. Western drama. Runs 59 minutes.

KEN MAYNARD.....Cal Weston
MURIEL GORDON.....Ruth Winters
JAMES MARCUS.....Joel Winters
AL BRIDGE.....Bart Adams
NILS WELCH.....Martin Carter
W. N. BAILEY.....Sam Landers
ED. BRADY.....Nip
CHARLES KING.....Tak
JACK ROCKWELL.....Sheriff
CLARENCE GELDART.....Doctor
Directed by ALAN JAMES.

Story of bank thieves fooled by the astuteness of one man, with the customary fights, rides, and gun play.

The story runs as follows. Cal Weston returns home to find his father, the local bank president, dead. Suicide to cover defalcations is suggested by Carter and his associates, but to Cal the circumstances point to murder.

Joel Winters, Weston Senior's partner, supports this theory and their suspicions are confirmed when Carter's gang are found at the bank removing papers.

Carter informs the town that the

bank money is missing and rouses their feelings against Cal, who is led away to be lynched.

He escapes and eventually catches the gang red-handed in the bank vaults.

Ken Maynard does well in a typical rôle, in which his horse, Tarzan, assists.

*CURTAIN AT EIGHT

R.D.C. American "A" certificate. Crime drama. Runs 71 minutes.

DOROTHY MACKAIL.....Lola Cresmer
C. AUBREY SMITH.....Jim Hanvey
PAUL CAVANAGH.....Wylie Thornton
RUTHELMA STEVENS.....Doris Manning
RUSSELL HOPTON.....Mooney
SAM HARDY.....Gallagher
HALE HAMILTON.....Mr. Manning
MARIAN SHILLING.....Anice Cresmer
JACK MULHALL.....Carey Weldon
NATALIE MOORHEAD.....Alma Jenkins
Directed by E. MASON HOPPER from a story by OCTAVIUS ROY COHEN.

Aubrey Smith appears in what is, for him, a rather unusual rôle—that of a humane and sympathetic detective who investigates the murder of a matinee idol who was an incorrigible philanderer.

He finds the culprit from the list of suspects, which includes the dead man's wife; a sister of a girl whom he had driven to suicide; her fiancé; the father of his leading lady, with whom he had planned to elope; a racketeer; and an ape.

How he does it proves quite good entertainment of its kind. Treatment is brisk and, though the action is rather involved, there is a sound suspense element.

Acting is good all round

*WANTED

Butcher. American "U" certificate. Romantic drama. Runs 63 minutes.

NICK STUART.....Danny
MERRA KENNEDY.....Evelyn
ROBERTA GALE.....Nora
MARY CARR.....Mother
WALTER MCGRAIL.....Professor Gordon
WARNER RICHMOND.....Sammy
ROBERT ELLIS.....Crown
EDDIE PHILLIPS.....Hymie
HARRY MYERS.....Steward
RALPH FREUD.....Ellsworth
CHARLES STEVENS.....Bandit Leader
Directed by PHILIP H. WHITMAN. Story and adaptation by NORMAN KEEN.

Simple unpretentious drama, dealing with a young boxer who, thinking he has killed a man, boards a boat to Central America.

There he joins a scientific expedition, falls in love with the ward of the leader of the party, and succeeds in ousting a rival who is later killed in a fracas with natives.

He returns to learn the man he had struck has made a remarkable recovery and married his sister, who, before had resented his attentions.

It is all rather ingenuous, but characterisation is fair and the acting satisfactory.

c*THE LAST TRAIL

Fox. American. "U" certificate. Gangster drama. Runs 61 minutes.

GEORGE O'BRIEN.....Tom Daley
CLAIRE TREVOR.....Patricia Carter
EL BRENDAL.....Newt Olsen
MATT McHUGH.....Looney McGann
J. CARROLL NAISH.....John Ross



Paul Cavanagh and Natalie Moorhead as they appear in the crime drama, "Curtain at Eight."



Onslow Stevens, Lionel Atwill, Gloria Stuart, Paul Lukas and William Janney in "The Secret of the Blue Room."

GEORGE REED.....Japonica Jones
LUCILLE LA VERNE.....Mrs. Wilson
RUTH WARREN.....Sally Olsen
LUIS ALBERNI.....Pedro Gonzales
EDWARD LE SAINT.....Judge Wilson
Directed by JAMES TINLING from a ZANE GREY story.

Gangster drama with a Western setting, in which George O'Brien, as vigorous as ever, returns to his home town after an absence of many years, finds gangsters in control of his uncle's ranch, and proceeds to clean things up.

There is plenty of action, acrobatics, and horsemanship, all well put over.

El Brendel supplies the humour, and the villian department is in the capable hands of J. Carroll Naish and George Reed.

Beauty in distress is represented by Claire Trevor.

THE FIRE RAISERS

W. & F. British. "A" certificate. Melodrama. Runs 77 minutes.

LESLIE BANKS.....Jim Bronson
ANNE GREY.....Arden Brent
CAROL GOODNER.....Helen Vaughan
FRANK CELLIER.....Brent
FRANCIS SULLIVAN.....Stedding
LAURENCE ANDERSON.....Twist
HENRY CAINE.....Bates
GEORGE MERRITT.....Sonnors
JOYCE KIRBY.....Polly
Directed by MICHAEL POWELL.

A picture which deals none too satisfactorily with the topical subject suggested by the title.

It is all conventionally melodramatic, weak in dialogue, and containing a few fire thrills of a familiar order.

Bronson, a fire assessor, builds up a big business by unscrupulous methods and marries the daughter of an eminent underwriter at Lloyd's against her father's wishes.

His extravagances on the turf, however, eventually cause him to join up with the fire-raiser.

When Bronson is unmasked he deliberately goes to his own death after saving the life of an investigator engaged to his typist; his spectacular end saving his wife and her father from disgrace.

Acting is as good as the parts allotted to the artistes allow it to be.

HEAD OF THE FAMILY

F.N. British. "U" certificate. Social drama. Runs 66 minutes.

IRENE VANBRUGH.....Mrs. Powis Porter
ARTHUR MAUDE.....John Powis Porter
JOHN STUART.....Bill Stanmore
PAT PATERSON.....Geraldine
ROLAND CULVER.....Manny
D. A. CLARKE SMITH.....Welsh
GLEN ALYN.....Masie
ANNIE ESMOND.....Mrs. Slade
ALEXANDER FIELD.....Bill Higgins
Directed by JOHN DAUMERY.

Irene Vanbrugh's fine stage talent is, unhappily, not displayed to advantage in this unconvincing drama, which suffers from very

novelettish dialogue and indifferent production.

She is cast as the wife of Porter, a stubborn aristocrat who tries to fight Bill Stanmore, the young head of a rival steel corporation, but fails through lack of experience.

He refuses to sell his trade mark and patents to Stanmore and his stubbornness results in his family and himself becoming destitute.

In desperation he secretly takes a job as a night porter at Stanmore's works and whilst on duty arrests his own son for attempted burglary.

This brings him into contact with Stanmore for the first time and, common sense prevailing, the two merge their interests and the former's daughter cements the partnership by marrying Stanmore.

Except for John Stuart and Roland Culver, the cast over-acts, and, generally, the whole theme of social snobbery suffers from lack of dramatic force and exaggerated absurdities.

THE LAUGHTER OF FOOLS

Fox. British. "U." Comedy-drama. Runs 47 minutes.

PAT PATERSON.....Doris
ELIOT MAKEHAM.....Gregg
D. A. CLARKE SMITH.....Plunkett
DERRICK DE MARNEY.....Captain Vidal
HELEN FERRERS.....Mrs. Gregg
JOAN MELVILLE.....Mabel Gregg
GEORGE THIRLWELL.....Bertie Gregg
MINNIE TAYLOR.....Elizabeth
Directed by Adrian Brunel from a story by H. F. Maltby.

A Cinderella theme in a very slight story with obvious humour and tame romantic qualities. The dialogue is weak and tends to hold up the action and the artistes have rather a thankless task in their respective rôles.

The story concerns a priggish woman, Mrs. Gregg, who picks on Captain Vidal, the wealthy friend of her son Bertie, as a husband for her daughter, Mabel.

Mrs. Gregg's household also consists of her henpecked second husband and her penniless niece, Doris.

Her matrimonial plans, however, go astray when Vidal falls for Doris and her troubles are increased by her husband foolishly buying a house at an auction sale.

The investment, nevertheless, turns out to be a good one and old Gregg, and Vidal depart, leaving Mrs. Gregg and her daughter in the family flat.

There is a good deal of charm about Pat Paterson's interpretation of Doris and Eliot Makeham is amusing as the shy but likeable Mr. Gregg.

The supporting characters are not too good and the entertainment generally is well below the average.

ON THE BRITISH SETS by E. G. COUSINS

BETTY BALFOUR is BACK

*When Sound Comes in at the Door—A Complicated Story—
Asses and Authenticity—Evelyn Laye Sings in a Storm—
The Censor Gets His Second Wind*



Gracie Fields; but both of these have some distance to go before they achieve the universal popularity that was Betty's.

In my book, "Filmland in Ferment," a year ago, I wrote of her: "Her retirement deprived the British screen of one of its

A new picture of Betty Astell, the British film star. Her latest film is the radio musical production "On the Air."

consider that they are both Jessie Matthews at heart).

Well, *anyway*, the daughter becomes an actress, and people mistake her for her mother, so a clever young publicity-agent conceives the bright idea of passing her off as her mother rejuvenated—a kind of super-Fanny Ward.

But, unfortunately, he and Jessie supply the heart-throb in the film, so he has to dissemble his love, poor bloke.

And here we have Jessie pretending to be a girl who is pretending to be her mother, as well as Jessie pretending to be the mother herself, and pretending not to . . .

Moisten the lips and start again.

Jessie is pretending . . . I say, do you mind working it out for yourself? I've never been quite the same man since the three New Year parties I attended not long ago.

All Very Period

Betty Balfour is the actress-friend of the mother in the first part (and see them singing a duet on the supper-table at the Café Royale, only *see* it!), and the much-older-grown friend of the daughter in the second; so, you see, our Betty has a real character part; and does she make the most of it!

Midst gilded pilasters and mutton-chop whiskers the revels go forward, to our great content. The height of devilment when I was born was to drink an actress's health in champagne out of her shoe, and this is done with great verve and abandon.

I expect this film—directed by Victor Saville, who knows how—to add very materially

to Jessie's laurels, for she has an arduous part which she is handling very well.

And as to Betty, I hear that since the gents (and, in this case, they deserve the title of intelligents) who control the destinies of Gaumont-British have seen the rushes of this film, they have decided to star our Miss Balfour in a revival of *My Old Dutch*.

T'other Chevalier

I'm glad to hear this. It was a great film originally, with Chevalier (no, no, not M'reece; he wasn't thought of, then; this was Albert, and no relation) in the male lead.

Then, while all the world chuckled, Uncle Carl Laemmle decided to remake it at Universal City, with Larry Trimble, who had directed the British version, directing again.

Imagine Larry's embarrassment on hearing a row on the set like all hell's angels fighting in a tin box, and discovering that the nearest approach the production executives could make to Hampstead Heath donkeys were a couple of dozen tearing, kicking, biting, squealing, rip-snorting, wild jackasses, fresh from the desert!

"O.K.," said Trimble, weakly (he had laughed himself weak), "turn 'em loose, and we'll make a comedy sequence of it."

It was *that* kind of a production.

I hear that Sinclair Hill is to direct. I had almost rather it had been George Pearson, who was associated with Gaumont-British in the production of *The Good Companions*. No director on earth has a better line on Betty's comedy powers; and Betty and George are still very good friends.

Getting it Right

At all events, we are extremely unlikely to have any such bad break made at Shepherd's Bush as Uncle Carl's with his wild mokes in the remote San Fernando Valley, for there is at "the Bush" a

OH, boy! (And, of course, oh, girl, as well!) Whom do we see this week, returned in full glory to a kingdom she should never have left?

None other than Betty Balfour, whom we were hailing a bare dozen years ago as the Queen of British Films.

It's a puzzling thing, this star racket. For several years Betty reigned undisputed. There wasn't a film personality in Britain to compete with her.

Her long succession of pictures made under the Welsh-Pearson banner (including the famous *Squibs* series) set a new high-water mark of quality and charm for British films.

Then her association with Tommy Welsh and George Pearson fizzled to an end (well, you know how it is! Even Gilbert and Sullivan dissolved partnership once), and Betty came under the British International roof—and B.I.P., instead of exploiting her genius for comedy and the gallant little Cockney idiosyncrasies that had held thousands spellbound, made "super-films" with poor little Betty wandering about in them, looking lost.

A Good One

Only one—a Ruritanian story called *The Vagabond Queen*, with Betty playing a dual rôle, Charles Rosher of Hollywood squinting through the lens, and myself as Minister of War—was really good; and that was washed away in the Great Talkie Flood.

And so was Betty Balfour.

True, she made one or two talkies for B.I.P. (including, I think, *Raise the Roof*, which had most of the faults of the back-stage single and few of the virtues), and one on her own account.

And then Betty abdicated. Her throne has since been half-heartedly contested, but no very outstanding British girl has come to the screen since then.

Perhaps the most favoured claimant has been Jessie Matthews, who has suddenly sprung into prominence. And in a different sphere we have

fondest hopes. Neither a great actress nor a raving beauty, she had a genius for comedy, a command of screen technique, and a head for business that should have spread her fame far beyond these shores. I greatly deplore the bungling that lost her to us."

A little while ago she "got in the news" by marrying a song-writer; and when I was in Hollywood in the spring she was there, just having a look-see, and staying in the exotically named "Garden of Allah" before taking a hop down to Florida.

And now she is back in harness, and not a moment too soon. By a coincidence, too, she is playing a character part in support of her youthful successor, Jessie Matthews, in *Evergreen*.

The Same Betty

I knew, of course, that she was returning; but I had to rub my eyes and look again when I saw her on the set at Shepherd's Bush this week—it was so exactly the Betty I had known and adored since 1921 (she had been on the stage since she was eleven, remember).

A great deal of water, measured by the gallon, has flowed under the bridges in the last twelve years, but, measured by the little tricks of technique acquired, the genius developed, the sympathetic contact made, it has been very well worth it.

I am not, as most of my loyal readers know, usually very optimistic about "come-backs"; and when I first heard about this one I confess to a slight misgiving.

But after seeing Betty on the set, and in action, I am quite confident that the step will be justified.

And, in the name of thousands of her fans, I am delighted to welcome her back.

Complicated

The story of this *Evergreen* is rather a complicated one.

First there is a young musical-comedy actress, living in the Naughty 'Nineties (and if the 'nineties were naughty, we must be living in the Terrible 'Thirties now); she has a daughter, who is extremely like her mother (and this is not so altogether astonishing when you

highly efficient research department, headed by a brainy Irishman named Hugh Gray, whose job it is to discover and report on the width of Cleopatra's shoelaces, what indoor games Eskimos play in the six-months-long winter evenings, how the saraband is danced and the sarang is fastened, whether sapodilla-fruit is edible in the rainy season, whether King John used a waterman and with what watermen, in their turn, used to row Charles II to Greenwich.

And so on, and so on, *ad headachum*, precisely as any director requires the information.

But Hugh doesn't get rattled. His calm of bearing inspires confidence, and when he says the *ornitherhyncus paradoxus* has a bill like a duck and feet like a badger, no one bats an eye; it goes into the film like that.

Can It Be?

But I wonder, is it possible that the good Gray eye has blinked? For, with my own ears, I heard Jessie and Betty singing "I wouldn't leave my little wooden hut for you" in the Naughty 'Nineties; and with the same rather retentive pair of ears I heard that jolly ditty sweeping Britain with all the magic and power of a brand-new thing . . . in 1905 (or, possibly even '6).

The worst of it is that I have so much respect for Hugh Gray's efficiency and erudition that I daren't even tackle him about it, for fear he should prove me wrong; and then I should lose your respect, my great and valued Public, for ever.

I can't face that so early in the New Year.

Cradle of the Deep

Let Hollywood stars have their temperament, and be blowed to them. Our actors and actresses behave themselves.

There is a finer spirit of "Come-on-let's-all-pull-together-and-get-the-job-done" in our studios than I have seen elsewhere; and it was never better exemplified than at Islington this week.

They are just finishing *Princess Charming*, when Evelyn Laye (not yet fully recovered from being fallen upon by a brawny electrician a few weeks ago) tried gallantly, time after time, to sing a top note with water from a powerful hose being directed almost straight into her golden throat and atomised Nujol getting into her lovely eyes and tip-tilted nose.

I can picture a half-baked, jumped-up, overpublicised Hollywood star flouncing out of the studio in furious indignation. Not so Evelyn. She stuck to it till she overcame the elements and produced as dainty a piece of throat-music as any in Illyria.

Pitch and Toss

It wasn't exactly in Illyria, by the way, but fairly near it. Actually, it was on board a rocking, pitching, storm-tossed cruiser (the only vessel of the Aufland Navy), which had been sent to Zuriak to bring home the Princess Elaine (*née* Laye).

She is married—quite temporarily, and purely for convenience—to the commander of the cruiser; and she has fallen for him quite as completely as she falls into his arms across the bridge when the vessel rolls.

The hero captain, by the way, is Harry Wilcoxon—so she doesn't barge him over, he being both hefty and skilled in handling such situations.

The water and Nujol, that so drastically impeded the proper rendering of the theme-song, most realistically represent the storm. The fact that a full orchestra (the ship's band, do you suppose?) joins in at the height of the tempest suggests that we are not expected to take the story too seriously.

I am rather glad of this. Director Maurice Elvey is really at his best when indulging in a good leg-pull.

Sad Sea Waves

But the plaster laurel-wreath for devotion to duty must be shared by the third Sad Sea Wave from the bow on the port side, who had a stream of water dripping down his neck from the deck above every time she rolled in his direction.

These waves were working like Trojans. Their names, in their ordinary capacity as carpenters and propmen, are Alf, Bill, Ernie, Albert, Jack, Harry, Ernie, and Ernie.

Ha! You thought only electricians were called

Ernie, didn't you? That just shows how little you know about the studios. Call yourself a fan?

There is an official in the Gaumont Publicity Department of whose life I am the bane, because he imagines you are all quite convinced that Maurice Elvey would take Evelyn Laye and Harry Wilcoxon and the cameras and the orchestra and the microphone to the grey North Sea on a dirty night to film the scene there.

He thinks I am giving the show away—blowing the gaff, in fact—every time I mention how a scene is really done.

And the more he groans about it, the more I do it, which just shows that I haven't nearly the sweet nature you all thought I had.

Swab That Blood!

And, talking about sweet natures, our merry little friend the Film Censor has crept, or wriggled, into the news again by having a little private side fight with Sound City, no holds barred and the devil take the hindmost.

First he hung his magic ban on a line in *Colonel Blood*—"Thieves in the Bloody Tower!" Gehenna's bells and buckets of cochineal, didn't he ever hear of sanguinary Mary at school?

Now he dislikes the title *What Shall it Profit a Woman*, and I agree with him. But I think it's merely clumsy, whereas he finds it irreverent . . . or something.

Also he has vetoed a smash-and-grab raid in the same film. The old rule—"Methods of crime open to imitation"—seems to apply here. And will you please tell me what method of crime is not?

I saw in a paper the other day a photograph of a home-made incendiary bomb, consisting of six matches, a cigarette, a rubber band, and a strip of celluloid; and nobody objected to that.

I should love to watch the Censor's face when he sees the licentious sight of Patrick Ludlow drinking fizz from Betty Balfour's shoe.



Julie Suedo, well known to film-goers, is the principal dancer in the musical stage version of "Alf's Button"



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Another thing which distinguishes the anæmic girl is the pallor of her face and lips; then again, she usually has a poor appetite, gets backaches and headaches and feels listless and languid.

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What Do You Think? Letters from our Readers

"THRILLERS" that DON'T

Movie Mysteries are Becoming Stereotyped

HOW stereotyped and unoriginal screen thrillers have become. I do not mean the deliberate 'horror' film, starring the Boris Karloffs of pictures, but the ordinary 'mystery' melodrama, in which the lights are mysteriously extinguished, doors slam, and so many screams and shots in the dark are heard, is becoming familiarly wearisome.

"Why must there always be a murder? Producers should realise that a very good mystery drama could be made of a blackmail case, a robbery, or some other form of crime.

"But the incessant murders of old men (usually wealthy, on the eve of the reading of the will) is becoming very tedious."—A. A. Bates, 4 Albany Road, Old Windsor, Berks., who wins the second prize of 10/6.

[I agree that the lack of good thrillers is becoming serious.]

A Kinema "Courtier's" Defence

Has it ever occurred to the kinema 'Grundies' that the 'courting couples,' so despised by kinema audiences, have their pet grouses as well? If not, it's time they were enlightened. Here are one or two:

"1. It may be discomfoting to have two heads barring one's view instead of one, but it is also considered polite not to pass rude remarks about other people. The chief offenders in this respect are children, who seem to make a point of sitting behind couples and giving a running commentary.

"To those rude adults (very few, thank goodness) we can but say that we sit as near the back as possible, so as not to obstruct the view.

"2. To Critics. One feels that one has made a faux pas when taking a girl-friend to see *Cavalcade*, described as the 'greatest, most human, most gripping story ever filmed,' when really it was the greatest war story ever filmed, which is a lee-tle different.

"3. To the Censor. The shy young man may blush when, on taking his first girl friend to the pictures (having plucked up sufficient courage to do so), he hears a jolly good actor like James Dunn tell Sally Eilers that the reason he doesn't do any private petting is because he's 'the kinda guy who believes in carrying accident insurance.'" (Mr.) I. G. Watson, 49 Mill Street, Ilkeston, Derbyshire.

[At the risk of being accused of encouraging the practical use of the kinema for the blossoming of love's young dream, I must award you this week's guinea prize for your stout-spirited and ingenious defence of a well established modern custom.]

The Ideal Programme

I agree with your correspondent, Dorothy Johnson, who condemns double-feature programmes. Often I have had to sit through the type of film I detest to see one I want, or see only half the show. My ideal programme is as follows: News Bulletin (say ten minutes), Travel Talk or 'Cinemazine,' Screen Snapshots of stars in their everyday life, a short lesson on some game, sport or new dance, varied every two or three weeks with a fashion parade, then the star film and finishing with a cartoon or Silly Symphony."—(Miss) Joyce I. Corlett, "Bonshaw," Selborne Drive, Douglas, Isle of Man.



Boris Karloff.

I disagree entirely with your correspondent who states that supporting pictures in double-featured programmes are 'invariably boring American tommy-rot.'

"My own experience of double-featured programmes is exactly the reverse as these examples, shown recently at local kinemas, will show.

"1. (a) *He Learned About Women*, (b) *The Law Goes West*.

"2. (a) *A Farewell to Arms*, (b) *Under the Tonto Rim*.

"3. (a) *Airmail*, (b) *The Famous Ferguson Case*.

"4. (a) *Summer Lightning*, (b) *Hello Trouble*.

"In each of these cases the supporting picture was quite as good if not better, than the 'star picture,' and I could name others, if space allowed."—Layton J. Layberry, Peas Pottage, Crawley, Sussex.

May I strongly corroborate the opinion of one of your contributors that, showing a distinctly vulgar picture in the same programme as one of real merit is bad policy. One such recently shown was revolting.

"A perfect programme to me would be a first-class picture featuring Colman, Veidt, or any other dignified and fastidious actor, a Walt Disney comedy, news, and a travel picture, with beautiful scenery."—(Miss) M. Brown, 90 Broadwater Road, N.17.

The present generation of filmgoers, brought up on a diet of two-feature programmes, will not easily take to any suggested changes in this system.

"There would be far less grumbles against this if kinemas, instead of scrambling to book two 'epics' from the small selection of general releases for the current week, secured one new film and then endeavoured to find a supporting picture of fairly recent origin, that provided an excellent contrasting feature."—(Mr.) C. H. Blatch, 183a Archway Road, Highgate, N.6.

[The double-feature controversy is raging. The letters published here are representative of many I have received.]

Sub-titles: An Expert's View

Your correspondent's letter advocating the restoring of the sub-title struck a responsive note with many film fans.

"After all, it is primarily the director's job to pilot his millions of patrons through the avenues of his story and the occasional introduction of a helpful sub-title is undoubtedly wise and avoids puzzling the audience as to what period has elapsed or the reason for a particular action on the part of the principals.

"Many films are sadly lacking in this respect, and to leave too much to the imagination detracts from the enjoyment of the story.

"As a writer of scenarios for the old Hepworth Company of Twickenham, I was always very careful in this respect, at the same time keeping my sub-titles to a minimum without puzzling the audience as to the sequence."—L. Morris, 34 Mill Street, Sulton Coldfield.

YOUR VIEWS WANTED

What you think about the stars and films?
Let us have your opinion, briefly.

£1 1s. and 10s. 6d. will be paid for the two most interesting letters published each week. Letters should be written on one side of the paper only and should not exceed 150 words. Address to "Thinker," The "Picturegoer Weekly," Long Acre, W.C.2.



The THINKER

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Mrs. Cussell, of Ipswich, writes:

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Legions of other remarkable cases of growth after baldness, falling hair stopped and dandruff eliminated. The KOTALKO treatment is splendid for children's hair, and for all cases of thin and brittle hair, or other hirsutal troubles.

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When a woman begins to put on fat, she frequently gets the first hint at her dress shop. "I'll have to let it out just a little here, Modom." A month or so later, it means "putting in extra fullness." Then the day comes when the shop assistant holds up a straight and large-waisted garment with the remark: "This is exactly your style, Modom." An outsize article—a dress cunningly designed to conceal her figure!

If extra inches are threatening your girlish lines—if the poundage is steadily piling up—you would be wise to profit by the experience of the woman who wrote the letter below.

"I am now 40 years of age, when women find flesh forming round the hips and thighs and on the back of the neck, but I have got rid of all that and feel so much more graceful and youthful and so fresh in the morning. My present weight is 9st. 10lb., and my measurements before and after taking Kruschen Salts are:

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It is my figure as a whole which reappeared out of what was unsightly superfluous flesh. It really is wonderful." Mrs. K. U., London, S.E.20.

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Get a 1/8 bottle of KRUSCHEN SALTS at your chemist's (last four weeks) and take half a tea-spoonful in a glass of hot water every morning.

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A toilet flask of Velde, which will last you weeks, is priced at only 2/-, but in use is equal if not more effective than lotion costing several times as much. Most good quality chemists sell Velde and you can obtain a dainty trial flask at 1/3.



*Miss Enid Stamp-Taylor.
Photo. by Walter Bird.*

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PROOF

I am quite satisfied with the progress I have made. J. B. 29/12/33. X 38449. Age 16.

I think your Course is worth treble all the time and money spent on it. T. S. 27/12/33. U 38048. Age 17.

I really did not think I could have done so well in such a short time. M. L. 27/12/33. X 38468. Age 19.

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My friends say I have made a vast improvement in touch and tone production. The lessons are so wonderfully taught, and I have no doubt that in a short time I shall be a brilliant pianist. J. M. 29/11/33. X 38012. Age 25.

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The lessons keep one interested all the time. E. C. 18/12/33. X 38200. Age 34.

I am making a wonderful improvement. E. C. B. 27/12/33. X 38164. Age 40.

I am getting along splendidly. Mrs. D. 27/12/33. X 38173. Age 42.

My playing is improving very much and is being noticed by my friends. T. H. 19/12/33. W 38010. Age 49.

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For a free copy of my book, "Mind, Muscle and Keyboard" and form for free advice. (Strike out inapplicable words.) I am a Beginner, Elementary, Moderate, Advanced player.

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Kay Francis was born at Oklahoma City, U.S.A., on Jan. 13, 1903. 5 ft. 5 in. tall; black hair; grey eyes. Pictures include: "Gentlemen of the Press," "Illusion," "Street of Chance," "Behind the Make-Up," "Raffles," "Jewel Robbery," "One Way Passage," "Trouble in Paradise," "Cynara," "Storm at Daybreak," "I Loved a Woman," "The House on Fifty-Sixth Street" and "Broadway and Back."

K. Y. M. L. P. (Tamworth).—(1) The heroine in *The Big Gamble* was played by Dorothy Sebastian. (2) The casts you require—(a) *Soldiers of the King*: Jenny Marvella and Maisie Marvella—Cicely Courtneidge; Sebastian Marvella—Edward Everett Horton; Lieut. Ronald Jamieson—Anthony Bushell; Judie Marvella—Dorothy Hyson; Colonel Phillip Markham—Frank Cellier; Albert Marvella—Rebba; Dan Marvella—Bransby Williams; Mozart Marvella—Herschel Henlere; Harry Marvella—Ivor McLaren; Wally—Leslie Sarony; Doug—Arty Ash; Tom, stage doorkeeper—O. B. Clarence; Sarah Marvella—Olive Sloane; Frank Marvella—David Deven; The Marvella Adagio Troupe—Andre Rolet, Betty Sempey, William Pardue. (b) *The Secret of Madame Blanche*: Sally—Irene Dunne; Aubrey St. John—Lionel Atwill; Leonard St. John—Phillips Holmes; Ella—Una Merkel; Leonard, jun.—Douglas Walton; State's Attorney—C. Henry Gordon; Eloise—Jean Parker; Duval—Mitchell Lewis.

REGULAR READER (Twickenham).—Charlotte Henry, who plays the title rôle in the film version of *Alice in Wonderland*, works at Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon Street, Hollywood, California. I do not know if she charges for photographs, but if you write to her she will soon let you know.

J. D.—I regret I have no pictures of Clyde Beatty; you can write to him c/o Universal Studios, Universal City, California. He has only appeared in the one film, *The Big Cage*.

FAN CLUB NOTICE—Readers interested in The Ruth Roland Fan Club can obtain full particulars from the president, The Ruth Roland Club, 4822 North Meade Avenue, Chicago, Illinois, U.S.A.

INQUISITIVE (Walsall).—(1) Write to Clark Gable and Greta Garbo c/o Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studio, Culver City, California. I expect they will send you photographs of themselves if you ask them nicely. There may be a small charge. (2) Clark Gable is married to Rita Langham.

FILM FAN (Wallingford).—(1) Vivienne Osborne's latest pictures are *The Devil's in Love*, *To-morrow at Seven*, and *Supernatural*. Address her c/o Warner First National Studio, Burbank, California. (2) Herewith

Let GEORGE

the cast of *Sailor Be Good*: Jonesy—Jack Oakie; Red Dale—Vivienne Osborne; Murphy—George E. Stone; Slim—Lincoln Stedman; Hartigan—Max Hoffman, jun.; Kay Whitney—Gertrude Michael; Mr. Whitney—Huntley Gordon; Priscilla—Gertrude Sutton; Butler—Charles Coleman.

J. E. W. (Penarth).—Herewith the details you require: *A Yankee at the Court of King Arthur*—Will Rogers, William Farnum, and Maureen O'Sullivan; *Raffles*—Ronald Colman, Kay Francis, and David Torrence; *Out of the Blue*—Gene Gerrard, Jessie Matthews, and Kay Hammond; *The Doomed Battalion*—Tala Birell, Luis Trenker, and Victor Varconi; *Ben Hur*—Ramon Novarro, Francis X. Bushman and May McAvoy; *Beau Ideal*—Lester Vail, Ralph Forbes, and Don Alvarado; *Her First Affair*—Ida Lupino, Arnold Riches, and George Curzon; *The Rogue Song*—Lawrence Tibbett, Catherine Dale Owen, and Nance O'Neil; *The Mysterious Dr. Fu-Manchu* and *The Return of Dr. Fu-Manchu*—Warner Oland, Jean Arthur, Neil Hamilton, O. P. Heggie. (2) Fredric March appeared in a film called *Night Angel*; is this the one you mean?

C. R. (Petersfield).—(1) A centre spread of *Arrowsmith* appeared in the March 26, 1932, issue of PICTUREGOER. (2) We published an art plate of Ronald Colman on October 29, 1932. (3) You can obtain back numbers of this magazine from the Publishers, Odhams Press, Ltd., 8 Endell Street, London, W.C.2. (4) We have not published a centre spread of *The Clue of the New Pin*.

J. A. (Welworth).—Fredric March "changed faces" in *Doctor Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* with the aid of make-up only. Write to him c/o Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon Street, Hollywood, California.

J. E. F. (East Sheen, S.W.14).—(1) Joan Crawford appeared in the film *Our Blushing Brides* with Robert Montgomery. Herewith the full cast: Jerry—Joan Crawford; Connie—Anita Page; Frank—Dorothy Sebastian; Tony—Robert Montgomery; David—Raymond Hackett; Marty—John Miljan; Mrs. Weaver—Hedda Hopper; Monsieur Pantoise—Albert Conti; Joe Munsey—Edward Brophy; The Detective—Robert O'Connor; Evelyn Woodforth—Martha Sleepe; (2) Joan Crawford sings in her new picture *Dancing Lady*. Thank you for your good wishes which I heartily reciprocate.

J. E. M. P. (Newcastle-on-Tyne).—(1) Address Anne Grey c/o Sound City Studios, Shepperton, Middlesex. (2) Anne was born in London, in 1907; brown hair and eyes; 5 ft. 6 in. tall; married Lester Matthews. (3) Her latest film is *Colonel Blood*—the leading man in this film is Frank Cellier. (4) You can obtain photographs of Anne Grey and Conrad Veidt from the Picturegoer Post Card Salon, 85 Long Acre, London, W.C.2. (5) Casts as follows: (a) *Leap Year*: Sir Peter Trillick—Tom Walls; Jack Debrant—Edmond Breon; Mrs. Debrant—Ellis Jeffreys; Angela Mallard—Jeanne Stuart; Sir Archibald Mallard—Charles Carson; Hops—Lawrence Hanray; The Girl on the Boat—Joan Brierley; Mrs. Paula Zahren—Anne Grey; (b) *The Wandering Jew*: Phase I: Matathias—Conrad Veidt; Judith—Marie Ney; Rachel—Cicely Oates; Pontius Pilate—Basil Gill. Phase II: The Unknown Knight—Conrad Veidt; Joanne de Beaudricourt—Anne Grey; Boemund, Prince of Tarentum—Bertram Wallis; Issachar—Hector Abbas; De Beaudricourt—Dennis Hoey; Godfrey, Duke of Normandy—Jack Livesey; Phirous—Takase. Phase III: Matteo Battadio—Conrad Veidt; Gianella—Joan Maude; Pietro Morelli—John Stuart; Andrea Michelotti—Arnold Lucy. Phase IV: Matteo Battadio—Conrad Veidt; Olalla Quintana—Peggy Ashcroft; Juan de Texeda—Francis L. Sullivan; Ferrara—Felix Aylmer; Castro—Ivor Barnard; Zapportas—Abraham Sofaer; Juan—Stafford Hilliard; First Monk—Robert Gilbert; Second Monk—Conway Dixon.

W. H. W. (London).—(1) I think Alexander Kirkland will send you a photograph of himself if you ask him nicely. There may be a small charge but I cannot tell you the correct amount, if any. Address him c/o Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon Street, Hollywood, California. (2) Write to Esther Ralston c/o Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon Street, Hollywood, California.

FAN CLUB NOTICE—Readers can obtain full particulars of the Wheeler, Woolsey and Dorothy Lee fan club from V. Cuthbert, 6 Goding Terrace, London, E.1.

ALLAN AND LANDI FAN (Godalming).—(1) Elizabeth Allan is 5 ft. 6 in. tall and has brown hair and blue eyes. (2) Write to Elissa Landi c/o Columbia Studios, Hollywood, California.

LUPINO LOVER.—Stanley Lupino has not met with an accident.

A. M. P. (Basford).—Leslie Fenton was born on March 12, 1903, at Liverpool. 6 ft. tall; brown hair and grey eyes; married.

Do It!

to Ann Dvorak. He emigrated with his family to Ohio, U.S.A., in 1914. He is at present in America.

L. A. W. (Sussex).—Constance Cummings is married to Benn W. Levy. Write to her c/o Twentieth Century Studios, Hollywood, California. Her latest picture is *Broadway Through a Keyhole*. I expect Miss Cummings will send you an autographed photograph.

N. H. (Princes Risborough).—(1) Heights and birthdays as follows: John Wayne 6 ft. 2 in., born 1908; Noah Beery, jun., 6 ft. tall; Tom Mix, 5 ft. 10 in., born January 6, 1880; Hoot Gibson, 5 ft. 10 in. tall, born August 6, 1892. (2) Tom Mix has retired from the screen. (3) You can obtain photographs of these cowboy stars from the Picturegoer Post Card Salon, 85 Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

TWO YOUNG FILM LOVERS (Swindon).—(1) Onslow Stevens was born on March 29, 1902, at Los Angeles; 6 ft. 2 in. tall, brown hair and eyes. (2) Diana Duval does not appear in *Clancy of the Mounted*. Write to Onslow Stevens c/o Universal Studios, Universal City, California—he has appeared in *Back Street*, *Radio Patrol*, *Nagana*, *Born to Fight*, and *Once in a Lifetime*.

SCHOOL GIRL FAN (Edinburgh).—Marguerite Churchill is married to George O'Brien and not to Bill Boyd. Dorothy Sebastian is Mrs. Bill Boyd.

AUDREY (Battlesbridge).—(1) John Batten was born in 1905 at Rotorua, New Zealand—educated at Kings College, Auckland; 5 ft. 10 in. tall, brown hair and eyes. Pictures include *The Godless Girl*, *The Chorus Kid*, *The Ten Commandments*, *The Last of Mrs. Cheyney*, *The Love Waltz*, *The Great Game*, *Under the Greenwood Tree*, *Men Like These*, and *The Wonderful Story*. (2) Herewith the cast of *Under the Greenwood Tree*: Fancy—Marguerite Allan; Dick—John Batten; Shinar—Nigel Barrie; Leaf—Billy Shine; Penny—Robert Abel; Old Maid—Maud Gill; Parson Maybold—Wilfred E. Shine.

FANNY (Huddersfield).—(1) The role of Leonard St. John in *The Secret of Madame Blanche* was played by Phillips Holmes—address him c/o Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, California. (2) Holmes' pictures include: *His Private Life*, *The Return of Sherlock Holmes*, *Pointed Heels*, *Only the Brave*, *Paramount on Parade*, *Devil's Holiday*, *Her Man*, *Dancers*, *Man to Man*, *Stolen Heaven*, *Criminal Code*, *An American Tragedy*, *The Man I Killed*, *Her Dilemmas*, *Manhattan Lullaby*, *State Fair*, and *Justice for Sale*. Recent pictures: *Crooks in Clover*, *Beauty for Sale*, *Stage Mothers*, and *Nana*. (3) Irene Dunne's latest films include: *The Silver Cord*, *Ann Vickers*, *Behold We Live*, and *My Gal Sal*.

A REGULAR READER (Stoke Newington).—(1) Address Gene Raymond and Fay Wray c/o R. K. O., Radio Studio, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, California. (2) Gene Raymond will be 26 on August 13 next; his real name is Raymond Guion. He was born in New York of French parentage. Latest pictures are: *Ann Carver's Profession*, *Brief Moment*, *Columbia*, and *The House on 56th Street*. (3) Anthony Bushell was born in May, 1904, at Westerham, Kent; 6 ft. tall; blue eyes; light brown hair; educated Oxford; married to Zelma O'Neil, the American musical comedy star. Write to him c/o Gaumont British Studios, Shepherd's Bush. (4) Postage to America is 1½d. and to Germany 2½d.

J. E. C. (Middlesex).—Toby Wing appears in the number *Young and Healthy* with Dick Powell in *42nd Street*. Yes, Lola Lane is still acting.

D. C. (East Ham).—Charles De Roche played the part of "Rameses, the Magnificent," in *The Ten Commandments*. Natalie Kingston appeared in *Tarzan the Mighty*, with Frank Merrill.

K. B. (King's Cross).—(1) George Raft played the role of Joe the Frog in Eddie Cantor's film *Palmy Days*. (2) The dog in *Peg O' My Heart* is called Michael; he is a nine-year-old mongrel dog and has been in films since he was a pup. (3) Claude Rains does not have a double in *The Invisible Man*.

TWO DOUBTFULS (Oxford).—(1) Ralph Morgan played the part of "Azrah" in *Trick for Trick* and "Charlie Marsden" in *Strange Interlude*. (2) Herewith the full cast of *Trick for Trick*: Azrah—Ralph Morgan; La Tour—Victor Jory; Constance Russell—Sally Blane; Albert Young—Tom Dugan; Netzer—Luis Alberni; Mr. Russell—Ed Van Sloan; Sergeant Lombard—James Burtis; Boldy—Adrian Morris; Magician's Assistant—John George; Dr. Frank Fitzgerald—Willard Robertson; Prof. King—Herbert Bunston; Susie Henry—Dorothy Appleby; Jed Dobson—Boothe

"George" and "Anne" are your enquiry departments. The former will be happy to answer any query regarding films, the latter anything connected with household or beauty hints. Write to them both c/o THE PICTUREGOER WEEKLY. When a reply by post is desired a stamped, addressed envelope must be enclosed.

Howard; David Adams—Clifford Jones; Chinaman—Jimmy Leong.

CAST ENTHUSIAST (Penarth).—Herewith the principal characters in *I Am a Fugitive*: James Allen—Paul Muni; Mari (his wife)—Glenda Farrell; Helen—Helen Vinson; Pete—Gaston Foster. Thank you for your good wishes.

A MAURICE FAN (Brentwood).—(1) Write to Maurice Chevalier c/o Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, California. (2) Carl Brisson's latest film is *Two Hearts in Waltz Time*.

TERI VOS (Manchester).—I regret I am not in a position to answer this question. (2) One of the tallest women—if not the tallest—on the screen is Charlotte Greenwood; she is 5 ft. 9½ in. tall.

I. P. S. (Kent).—Address Conrad Veidt c/o Gaumont British Studios, Shepherd's Bush, London, W.12, and Fredric March c/o Twentieth Century Studios, Hollywood, California.

TWO SCHOOL GIRL FANS (Bradford).—(1) A centre spread of *Hell Below* appeared in the July 1, 1933, issue of PICTUREGOER, you can obtain back numbers from the Publisher, Odhams Press, 8 Endell Street, London, W.C.2. (2) Robert Montgomery met his "screen" death in *Hell Below* by steering a submarine loaded with explosives into a German harbour mouth, thus blowing the submarine and himself to smithereens, and effectively trapping the enemy fleet in the harbour. (3) Robert Montgomery is married to Elizabeth Allan, not the British actress, who is the wife of W. J. O'Brien. (4) Your request has been passed on to the Editor.

MASTER J. W. (Eastleigh).—(1) Addresses as follows: Benita Hume and Helen Hayes c/o Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, California; Jane Carr and Joan Barry c/o Gaumont British Studios, Shepherd's Bush, London, W.12; Peggy Shannon c/o Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon Street, Hollywood, California; Betty Astell c/o British Lion Studios, Beaconsfield; Merle Oberon c/o London Film Productions, Ltd., 22 Grosvenor Street, London, S.W.; Dorothy Mackail c/o Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, California. (2) I have always understood that Marlene Dietrich has eight fingers and two thumbs, but of course I may be wrong. (3) Molly Lamont is not married. You are no trouble.

WATER BABIES (Pontypridd).—(1) Col. Tim McCoy was born April 10, 1893 at Wyoming; he is 5 ft. 11 in. tall and has fair hair and blue eyes. He has appeared in a number of recent Columbia films. (2) I think the film you mean is *The Women He Scorned*. Pola Negri and Warwick Ward played the leading roles in this picture made in England.

R. L. K. (Stirchley).—(1) Rafael Sabatini's *Scaramouche* was produced as a silent film by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer—the roles of "Andre-Louis," "Aline," and "La Tour d'Azyr" were taken by Ramon Novarro, Alice Terry and Lewis Stone respectively. (2) The leading lady in *City of Song* was Betty Stockfeld.

MUSICAL FAN.—Herewith the details you require. (1) *Henry Hall's Band*: Burton Gillis, Freddy Williams, Jack Halsall, Sax; Les Allen, sax and vocalist; Eddie Cromer, sax and trumpet; Frank Wilson, Arthur Williams, trumpets; Bill Mulraney, trombone; Cyril Hellier, Joe Hitchener, fiddles; Jack Phillips, piano; George Dickinson, guitar; Len Bernon, drums; Theo Farrar, bass. (2) *Roy Fox and His Band*: Roy Fox, conductor; Maurice Burman, drums; Sid Buckman, trumpets; Harry Gold, sax; Les Lambert, trumpet; Ivor Mairants, guitar; Jack Nathan, piano; Rex Owen, sax; Jack Plant, vocalist; Hugh Tripp, sax; Eric Tann, trombone; Peggy Dell, piano, vocalist; Andy Hodgkiss, trumpet; George Gibbs, bass; George Ferrie, trombone; Art Christmas, sax; Denny Dennis, vocalist. (3) *Jack Payne's Band*: Billy Thorburn, piano; Jack Simpson, drums; Bert Groves, Charlie Asplin, bass and sousa; Bert Bullimore, John Robertson, S. Fearn, trumpets; Jesse Fuller, trombone; Jack Jones, trombone and cello; Bert Powell, violin, viola and vocalist; Sid Williams, violin; Bob Eason, violin and saxes; Jimmy Dunlop, violin and dancer; Sid Millward, saxes, clarinet and oboe; Dave Stevenson, clarinet; Stan Osborne, saxes and accordion; Con Lamprecht, tenor, steel guitar and arranger; Phil Tripp, saxes, and dancer; Billy Scott-Coomber, vocalist; Ronnie Genarder, vocalist and guitar.

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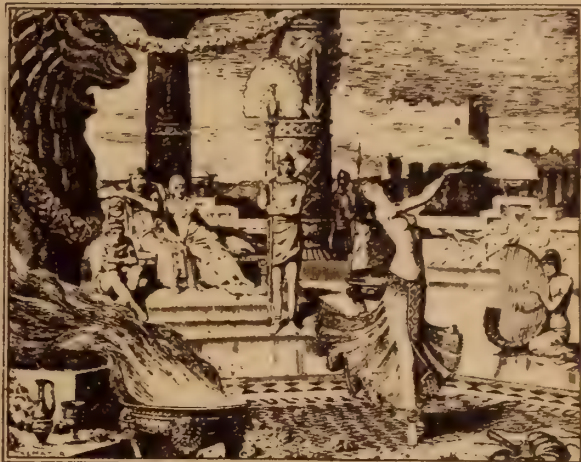
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Herbert Marshall
George Raft
Norma Shearer
Sylvia Sydney
C. Aubrey Smith
Randolph Scott
Lyle Talbot
John Wayne
Mae West
Diana Wynyard

Leave it to ANNE

SEIZE your pen and, without further delay, pass that puzzling point on to me. I shall be delighted to help you, but enclose a stamped addressed envelope if you wish for a reply by post.

ATTRACTIVE SHOULDERS

SHOULDERS are much in evidence, for most evening dresses are cut with a line that is high in front and wide and deep at the back. I know of nothing more unattractive than shoulder blades that protrude and knobby spines. Yet, on the other hand shoulders that are too fat are not beautiful when freely displayed.

Shall we take the too thin shoulders first? A feeding cream applied with massage will improve their contours. But it must be persistently applied. It is useless to try it for two or three weeks and then cease, complaining that there is no improvement. Carry on for several months, and then you will notice the difference. Enlist the aid of your sister or your mother, for you cannot massage your shoulders properly yourself.

Any good skin food will serve, or you can make your own cream from the following recipe: Take 1 oz. lanoline, $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. white wax, and a $\frac{1}{4}$ oz. spermaceti. Place them in a stone jam jar, and stand the jar in boiling water till the contents have melted. Add 4 ozs. olive oil and a teaspoonful of rose water. Beat with a wooden spoon till the consistency of cream is reached, then add $\frac{1}{4}$ a drachm of simple tincture of benzoin. Add only a few drops at a time and beat in between. Keep in a covered pomade jar.

Use the palm of the hand, liberally smeared with the cream, for the massage. Let the movements be in a circular direction, and very firm.

Just as massage with a feeding cream will cover thin shoulders, so will massage of the deep kind allied to a greaseless reducing cream, take off superfluous flesh on the shoulders. You can buy a reducing cream at any of the large stores, and it should be applied with a kneading movement. The flesh should be lifted, kneaded and "wrung" with the tips of the fingers and the knuckles.

An exercise for the reduction of the flesh is also helpful. Stand with feet together and hands on hips. Then rotate the upper part of the body and head. If this is done correctly, it feels as though the flesh were being rolled away at the back of the neck. Make six movements in one direction, then reverse. Go slowly if any giddiness is felt.

Improving the skin

Many women and girls suffer from imperfections of the skin of shoulders and back. Blackheads and pimples, enlarged pores and excessive greasiness are often troublesome.

These conditions are sometimes—though not always—allied with dandruff of the scalp. Cure the dandruff, and the skin immediately improves. In these cases the remedy is obvious.

But here again, as with all skin troubles, unwise feeding, too little exercise and too little water are at the bottom of the trouble. My regular readers probably think by this time that I am a water fanatic. But as long as I write these beauty notes I shall continue to emphasise that copious draughts of cold tap-water taken between meals make the royal road to skin beauty.

A well-known Society woman who at sixty years of age has the skin and beauty of a girl of twenty, invariably replies when asked the secret of her preservation, "Cold water." Taken in sufficient quantities it flushes the kidneys and aids elimination so that no impurities remain in the body.

Massage with a roller will improve the texture of the skin. First wash with as hot water as can be borne and a good superfatted soap. Smear skin food over the whole surface of the skin. Then get someone else to massage with the roller, or with a rubber bristled massage brush.

You will find that this brings considerable dirt and grime from the pores, so much so that you will think you could not have washed properly. But the roller rubs out the ingrained dirt. Dip a face glove in very hot water and remove the soiled cream. Smooth over more cream and then massage with the fingers.

Massage from the base of the neck towards the ears, lifting the fingers there and starting again, so that the massage is always in an upward direction. Then repeat from the base of the shoulder blades to the line of the shoulders. After the massage is completed and the surplus cream has been wiped off, tone up the skin by the application of a mild astringent.



Correct daytime make-up demonstrated by Muriel Evans with absorbent tissues. She removes all cleansing cream, always working up on neck and face. Circles the eyes lightly, cleansing out from nose, over lids and under the eyes, making a complete circle.



One of the dressing-room scenes from the new Wheeler and Woolsey feature, "Hips, Hips, Hooray," which supplies an adequate reason for the title.

Answers to Correspondents

REGULAR READER (Bishops Stortford).—Use Medium Pompeian Bloom, Sun tan powder and Dark Pompeian lipstick. Your colours are the lighter shades of green, cream, bright browns, navy blue.

L. BRAZIER (Willesden).—You can do nothing to make growth cease.

B. H. (Hounslow).—The white spots on your finger nails and the presence of the powdery chalk between the fingers indicate rheumatic tendencies. You should see your doctor.

M. B. (Surrey).—Cutting very often causes fair hair to get darker. Use camomile shampoos or any of the other brightening shampoos advertised in this paper. Do not use peroxide of hydrogen in the way you mention. It will ruin your hair.

CURIOUS.—I am afraid it is impossible to grant your request.



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The Picturegoer Weekly.

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"LITTLE WOMEN"—EXCLUSIVE STORY OF FILM

23

PICTUREGOER

2^d
WEEKLY



CLAUDETTE COLBERT
and BEN LYON

3 good reasons why 'Mine's a Minor!'



- 1** Because these D.R. Minors are made of as mild Virginia tobaccos as are used in the most expensive De Reszkes.
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PICTUREGOER

The Screen News Magazine de Luxe

HOW THE STARS STAND

PRESENT Box-office rankings—German Players and Hitler—Will Dorothy Wieck return?—Stars wearing more Clothes—Meet an Elstree stunt man—Florence Desmond's first Hollywood picture—Janet Gaynor welcomes back Farrell

HOLLYWOOD has been making its annual census of the studio status of the stars and has discovered that the players whose personal draw at the box-office to-day means something that can be relied on to sell a picture can be counted on the fingers of one hand.

Moreover, those stars who "draw" in a good picture cannot to-day draw in a "dud."

The official box-office ranking of the stars contains some surprises.

The team of Dressler and Beery heads the list at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, although Joan Crawford "tops" both stars individually.

They are followed by the Jean Harlow-Clark Gable team, while both Robert Montgomery and Lee Tracy are rated above Ramon Novarro and Helen Hayes.

Mae West's Throne

At Paramount Mae West leads against all comers by a mile. Some surprise may be caused here, however, by the fact that second on the list is Bing Crosby. Fredric March and the Marx Brothers follow, with Marlene Dietrich fifth.

Gary Cooper, George Raft, Miriam Hopkins and Sylvia Sydney bring up the rear in that order.

Katharine Hepburn is already the biggest money spinner on the Radio lot, while Wheeler and Woolsey and Ann Harding have been drawing more money into the box-office than Constance Bennett or John Barrymore.

Irene Dunne, Richard Dix and William Boyd follow.

Gaynor Still Queen

Janet Gaynor is still the box-office queen of Movietone City. Her closest competition comes from Will Rogers. Warner Baxter is next and Clara Bow is ranked fourth. (The It Girl can still pull them in.)

George O'Brien, Spencer Tracy and Lilian Harvey follow.

At Universal City the Slim Summerville-Zasu Pitts comedy combination makes more money than all the "glamour" stars, although Margaret Sullavan should soon be giving them some opposition.



Little Dorothy Lee is reunited with Wheeler and Woolsey in "Strip, Strip, Hooray."

"The year 1933," observes *Variety*, "hung crêpe on the star market and unless the producers come through on the development phase this year there will be a considerable further shrinkage."

The Champion Directors

Those many film-goers who, judging by their letters to me, follow films closely, will probably be interested to hear that the six leading box-office directors of the day are:

Mervyn Le Roy
Wesley Ruggles
Lloyd Bacon
John Cromwell
George Cukor
Lowell Sherman

That list probably has something to do with the fact that six biggest money spinners of 1933 were:

She Done Him Wrong
Tugboat Annie
Gold Diggers of 1933
42nd Street
Little Women
State Fair

Dorothea Wieck's Future

The possibility I predicted here some time ago that Dorothea Wieck would return to Germany shortly has now become a probability, according to my Hollywood correspondent.

Fraulein Wieck's first picture, *Cradle Song*, was not the sort of material likely to boost her to sensational stardom among American fans.

The German star, moreover, is in a somewhat difficult position. Hitler is by no means universally popular in the film industry and Miss Wieck's husband is editor of a Nazi paper in Germany.

It is understood that she feels that she should comply with the German Government's order that German stars should do their shining for the sole glory of the Fatherland.

Marlene and Hitler

So far Hitler's decree has produced little result. There was a fantastic story a little while ago that the Herr Adolf had ordered Marlene Dietrich to return and promised to make her a Czarina of the German film industry.

The mystery of why Marlene never went to Germany on her recent trip to Europe has never been fully elucidated.

When questioned about the situation, Marlene herself evasively declares, "I am actress, why ask me about politics."

(Continued on page 6)

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George Raft and Carole Lombard in a scene from "Boleyn."

(Continued from page 5)

Lilian Harvey has also been notified by the Hitler Government of the demand that all German stars immediately return to the Fatherland.

England's Good Luck

"I am an Englishwoman, not a German," she is quoted as saying, "and shall, therefore, pay no attention to any demands of the Hitler Government."

"The only claim Germany has on me is that I made my first pictures there and although the German people were very kind and considerate, I do not consider myself under any obligation to the Hitler Government."

Ernst Lubitsch has, it is reported, taken steps to become an American citizen.

In at least one instance Germany's loss will be our own gain. Elizabeth Bergner, on her showing in *Catherine the Great*, is one of the great actresses in talkies.

Stars' Bigger Wardrobe

Motion picture stars are wearing more and finer clothes than ever before, according to Gwen Wakeling, the famous designer.

Miss Wakeling finds that the stars of eight years ago averaged six changes of costume during the making of a picture. To-day they average fourteen!

"Loretta Young has seventeen changes in her current picture, *Born to be Bad*," Miss Wakeling points out in a note I had from her this week. "Constance Bennett must wear sixteen different gowns and dresses in *Moulin Rouge*, while Ann Harding will have to be fitted for the fifteen different costumes she will wear in *Gallant Lady*. This is double the wardrobe that would have been called for in the old days."

"Producers have learned during the course of the past few years the tremendous importance of clothes to the picture. We are getting more and better quality costumes than ever before," she says. "The reason we are giving stars more changes of costume is because we have discovered that it is good showmanship."

"It has a great effect on the women members of the audience. I shall attempt to illustrate this

by comparing the influence of fashions in motion pictures in 1926 and the influence of fashions in motion pictures to-day.

Ousting Paris

"In 1926 fashions for the screen were all dictated by Paris and other fashion centres of the world," Miss Wakeling continues. "To-day the reverse is true. Motion pictures influence the fashions from Paris . . . not all, by any means, but more than ever before."

"Paris certainly cannot claim to have originated the gay '90's styles. The fact that we are now occupying a more important position in the fashion world accounts for more and better costumes in pictures."

"Of course, we are able to-day to purchase materials for gowns much cheaper than ever before," she declares. "And this gives us an opportunity to use the very best. The current trend in fashions is more toward the type of costumes we used in *The Bowery*. Although *The Bowery* is a picture of the gay '90 period, I find that the gowns for Loretta Young's current production are very similar in many ways."

creased stars pro- the fact companies have in their ward- in any other studio.

As proof of the studios' interest in costuming their perly, Miss Wakeling cites that the various companies have shown a greater increase robe departments than departments in the

Maidstone's New Super

The Granada, Maidstone, the new super kinema recently opened, is the first link in the chain of provincial theatres which are being erected under the control of Mr. Sydney Bernstein.

The next two theatres will be at Shrewsbury and Bedford, and the fact that all three theatres will have the most modern stage equipment is an indication that Mr. Bernstein has in mind stage productions. Let us hope the standard of pictures will be so high that his patrons may even grudge one week a month to the legitimate stage.

It's a fine thing for a comparatively small county town like Maidstone (I hope the natives will forgive me) to have a kinema comparable in every way to a London super. Although the fact that Maidstone is the headquarters of seventeen country omnibus services is one very good reason.

And a Free Cloak Room

An interesting sidelight on kinema finance is provided by the announcement that the British film industry will benefit by some £4,000 a year which the Granada will pay out in film rentals.

Among the equipment of the new theatre are 1½ miles of carpet, 1,275 ash trays, 1,250 square yards of linoleum, 252 electric switches, 2 miles of webbing, a water spray chamber which uses 35 tons of water per hour in washing the air which is pumped into the auditorium, and, if you care, 500 lb. of tinctacks.

An innovation which is particularly welcome is a free cloakroom.

Title Change

One of the most prodigious feats of title changing for years is, surely, the alteration of *The Prize-fighter and the Lady to Every Woman's Man*. The decision to publicise Max Baer "as a 'mystery' star, moreover, has come rather late in the day."

In the meanwhile, Baer, who is now on a personal appearance tour, is making arrangements for his second picture, which will probably be for Radio or Fox.

Max is the first sports celebrity to achieve outstanding success on the screen. Jack Dempsey and Gene Tunney, I remember, both did a couple of unimportant serials and everybody was glad to call it a day.

Carpentier, though an actor and dancer of some ability, was never able to transplant his ring glamour to the studio.

"Little Women"

I hope that exhibitors who show *Little Women* will take some pains to put in a suitable supporting programme.

The Louisa Alcott classic has been so widely read that the screen version is almost certain to bring a host of non-picturegoers to the cinema.

Exploited properly, the film should make new friends for the industry.

Many exhibitors are generally far too careless in the arrangement of their bill of fare and clashes between "A" and "U" certificates as well as in type of entertainment are far too common.

An Elstree Stunt Man

Hollywood's "stunt" men have been so well publicised that we know most of them by their pet names, but I wonder how many picturegoers have heard of Bert Carre, who is now doing his stuff at Elstree.

It was Carre who drove that steam lorry into the caravans in *Red Wagon*.

"There wasn't much danger in that really," he told me the other day. "Well, not after some of the jobs they have given me."

Bert has settled down at Elstree with his little family. He has a daughter, Jean, aged ten. "Death defying" stunts are his day's work.

Sometimes it is a spot of rough fighting; sometimes a gamble with death which few would care to take on. The most he has ever received for a single "stunt" is £10, and the lowest, £1.

How He Started

"Bert" has jumped from airplanes in parachutes; has leapt from moving motor cars and trains; has jumped over high bridges and cliffs into the sea, and has dived fifty feet on horseback "for the sake of the show" . . . and the living it gives him.

"I wasn't trained for stunts, but I like them all right," he says. "I first began in a British film studio when a stunt man who was asked to roll down a steep mountainside discovered that he had another engagement elsewhere."

"I said to the director, 'You give me the chance, and I won't let you down.'"

"I didn't either, and I have been stunting for films ever since."

Carre was born in Sanger's Circus and learnt how to take a tumble before he knew how to talk.

About Stand-ins

My recent note that Katharine Hepburn's stand-in had been awarded a film contract by the Twentieth Century studio has brought me a shoal of letters, mostly, I suspect, from young ladies whose friends have told them that they "look like Garbo" or Bennett or Dietrich, asking for information about the "stand-in's" life and job.

First of all, for the benefit of the uninitiated, a stand-in is the person who, resembling the star in height, colouring and general appearance, takes the place of the star while the set is being "lighted" so that the cameraman, director and technicians know exactly where the lights and shadows will fall on the star's face and figure.

Often they have to stand for more than an hour for a scene, which, when all is ready, takes the star five minutes.

£5 a Week Salary

They wear a cheap replica of the star's gown and they wear the same make-up. Many of them are more beautiful than the great players they "stand in" for, but they seldom get a chance to act themselves once the cameras start working.

They often go through the whole action of the scene with the leading man and other members of the cast.

They earn about £5 a week and overtime, but the best known of them are steadily employed.

In many studios they have little more standing than the extras and life in the studio is not always pleasant for them. That depends a lot on the star.

The Retort Courteous

In a British studio not long ago a stand-in for a star who shall be nameless was required to wear the actual gown which the actress had to wear in the scene.

It was one of those very delicately cut costumes

Our Cover This Week.

CLAUDETTE COLBERT
and BEN LYON

CLAUDETTE COLBERT, who has been one of the successes of the past movie season, was born in Paris, but went to America in her childhood. Studied art, but began acting career more or less accidentally at a tea party at which she met Ann Morrison, the playwright, who offered her a job. That was in 1924.

Made her screen debut in *Love of Mike*, and wished she hadn't. However, persevered and found that "third time is lucky" when she was cast opposite Maurice Chevalier in *The Smiling Lieutenant*.

Since then has advanced to major stardom. Scores a big success in *I Cover the Waterfront*. Is in danger at the moment of being too closely associated with Cecil B. De Mille epics. Has completed *Sign of the Cross* and *Four Frightened People* for the old maestro and is to be his *Cleopatra* next.

Ben Lyon is one of the most popular leading men on the screen and one of the most likeable off the screen. Rose to film fame from the extra ranks and has had leading roles in well over a hundred pictures, including some of the most spectacular successes of recent years.

Made a host of friends in Britain during his recent visit, who hope that he will keep his promise to do more pictures here shortly.

and it was necessary so that the lines should not be spoiled that it should be worn with the close-fitting underwear specially made for it.

The star was furious when she discovered that her stand-in was wearing her "undies."

"I hope," she said heatedly, "that you bathed before you put on my things."

"No," replied the stand-in girl, "but I shall bathe when I take them off."

There was a vacancy for a stand-in for the next scene.

The Difference

One of the best paid stand-ins is Rosita Fourcher, who acts in that capacity for Constance Bennett.

Connie went to the front office and insisted that Rosita should have £7 a week.

Janet Gaynor has a stand-in so nearly like her that even the world's sweetheart's close friends sometimes mistake the stand-in for the star.

She is Mary Jane Irving. In active experience she is as well equipped as Janet. She started when she was two and in the days of Bill Hart and Bessie Barriscale she was a famous child star.

She earns about £5 a week and Miss Gaynor earns thousands. . . .

Florence Imitates the Stars

Florence Desmond does a delightful imitation of Katharine Hepburn in *Mr. Skitch*, her first Hollywood picture.

It is, I think the best in her repertoire.

Mr. Skitch also offers the unusual spectacle of victim and impersonator in action at the same time.

In a scene with Zasu Pitts, Florence performs a merciless "take-off" of the popular comedienne. Lupe Velez and the Garbo are among her other impressions.

One wonders, nevertheless, why it should have taken the Fox people so long to put Miss Desmond to work. She has been in Hollywood for months and the explanation of the delay was that they were looking for a suitable vehicle for her talents.

Now in *Mr. Skitch* her act is dragged in by the heels.

Short Shots

Frunk ("Bring 'Em Back Alive") Buck has completed his second jungle picture, *Wild Cargo*—Colin Clive, who has been appearing in support of Katharine Hepburn in *The Lake* on the New York stage, is going back to Hollywood at the end of the play's run—Paul Muni is on his

way to Russia for a two months' holiday—John Gilbert's come-back performance in *Queen Christina* has had a mixed press so far—Hoot Gibson, who once earned thousands, has been sued for a £500 debt—Ramon Novarro and Jeanette MacDonald may make a joint concert tour of Europe this year—It is estimated that *Three Little Pigs* will make a profit of £300,000—Telephone bills in major studios run from £1,500 to £2,000 a month—Greta Garbo declines to work after six in the evening and is as punctual in "clocking out" as George Arliss—There is a rumour in film circles that Katharine Hepburn went to the casting office incognito and secured a job as an extra in *Queen Christina*.

Bobby Howes' Rest Cure

Elstree is laughing at Bobby Howes' latest touch of comedy. The famous musical comedy star has announced that he is to give up the stage for a year and concentrate on films . . . "just for a rest."

At Elstree, where he is making *Over the Garden Wall*, the studios never close. Nearly always, day and night, someone is working . . . often whole film companies keep at it from nine in the morning to as late as eleven at night with only the midday break and two short "breathers."

Robert Milton, who has been directing big scenes on a full-sized model of a British destroyer for his new film *Contraband*, made an average of eleven working hours each day from January 1 to January 8.

In an adjoining studio Marian Marsh was called at 2 a.m. one day to complete her first British film, *Love at Second Sight* within the twenty-eight days' schedule.

What Americans Found

Only the most careful advance planning made it possible for the film to be completed in this time, and then one day the fog hindered things so that the company had to work all though the last night to get matters finished.

Both Marian Marsh and Greta Nissen tell me that Elstree works much harder than Hollywood, and the Californian film colony has always been regarded as a community of hustlers.

Bobby Howes is certainly going to take a change, and some say that a change is as good as a rest. That in all probability is what Bobby meant, for he has worked in film studios before!

Janet is "Happy"

"I'm very happy about it," Janet Gaynor told my Hollywood gossip when asked how she felt about her reunion with Charles Farrell.

"We were together in many pictures," said Janet. "Following our screen separation there seems to have been a continued demand that we

reappear together. I'm very happy indeed."

Janet and Charlie were "separated" 14 months ago, and since then Janet has appeared in productions with Lew Ayres, Henry Garat and Warner Baxter. Robert Young plays opposite her in the current production, *Carolina*.

The first of the two Gaynor-Farrell productions will, I hear, get under way in February.

Kinema Couplets

This week's award of 10s. 6d. goes to Mrs. J. Haley, 26, High Street, Teddington, Middlesex, for the following pictorial sign of the times:—

Home, Sweet Home
Payment Deferred!

Prizes of 2s. 6d. have been won by the following:—

Mrs. V. Dawney, 39, Courtenay Gardens, Upminster, Essex, for this expression of topicality:—

The Monster
The Whole Town's Talking

To F. Cole, c/o 52, Kingsway, Hayes End, Middlesex, for a brief study in nudism:—

Broadway Melody
Strip! Strip!! Hooray!!!

To E. Gutheridge, 9, Farnham Road, Stoke Poges, Bucks, for a penetrating insight into the insurance racket as depicted in recent American films:—

30,000 Witnesses!
A Successful Calamity

To Sadie O'Neill, 128, Grove Park Street, Glasgow, N.W., for a somewhat cynical sidelight on the present generation:—

They Just Had to Get Married
Maybe It's Love

May I remind intending entrants for couplet honours that the only rule is that all attempts must be submitted on postcards—no letters will be opened. Address to M. D. Phillips, Kinema Couplets, c/o PICTUREGOER WEEKLY, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Gable as Extra Again?

The latest report from *The Merry Widow* front is that Clark Gable has asked the studio to permit him to appear in the production as an extra.

There are sentimental reasons behind the request. Gable was an extra in the silent version six years ago.

The earlier *Merry Widow* won fame for Roy D'Arcy, whose name has passed from the lists of major stars now, and Clark is at the other end of the film see-saw.

At the moment of writing there is very little prospect of the Metro moguls acceding to his request.

MALCOLM D. PHILLIPS.

Edmund Lowe and
Victor McLaglen are
teamed in "No
More Women."





Marlene Dietrich as "Catherine the Great" in her new picture.

An Open Letter to MARLENE DIETRICH

The third of a series of candid communications to the celebrities of screenland.

DEAR FRÄULEIN,
In your walks abroad in Hollywood you may have heard that it is a matter of mathematical record that

three bad pictures in succession if, or not, laid end to end, can kill the career of any star.

Since *Shanghai Express*, which, if no epic, at least achieved a reasonably high standard, you have given us *Blonde Venus* and *Song of Songs*.

Well, even a girl as beautiful as the Dietrich should know her elementary arithmetic.

Add it up for yourself.

In the meanwhile, we will be holding thumbs and hoping that *The Scarlet Pageant* will break the spell.

In it you return to the directorial guidance of Josef von Sternberg and, while admitting that the experiment with Rouben Mamoulian in *Song of Songs* was not an unqualified success, I am sorry.

Mamoulian has yet to turn in a completely satisfactory Hollywood picture. So, with due respect, has the Herr von Sternberg.

But there are other directors on the Paramount pay roll—some of them very distinguished directors.

With a little co-operation on your part there is, I am sure, no reason why they should not be given an opportunity to develop a more versatile and less "typed" Dietrich.

By "co-operation" I mean some sort of assurance that the mere suggestion will not result in the unedifying storm of walk-outs, writs and recriminations that followed the appointment of Mamoulian in the case of *Song of Songs*, or that marked the production of *Blonde Venus*.

Your career in Hollywood has, incidentally, been stormy.

Only the other day you marched martially to the front office to do battle against the studio school-teacher on behalf of your daughter, Maria, who appears in your new film (because, according

to your own statement, "Von Sternberg wanted her"). The studio school-teacher is a comparatively humble person where the great Dietrich is concerned, but few people will quarrel with you for that

action.

Outraged motherhood is at least an honest emotion and honest emotions in Hollywood are as rare as honest publicity men.

Moreover, as you pointed out, Maria has never been to school, her education being left in the excellent care of private tutors, and it was sheer red-taped officialdom that demanded that, although she was only actually working for two days on the picture, she should be forced to attend the studio school.

And, while we are on the subject of storms, what about this reported feud with Mae West?

We are quite prepared to accept your explanation that you were misquoted in that famous "I never heard of Mae West" interview, but the incident was unfortunate.

It has added to the growing legend started by the great *Blonde Venus* revolt that you are "difficult."

And it is because we understand the truth that we hope that you will let the public see you as you really are, rather than the impossible creature of the studio "Subtle Siren" myth.

We can appreciate your point of view here.

Your life in Hollywood, although it has given you wealth and fame, has not been one of unmixed happiness.

First of all there was that unfortunate "Second Garbo" publicity, which horrified you at the time and proved a serious handicap to your career.

Then your first American picture was not made under the most tranquil of circumstances.

Gary Cooper, naturally, resented having to co-star with a newcomer who, because she was being "built up" into a headline star, was given all the "meat."

You and Gary are the best of friends now, which is a tribute, not only to your personal charm, but the tact with which you can handle a difficult situation. It was unfortunate, too, that that million-dollar alienation suit by Rita von

Sternberg should have come along soon after.

You were not used to American custom in these things. In Europe, affairs of this sort are settled quietly

and not made a Roman holiday for anybody with five cents to buy a newspaper.

You had no guilt to hide. You were, in fact, subsequently exonerated of all blame for the break-up of the von Sternberg's marriage. Disgusted with it all you retired into your shell, went out very seldom and refused to see interviewers.

All that was misunderstood. Even now the Hollywood gossips make life difficult for you.

You were seen once or twice at Hollywood's show places with Maurice Chevalier.

You are both from Europe; you have much in common; you enjoyed each other's company, but time has proved that there was nothing more in it than that. Yet when the Chevalier divorce came they even tried to drag your name into it.

Similarly, when you were given Brian Aherne as your leading man in *Song of Songs*, the gossip-mongers got busy again. We were regaled with stories of how you used to bake German cakes and take them to the studio for him.

Again they were disappointed. There were of course no serious results unless it was indigestion, a possibility that I cannot regard seriously in view of your reputation as a housewife.

Your greatest worry, however, has been those gangster threats to kidnap Maria. You have to go everywhere accompanied by a bodyguard.

You have recently increased it from seven to eight by way of doing your bit for "N.R.A."

Yet, despite all this, your friends have told us of how, in your private life, you are one of the most charming companions in filmland. Must you always be tragic and exotic on the screen? Can't you restore to us the gay, laughing Dietrich of *The Blue Angel*?

I hear now that you may leave Hollywood after one more picture and work in Europe. Perhaps you will come here. We hope so.

M. D. P.



William Gargan (back to camera), Claudette Colbert, and Herbert Marshall "on location" in Hawaii for "Four Frightened People."

The private life of "Henry VIII"! Mr. and Mrs. (Elsa Lanchester) Charles Laughton at home.



Mr. J. W. Dulanty, High Commissioner for the Irish Free State, recently visited the Gainsborough studios to meet the fisher folk who are the stars of "Man of Aran."



Dorothea Wieck spent her holiday after "Miss Fane's Baby is Stolen" at her new Hollywood hill-top home. She is seen here on the sun porch.

Through OUR Lens

"One never nose," says Fred Astaire, as he puts the final touches to his make-up before a scene for "Flying Down to Rio."



Marlene Dietrich's conception of Catherine the Great in her new picture "The Scarlet Pageant."

Lewis Stone, John Gilbert and Greta Garbo in "Queen Christina," a romance of the Swedish Sovereign.



by Leonard WALLACE

LET'S have the TRUTH

A FEW months ago I wrote an article pleading for a return to costume drama, on behalf, as I maintained, of thousands of filmgoers who had enjoyed this type of picture in silent days. Well, now I have been granted my desire; but I must confess not in just the way I could have wished.

In England we have already had *The Private Life of Henry VIII*, *The Wandering Jew*, *Dick Turpin*, *Catherine the Great*, *Colonel Blood*, *Mary, Queen of Scots*, and *Rhodes* to come. In addition, Douglas Fairbanks promises to make *Exit Don Juan* and another Zorro story.

America's quota is *Queen Christina*, *The Scarlet Pageant* (the Dietrich version of *Catherine the Great*) and *The Tudor Wench*. I asked for historical romance, and they have given me, for the most part, history.

When I read of the great pains taken by the makers of these films to get details, architecture, costumes, cutlery, weapons and likenesses absolutely correct, I feel that I could forgive a few errors in those departments if they would only make sincere attempts to present fair and complete views of the chief characters, when they are people who actually lived.

There is a kind of faith to be kept with the past. There is something which tells us that we ought, in re-creating the lives of these great ones, to give a fair estimate of their qualities, good and bad. This, I fear, is what the producers are not going to do.

We have already seen the *Henry VIII* picture. Now the private life of that gross monarch has been public property these last three hundred years. It is probably the most familiar

How Elizabeth Bergner visualizes Catherine the Great in the film of the same name. She is seen with Douglas Fairbanks Jr.



Victor McLaglen's idea of the famous highwayman in "Dick Turpin."

about HISTORY

passage in all English history.

The film does not tell us anything that we did not know, except, perhaps, how Henry went to bed and how his minions got him out of it in the mornings.

I do not quarrel with the picture as far as it goes; and I have nothing but admiration for Mr. Korda's fine production and the excellent acting of a brilliant cast.

But why did not Mr. Korda think how much finer a film he would have had, if he had told the whole story of the bluff king's life, and not just the smuttier and more romantic episodes of it?

I cannot see that private life disclosures concerning great people of the past are of very much value, either as entertainment or anything else, unless they are used to illuminate and humanise the wider and more dramatic pageant of those characters' public careers.

You simply cannot divorce their private lives from their public ones, and still do them justice; and, as I say, there is a kind of faith to be kept with history.

If we are to have historical private life films, why cannot they be of this broader type? Let us, for instance, have the life of Oliver Cromwell, as it is portrayed in Marjorie Bowen's moving book, "The Governor of England."

This would make an admirable film, for in it private life and public are blended so sympathetically—and yet so free of sentiment and white-wash—that it presents an illuminating and dramatic picture of a little understood giant of the past.

None of the excerpts of history soon to reach the screen deal so exclusively with private lives

THE author of this article makes a plea for accuracy in the depiction of historical characters, fair and complete views of them which would keep faith with the past and not distort it.

as the *Henry VIII* film; but several of them are tinged with the same colour.

Of them all, *Colonel Blood* and *Rhodes* promise best. The actual career of the former individual was so extraordinary that it needs no touching up with fiction to make it well-nigh incredible; and *Rhodes* is to be made with the co-operation of the South African Government, which should insure a commendable accuracy.

About the others one cannot be so hopeful. To say this may seem like putting films on trial in print while they are still, so to speak, *sub judice*; but announcements made by their makers, and stills published, are a very fair indication of the general tone of the finished product, which is all that I am considering.

Love, it seems, will unite with the predilection for private life glimpses to produce films more colourful and romantic than accurate or largely dramatic.

I tremble for the fate of the Hollywood version of Catherine the Great. I have not yet had an opportunity of seeing this version of the life of a woman who ruled Russia with a hand of iron, and who probably knew a good deal about her husband's assassination, the event which

gave her accession to the throne. I hope they have not depicted her as a "very woman" yearning to Get Away From It All with successive lovers.

The title, which has been changed successively from *Her Regiment of Lovers* to *The Scarlet Pageant*, seems an all too obvious indication of Hollywood's intentions.

Queen Christina celebrates the re-union of Garbo and Gilbert after three years separation; and I cannot help feeling that this fact will have an adverse effect upon the film's truth to history.

The stills that I have seen, however, are reassuring; and hint at a judicious compromise between fact and romance.

Nothing of this kind can be the case with *The Tudor Wench*, in which Katharine Hepburn will impersonate the young Elizabeth.

The play from which this film is being adapted puts forward a completely sentimental and obviously false view of the girl who was later the Virgin Queen. Why do writers concoct such plainly untrue stuff about great historical characters when their true stories are so much more thrilling and engrossing?

The real story of Elizabeth, with the Essex affair given its proper place, and Queen Bess shown as an able statesman, driven onward by the characteristic Tudor desire for power, expansion

and personal greatness, would be a film majestic and epic in sweep.

Instead of which, *The Tudor Wench*! On the other hand I have great hopes of Victor Saville's film of *Mary Stuart*; for he has been unromantic enough to compare the troubled scene of her life with modern gangsterdom, which is not a bad comparison.

Love was by no means the only emotion that quickened Mary's loveliness; there was ambition for a throne, too; and, with the exception of Rizzio, she took as lovers men whom she thought able to help her to the fulfilment of her ambition.

I do hope Mr. Saville will act up to his conception of *Mary Stuart* as a sort of medieval counterpart of *Blondie Johnson*. It is a fresh view; and nearer to the truth than many.

The proper place for romanticism in historical films is in those which are fictional. There are literally countless published books—if the film companies will not go to the length of writing originals—from which entertaining and intelligent costume films could be made.

Among those not exactly well-known are Maurice Hewlett's "Song of Renny," which blends a charming love story with the inside dope on baronial racketeering; and Robert W. Chambers' "The Sun Hawk," a thrilling and appealing romance set in England and France of Charles II's time, and also in wild North America.

Then there is that excellent novel "Richard Carvell," by Winston Churchill, a tense story of Regency days, also with settings on both sides of the Atlantic. And finally, any of D. K. Broster's Highland trilogy, dealing with the adventures of loyal clansmen after the Fifteen, would provide romance and excitement in plenty against the magnificent scenery of moor and lake.

Stories such as these would make films of universal appeal. Reviewing them, I cannot see why producers need to twist history into fiction for their costume romances; but all the same, I hope they will not entirely neglect history, for in its annals are true stories which, if brought to the screen as they really are, would provide inspiring, spectacular and enthralling entertainment.

NEXT WEEK

A CLOSE-UP of the GARY COOPERS

ONE of the world's most envied girls to-day is Sandra Shaw, the young actress who recently became the bride of Gary Cooper, one of Hollywood's most eligible bachelors.

Next week's "Picturegoer's" special New York representative introduces you to Mrs. Gary Cooper and gives you the "low down" on the most talked of movie romance for months.



NILS ASTHER

This Swedish actor is beginning to come more into his own since he achieved a personal triumph in "The Bitter Tea of General Yen." He has shown that he is a clever artiste and not just the "Great Lover" as which he was first hailed in Hollywood. His latest pictures include "Storm at Daybreak," "Hollywood Party," and "By Candlelight."

"I'D RUN AWAY AGAIN"

Says

Ann Dvorak

WHO sacrificed stardom for Love and a European trip and tells you here why she has no regrets.

IF Ann Dvorak could live her life over again she would run away from Hollywood again for at least one year, just as she did.

Looking back on her world-circling honeymoon with Leslie Fenton, an adventure which seriously interrupted, and which might, conceivably, have ended, her motion picture career, Ann has no regrets.

She would repeat it under similar circumstances.

"It gave me a chance to catch up with myself," Ann says. "I had time to think."

What Ann thought about during those months was love. What she enjoyed most was the freedom from routine. What she gained was a sense of values which she can never lose.

"Nearly everybody thought I was foolish to run away as I did," explains Ann. "Once in a while during those months I got panicky too, wondering if I had completely lost my chance at a career in Hollywood. But I never actually regretted my choice."

"So much had happened to me in the year before Leslie and I went away together. I had been given a chance in pictures after three years of heartbreaking disappointments. I had fallen in love and I had been married."

"It was just too much to ask me to go on with all of these—career, love and marriage—at the speed at which they had started. I had to get away to get my life and my thoughts straightened out. I'm glad I did."

Ann has been back in Hollywood long enough now to count the cost of her year's holiday. She knows well enough that by going away as she did she slowed down her progress toward stardom.

She knows that a year is a long time for an actress to be away from the public—that other players move into favour during that time, and that Hollywood itself has the shortest memory in the world.

Even so, she is glad she ran away.

Before she left Ann and Leslie lived in a more or less typically Hollywood manner in a typical Hollywood house just on the edge of the film centre itself.

Almost in spite of themselves it became the centre of activity for a group of younger players who knew and liked them and who could not pleasantly be denied admission.

They ran away from that situation successfully when they deserted films for the time being and started around the world.

Now the Fentons live on an estate in the San Fernando valley, seven miles, according to their count, from the nearest movie actor.

They are too far out of the whirl of things in Hollywood to be visited as often as they were when they were first married. Their interests have changed and multiplied. They have become strangely independent of Hollywood since their year away from it.

Another thing that Ann and Leslie ran away from was the bugaboo of Hollywood marriage.

Their whirlwind romance and elopement had scarcely left the front pages of the newspapers before they began to hear the inevitable reports of impending trouble between them and probable divorce.

They left those rumours behind them when they slipped away to Europe. No one in Hollywood today suggests that the Fentons are unhappy. Ann's early choice between quick stardom and a year's honeymoon with her husband put the quietus on reports of that nature.

In two ways, then, Ann's year's vacation proved profitable to her. The big chance she took was with her career.

When she and Leslie started back for Hollywood the question was whether or not she had sacrificed that by the very means and at the same time that she had permanently cemented her happiness.

She wasn't sure. The studio to which she had been under contract, and which had admittedly intended to star her in short order, was strangely silent.

"I didn't know whether I had a job or not," recalls Ann, "or whether I could get one. And while we weren't exactly broke, we did need jobs."

A little dubious, Ann called on the studio cashier to see if she was to be replaced on the payroll. To her relief she found that she had been officially forgiven, and to her surprise she found half a week's pay check, forgotten in the hurry of her departure a year before, waiting for her.

She learned a little later just what her trip had cost her. She was not to be starred. She was lent first to another company to play a supporting role and then returned to First National as the feminine lead opposite Richard Barthelmess in *Massacre*.

She couldn't complain. In fact she welcomed the change in studio attitude and the announcement that she would again have to earn the right to stardom.

She set about earning it as best she could, playing opposite Barthelmess and then a second lead in *Heat Lightning* with Aline MacMahon, for Warner Bros.

A year before, the postponement of a promised stardom would have broken Ann's heart.

But now it actually suited her plans and she was satisfied to have a new chance to prove her worth.

Meanwhile the letter-writing public had almost deserted her. Her fan mail had grown by leaps and bounds during her first few months in pictures until, by the time she left Hollywood, she was running everyone at the Warner First National Studio a race for honours in that department.



Ann Dvorak with her husband, Leslie Fenton.

Her sudden departure brought a storm of protest and likewise a flood of approval. Her mail doubled and trebled for a few weeks and then faded away. At the end of the year, when she returned to Hollywood and pictures, her fan correspondence had dropped to almost nothing. She couldn't be certain that the public hadn't actually forgotten her.

But her reappearance in pictures soon set her at ease on that point. For the past few months her fan mail has increased until it is again at a respectable figure.

It is not, however, as heavy as it was. But it is growing. And most of the letters not only welcome her back. They either "forgive" or approve of her long absence in the interests of married happiness.

So, altogether, if Ann Dvorak had it to do over again she would run away from Hollywood with her new husband, just as she did. She would pay the penalty of delayed stardom and diminished popularity in order to gain the happiness she believes she has securely in hand now.

"Nothing can take my year of happiness away from me," she says. "Nobody needs to feel sorry for me. I just took time out to catch up with myself."

"I'd do it again under the same circumstances."

NEXT WEEK

WHAT WOMEN HAVE TAUGHT ME By WARNER BAXTER

Warner Baxter, who has made love to the most glamorous stars on the screen tells you what he has learned from his screen experience.

Let our Film Critics who
really see the pictures guide you.

FORGIVE me, folk, if I become a little lyrical in talking of this film.

We, who see almost everything that is screened, have a right to shout with delight when we are given an entertainment that it would be absurd to criticise. Too often we regret the hours we spend watching worthless pictures, so that when a film like *Little Women* greets us, it deserves a great welcome.

Radio Pictures, who claim modestly that they have re-created Louisa May Alcott's famous book, took their cue from the book.

When Jo gets a story published she says to her mother, "What can there be in a simple little story like that to make people praise it so?"

"There's truth in it, Jo," says Marmee, "that's the secret. Humour and pathos make it alive."

And that is the secret of the great success that this film has already had in America and will have in this country.

Everybody concerned in the production deserves praise. Rarely, if ever, has a picture been cast so perfectly. Rarely has it been directed with such a sure touch.

George Cukor, who was responsible, had many opportunities to offend, had he not been gifted with that master touch.

He could have made the film very "Christmas-cardy." Or he could have strained to make much of it funny. Let us be thankful he made it as he did and please put the name George Cukor in your little book reserved for those people you want to remember.

Into that book, too, must go the name of almost every artiste who played in this film.

At the top of the list and in large capital letters put Katharine Hepburn. When this actress made her screen debut in *Bill of Divorcement* we decided, while many critics were wrangling about her, that a new star had appeared and "had come to stay." She has more than justified everything we said about her. She has definitely established the fact that she has talent and is not "a flash in the pan," as so many sceptical critics termed her.

Her playing of Jo is perhaps the most memorable thing in *Little Women*. You take her to your heart immediately she appears on the screen and by the end of the film you are hugging her to yourself very lovingly. You hate saying "good-bye" to her.

The other three sisters are played to perfection by Joan Bennett as Amy, Frances Dee as Meg, and Jean Parker as Beth.

Joan is a revelation to those who were unaware of her ability. Frances Dee should already be in that little notebook of merit, since we have more than once called your attention to her. Jean Parker, a comparative newcomer, certainly wins her laurels as Beth. Not an easy part by any means, and beautifully played.

My next tribute must be paid to Paul Lukas. I cannot recall any of his "home-wrecking" parts that matches his Professor Bhaer for acting. The tiniest false step and he would have been out of the picture. He's a fine actor.

I could write eulogies of everybody who contributes to the film, but space prevents more than a mere mention of Edna May Oliver (splendid, as ever), Henry Stephenson (lovable old grandfather), Douglass Montgomery, John Lodge, Samuel Hinds, Mabel Colcord, Nydia Westman and Spring Byington (make a note of the name), whose Marmee is a beautiful piece of acting.

I have been spared the pleasant task of having to tell the story because PICTUREGOER has been privileged to serialise it for its readers and the first instalment appears on page 23.

Go to see *Little Women* at the first opportunity and take the whole family with you.—M. B. Y.

Duck Soup

The only time the Marx Brothers have really amused me to any extent was in their first film *Cocanuts*—that is until I saw them in *Duck Soup*, which is without doubt their most hilarious picture.

It approximates more to *Million Dollar Legs*

than anything they have attempted; it is another essay into the sublimely ridiculous with plenty of clever nonsense put over at a rapid pace and avoiding old gags to a very large extent.

Some people, I know, will have none of this comedy team; to enjoy them you must have an appreciation of the nonsensical and also a love for clowning.

It is quite hopeless to try to describe the situations which are engendered by Groucho Marx becoming the president of a Ruritania country and eventually embroiling it in a war with its neighbour because his relations with the ambassador of that country become strained.

They would not sound nearly so funny set down on paper.

Groucho is right on the top of his form and delivers his rapid-fire speeches with his usual nonchalance and autocratic ease.

Harpo and Chico are very well served with slap-stick material as two spies in the employ of Groucho's enemy and they have several "turns" together which demonstrate honest-to-goodness clowning at its best.

Incidentally, I am pleased to say that the action is not held up to allow Harpo to perform on his harp nor Chico on the piano.

Excellent as each one of them is in this particular respect, the introduction of their individual talents into a picture has begun to become a little tedious.

Usually, I find war comedy dreadfully boring, but the comic-opera hostilities in this picture are a sheer delight and provide an hilarious climax to a production that is packed with laughs from beginning to end.

The whole thing, too, is set on a lavish scale with excellent Ruritanian court scenes and well-handled crowds and chorus singing.

The book and music is by Bert Kalmar and Harry Ruby, who have introduced a melodious and appropriate tune here and there.

Leo McCarey, the director, has handled the whole thing very capably and given the Marx Brothers every chance to put over their stuff to the fullest advantage.

Raquel Torres appears briefly but beautifully as a vamp.

This is a picture which should appeal strongly to juveniles as well as the grown-ups, but I think the males will find it more amusing than the gentle but less Marxian-minded sex.—L. C.

Counsellor-at-Law

John Barrymore gives us one of his most controversial portrayals in a film that has many claims to distinction.

The role it offers him, that of George Simon, a successful, self-made Jewish lawyer, educated in the university of life, absorbed in his work, conscious in his relations with his "society" wife that he is "not a gentleman," yet beloved and admired by his staff and a sort of patriarch to the people of the humble East side ghetto, from which he came, is obviously far from the well-beaten Barrymore track.

The part was, incidentally, created on the stage by Paul Muni, who not only possesses the advantage for the purpose of the role of being a Jew, but is in general appearance and studio manner a great deal less handicapped.

The scion of the Barrymores, at any rate, early in the piece abandons all attempts to "act down" to the character and concentrates his attention on putting over a super-Barrymore show.

The result is likely to give rise to much conflict of opinion. By sheer perfection of technique he contrives convincingly to suggest Simon's sharp legal mind, his generosity, his dread of being debarred when a political enemy gets the goods on him for faking an alibi and his blind love for

PRE-VIEWS OF THE LATEST FILMS

THANK YOU for "LITTLE WOMEN"

an unworthy wife, while the spectacle of Barrymore in full eruption at least makes the personality vivid and interesting, which is all that matters, I suppose.

For the rest, *Counsellor at Law* is so neatly produced that it overcomes the fact that it is a latecomer both to the lawyer-hero cycle and the *Grand Hotel* story-telling vogue.

It was adapted for the screen by its eminent stage author, Elmer Rice, and one imagines that he permitted few liberties with his brain child. The camera never leaves the boundaries of the lawyer's office. Nevertheless, and here it is an object lesson to translators of similar types of plays, there is always a sense of pace and action and, when the time comes, proper suspense. In this respect it reminds one more of *The Front Page* than any picture since.

The office is a little world in itself, ruled and dominated by the great "G. S.," as he is known to his admirers. Through its doors come headline murderesses, politicians, criminals the "social register" wife who deserts her husband at the first sign that he is in trouble and the suave, blackmailing adventurer with whom she runs away.

Ruth Chatterton as "the big business woman" in "Female" meets her cave man in the person of George Brent, who is also her real life husband.

Nils Asther, Mary McCardell and Ann Harding in a hospital sequence from "Right to Romance," the story of a great woman surgeon.

The office atmosphere is brilliantly created and maintained and the "types" deftly sketched and impersonated. There is the amorous clerk, the garrulous telephone operator (played by Isobel Jewell, whose chief claim to fame hitherto has been as Lee Tracy's girl friend), and the silently adoring secretary, a part to which Bebe Daniels devotes her usual flawless performance.

The action moves smoothly and surely to a good climax, when Simon, by methods which would no doubt cause some head-shaking in the headquarters of the Bar Association, triumphs over his enemies, but loses his wife, and a sound enough curtain.

If it is largely a one-man show, the standard of acting throughout is high. Doris Kenyon makes the unsympathetic characterisation of the wife convincing and Melvyn Douglas renders efficient service to the piece as her paramour.

Counsellor at Law may not be sure-fire box-office material, but filmgoers who enjoy brightly dialogued and briskly put-over psychological drama should keep an evening free for it.—M. D. P.

Le Petit Roi

Those of you who have seen *Poil de Carotte* will remember the brilliant performance given by the juvenile French star, Robert Lynen, in that exceptionally clever and moving picture.

The success he achieved is reduplicated by his acting in this picture, which definitely establishes him as one of the most brilliant child actors on the screen to-day.

He plays the rôle of the heir to a Ruritanian throne. The kingdom is in charge of a Regent, the people are restless and threatening revolt, and the young king, in constant danger of assassination, is kept a virtual prisoner in his royal palace.

To add to the poignancy of the situation in which the boy finds himself, his mother, whom he is told is dead, is actually in exile, driven from the court by the former cruelties of her deceased husband.

I am not going into the details of the story, for there is a strong interest in following its development as well as in the psychological study given by Robert Lynen.

It is sufficient to say that an assassination is attempted and that events work out in a logical and wholly convincing manner.

Actually, the production does not attain the same dramatic heights as *Poil de Carotte*, but it is nevertheless very good, imaginatively directed and excellently cast.

French films, as a whole, have that virtue in common—their players, down to the minutest bit part, always appear real and vital.

Outstanding in this film is the acting of George Clive as the chamberlain, Beatrice Bretty as the young king's nurse, Marcel Vallée as a revolutionary leader, Maurice Schultz as an archbishop and Gamus as a doctor.

The settings are most picturesque and the camera work is notable in every respect.—L. C.

Girl Without a Room

Charles Ruggles logically to follow the long succession of alcoholic rôles which he has been given, will have to be pictured in a screen inebriates' home one day.

None the less, I know no funnier nor less vulgar "drunk" than the type purveyed by this extremely talented feature player.

Here he is shown as an American artist in the Montparnasse quarter of Paris, where he proceeds to be a very indifferent mentor and guide to a young art student from way back West who is none other than Charles Farrell.

This young rustic's adventures amongst the Bohemians of the quarter—he falls in love with a charming girl, quarrels with her and takes up with a Russian vamp—are exceedingly amusing and well presented.

The fooling is of the broad variety but there are one or two touches of satire, as introduced by a discussion on modern art which eventually becomes lyrical and is set to a tuneful score.

The Paris depicted is, of course, the Hollywood variety, but it succeeds in being picturesque and forms an effective background to the amusing characters to whom one is introduced which, besides the four mentioned above, include a Russian ex-general and four Russian artists.

The blending of music and song in this feature shows that the screen musical is still developing along the lines initiated by Rene Clair and the camera work is technically excellent and exhibits a good sense of imaginative pictorial expressiveness.

I found Charles Farrell almost too much of a "hick" to be convincing, but his deficiencies are amply made up for by the acting of Charles Ruggles and Marguerite Churchill as the girl for whom the impressionable rustic falls.

She puts a lot of character into the work and in the midst of imbecilities makes the rôle a convincing one.

Grace Bradley is also very good as the Russian vamp. This newcomer looks like going a long way on the starry path.

Walter Woolf, an American stage actor who makes his first screen appearance here as a drunken dapper in art, has not a lot to do but he certainly shows to advantage.

As the Russian ex-general who runs a students' boarding house, Gregory Ratoff as usual acquits himself admirably.

The director is Ralph Murphy and he has made the most of his material, which is generally out of the ordinary rut.—L. C.

Sealed Lips

When are they going to give Constance Bennett a chance to show the talent which many of us believe she has lying latent in her?

Certainly this familiar spy story with its slow action and obvious development does not allow her the opportunity.

She acts well as a Russian spy in Austria during the war and puts a lot of sincerity into her love-making, but the part is one of those tailor-made affairs, artificial and conventional, which does not give any scope for an incisive character study.

Gilbert Roland, too, makes somewhat heavy going in the lover rôle—an Austrian Secret Service chief who falls in love with the spy and then has to unmask her.

Certainly the picture is well set and there is a good deal of ingenuity in the way messages are passed through to the enemy lines. These provide a good thrill or two, but on the whole one is not very deeply gripped or convinced by the proceedings.

This, I think, is to a large extent due to George Archainbaud's pedestrian treatment.

As in all pictures of this type—and we have had quite a cycle of them recently—the American accents militate against conviction.

The atmosphere of the settings which comprise a railway station in Luxembourg, another in Switzerland, Vienna, and a field hospital in a town near the front, is good, but some of the characters help to spoil it by being so unmistakably American all the time.

The ending, too, is an unsatisfactory one. It comes with a baffling abruptness just after Constance Bennett has been unmasked and has managed to escape and her lover has been shot by her confederate.

Blackening out on that scene we are faded into a Swiss railway station after the Armistice where—just as they had previously met on the Luxembourg station before hostilities—the pair run into one another.

No explanations are asked and none given and the long arm of coincidence does seem to have been painfully stretched to achieve a happy ending.

I feel more critical about this picture because I do want to see Constance Bennett in something that will do her justice. As it stands, the film makes quite good average entertainment, but that is not good enough for Connie.—L. C.

The Right to Romance

I am prejudiced about Ann Harding. She is one of the few actresses who can always rely on my patronage irrespective of the merits of the film. "Illogical," you might say, or even "unethical," but I can't help it.

I'm one of Ann's fans and that's all there is to it.

But being so keen an admirer, I have an additional right to kick about the stories assigned to her recently. Ann Harding is an actress worth a lot of consideration. Will producers please remember that. She will repay them tenfold.

"Some women are born with beauty; others buy it. But real beauty is neither given nor bought. It is a light that shines . . . and usually in the darkness."

This is an introductory sub-title to the film.

(Continued on page 16)

Charles Farrell and Marguerite Churchill as the lovers in the Charlie Ruggles comedy "Girl Without a Room."



Mary Clare and Ben Field as "Kate" and "Joe" in "Say It With Flowers," the new film of London's market life.

(Continued from page 15)

Dr. Peggy Simmons, the famous plastic surgeon, is a "woman in uniform." She suddenly decides that she is missing the great thing in life—Romance. The surgeon is stifling the woman. She exchanges the white overall for a fascinating evening frock and goes to California as the guest of a former patient.

Here, in a setting made for lovers, she meets Bobby, the son of the hostess. He is fascinated by Peggy, although when they met in New York she was just an ether-smelling doctor.

Bobby discards his playmate, Lee Joyce, and a whirlwind courtship follows. Peggy and Bobby are married, but the simple home life so dear to Peggy palls on the younger Bobby.

The climax is reached when a party of old friends, including Lee Joyce, arrives on an evening when Peggy is urgently needed at the hospital. When she returns Bobby is "missing," and she accidentally sees them in each other's arms in a corner of the garden.

The beautiful coloured bubble of Romance is burst and Peggy goes back to her old hospital life finding sympathy and consolation in her work with Dr. Heppling, who has always loved her.

Then she is summoned to a hospital to work on victims of an aeroplane crash—Bobby and Lee Joyce. Bobby is all right, but Lee is terribly disfigured (excellent work of the director not to have shown her to us), and the surgeon decides to give her back her beauty.

She walks out of their lives, realising that

Dr. Heppling can give her the Romance and love she needs.

If I can persuade you to see the picture because of Ann Harding I shall be happy. Her acting as the surgeon is splendid, even discounting my prejudice in her favour.

Robert Young is extremely good as the young lover and Sari Maritza is very good as the other girl. Nils Asther seems out of place as the strong, silent, doctor-lover, but he acts well.

The direction by Alfred Santell is in his usual competent manner.—M. B. Y.

Say It With Flowers

This is a good, wholesome film produced at Twickenham for Radio. It is of the same "family" as *Doss House* and is a slice of London's market life and of those folk who earn their living in the market.

Kate, the flower girl, is the uncrowned queen of the market. Joe, her husband for over forty years, makes his daily journey—with moke—to Covent Garden to buy the flowers.

One day Kate is absent. She has had to give in to an illness and the doctor insists on a seaside convalescence. There is no money. Joe must sell the moke. He approaches Bill, proprietor of the fried fish shop.

Bill and his market pals decide to raise the money by giving Kate and Joe a benefit concert. Florrie Forde, Marie Kendall and Charles Coborn

are the stars of the bill and the evening is a bumper success.

That, in brief, is the story, but the enjoyment of the picture depends less on the actual story than on the characterisation and the clever cameos contributed by the artistes.

Kate and Joe are well played by Mary Clare and Ben Field. George Carney contributes an exceptional study as Bill and Mark Daly is very good as Scotty. Here's a good pair to team.

John Baxter was responsible for the direction, which is straightforward but uninspired. A little cross-cutting in the early scenes would also have helped. But there is more entertainment in this unambitious film (provided you don't shy at Cockney humour) than in many alleged super productions.—M. B. Y.

Female

Ruth Chatterton as a big business woman who tries the masculine art of keeping love "as a thing of her life apart," but finally meets her Cave Man in the person of George Brent.

It is machine-made, pleasant enough entertainment, but what a waste of Chatterton!

They even undress her every few hundred feet or so, but while it is pleasing to know that there are no bow legs or anatomical deformities hidden in the Chatterton cupboard, she is rather more interesting as an actress than a bath-tub queen.

And what could have been quite an intriguing theme is robbed of much of its interest by hackneyed dialogue, a tendency to over-emphasis and impossibly elaborate settings. It picks up a little with the introduction of the love interest, however, and flows along pleasantly to a conventional climax.—M. D. P.

Mr. Skitch

Or See America First, with Will Rogers, Zasu Pitts, and our own Florence Desmond pulling up at intervals at such "show places" of the States as the Grand Canyon, the Rockies, and the Yellowstone Park to "do their act."

Rogers is seen as a philosophic victim of the depression who, when his home is sold, embarks on this motor tour across the continent to California with his family. Zasu Pitts is the wife, and Miss Desmond is a movie-struck English girl whom they meet on their travels.

There is the conventional love interest supplied by Rochelle Hudson as the daughter, and Charles Starrett as a wealthy young cadet, but the film resolves itself mainly into a series of episodes designed to exploit the comedy of the principals.

Miss Desmond's impersonations, the best contribution to the picture, are none the less effective for being dragged in somewhat crudely.

Mr. Skitch is mildly amusing, if not notable, entertainment.—M. D. P.

The Mascot

Some of you will remember a notable short feature called *The Magic Clock* which employed inanimate objects and brought them to screen life.

That was made by Mr. and Mrs. L. Starewitch and took something like two years to produce.

They have now made another entirely with models which also entailed the concentrated effort of two years.

In this case the little plot deals with some toys, a dog and a doll or two which are dropped, or rather jump from a vehicle which is carrying them to the shop and eventually find themselves at a kind of witches' dance which takes place in a rubbish shoot.

The effect of animation is marvellous; the toy dog in particular being as diverting a figure as I have ever seen on the screen.

But there is a fly in the ointment. Technically, everything is wonderful, but there is an undercurrent of the macabre running through it which strikes a note of something vaguely unpleasant. It is in the witches' dance that this atmosphere is induced and it is because of it that this brilliant little essay in animation is not suitable for children.

The feature is also rather too long for its material but I advise you to go and see it for it is certainly one of the most ingenious novelties that has ever been screened.—L. C.

PHIL LONERGAN sends it HOT from HOLLYWOOD

LILIAN HARVEY IN REVOLT

Reported "Walk Out" on Picture — Connie Finances a Film for Marquis—Garbo's New Disguise—Ann Dvorak's Search For Her Father—Novel Bedroom Scene

LILIAN HARVEY is little, but... This vivacious young star is wrathful because the Fox studio will not permit her to speak the dialogue in the French and German versions of her films.

The humour of the situation is that the officials would gladly permit her to do so but, according to the laws of France and Germany, dialogue in the tongues of those countries must be recorded in Europe and, therefore, voices of "doubles" must be used.

But Lilian refused to calm down! She also decided that Rudy Vallee had a better part than she in George White's *Scandals*, which Fox is preparing to produce, and "walked out" on the picture.

The studio officials promptly replaced Lilian with Alice Faye, who, rumour declares, is slated to become Mrs. Vallee, when Rudy's divorce from Fay Webb is final.

Miss Faye is "going over big" in the film, according to officials of the Fox studio.

Favoured Visitor

Marlene Dietrich's studio sets are probably the most closely guarded in Hollywood, with the possible exception of those of Greta Garbo.

Even workmen who are not needed upon the set are excluded while acting is in progress. While as for visitors, they are usually "verboten"!

Occasionally a celebrity is admitted within the carefully guarded walls of the Dietrich set. The latest to achieve this distinction is Pepe Ortiz, the handsome Mexican bull-fighter who is teaching George Raft to "throw the bull" in his next picture.

Marlene was very much interested in the handsome stranger, and chatted with him with keen enjoyment for several minutes.

Marquis Off Again

Connie Bennett has financed her husband, the Marquis de la Falais, for another trip to the Orient, where he will secure material for a new travelogue. The Marquis leaves within a fortnight.

The blonde star is very much annoyed by reports that the reason for the presence in Hollywood of her former husband, Phil Plant, was to pay her the balance due on an alimony settlement.

Opposition For Mary

Mary Pickford had better look to her laurels or comedian Nigel Bruce will overtake her as Hollywood's official entertainer of peers and royalty.

The English actor entertained the following celebrities on his set during the past week:

Prince Ferdinand of Prussia; Lord Tennyson; and the Earl of Aylesford.

Storm Signals

A certain charming star, who recently re-married, seems destined to lose her husband.

The trouble is too much family. The lady's parents, particularly her mother, occupy a great deal of her time, and the husband is being gradually shunted into the background.

Announcement of a separation is due in the near future. Certain film mothers crave the limelight, and are very jealous of their daughters' husbands.

Garbo's Disguise

Many of our film celebrities don dark glasses to evade recognition by the fans.

Garbo, as usual, is different. The Swedish star

wears a green visor over her eyes to preserve her privacy, although she is seen far more in public since her return to Hollywood.

Garbo and Rouben Mamoulian, her director in *Queen Christina*, have been frequenting "swanky" hosteries, and Hollywood is wondering whether a romance is under way.

Pedestrians, Beware

The height of something or another is being enacted daily in Pat Paterson's new automobile.

Pat, who arrived recently from London, purchased a car as soon as she reached Hollywood.

One day of trying to drive on the right side of the street convinced her that she needed a driving companion to lend aid.

So she chose Hugh Williams—and Williams is just as English and just as new to American traffic rules.

They are full of sympathy for each other anyway.

Searching For Father

Ann Dvorak is anxious to find her father, whom she has not seen for fourteen years.

The newspapers, in response to Ann's appeal, published her story and the result was hundreds of letters from people all over the United States who claimed to know where her father was or thought they could locate him.

The writers, in many instances, were merely attempting to secure money from the actress.

Everyone in Hollywood hopes that Ann will locate her parent.

Her father formerly was in vaudeville with her mother, but they were divorced when Ann was a small child.

Movies In Bed

Hollywood studio employees are noted for their unconventionality—as was demonstrated by a recent incident.

Joan Blondell was stricken by an attack of appendicitis in the middle of a picture, and was taken to a hospital. After a successful operation she was removed to her home, and her doctor ordered her to bed, refusing to permit her to visit the studio for several weeks.

The studio officials had scheduled a bedroom scene for Joan, which they were very anxious to photograph.

So the movie people calmly marched into Joan's bedroom—horse, foot and dragoons, as it were—and took the scene.

Loyal Newlyweds

Joel McCrea and Frances Dee, who were recently married, are still firm in their declaration that they will not make love to each other before the cameras.

The couple have turned down the leading rôles in *Just Off Fifth Avenue*, believing that married happiness would be affected by cinema love.

Frances, nevertheless, would like to forget her husband, Joel, just long enough to give Gene Raymond a convincing hug and kiss. She is playing opposite Gene in a Fox picture, and admits it is rather awkward kissing one man when she is newly married to another.

A Lucky Bus Ride

Mona Marris might not be in pictures and doing very well, if she had not decided to take a ride on a Fifth Avenue 'bus in New York City.

According to Mona's story, she left Melbourne, Australia, and passed through Hollywood on her way to England. She says she did not have



Evelyn Venable, an attractive young new-comer to the screen, is Fredric March's leading lady in "Death Takes a Holiday."

the slightest interest in pictures at that time.

Anyway, she arrived in New York and, while waiting for a steamer, boarded a Fifth Avenue 'bus and was seen by a scout for the Fox studio. The result was a contract and a trip back to Hollywood, where she has remained ever since.

Hollywood Says That—

— Ann Harding never gets into an automobile from the left side.

— Will Rogers recently bought the only tuxedo he ever wore.

— Richard Dix is superstitious about radios and gramophones. He never turns them off in the middle of a number.

— Claudette Colbert worked in a New York modiste shop.

— Jack La Rue was a piano tuner in New York.

— Norman McLeod, director of *Alice in Wonderland*, was a flying instructor during the war.

— Heather Angel obtained her first part on the stage when another girl refused to dye her hair for the rôle.

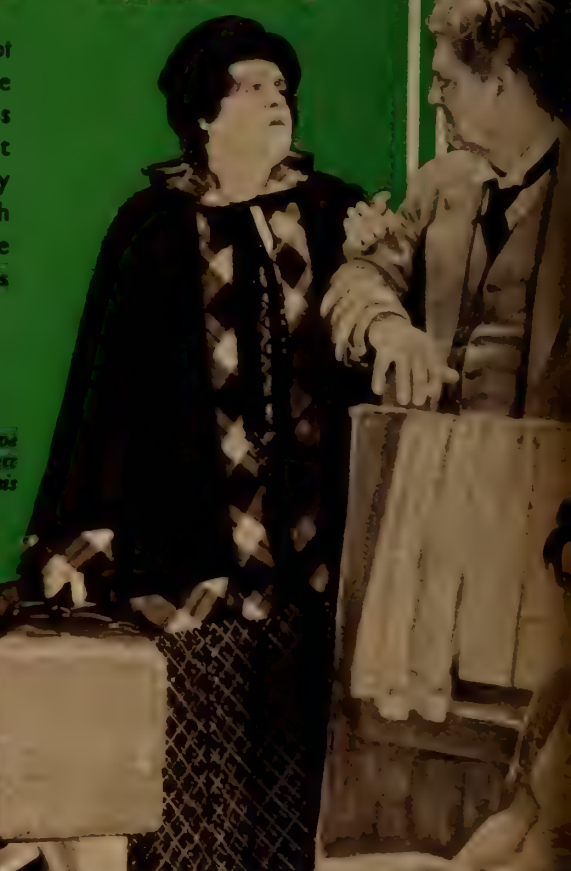


Dr. Haggitt (Lionel Barrymore) and Mrs. Haggitt (Beulah Bondi) pretend that Abby (Marie Dressler) has parted with Chris. Bean's masterpiece. Others are Helen Shipman, Jean Hersholt, and H. B. Warner.

Christopher BEAN

THIS is the screen version of the great stage success: "The Late Christopher Bean." It is Marie Dressler's picture, but there is also some fine work by other artists, notably Beulah Bondi. There will be few people who will fail to enjoy this satirical comedy.

Abby (Dressler) refuses to leave her portrait with Dr. Haggitt (Lionel Barrymore), much to his surprise.



The end of the elopement. Abby (Dressler) acts as driver to the young lovers.

Rosen (Jean Hersholt), the art dealer, in search of some Chris. Beans, introduces himself.





The elopement. Abby (Dressler), at the wheel, scares the lovers (Helen Mack and Russell Hardie) and will make Laurel and Hardy green with envy at her driving.



Davenport, the art critic, and friend of Chris. Bean, is an ally of Abby.

Susan (Helen Mack), much in love, confides in her friend Abby (Dressler).



Abby (Marie Dressler) paves the way for the young lovers, Russell Hardie and Helen Mack.



Fay Wray is the heroine of the sea adventure film "Below the Sea."

On the Screens Now by Lionel Collier

The PICTUREGOER'S quick reference index to films just released

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| **TUGBOAT ANNIE | *THE BERMONDSEY KID |
| **PRIVATE DETECTIVE 62 | *PURSE STRINGS |
| *GAMBLING SHIP | *THE LOVE NEST |
| | c*THE FIDDLIN' BUCKAROO |

What the asterisks mean—**** An outstanding feature. *** Very good.
** Good. * Average entertainment. c Also suitable for children.



Benita Hume plays opposite Cary Grant in the gangster picture "Gambling Ship."

IVOR NOVELLO shows to very good advantage this week in a film version of his own stage play, *I Lived With You*. He has a part that suits him and makes the most of it.

Incidentally, the plot itself is an intriguing one and the characters are well drawn.

For those who like their entertainment tough and rough there is *Below the Sea*, a picture notable for some fine underwater photography and a sensational thrill or two.

You will not, of course, miss the new Dressler-Beery vehicle, *Tug-Boat Annie*, although the story does not do justice to this outstanding team. It is, in fact, rather disappointing, but none the less worth seeing.

***I LIVED WITH YOU

W. & F. British. "A" certificate. Domestic comedy-drama. Runs 98 minutes.

URSULA JEANS.....Gladys Wallis
IVOR NOVELLO.....Prince Felix Lenieff
IDA LUPINO.....Ada Wallis
MINNIE RAYNOR.....Mrs. Wallis
CECILY OATES.....Flossie Williams
MOLLY FISHER.....May Sawley
DAVINA CRAIG.....Maggie
BERYL HARRISON.....Violet Bradshaw
ELIOT MAKEHAM.....Mr. Wallis
DOUGLAS BEAUMONT.....Albert Wallis

Directed by MAURICE ELMER from IVOR NOVELLO's play.

Ivor Novello has never appeared to better advantage than in this adaptation of his own stage play, which is very well put over and contains bright dialogue and well drawn, if somewhat artificial, characters.

He is cast as an irresponsible and destitute Russian prince who is taken home and cared for by an attractive young shop assistant and her family.

His entry into the humble household upsets it and fills it with revolutionary ideas on life in general.

You see, the prince is a distinctly whimsical and wholly amoral character, and his views of sex and marital relationships are calculated to shock the English lower middle-class family on which he has descended.

For instance, the father of the family takes a mistress, aided by the prince, who decides to sell some valuable diamonds in a locket in order to help his good friends.

The younger daughter proceeds to go and live with the floor manager of the store in which she works.

The mother takes to drinking vodka in excessive quantities and

the elder daughter, Gladys, who had befriended the prince, falls in love with him, although he keeps her at a distance.

The one person who sees what havoc is being worked in the life of a once contented family is an aunt, who finally begs the prince to leave and so help remedy the trouble he has caused.

He agrees to do so, but Gladys is so madly in love with him that she insists on following, and her aunt, realising her love is not mere infatuation, lets her go.

The whole thing is treated with the requisite lightness of touch and, while technically it is not remarkable, full justice is done to the plot, which avoids all semblance of a photographed stage play.

Ivor Novello dominates the piece, but excellent performances are also given by Eliot Makeham as the father, Minnie Raynor as the mother, Ursula Jeans as Gladys, and Cecily Oates as the aunt. The rest of the cast is sound and portrays its rôles effectively.

**BELOW THE SEA

U. A. (Columbia). American. "A" certificate. Melodrama. Runs 77 minutes.

RALPH BELLAMY.....Steve McCreary
FAY WRAY.....Diana Templeton
FREDRIK VOGEDING.....Karl Schlemmer
ESTHER HOWARD.....Lily
TREVOR BLAND.....Waldridge
WILLIAM J. KELLY.....Dr. Chapman
PAUL PAGE.....Jackson

Directed by AL ROGELL from the story and screen play by JOE SWERLING.

Real "thick-ear" stuff this, which, provided you are not too

critical in the matter of conviction, is going to entertain you well and give you a good thrill or two.

The opening shows a U-boat being sunk by a Q-boat; very well done, this.

The submarine commander manages to swim ashore, chart the sunken vessel, which contains gold ingots, and murder his companion.

He is rescued by a boat which sights his beacon fire and afterwards sets about trying to find that gold.

He gets the aid of an expert diver, Steve, but the first expedition ends in disaster. Neither man trusts the other, and they end by being shipwrecked and quite ready to murder each other.

The second attempt they make in the guise of piloting a vessel chartered for scientific exploration by Diana Templeton, a wealthy and adventurous girl.

Steve falls for the heiress and then things happen with startling rapidity until the culminating thrill, when an octopus attacks the diving bell in which the heiress is surveying the ocean bed and is killed by the diver, armed with an oxygen blow lamp.

The ex-U-boat commander is dragged to his death by the gold which, while trying to double-cross Steve, he has nearly managed to haul into a small boat—his leg gets entangled in the chain and he is pulled overboard with the load.



Wallace Beery and Marie Dressler "make it up" in "Tugboat Annie."

Happy ending, of course, for hero and heroine.

The commander is extremely well played by Fredrik Vogeding and Ralph Bellamy makes a virile heman lover. Fay Wray is weak as the heroine.

The octopus fight is very well done, as, indeed, are all the underwater sequences.

Action tends to slow up a little at times and one or two interpolated sea-bed interest scenes could well be cut.

They are well done, but they hold up the action and interfere with the continuity.

**TUGBOAT ANNIE

M.-G.-M. American. "U" certificate. Water-front comedy-drama. Runs 85 minutes.

MARIE DRESSLER.....Annie
WALLACE BEERY.....Terry
ROBERT YOUNG.....Alec
MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN.....Pat
WILLARD ROBERTSON.....Severn
TAMMANY YOUNG.....Shiftless
JACK DENNICK.....Pete
PAUL HURST.....Sam
FRANKIE DARROW.....Alec as child

Directed by MERVYN LE ROY.

This is hardly a worthy vehicle for the talents of such players as Wallace Beery and Marie Dressler.

It is a thin, drawn-out story, with Wallace Beery spending most of the footage in a drunken condition and Marie Dressler, as his distinctly better half, trying to keep their home together and give their boy a chance to become the skipper of a liner.

The second of these two aims succeeds, but the former is wrecked by Beery's proclivity for drink, which forces them to sell their floating home, a tugboat, and become the paid servants of a firm of garbage carriers.

All ends well, however, when Beery's heroic efforts in keeping the fire box of their boat functioning through a storm enables them to save their son's liner from destruction.

It is all rather artificial, and even Marie Dressler is unable to bring a full measure of conviction to it, although she acts as admirably as ever.

Wallace Beery has little chance in his rôle, but he rises to the occasion whenever possible.

Robert Young is good as the son and Maureen O'Sullivan a charming heroine. Supporting cast is sound throughout.

The humour, mostly concerned with Beery's efforts to get a drink at all times, is punctuated with pathos and mother-love as repre-

sented by Marie Dressler's solicitude for her son's future welfare.

**PRIVATE DETECTIVE 62

Warner. American. "A" certificate. Crime drama. Runs 67 minutes.

WILLIAM POWELL.....Donald
MARGARET LINDSAY.....Janet
RUTH DONNELLY.....Amy
GORDON WESTCOTT.....Bandor
JAMES BELL.....Whitley
ARTHUR BYRON.....Tracey
NATALIE MOORHEAD.....Mrs. Burns
SHEILA TERRY.....The Girl
THERESA HARRIS.....Maid
RENEE WHITNEY.....Alice
ANN HOVEY.....Rose
IRVING BACON.....Cab Driver
ARTHUR HOHL.....Rogan
HOBART CAVANAGH.....Burns

Directed by MICHAEL CURTIZ from the story by RAOUL WHITEFIELD; screen play by RIAN JAMES.

There is a good deal of ingenuity in the way an unscrupulous private detective first turns the tables on a racketeer and is, in turn, outwitted by the hero, an ex-Diplomatic Corps detective who has been dismissed when he fails in a delicate mission through no fault of his own.

The heroine is a society woman whom the private detective plans to swindle out of her gambling winnings.

The part is most attractively played by Margaret Lindsay, while William Powell has a role that suits him as the suave and diplomatic detective lover.

Arthur Hohl does well as the private detective and generally the characters are quite interesting. Treatment is brisk and not lacking in humour.

*GAMBLING SHIP

Paramount. American. "A" certificate. Romantic drama. Runs 69 minutes.

CARY GRANT.....Ace Corbin
BENITA HUME.....Eleanor La Velle
JACK LA RUE.....Pete Manning
ROSCOE KARNS.....Blooley
GLENDA FARRELL.....Jeanne Sands
ARTHUR VINTON.....Joe Burke
CHARLES WILLIAMS.....Baby Face
EDWIN MAXWELL.....District Attorney
SPENCER CHARTERS.....A Detective
SID SAYLOR.....The Sailor

Directed by LOUIS GASNIER and MAX MARCIN from a story by PETER RURIC.

Good average entertainment is provided by this vigorous gangster picture, which introduces you to still another racket—that of the gambling ship.

The moral pointed by the story is a dubious one and the development obvious, but the rough stuff is well put over and the characterisations are well drawn and vital.

Cary Grant is good as a gangster on holiday who falls in love with a girl from whom he conceals his

identity and later finds that she, too, is connected with racketeers.

As the girl, Benita Hume is sound, while Jack La Rue is suitably ruthless as another gangster, whom Cary Grant helps to put out of the way in order to aid a friend whose gambling ship's activities are being ruined by him.

The friend is well rendered by Arthur Vinton. Glenda Farrell and Roscoe Karns do well in support.

There is a spectacular note to the ending when the gambling ship goes up in flames.

*DOCTOR BULL

Fox. American. "U" certificate. Small-town comedy. Runs 79 minutes.

WILL ROGERS.....Doctor Bull
VERA ALLEN.....Janet Cardmaker
MARIAN NIXON.....May Topping
HOWARD LALLY.....Joe Topping
BENTON CHURCHILL.....Herbert Banning
LOUISE DRESSER.....Mrs. Banning
ROCHELLE HUDSON.....Virginia Banning
TEMPE PIGOTT.....Grandma
ELIZABETH PATTERSON.....Aunt Patricia
NORA CECIL.....Aunt Emily
RALPH MORGAN.....Dr. Verney
ANDY DEVINE.....Lary Ward
PATSY O'BRYNE.....Susan
VEDA BUCKLAND.....Mary
EFFIE ELLISLER.....Aunt Myra
HELEN FREEMAN.....Helen Upjohn

Directed by JOHN FORD from the novel, "The Last Adam," by JAMES GOULD COZZENS.

Although very slow and slight in texture, there is a good deal of entertainment to be obtained from Will Roger's whimsical study of a small country-town doctor who is the subject of malicious gossip concerning his innocent friendship with a widow, Janet Cardmaker.

The crisis comes with a typhoid epidemic, when his enemies accuse him of negligence. However, his miraculous cure of a man restores him to public favour and he ends by marrying Janet.

The life and atmosphere of a small town and gossip is quite well mirrored and the settings, homely humour, and camera work all quite good.

Several sound studies are drawn by the supporting cast.

*THE BERMONDSEY KID

F.N. British. "A" certificate. Boxing melodrama. Runs 75 minutes.

ESMOND KNIGHT.....Eddie Martin
PAT PATERSON.....Mary
ELLIS IRVING.....Joe Dougherty
ERNEST SEFTON.....Lou Rodman
CLIFFORD MCLAGLEN.....Bates
SYD CROSSLEY.....Porky
EVE GRAY.....Toots
WINIFRED OUGHTON.....Mrs. Bodge

Directed by RALPH DAWSON.

British boxing is not shown in a very good light in this picture, in which a pulled fight is planned; but the tricks of some sections of



Gene Gerrard finds it difficult to get rid of a rather embarrassing intruder in the person of Camilla Horn in "The Love Nest."

the trade afford entertaining by-play, as do the details of a boxer's training.

The atmosphere is fairly convincing and the fights are realistically put over.

Esmond Knight does quite well histrionically and fistically as the hero. Pat Paterson is good as the heroine.

The sporting atmosphere is heightened by the introduction of such well-known personalities as Len Harvey and George Cook.

*A STUDY IN SCARLET

Gaumont Ideal. American. "A" certificate. Murder-mystery drama. Runs 77 minutes.

REGINALD OWEN.....Sherlock Holmes
ANNA MAY WONG.....Mrs. Pyke
JUDE CLYDE.....Eileen Forrester
ALLAN DINEHART.....Merrydew
JOHN WARBURTON.....John Stanford
WARBURTON GAMBLE.....Dr. Watson
J. M. KERRIGAN.....Jabez Wilson
ALAN MOWBRAY.....Lestrade
DORIS LLOYD.....Mrs. Murphy
LEILA BENNETT.....Dolly
CECIL REYNOLDS.....Baker
WYNDHAM STANDING.....Captain Pyke
HALLIWELL HOBBS.....Deering
TETSU KOMAI.....Ah Yet
TEMPE PIGOTT.....Mrs. Hudson

Directed by EDWIN L. MARIN from SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE's story of the same name.

Free adaptation of the famous Sherlock Holmes story, which makes an unpretentious thriller rather than a dramatisation of Conan Doyle's story.

Reginald Owen seems to have been cast for the chief role because he has an English accent rather than because he resembles the favourite detective of fiction.

The rest of the cast is efficient without being in any way noteworthy.

*PURSE STRINGS

Paramount. British. "A" certificate. Domestic drama. Runs 69 minutes.

DOROTHY BOUCHIER.....Mary Willmore
GYLES ISHAM.....James Willmore
G. H. MULCASTER.....Edward Ashby
ALLAN JEAYES.....Walford
JOAN HENLEY.....Ida Bentley
EVELYN ROBERTS.....Mr. Beauchamp

Directed by HENRY EDWARDS from the play by BERNARD PARRY.

If the idea behind the story had been better utilised, it would have made a very entertaining picture, but as it stands it is only mediocre.

The theme deals with a wife who, kept short of money by her husband, takes to shop-lifting, hoping to send the money on afterwards.

How she gets into difficulties and is blackmailed is ingenious in

conception but very pedestrian in treatment.

The acting is not on a high level. Dorothy Bouchier is colourless as the wife and Gyles Isham artificial and theatrical as the husband.

G. H. Mulcaster is adequate as a barrister who extricates the woman from her trouble and Allen Jeayes is a melodramatic villain.

*THE LOVE NEST

Wardour. British. "A" certificate. Matrimonial farce. Runs 69 minutes.

GENE GERRARD.....Gene
CAMILLA HORN.....Fifi
NANCY BURNE.....Angela
CHARLES PATON.....Pa
AMY VENESS.....Ma
GARRY MARSH.....Hugo
MARION DAWSON.....Mrs. Drinkwater
GUS MCNAUGHTON.....Fox

Directed by THOMAS BENTLEY from the story and scenario by H. D. MALTBY, GENE GERRARD, and FRANK MILLER.

Typical Gene Gerrard picture, which allows the star opportunities to exploit his own brand of humour, but neglects story values in concentrating on him.

The slight plot concerns a young man who, having bought and furnished a house, is staying in it on the eve of his wedding. A pretty married woman from the house opposite, accidentally locked out, comes to him for shelter.

It is pouring with rain and, since she is wet through, she takes a bath—and also a flirtatious fancy to her saviour.

The inevitable happens. The fiancée arrives, the mother-in-law to be also, and the usual complications follow.

Camilla Horn is attractive as the unwanted visitor and Nancy Burne sound as the fiancée.

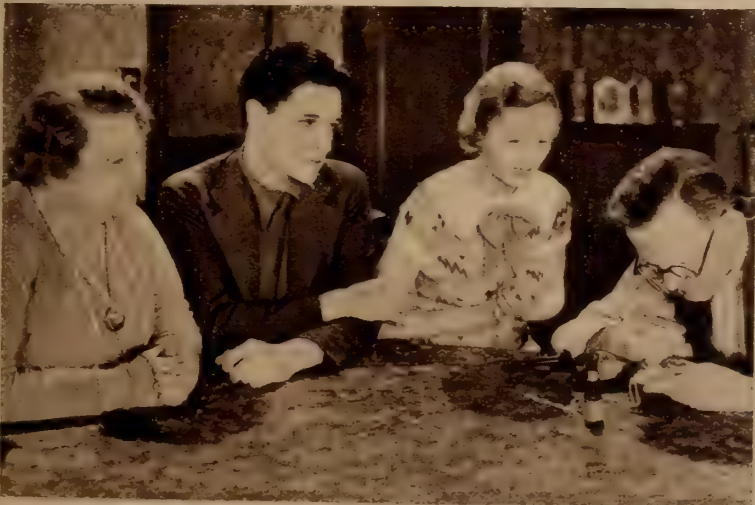
*THE FIDDLIN' BUCKAROO

Universal. American. "U" certificate. Western drama. Runs 57 minutes.

KEN MAYNARD.....Fiddlin'
GLORIA SHEA.....Patricia
FRED KOHLER.....Wolf.
FRANK RISE.....Banty
JACK ROCKWELL.....Sheriff
JACK MOVER.....Buck
ROBERT MCKENZIE.....Deputy Jailer
JOSEPH W. GIRARD.....Keriman
TARZAN.....Tarzan

Directed by KEN MAYNARD from the story and screen play by NATE GATZERT.

Conventional Western with all the usual attributes of riding and fighting. Ken Maynard puts plenty of virility into his role of a secret service agent who is tracking bandits and Fred Kohler makes a good tough villain.



Minnie Raynor, Ivor Novello, Isabel Jeans and Eliot Makeham in a scene from the screen adaptation of Novello's play, "I Lived with You."



JANET GAYNOR

and
CHARLES FARRELL

The world's sweethearts are reunited again after a screen divorce of over a year. The first picture to mark the resumption of the partnership will be "The Sun Shines Bright."

THE STORY OF THE FILM by MARJORY WILLIAMS



The spread upon the table as the children trooped into the parlour was such as not even to be associated by the four Marchs with the time of their father's prosperity.

Little WOMEN

THE CAST

Jo.....Katharine Hepburn
Amy.....Joan Bennett
Meg.....Frances Dee
Beth.....Jean Parker
Fritz Bhaer.....Paul Lukas
Aunt March.....Edna May Oliver
Laurie.....Douglass Montgomery
Mr. Laurence.....Henry Stephenson
Marmee.....Spring Byington
Mr. March.....Samuel Hinds
Hannah.....Mabel Colcord
Brooke.....John Lodge
Mamie.....Nydia Westman

(An exclusive story of the film *Little Women*, in four parts, by permission of Radio Pictures, Ltd., Dean Street, London, W.1.)

See "Pre-views of the Latest Films" feature, page 14, for a criticism of this picture.

THICK snow, muffling the tramp of marching soldiers, had fallen in Concord, Massachusetts. In the United States Christian Mission a motherly woman behind a counter, piled with woollens, was talking to a white-haired veteran whom she had just helped into an overcoat.

"Yes, ma'am," he was saying. "All four of my sons went to the war. Two were killed, one's a prisoner. The one I'm going to visit in hospital is my last.

"I do hope you'll find him a great deal better. Pray keep the money—you're more than welcome. You've done a great deal for your country."

"Not a mite more than I ought, ma'am. I'd go myself if they'd

have me. A merry Christmas, and thank you."

Mrs. March paused in her work of replacing the unwanted overcoats as he went out. She had never learnt to take suffering for granted. When a fashionably dressed helper came up with an order to be signed, she apologised, starting out of a reverie.

"I'm so sorry you had to speak twice. When I see people like that old man I'm ashamed of how little I can do. No, don't tell me I'm doing all I can here. He's going to Washington, very like, to say 'Good-bye' to the last of his four sons. I have my girls to comfort me."

She put her name to the slip of paper and added, hopefully, "Meg and Jo are working, you know. Meg is a nursery governess."

Her thoughts lingered for a moment with her eldest daughter, Margaret, very sweet if she chose, but intensely critical of life, and to Jo, a year younger and still so much of a Tom-boy.

At the moment, Meg, sweetness uppermost, was bending in bonnet and cloak to wish her small charges "Merry Christmas" before leaving them for the brief holiday.

So brief a holiday it was to be for the two elder Marchs and Amy, who was at school, that Jo, in a house not far away, was in the middle of a brilliant scheme for making it longer.

Jo earned her few dollars weekly by attending daily on her father's sister. Aunt March, a querulous old lady, possessed a lap-dog, a parrot,

and a magnificent drawing-room full of carved furniture which required cleaning.

Afternoons were spent by her niece in reading aloud, a habit which, from her own love of books, Jo would have approved if only the titles had been different.

Her strong young voice, full of dramatic inflexions, was repressed to a monotone as she read. "Bad habits take root with fearful rapidity, even in the highest natures. They grow and ripen and bear fruit like southern vines and weeds. . . ."

Jo continued slowly, then still more slowly, her glance from time to time sizing up her aunt's heavily lined face under the white wig. The head gradually drooped, the mouth, a little open, went to one side. The old lady was asleep.

Creeping silently to the double doors, Jo stopped to utter a final word or so before making upstairs. She was back with cloak and muff at the bottom of the first flight when a voice brought her up short.

"Where are you going, Josephine?"

"I didn't think you'd mind. I did so want to be home early. The others and I are doing a play for Christmas and I was going to rehearse," stammered Jo, convicted, as so often the case with her, of doing the right thing at the wrong moment.

"Humph; so you fly off without a word of greeting to your poor old aunt."

"I'm sorry. Merry Christmas," Jo said, only half contritely, her thoughts revolving round the

villain's moustache. Aunt March lifted her skirt and removed something from the linen pocket attached to the petticoat.

"Here's a dollar for each; mind you spend them carefully, though it's more than I can expect, with your father waltzing off to the war and letting other folks look after his family."

"Nobody need look after us," Jo flamed. "I'm proud of father, and you should be, too."

"Highly-tighty; don't be impertinent. Did you clean Polly's cage?"

"Yes, aunty."

"And wash the silver teaspoons?"

"Yes, aunty."

"Then you may go. One minute. You haven't polished the stair rails. Do so before you leave."

Jo waited with apparent meekness till the old lady had gone upstairs; then, brushing the offending rail with her muff, she jumped upon it, sliding to the hall in her flowing skirts with ease, if not exactly grace.

The air outside was nipping, but the sight of two familiar figures on the snowy road called forth her cheery welcome.

"Hullo, Meg! Why you are late, Amy."

It was clear to Jo that her little sister (Amy was the youngest as well as the spoilt member of the March family) had been crying.

"I know." Amy, who had been well scolded, had the happy knack of turning mishaps to advantage once they were over. "Mr. Davis kept me in because I drew a picture of him with a huge nose on my slate instead of adding up my sum. The girls were ever so horrid and inquisitive about what he said to me. I really think Marmee should take me away from the school."

"There's the 'Laurence boy' at the next-door window again," broke in Jo. "Christopher Columbus! He's gone off like a streak of lightning."

"Naturally, when he saw you waving at him. Really, you shouldn't have," Meg, reproved. "And I wish you wouldn't say 'Christopher Columbus.' You know Marmee doesn't like slang."

"I like good strong words that mean something," Jo affirmed.

Disregarding an elderly gentleman who was approaching the gate, she continued to look up at the imposing red-brick mansion next to Orchard House, the Marchs' countrified dwelling.

"Don't, Jo. There's old Mr. Laurence," Meg, warned.

"What if it is and he does see me waving? I don't mind."

The door of the white, creeper-covered house opened just then and Jo ran up the path crying: "There's Beth. She mustn't stop there. She'll get cold."

A tender look, never seen when she spoke to anyone else, crossed Jo's face as she greeted Beth and hurried her back into the parlour. From babyhood Beth had been shy and delicate, but, though she was left very much alone in the day with

(Continued on page 24)

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THOUSANDS of former nerve sufferers have blessed the day they wrote for the remarkable little booklet which is now offered **FREE** to every reader of this announcement. The writers of the grateful letters below might never have experienced the glorious happiness they now enjoy had they not taken the first step by sending for this unique booklet.

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her canary, three kittens, and the much-worn piano with a dumb note, on which she loved to play, she never complained.

"Aunt March sends a dollar all round," Jo said, holding them out while the others were setting the table for tea. "What shall we do with them?"

"Marmee says we oughtn't to be thinking of presents for ourselves, when the soldiers are going without so much," Beth said doubtfully.

"Well, a dollar won't do the Army much good," countered Jo. "I shall buy 'Undine and Sintram.' I've wanted it long enough. She stood back to the fire on the wide hearth, a masculine fashion apt to court disaster to gowns of the period.

"Gloves for me. I'm sure Marmee would approve," Meg put in.

By the time Beth had spoken in favour of new music and Amy of drawing pencils, Jo was ready to back up her argument.

"Really, I don't see why we shouldn't have what we want. I'm sure I work hard enough," she observed, thinking of claw-footed furniture and polly's cage.

"I don't mind work. It's having to tell Flo King how nice she looks in the clothes I want myself," Meg sighed.

"How would you like to read stuffy works to an old aunt who flies off the handle at every turn?"

"Jo, when will you learn not to use slang? I should have thought now you've got your hair up—"

"I'm sure neither of you suffer like I do at school," Amy sighed, "having girls laugh at your dresses and labelling your father because he's lost his money."

"Libel! You needn't talk about father as if he were a pickle bottle," Jo advised; "and as for having my hair up, I'll wear it down and use slang to the end of the chapter."

She tugged at the wide-meshed back net, which, worn in conjunction with an unbecoming frizz across the forehead, was a useful rage with schoolgirls burdened with overmuch hair.

Careless of her one feminine glory, which thus released fell past her waist in ripples of a rich chestnut shade, she struck an heroic attitude.

"Come on, let's rehearse. Amy, you must do the fainting scene. You're as stiff as a poker in that."

"I can't help it. I've never fainted, and I don't intend to turn black and blue tumbling about as you do," Amy protested, who hadn't the slightest idea of acting, but who had to play heroine on account of her mass of natural golden curls.

"Watch me!" Jo cried. "Roderigo—Roderigo—save me!" She threw herself into the part of distressed damsel with enthusiasm, finally falling to the floor with such abandon that her audience clapped and Beth cried adoringly: "You're a regular Shakespeare, Jo."

Amy followed with cries more suggestive of being stuck with pins than any other form of peril and ended, after a series of twirls burlesquing those of her sister by collapsing on a convenient sofa, with such a studied effect that everyone laughed.

"Glad to find you so merry, girls!" came a pleasant voice from the door. There was a regular bustle to instal Mrs. March in the fireside chair, remove her bonnet and cloak, and find her slippers.

"Had a hard day, Marmee?" asked Jo.

"Very pleasant; but it's good to be home. How's your cold, Meg dear? Come and kiss me, Beth.

LITTLE WOMEN—

Where's Amy? I've got a treat for you all.

"A letter from father, Hurrah!" Four young faces clustered near the mother's, while Mrs. March read aloud her husband's letter. At one place there was a catch in her voice, then she went on in a lower tone, confident that not one of the young people about her would resent what was coming.

"... Give my dear girls my love and a kiss. Tell them I know they will remember all I said about fighting their own particular and personal enemies bravely, so that when I come home I may be prouder than ever of my little women."

"Let's get something for Marmee instead of keeping the dollars for what we said," Beth suggested after tea.

"Good idea," Jo approved. "I'll get her slippers."

"Gloves," put in Meg.

"Handkerchiefs all hemmed," supplemented Beth. "And a bottle of cologne," contributed Amy, adding: "Perhaps I'll have enough left over for my pencils."

An hour or more of sewing on one big sheet followed, the dullness any of the four workers might have felt being dispelled by Jo's aptitude for treating the long seams as continents and chatting about the different countries they imaginatively passed. It had been the custom since Amy was tiny to close the evening with a hymn.

Beth, making the best of the dumb note, sat at the piano while the five voices rose in the quiet room.

... the darkness deepens, Lord Abide with me.

"Good-night, Marmee!"
"Good-night, my darlings!"

Jo was first at the breakfast table on Christmas Day, arranging parcels, while Hannah, sole surviving family servant of the days of plenty, brought in an unusual number of covered dishes exhaling attractive odours.

"Sausages! And popovers!" Jo cried, raising lids. "Scrumptious! Where's Marmee, Hannah?"

"Gone out. She won't be a minute."

"There she—no it isn't. Where have you been, Amy?"

"Only to change my bottle of cologne. The small one looked so mean. This is really handsome. And I don't mind about the pencils."

"Here. Have the prettiest rose to put with it," offered Beth, breaking one from the pot on the sill.

"There she comes. Strike up, Beth. Merry Christmas, Marmee!"

Escorted to the table by the strains of a lively air, Mrs. March had to receive her gifts in turn. It was some time before her expressions of "How lovely! ... yes, a perfect fit ... just what I wanted, and thank you," had died down.

"Oh, I am hungry!" Jo began at last.

"Listen!" Mrs. March spoke with an effort. "Girls, I've just come from a home where there's a mother and new-born baby. The poor things have no fire and nothing to eat. Would you like to take them your breakfast as a Christmas present?"

"I'm glad you got back before we started," Jo spoke soberly; then, as the last thoughts of bubbling sausages vanished as though she had never possessed an aching void, Meg and the rest were chiming in:—

"I'll carry the coffee. I'll take the bread. Me for the popovers."

— Continued —

A family named Hummel received the five with their fragrant offerings in baskets as though they were angels.

That afternoon a score of school and other friends foregathered in the dining-room at Orchard House to witness the performance of Jo's play, *The Witch's Curse*.

Described in the programme as a most hair-raising and melodious operatic tragedy, Jo had brought to its composition all the talent that she fondly hoped one day would make her a famous authoress.

No producer of a travelling fit-up show had more difficulties than she with which to contend. As the sole owner of a dramatic speaking voice and willing user of a pair of top boots belonging to the company, she had to double the parts of hero and villain.

The scene first revealed Amy as the benighted heroine standing agitatedly in front of Hannah's clothes' horse as the framework of a piece of linen painted to resemble castle walls.

Amy's cry of "Strange that Roderigo is not here!" was quite realistic; then she forgot her part and had to be prompted by Jo before she managed to add:—

"And why Black Hugo's castle for the tryst? I am afraid."

Meg, attired as a hag in Marmee's dressing-gown, informed Amy, alias the Princess Zarah, that she had been betrayed by Black Hugo.

Meanwhile, Jo, warming to her task off, was beating on a saucepan interspersing the sounds with a loudly uttered "Woah!"

Black Hugo's moustache and slouch hat were to hand and easy to put on, while the spell-bound audience heard the words without seeing the speaker: "Zarah will be waiting, my proud beauty. Ha-ha. Zarah will be mine."

Applause greeted Jo as she came on, looking the apotheosis of a fiend as Black Hugo. He dismissed the hag and proceeded to come terrifyingly at Zarah. Amy's shriek was convincing at first, but not all Jo could do could prevent her from accomplishing a mild pirouette and sinking stiffly on to a property bench beneath the castle walls.

Throwing his cloak over one shoulder and picking up the lady, Black Hugo exited as the curtain came down.

"What a faint!" grumbled Jo, as Amy stood upright. "Never mind. Up you go for the next scene."

Scene two was most ambitious. Zarah, poised on the tallboy, peered through a supposed window in the castle walls, while Roderigo, alias Black Hugo, equipped with a different cloak and a guitar, sang a tuneful love song, the purport of which was to entice Zarah to fly with him.

Jo had taken two steps up the rope ladder to Zarah's window when her genius for awkward movement caused her to trip over a rung.

Down she fell, with the castle walls on the top of her, the resulting confusion being so great as to infect the audience, half of whom precipitated themselves and their bench backwards from laughter.

More confusion followed; the last of the players and audience had hardly picked themselves up when Hannah appeared in the doorway to announce, in an impressive manner.

"Please, will the young ladies walk into supper?"

The spread upon the table, as they trooped into the parlour, was such as not even to be associated by the four March's with the time of their father's prosperity.

Hot-house roses were massed in bowls about a centrepiece brimming with the pink and white whipped-up foam of ice-cream. The daintiest of cookies and sweet biscuits were set out on doiley-covered plates.

"Christopher Columbus! What's this?" cried Jo.

"Is it fairies?" Amy inquired.

"Or Santa Claus?" from Beth.

"Mother did it," decided Meg.

"All wrong," beamed Mrs. March.

"Mr. Laurence sent it."

"What! 'The Laurence boy's' grandfather! He looks such a fierce individual."

"He heard what you did at breakfast," Marmee explained, beginning to serve the ice-cream to highly interested recipients, "and sent me a nice note saying he hoped I would allow him to express his friendly feeling towards my children by sending them a few trifles in honour of the day."

"The boy put it into his head—I know he did. He looks like a capital fellow. I'm dying to get acquainted, and I'm going to, too," Jo declared.

Beth, tasting the contents of her plate, said softly:—

"Jo, don't you wish father were here? I'm afraid he isn't having such a merry Christmas as we."

Boxing Day. Jo, who never wasted time acting on decisions, put hers into practice.

Looping up her long skirts and borrowing Hannah's whisk broom, she soon had enough snow swept up along the path running close to the next-door house to make a snowman. Pleased with her handiwork, in spite of its threat of chilblains, she waited till she caught a glimpse of the "Laurence boy's" face at an upstairs window before hurling a snowball in that direction. It landed plop against a pane. A second later the window opened and the boy leaned out.

"Hello!"

"How d'you do? I only wanted to thank you for the Christmas present. What's the matter? Aren't you well?"

"Only a bit of a cold, but grandfather's making me stop indoors for a week."

"I say, that is too bad. Can't anyone come and see you?"

"I only wish they would."

"Wait a minute. I'll ask Marmee."

Jo scuttled into the house. In a few minutes she reappeared with a basket.

"Close the window!" she called. "I'm coming round to the front door!"

Full of excitement, for her desire to meet "the Laurence boy" was nearly equalled by that of seeing the inside of his grandfather's house, she rang the bell.

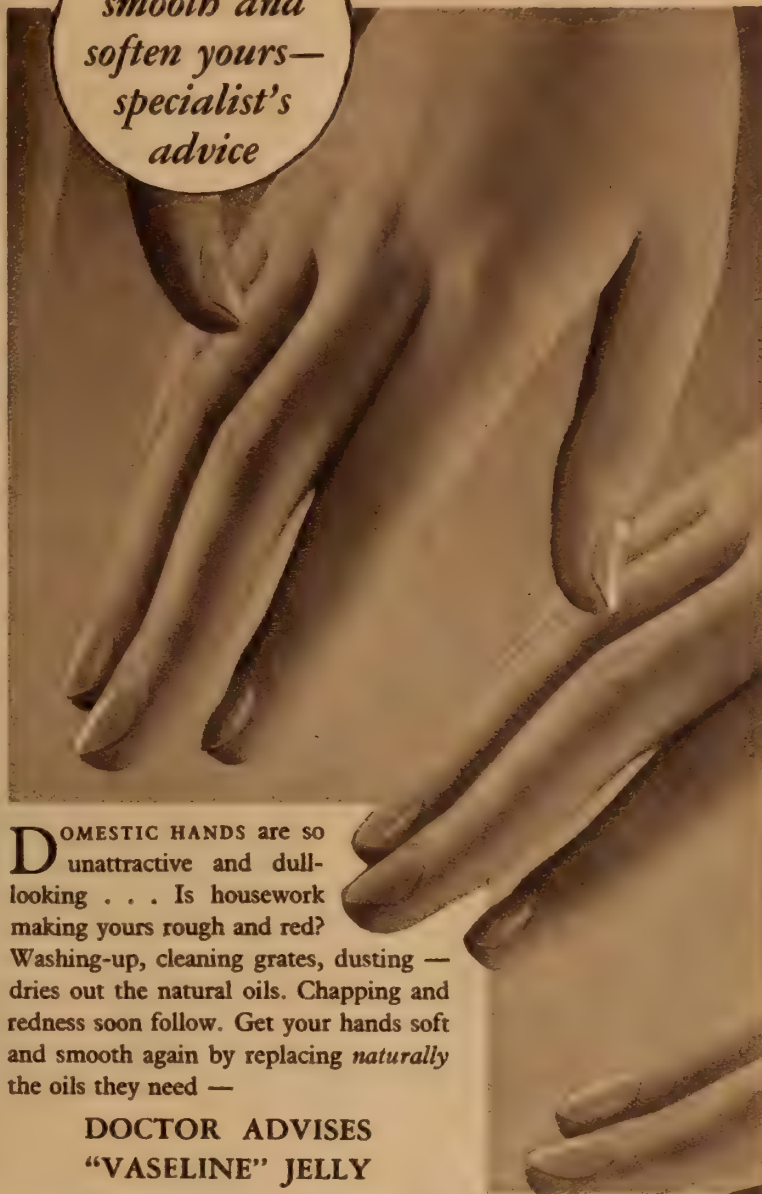
A butler answered her summons and was preceding her across a vast tessalated hall when the invalid came running downstairs. He was even nicer looking than Jo had thought, and she wished Marmee had given her permission to stay and talk to him.

"Good afternoon, Miss March!" the boy said. "Do come right in."

• • •
The growth of a friendship highly interesting to and important in the affairs of the March family is traced next week.

DULL DOMESTIC HANDS

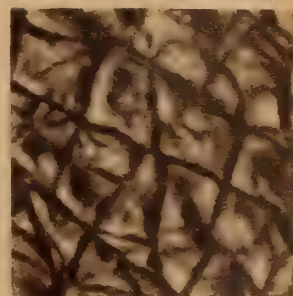
How to
smooth and
soften yours—
specialist's
advice



DOMESTIC HANDS are so unattractive and dull-looking . . . Is housework making yours rough and red? Washing-up, cleaning grates, dusting — dries out the natural oils. Chapping and redness soon follow. Get your hands soft and smooth again by replacing *naturally* the oils they need —

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Medical photograph (magnified) showing chapped skin of domestic hands. To heal chapping (dermatitis calorica), famous skin specialist, advises "Vaseline" Jelly.

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On the BRITISH SETS

by
E.G. COUSINS

But it is a fine studio. Built practically on the main Kingston road, it is so well sound-proofed that not the faintest suggestion of passing traffic penetrates.

Prosperity

One sound-stage, capable of housing three good sized interior sets at a time. Comfortable waiting-rooms, efficient cutting-room, monitor-room, still-photography room, offices. A general air of purpose, of quiet prosperity.

There used to be a studio, that I remember, standing on the same site (have you noticed that no one ever builds a studio anywhere except where there has been one before? There must be a superstition about it!). It was a ramshackle edifice of iron, if I remember rightly, used for knocking out cheap little silent films cheaply.

I hadn't been there for years, and I was amazed to find a first-class modern studio standing there now, with a highly efficient staff, capable of turning out first-rate pictures.

They showed me some of the "shorts" they had made recently, in the large projection-room where they also do some of their more intricate and delicate sound-recording, and I give you my word that the photography, sound, and cutting were as good as anything I have seen in any British film—with the possible exception of two or three super-films like *The Private Life of Henry VIII*.

Gathering 'Em

I found I knew most of the executives and technicians already. For instance, at Beaconsfield there used to be a clever young sound expert named Marcus Cooper; he left, and I often wondered where he had gone—until I found him in command of the "mike" at Merton. And others have been assembled in the same way.

If I were making a film independently, I am strongly inclined to think this is the studio I should choose.

The Admiral's Secret, the current opus, is a story of a bluff sea-dog, retired, who in his youth has sown a goodish few wild oats; and among his many escapades is the pinching, more or less by accident during a beanfeast, of an Italian jewel of worth.

With a view to recovering it, divers tough Italians call upon him in his lonely house by the sea. There are screams, knives, fainting house-keepers, stalwart heroes—all the hotch-potch of a comedy-melodrama, designed to make you shiver and chuckle by turns.

Admiral Gwenn

The last time I met Edmund Gwenn, just a few weeks ago, he swore by the little brass knob at the bottom of the microphone (a solemn oath) that he was retiring from films for a while to concentrate on *Laburnum Grove*, the play which J. B. Priestley has written for him. However, the "while" is apparently now over, though the run of the play is not, for here he is, playing the Admiral with great verve.

James Raglan and Hope Davy supply the heart-throbs; and Aubrey Mather and Abraham Sofaer are also in the cast, so we are at least assured of efficiency in the acting department.

At Twickenham, itself, they are in the thick of *Behind the Mask*, an exciting tale of burglars who rather fancy a spot of murder if it comes their way in the ordinary course of business, so to speak.

(Continued on page 28)

The Truth About GRACIE'S NEW FILM

Evelyn Laye, looking thoroughly regal in a scene from "Princess Charming," with George Grosmith and Harry Wilcoxon.

Where the Dust Flies—Universal Providers—Merton and Movies—A Model Studio—Masked Murderers—Worton Hall Wakes Up—Judy Kelly on the Up-grade

WHATEVER may be true of other studios, Twickenham is working overtime. That is no unusual thing for this historic building in the Thames Valley, which was the last stronghold of the phase of British production which petered out in the War years. Occasionally they take a holiday here, but when they are working—oh, boy, does the dust fly!

Not content with making films for both Radio and A.P.D. to release, they have now bitten off the mouthful of producing for Universal; and, as the merry men of Twickenham are not in the habit of biting off more than they can chew, we may expect the Universal British films to be thoroughly well worth seeing.

I am rather glad Universal have not rushed into production again on their own account. The mass of American executives and technicians they imported to make the ill-

fated *Lloyd of the C.I.D.* some years ago, did precious little to improve the status of British films.

Delivering the Goods

At Twickenham they understand rather well what is wanted by kinema-goers, and concentrate on providing it—a perfectly sound attitude which is likely to bring them great prosperity.

They are already heading strongly in that direction. A fine new sound-stage, which will take the place of the "lot," will be completed in the course of the next few weeks.

Meanwhile, one unit has overflowed to Merton, to make *The Admiral's Secret* for Radio.

You didn't know there was a studio at Merton? Well, you may be forgiven for that, for very few people do know about it, even in the film world. The Merton merchants are of the type who do not spend their time banging a drum and chanting "Look—see, we have a fine studio, we make good films." They buckle-to and make 'em.



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GLYMIEL Jelly

Tubes 3d. 6d. & 1/-
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HEAD WON'T ACHE IF ZOX YOU TAKE

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"I have been troubled with my stomach for about ten years. The doctor said I had acute gastric ulcers—I was frightened to eat for pain and suffered day in, day out until I noticed Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. I am pleased to say I am now a new man. I have recommended your wonderful powder to all my friends—they all call it 'Macleans Magic Powder.' They know how I suffered. I wish your powder every success—I would not be without it for worlds."

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WOMAN'S AMAZING EXPERIENCE

MRS. CUSSELL, of Ipswich, who was almost completely bald, now has a luxuriant growth of hair, reaching to her waist. This amazing result was attained by the use of Kotalko, which is splendid for treatment of all hair troubles.

SAMPLE OFFER.—If you have dandruff, falling hair or baldness, send 3d. in stamps for a testing package of Kotalko and Kotalko Soap to J. Hart Brittain Ltd., 9 Percy Street (104.AB), London, W.1.

Throat Sore?

You need

Allenburys
Glycerin & Black Currant PASTILLES

Your Chemist stocks them

4d. per oz.

In tins: 2 ozs. 8d. 4 ozs. 1/3



No Lonely Evenings for this BLONDE

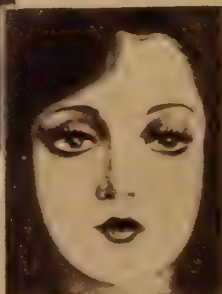
Her golden hair magnetizes, attracts—gets her more invitations than other girls. And it's STABLOND that gives her the lead. This special shampoo puts captivating sparkle, glorious golden colour in all blonde hair. Not only does STABLOND prevent darkening—but safely brings back alluring golden brightness to faded, lustreless light hair. Millions of blondes and fair-haired women to-day all over the world keep their hair gloriously beautiful with Stablond. Stablond helps the permanent wave to stay longer. Stablond contains no dye, henna or injurious bleaches, and is free from camomile. Highly recommended for children's hair. Your money promptly returned if you are not more than delighted with results. Get Stablond to-day, 6d. a packet of all Chemists, Hair-dressers, and Stores. Stablond is known abroad as "Nurblood" and "Blondex" and is the largest selling special shampoo in the World. Stablond is made in England. Stablond Laboratories Limited, Acton Lane, London, N.W.10.

STABLOND
THE FAIR HAIR SHAMPOO

Blackheads! Enlarged Pores!



Watch Them
Fall Away



Get a Clear
New Skin
in 3 days

This New Easy Way!

No person need have such ugly blemishes now. This new skin-making discovery in Crème Tokalon Skinfood (White Colour) penetrates, dissolves deep pore dirt and blackheads so that they fall away. It soothes irritated skin glands, tightens enlarged pores; whitens and beautifies the darkest, roughest skin and gives an indescribable youth-like skin and complexion obtained no other way, in only three days' time! Any good pharmacist will tell you so.



As he ushers in the guest
With considerable zest
Says the sergeant.....

*Sharp's the word
and
Sharp's the Toffee*
I like best of all



**WHY DO
ALL MEN
ADMIRE HER?**

Beautiful women the world over acclaim La Reine des Crèmes as the world's greatest beauty aid. It combines the uses of a vanishing cream and a night cream. Be admired for your beautiful, flawless complexion by using La Reine des Crèmes. From all Stores, Chemists, and Hairdressers. Pots from 1/6, Tubes from 1/3, Tube for handbag 6d. Manufactured by J. LESQUENDIKU, Mt Pleasant, ALPERTON, MIDDY.

**She uses
LA REINE DES CRÈMES**

ON THE BRITISH SETS—Continued

Spot the Killer

This is one of the pictures in which the audience plays the fascinating game of "Spot the murderer." See if you can. I'm not making any rash bets on it—you confirmed filmgoers are getting altogether too fly for me nowadays—but I venture to think it will tax your perspicacity to the full.

There are some very pleasant people to choose from—John Stuart, Judy Kelly, Athole Stewart, Miles Mander, Richard Cooper, Sebastian Shaw... do you fancy any of those as a murderer? No, nor I. This will need thinking about.

I was duly inducted into the most exclusive club in England. It meets at present in John Stuart's dressing-room at Twickenham, between shots (because John's is the largest and the chairs are more comfortable), and consists of five members—John, Judy, Dickie Cooper, Sebastian Shaw, and Athole Stewart. And once this film is over, the club will be suspended perhaps for years, since it may be that length of time before the members are all together in one film again!

However, when that happens I will let you know.

A Winner

I think Twickenham did a very wise thing in putting Judy Kelly on contract when she was "released" by British International. I consider her (and so does John Stuart) one of the very best bets in British studios to-day. She has beauty, brains, and heart—and with these a girl can go very far indeed, even in such a chancy business as film-production.

I shouldn't be in the least surprised to see Judy make a great deal of progress this year. The little bit of work she had in *Private Life of Henry VIII* showed what she could do under really favourable conditions.

I think she suffered a slight relapse in *Crime on the Hill*. It will be interesting—and important, too—to notice what progress she makes in this one.

George Pearson is directing it. He has forgotten more about the game than most of his brother directors have yet learned—or perhaps it would be more correct to say that he has learned a lot and forgotten precious little.

In the Garden

Merton is not the only surprise I received this week.

It's literally years—two or three, I think—since I heard of any activity at Worton Hall, the Isleworth studio where a couple of sound stages stand in the garden of a Georgian mansion.

This week, however, "mellerdrummer" visited this rural retreat, in the shape of an M.-G.-M. film called *Brent Pays*. How's that for a "be-mine-or-I-burn-the-papers" title?

But "meller" can be highly entertaining if properly handled, in deadly earnest and with due employment of the resources of kinema; and the fact that it is being directed by Harry Hughes indicates that the last ounce will be extracted from the subject, for Harry has shown at B.I.P. that he understands the principles involved.

Gracie Is Real

You know Gracie Fields on the stage and the screen, of course? Very well, then, you know her in private life; for the Gracie she gives you is the real Gracie, a personality so vivid, so individual, that it has fizzed its way up from the Rochdale cotton-mills and exploded on the screens of the world.

To talk with her is as entertaining as watching her on the screen. I asked her why she had taken rooms near the Ealing studios, where she is playing in *Love, Life, and Laughter*, and expected to hear the usual blah about giving up everything for her work, whereas she merely replied, in matter-of-fact tones, "Well, you see, luv, I like to be near me knitting!"

She has an edifying way of improving her lines in the script as the spirit moves her. For instance, when the foreign prince (John Loder) throws down a ball of paper in a corner of her flat, the script said, "Here, this place is kept tidy," whereas at rehearsal Gracie changed it quite spontaneously to "Here, chook your mook where you chook your luv!"—a reminiscence of Rochdale



Binnie Barnes as she appears in the first Columbia British production, "The Lady is Willing"

which infuses an immediate breath of life into the scene. Great stuff, this Grace!

Pomp v. Common Sense

But go to see Gracie, and you will have a field-day, for this is eminently Gracie's stuff. To watch her at a royal reception was a joy to me—common sense at loggerheads with traditional procedure. See it.

Maurice Elvey (one of our three best directorial bets at the box-office) is in charge, and in the cast are Hermione Baddeley, Bromley Davenport, Fred Duprez, Robb Wilton (and see his magistrate in the police-court scene!), and Ivor Barnard.

Who are the other two directors I include in my three best-sellers? You ought to know by this time that I never give myself away like that. Think of the mess I should get myself into. Besides, don't you know the old proverb: "No names, no pack-drill"? And that comparisons are odious?

Victor Saville and Alexander Korda. And now if I have to do pack-drill, it's your fault.

'ASPRO' IS THE WORLD'S MASTER MEDICINE FOR COLDS-FLU AND RHEUMATISM

You can smash up that cold or 'flu attack in one night with 'ASPRO'. This is a fact that has been proved by thousands of people all over the world. In fact, 'ASPRO' is recognised, both professionally and publicly, as being the world's master medicine for colds, 'flu and rheumatism. One of the great secrets of its success is that it promotes skin action, thus assisting Nature to throw out the poisons from the system through the millions of pores of the skin. Being, after ingestion in the system, a GERMICIDE AND ANTI-PYRETIC, or fever-reducer, it creates a condition which definitely eliminates the feverishness, attendant weakness and discomforting conditions. We make definite statements based on the following facts. You can prove our statements at very small cost. So you see there is no need to be continually laid up through the winter months with colds and 'flu.

- FACTS**
- 1 'ASPRO' taken at inception will definitely smash up a cold or 'flu attack in one night. Some people prefer to take a hot whisky or a hot lemon drink with the two 'ASPRO' tablets.
 - 2 'ASPRO' does its healing work without harming either the heart or stomach. It eliminates—it does not suppress.
 - 3 'ASPRO' definitely dispels the weak, "gone at the knees," confused feeling attendant with feverish conditions.
 - 4 'ASPRO' is the safest and quickest acting antidote for ills and chills. You feel relief within a few minutes of taking the tablets.

PROOF COLDS QUICKLY DISAPPEAR

HOW TO GIVE 'ASPRO' TO THE KIDDIES



Two simple methods of giving 'ASPRO' to the kiddies are: (a) with a little milk; or (b) break the tablet up and administer in a teaspoonful of jam. The dose is: children 3 to 6 years, 1/2 tablet; 6 to 14 years, 1 tablet; 14 to 18 years, 1 1/2 tablets. 'ASPRO' like any other medicine should not be given to babies under 3 years of age without medical advice.

'ASPRO' consists of the purest Acetylsalicylic Acid that has ever been known to Medical Science, and its claims are based on its superiority.

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GOLLIN & CO. Pty. Ltd.

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Slough, Bucks.

Phone: Slough 608.

No proprietary right is claimed in the method of manufacture or the formula. Made by ASPRO Ltd., Slough, England.

ALL LEADING CHEMISTS AND STORES STOCK AND DISPLAY 'ASPRO'

H.M.S. Danae, America & West India Station.
Dear Sir,—It's a great pleasure to me to write and tell you of the great benefit I have derived from your tablets. Many a time I have felt a bad cold coming on, but after taking a couple of 'ASPRO' tablets it suddenly disappears and I feel O.K. again. I think it is the finest medicine ever made, not only for colds, but many other things.

I remain, Gratefully yours,

F. J. WARNE.

INFLUENZA COLD GOES THANKS TO 'ASPRO'

57 Fairleigh Road,

Cardiff.

I feel I must let you know of the benefit I have received from your wonderful tablets. I have just got over an influenza cold, thanks to 'ASPRO.' I was advised to take them by my wife, who is a firm believer in 'ASPRO' for headaches. In future I will not hesitate to recommend them to anyone.

Yours sincerely,

E. J. WOODS.

TRY 'ASPRO' FOR

INFLUENZA	COLDS
HEADACHES	LUMBAGO
SLEEPLESSNESS	IRRITABILITY
NEURALGIA	NEURITIS
SCIATICA	HAY FEVER
GOUT	NERVE SHOCK
RHEUMATISM	PAINS PECULIAR TO WOMEN
ALCOHOLIC AFTER-EFFECTS	MALARIA
TOOTHACHE	ASTHMA

RHEUMATIC PAINS SOOTHED AWAY

89 Kenlor Road, Tooting.

Dear Sirs, London, S.W.17.

I feel it my duty to inform you of the marvellous benefit I have received from 'ASPRO.'

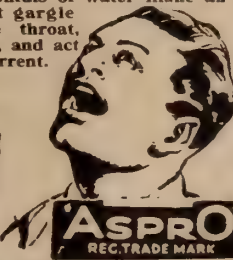
I am a motor-coach driver on long journey work and often had severe attacks of rheumatism, until another driver told me to try 'ASPRO'. I was amazed with the result. I was free from pain within an hour and now always make a habit of carrying a few 'ASPRO' tablets with me to take at the least sign of pain. My wife also had an awful attack of neuralgia recently and was surprised at the speed in which 'ASPRO' soothed the pain away. I shall certainly recommend them to every sufferer I meet.

Yours faithfully,

RICHARD KEYMORE.

'ASPRO' AS A GARGLE

Two 'ASPRO' tablets in four tablespoonfuls of water make an excellent gargle for sore throat, tonsillitis, and act as a deterrent.



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EXTRA TABLETS FREE!

The cheapest way to buy 'ASPRO' is the 2/6 packet. It contains ten extra tablets, equivalent to 3/- worth of 'ASPRO'. The next cheapest way is the 1/3 packet, which contains two extra tablets.

This Beauty Rinse Gives Glamour TO YOUR HAIR AFTER WASHING or SHAMPOOING

Don't let friends tell you your hair used to look much prettier. Don't let your casual acquaintances secretly think it. Here's a simple, quick remedy. Just rinse your hair with Golden Rinse or Tonrinz after regular washing or shampooing. No matter how dull or lifeless your hair may be—whether it be fair, dark or auburn, a Camilaton Rinse will give it a warmth and youthful sparkle which will delight you.



GOLDEN RINSE

BLONDE TONRINZ, AUBURN TONRINZ, GOLDEN BROWN TONRINZ.

SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER. For a limited period any good Chemist or Hairdresser will supply you with two 6d. packets (each containing sufficient for three rinses) for 9½d. Choose the Rinse to suit your shade of hair.

Camilatone
Beauty RINSES

THE HAPPY ENDING



Enjoy your evening at the pictures free from huskiness or throat irritation caused by tobacco smoke. Zubes will safeguard your throat and chest the best way of all . . .

Go... Suck a

ZUBE

2 1/2 OUNCE 3 1/2 6 IN FLAT TINS

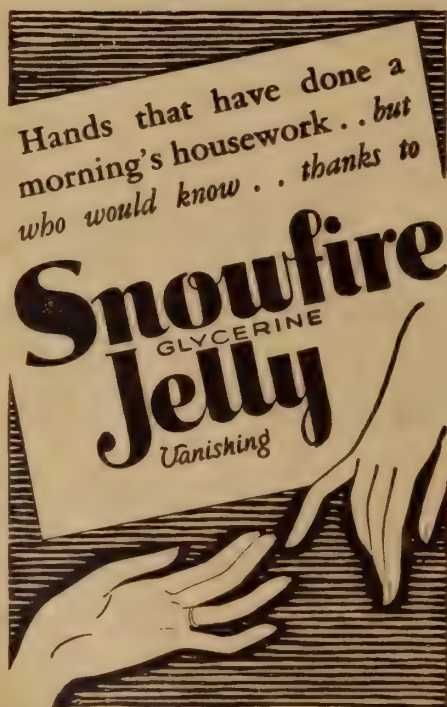
ALL LEADING CINEMAS SELL THEM

KEEP YOUR HAIR in Condition



★
YVONNE
ARNAUD'S
METHOD
★

EVERY woman should know that only healthy hair is lovely. To make and keep your hair healthy you must keep it free from dandruff and grease and always keep the roots nourished and stimulated. For this purpose nothing is so good as Lavona Hair Tonic (which costs 2/3 a bottle from any chemist). This eradicates dandruff and nourishes and revitalizes sluggish hair roots. Miss Yvonne Arnaud says: "I find Lavona Hair Tonic admirable. It keeps the hair in condition and is very soothing to the scalp. I like the Lavona Shampoo too, because it is really refreshing and preserves and brings out to the full the silkiness and lustre of the hair."



It's so easy to keep your hands free from housework blemishes if you use Snowfire Glycerine Jelly every time you wash. Quickly absorbed and non-greasy, it keeps roughness and redness from your hands—makes them white and soft.

BRITISH MADE.

Of all Chemists, Coiffeurs, etc.

6^D. Tubes. Sample Size 3d.

What Do You Think? Letters from our Readers

ACTING or PERSONALITIES?

Discouraging Outlook for 1934

HOLLYWOOD'S intensive search for fresh talent during the past year has not met with a success which can encourage hopes of better acting in the films of 1934. Perhaps the search was not conducted with a view to raising the standard of dramatic technique, for the newly discovered 'stars' appear to rely mainly on that good old standby personality.

"Of the year's two great sensations, Katharine Hepburn, and Mae West, the former is by far the abler actress. She has been called, variously, 'a second Garbo,' which some would label a doubtful compliment and 'a second Duse,' which is piffle.

"Miss West, of course, makes no pretence of acting, but is content to purvey curves and sophistication until the Censor awakes.

"Each girl is a personality first, and an actress second—and a very poor second. This may be all right for the box office but it doesn't cheer the people who like to see acting."—Geo. Ball, 18 Vardon Avenue, Beeston, Notts., winner of the guinea prize.

[Not everyone will agree that Katharine Hepburn and Mae West are lacking in acting ability, but I agree as to their being exploited as personalities.]

Typing Stars

What is it that a film star fears most? (i.e. apart from interviewers!). I should think it would be the fear of being constantly 'typed'.

"Few appear to escape the continuance of their original successful role. Most of Hollywood's film stars before being recruited from the legitimate stage played varied roles. In films, however, the 'fans' settle the stars' destinies.

"Clark Gable wanted a chance at light comedy. Has he had it? Edna May Oliver played strong dramatic roles on the stage, but no one appeared to take her seriously on the screen after her whimsically 'snuffy' début.

"Even her latest part of Aunt March in *Little Women* will not strengthen her dramatic ambitions. We could appreciate Boris Karloff without his grotesque get-up; his is the price of starting a 'cycle' which developed into a 'tour' of grand guignol (and Britain encouraged it!).

"Even the poor wisecrackers of the Jack Oakie and Lee Tracy assortment are up to the neck in 'typed' roles.

"Only certain of the established stars prove the exception and their escape can be attributed to individualism in something or other, and even at that they are not allowed to stray far from the 'fan' conception of them."—David Mackenzie, 18 Maule Drive, Glasgow, W.1., winner of 10/6 prize.

"I am not an advocate for typing a film star, but I do think that once a star has been typed it is an unforgivable sin for the star to be cast in a different type.

"For example, the acting of Miss Fay Wray in the film *The Woman I Stole*. I do not for one moment mean to suggest that Miss Wray is a poor actress. But, after playing the 'poor hard done by' heroine of films such as *King Kong* and *Ann Carver's Profession* it seems strange to see her playing the part of a 'bad' woman.

"Personally, for me the whole film was spoilt

because I could not believe her to be such a character; therefore, the picture failed to convince. And the good story and splendid support of Jack Holt and Donald Cook was wasted."—E. E. Adams, 2b Chestnut Grove, Balham, S.W.12.

[Obviously, if the public (as represented by the above two letters) cannot agree on whether they want "types" or not, the producer and the star cannot be expected to.]

Defending Joan

After reading M. D. P.'s article on Joan Crawford's performance in *Dancing Lady*, I just couldn't help expressing my views on it. Every week there's someone pulling her to pieces. It seems as though they begrudge her the fame she's worked so hard to attain.

"As for saying she's emaciated and exotically made up, it's utter rot. I don't think any stars could have less make-up on than Joan, according to the part she took. They have to have a certain amount on to photograph well, and Joan's eyes, being naturally large, show up at the slightest form of make-up.

"And again, it's just too ridiculous to say the best work came from Fred Astaire, who only gives one really good number. While Joan gives three or four intricate numbers at stepping back-stage, besides the one she does with Fred Astaire.

"*Dancing Lady* is an excellent film, but I'd hesitate to say it is her best portrayal for many moons. Apart from the story, she gave swell performances in *Possessed* and *Grand Hotel*. Admittedly, I prefer her in the type of role she portrays in *Dancing Lady*, as she's so vital. It's a shame to put her in heavy roles such as she was given in *Rain*.

[We do not usually publish anonymous criticisms. As to Joan's make-up, compare the gargantuan-mouthed pop-eyed Crawford of "*Dancing Lady*" with the Crawford of a few years ago. If you had read the review more intelligently, you would have noticed that I did not refer to her performance as her "best" portrayal, but as her most "appealing" portrayal—a view with which, on your own confession in your final paragraph, you are in agreement.]

British Shorts

"We are always reading of the very indifferent 'shorts' made by both American and British Companies.

"In these days of the British 'boom' in pictures, has it ever occurred to our producers that the scoop for producing 'Travel Talks' concerning our own country is unlimited, and would certainly be a step towards solving this difficult problem.

"We have had 'Travel Talks' made by American companies on almost every beautiful country in the World, but one never sees one of our just as magnificent England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales, and what about our Dominions?

"What would be more entertaining than short films of this kind with a commentary by, say, Mr. R. E. Jeffery?"—C. E. Upson, 23 Palmerston Road, Ipswich, Suffolk.

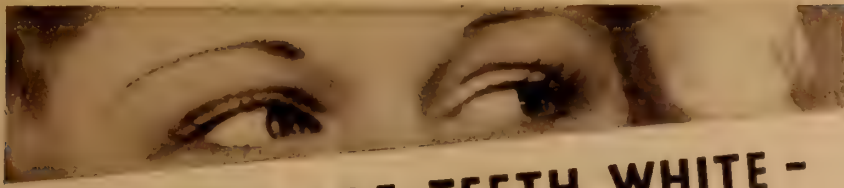
[I agree that such a series of shorts would be attractive. The difficulty, as I have said here before, is that under the present programme-bookings system there is very little market for shorts.]

YOUR VIEWS WANTED

What you think about the stars and films?
Let us have your opinion, briefly.

£1 is. and 10s. 6d. will be paid for the two most interesting letters published each week. Letters should be written on one side of the paper only and should not exceed 150 words. Address to "Thinker," The "Picturegoer Weekly," Long Acre, W.C.2.





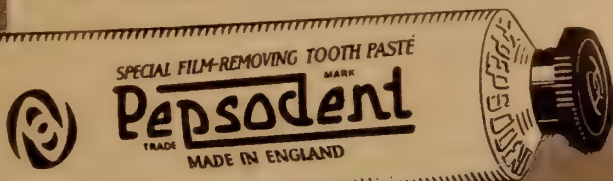
NATURE MADE TEETH WHITE - NEGLECT WILL SPOIL THEM

That discoloured look on your teeth is nature's warning. It is Film — a viscous coating, constantly forming, absorbing stains which harden into tartar.

Film must go if teeth are to be white. Ordinary ways of brushing teeth do not remove Film effectively so dentists recommend Pepsodent

Tooth Paste which contains a special cleansing and polishing material. It is twice as soft as those in common use and removes every trace of Film stain with perfect safety to enamel.

This scientific way of cleaning teeth reclaims their natural sparkle. Get a tube today.



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POWDER CREAM

AMAZING VALUE

...OUTSTANDING QUALITY

...AND IT COSTS ONLY

TRY IT TO-DAY

OBTAINABLE AT ALL CHEMISTS

3d

Tickling Throats

Quickly and pleasantly relieved with

VICK 6d
LOZENGES

DELIGHTFUL TO THE TASTE



**MAKE-UP
WILL NOT
HIDE
IMPERFECT
SKIN!**

SPECIAL FREE OFFER

Send a post-card to-day for a liberal sample bottle of D.D.D. Prescription to D.D.D. Laboratories, P27, Fleet Lane, London, E.C.4.

CREAMS and powder will only partially disguise a blemished skin. The only perfect base for make-up is a charming, spotless skin. D.D.D. Brand Prescription is a sure remedy for enlarged pores, spots, pimples, as well as for disfiguring Eczema, Rashes, Chilblains, or other skin diseases. A few drops of this marvellous preparation give instant relief. Buy a 1/3 bottle to-day at any chemist.

D.D.D.D.
BRAND
PRESCRIPTION
BANISHES SKIN TROUBLES



**Have you received your
de Luxe Beauty Outfit?**

FREE: By special arrangement with the manufacturers, any woman reader of "The Picturegoer" may obtain a de Luxe Beauty Outfit containing six shades of Tokalon 'Mousse of Cream' Powder so that she may test them for herself. The outfit also contains Crème Tokalon Skinfoods for both day and night use. Send 3d. in stamps to cover cost of postage, packing, etc., to Tokalon Ltd. (Dept. 329M), Chase Road, London, N.W.10.

Poudre Tokalon
Mousse of Cream Face Powder.



**"It was
my AMAMI
HAIR that
John fell for"**

HERE'S what "AMAMI hair" did for an Amami girl in Devon! "I have used Amami for about 8 years" (she wrote us recently). "I started it when my blonde hair began to fade. Amami soon restored the lovely natural colour, and kept a beautiful wave and curl in it. And then... I got married — thanks to Amami! Yes, really; my husband always says it was my Amami hair that he first fell for!"

Every Amami Shampoo you buy contains 47 ingredients. 26 of these are just to make your hair lovely. The other 21 are tonic ingredients, to nourish, feed every starved hair-root, banish hair-troubles, bring healthy hair, that lasts! Buy AMAMI to-day!

AMAMI
TONIC SHAMPOOS

AMAMI No. 1. With Henna. For dark hair. 3d. and 6d.

AMAMI No. 5. With Camomile. For fair hair. 3d. and 6d.

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AMAMI SPECIAL HENNA. Makes brown hair a rich bronze or a reddish chestnut shade, as desired. 6d. and six other varieties

Also **AMAMI LIQUID PINE TAR TONIC SHAMPOO.** 6d per bott.

Amami Products are obtainable from all Chemists and Hairdressers.



He would never know

how she had longed for this moment. Yet she had no fear, confident in the knowledge that KHASANA Blush Cream gave her natural beauty, discreetly alluring, irresistibly right.

KHASANA Blush Cream gives the cheeks a natural, healthy glow, changing on the skin to the one colour most suitable to your individual complexion.

In a similar way KHASANA Lipstick emphasizes the natural colour of your lips.

Both have a cold-cream base which makes them easy to use and protects the lips and cheeks from cold winds.

KHASANA Preparations are kiss- and water-proof, and non-detectable. An essential to every woman's make-up.

KHASANA

Blush Cream 1/6.
Trial Size 9d.

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Headache... after or during the Cinema Show PREVENTION... is better than cure

Wonderful new discovery by eminent scientist proves a blessing to thousands of sufferers. Take two CINETABS 10 to 15 minutes before the Cinema, Theatre, Dance, etc., and banish all unpleasant after effects. Send P.O. for 1/3 Box or order through any chemist.

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17 Featherstone Buildings, High Holborn, W.C.1

YOU NEED NOT BE A PIANO FAILURE I CAN TEACH YOU IN YOUR OWN HOME

Anyone—without knowledge, but who loves music—can speedily learn to play the piano by the Becker method. So confident is Mr. Becker, that he does not say, "You may be a brilliant pianist"—but, if accepted by him as a pupil, "You SHALL be!" 38,000 pupils already taught. WRITE NOW FOR FREE BOOK and read what recent pupils have said.

"I really did not think I could have done so well in such a short time."
—M. L., 27/12/33, X38468. Age 19.

"Most of my friends ask who my teacher is, and when I tell them they are astonished."
—R. C. A., 19/12/33, W38477. Age 22.

"I am delighted with the simplicity of the lessons—they are so easy to follow."
—C. J., 15/12/33, X38406. Age 28.

CUT THIS OUT

For a free copy of my book, "Mind, Muscle and Keyboard" and form for free advice. (Strike out inapplicable words.) I am a Beginner, Elementary, Moderate, Advanced player.

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____

Mr. H. BECKER, (Dept. 171), 69 FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C.4.

"George" and "Anne" are your enquiry departments. The former will be happy to answer any query regarding films, the latter anything connected with household or beauty hints. Write to them both c/o THE PICTUREGOER WEEKLY. When a reply by post is desired a stamped, addressed envelope must be enclosed.

D. H. (Liverpool).—(1) Marguerite Churchill is married to George O'Brien, and not Bill Boyd as has been incorrectly stated. (2) Spencer Tracy has brown hair and blue eyes. (3) Joan Crawford has dark brown eyes.

HERR COMMANDANT FAN (London).—Conrad Veidt was born on January 22, 1893, in Berlin; 6 ft. 2 in. tall, brown hair and eyes. Married.

WANTING TO KNOW (Birmingham).—(1) Jessie Matthews' latest picture is *Friday the 13th*. (2) See "D. H., Liverpool." (3) George O'Brien was born on April 19, 1900, in San Francisco; 6 ft. tall, brown eyes and hair. Recent films include *Canyon Walls*, *Life in the Raw*, and *The Last Trail*. (4) Ken Maynard was born July 21, 1895, on a ranch in Mission, Texas; 6 ft. tall, black hair, grey eyes. Married to Mary Leiber. Latest pictures include *Fiddlin' Buckaroo* and *Daring Danger*.

I. A. C. (Golders Green). FILM STRUCK (London, W.14). and LAWTONIA (Manchester).—Frank Lawton was born in London on September 30, 1904; educated Langley Hall. 5 ft. 9 in. tall, dark hair and eyes. Pictures include *Young Woodley*, *Birds of Prey*, *After Office Hours*, *Michael and Mary*, *Cavalcade*, *Heads We Go*, and *Friday the 13th*. Write to him c/o Gaumont-British Studios, Lime Grove, Shepherd's Bush, London, W.12. He uses his own name for stage and screen purposes. (2) Casts as follows: *Young Woodley*, David Woodley—Frank Lawton; Laura Simmons—Madeleine Carroll; Headmaster—Sam Livesey; Room-mates of the hero—Billy Milton, Gerald Rawlinson, and John Tweed. *After Office Hours*, Pat Milligan—Heather Angel; Brewer—Garry Marsh; Heo—Frank Lawton; Miss Janus—Viola Lyel; Miss Hooper—Nadine Marsh; Birkinshaw—Billy Speechley; Miss Bufton—Eileen Peel; Mr. Walker—Frank Royde.

L. W. F. A. W. (Birmingham) and DANCING DAUGHTER (Deptford).—(1) *A Southern Maid* will be generally released on April 2, 1934. (2) Nancy Brown's latest pictures are *A Southern Maid*, *Facing the Music*, and *Red Wagon*. (3) Nancy was born in 1910 in Sydney, Australia. Address her c/o British International Studios, Boreham Wood, Elstree, Herts. (4) *The Skipper of the Osprey* was generally released on January 1, 1934.

F. L. M. (Nottingham).—So far as I know, Jan Kiepura will make a film entitled *Blossom Time*.

A. FIELDS and HULBERT FAN (Kensington).—(1) Jack Hulbert and his wife have recently returned from the States. (2) Henry Kendall and John Stuart act with Gracie Fields in *This Week of Grace*, which was generally released on October 16, 1933.

N. B. JUN.—B. F. FAN.—(1) Write to Noah Beery and Bramwell Fletcher c/o Universal Studios, Universal City, California. (2) Bramwell Fletcher's latest pictures are *The Face on the Bar-room Floor* and *Only Yesterday*. (3) Noah Beery, jun.'s latest films are *Heroes of the West* and *Jungle Mystery* (serials).

YEDWARDS (Great Yarmouth).—(1) Henry Edwards' films include *Broken Threads*, *Towards the Light*, *Merely Mrs. Stubbs*, *The City of Beautiful Nonsense*, *His Dearest Possession*, *A Temporary Vagabond*, *The Amazing Quest of Ernest Bliss*, *John Forrest Finds Himself*, *Atwyn*, *A Lunatic at Large*, *The Hanging Judge*, *The Bargain*, *Tut for Tut*, *Lily of the Alley*, *Boden's Boy*, *The Naked Man*, *The Flag Lieutenant*, *The Joker*, *Further Adventures of the Flag Lieutenant*, *Fear*, *Three Kings*, *The Call of the Sea*, *The Girl in the Night*, *Brother Alfred*, and *The Flag Lieutenant and Discard*. Write to him c/o British and Dominions Studios, Boreham Wood, Elstree, Herts. (2) Jason Robards was born at Hillsdale, Michigan. Pictures include *Streets of Shanghai*, *Wild Geese*, *Polly of the Movies*, *Jaws of Steel*, *A Bird in the Hand*, *The Isle of Lost Ships*, *Some Mother's Boy*, *The Gamblers*, *Paris*, *Peacock Alley*, *Abraham Lincoln*, *Docks of San Francisco*, *Charlie Chan Carries On*, *Subway Express*, *Salvation Hill*, *Caught Plastered*, *Law of the Tong*, *The Doctor's Sacrifice*, and *Pride of the Legion*.

J. S. (Bromley).—Jean Harlow was born in Kansas City, on March 3, 1911. Real name, Harlean Carpenter. Educated Ferry Hall, Lake Forest, Illinois; 5 ft. 2½ in. tall; platinum-blonde hair, blue-green eyes. At age of 16 married Charles McGrew, of

Let GEORGE

Chicago; later married Paul Bern, who committed suicide in 1932; at present the wife of Hal Rosson. New pictures include *Dinner at Eight*, *Hold Your Man*, *A Hollywood Party*, *Blonde Bombshell*, and *Living in a Big Way*. Address her c/o Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, California.

JOHN'S GIRL.—(1) John Gielgud first saw the light of day in London on April 14, 1904; educated, Westminster School and Royal Academy of Dramatic Art. Son of Frank Gielgud and Kate Terry Lewis; 5 ft. 9 in. tall, brown hair, grey-blue eyes. Write to him c/o Gaumont-British Studios, Lime Grove, Shepherd's Bush, London, W.12. (2) The release date of *Tug-boat Annie* is January 29, 1934.

D. S. (London).—(1) James Rennie and Harry Bannister played opposite Ann Harding in the *Girl of the Golden West*. Ann and Harry Bannister were married at the time the film was made. (2) Herewith the cast of *Lucky in Love*: Michael O'More—Morton Downey; Captain Brian Cardigan—Betty Lawford; Earl of Balkerly—Colin Keith-Johnston; Earl of Balkerly—Halliwell Hobbes; Connors—J. M. Kerrigan; Tim O'More—Edward McNamara; Paddy—Richard Taber; Rafferty—Edward O'Connor; Kate—Mary Murray; Cyril—Mackenzie Ward; Abe—Feinberg—Louis Sorin; Lulu Belle—Sonia Karlov; Potts—Tyrell Davis; Landlady—Elizabeth Murray. (3) Ida Lupino will be 17 this year and is not married. Her pictures include *Her First Affaire*, *Daughters of To-day*, *Prince of Arcadia*, made in England, and *No Others Yet* and *The Search for Beauty* made in America. (4) Conrad Nagel appeared in a large number of silent films.

FILM ADMIRER (Amersham).—Ages this year as follows: Norma Shearer—30, August 10; Helen Hayes—32, October 10; Janet Gaynor—27, October 6; Clark Gable—33, February 1; and Tom Walls—51; February 18.

J. W. (Reading), C. M. & L.B. and SCHOOLGIRL (Kettering), and J. R. L. (Manchester).—(1) I am afraid we have no photographs left of Richard Talmadge. You can obtain photographs of John Wayne, George O'Brien, Gene Raymond, Joel McCrea, Jessie Matthews, Nancy Burne, Alice White, Richard Cromwell, and Harry Welchman from The Picture Post Card Salon, 85 Long Acre, London, W.C.2, at 3d. each. (2) Cast as follows: *The Last Trail*, Tom Daley—George O'Brien; Patricia Carter—Claire Trevor; Newt Olsen—El Brendel; Looney McGann—Matt McHugh; John Ross—J. Carroll Nash; Japonica Jones—George Reed; Mrs. Wilson—Lucille La Verne; Sally Olsen—Ruth Warren; Pedro Gonzales—Luis Alberni; Judge Wilson—Edward Le Saint. (3) George O'Brien will be 34 on April 19 next. He is a native of San Francisco; 6 ft. tall with brown hair and eyes. Married to Marguerite Churchill. Pictures include *Havoc*, *The Iron Horse*, *Noah's Ark*, *Sunrise*, *East Side—West Side*, *Salute*, *Lone Star Ranger*, *The Last of the Duanees*, *Riders of the Purple Sage*, *The Rainbow Trail*, *The Gray Caballero*, *The Golden West*, *Robbers' Roost*, *Canyon Walls*, *Life in the Raw*, and *The Last Trail*. (4) Frankie Darrow played the role of Jimmy Carter in *The Lightening Warrior*. (5) Elissa Landi was born on December 6, 1904. (6) Cecilia Parker was born in Ontario, Canada; she is not married. Pictures include *Over the Hill*, *Sink or Swim*, *Swindle*, and *Rainbow Trail*.

INQUISITIVE.—Eric Linden was born in U.S.A., and will be 23 this year. Pictures include *Are These Our Children?*, *The Crowd Roars*, *Young Bride*, *Venus*, *Road House Murder*, *Big City Blues*, *The Silver Chord*, *The Flying Devils*, and *Birds of Prey*. Address him c/o RKO-Radio, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.

R. A. P. (St. Pancras).—(1) Wheeler Oakman was born in Virginia; 5 ft. 11 in. tall, brown eyes and hair. (2) Robert Ellis was born on June 27 in Brooklyn; dark hair, blue eyes. Married Vera Reynolds. (3) Noah Beery was born on January 17, 1884, in Kansas City, U.S.A., elder brother of Wallace Beery. (4) Gwili Andre has blonde hair and green eyes.

WONDERING (Carlisle).—(1) Ask your local cinema manager if *The Desert Song* is likely to be shown at his theatre. (2) Herewith the cast of *The Loves of Robert Burns*: Robert Burns—Joseph Hislop; Mary Campbell—Eve Gray; Jean Armour—Dorothy Seacombe; Lord Farquhar—C. V. France; Tam, the Tinkler—Neil Kenyon; Gavin Hamilton—H. Saxon Snell; James Armour—Craigiall Sherry; Mr. Auld—J. Hubert Leslie; Robert Aiken—Alec Hunter; Mother of Burns—Jean Cadell; The Sailor—Wilfred Shine; Poosie Nancy—Nancy Price; Jess—Betty Price; The Soldier—George Baker. (3)

Do It!

The Child of Manhattan was generally released on August 7, 1933.

SYLVIA ANNE (Binfield).—*Cavalcade* runs for 1 hour and 52 minutes.

RUBY KEELER FAN (East Dulwich).—Write to Ruby Keeler c/o Warner Bros., Burbank, California. (2) Charles Farrell and Janet Gaynor are going to team together in two pictures, the titles of which have not been fixed at the time of going to press.

CURIOUS (Hastings).—(1) I am sorry you have not received a reply from Maurice Chevalier. I can only suggest that you write again to him, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Hollywood, California. (2) Your request for men on the cover of this magazine has been passed on to the Editor.

B. R. (Middlesbro').—(1) There is little doubt that you are correct and the signature received from Jessie Matthews by you is perfectly genuine. (2) Constance Bennett's films since *Rockabye* include *Our Betters*, *Bed of Roses*, *Sealed Lips*, and *Moulin Rouge*. (3) Herewith the cast of the *Midshipmaid*: Sir Percy Newbiggin—Fred Kerr; Celia Newbiggin—Jessie Matthews; Commander Ffosberry—Basil Sydney; A. B. Pook—A. W. Bascomb; Bandmaster Tappett—Edwin Lawrence; Major Spink—Nigel Bruce; First-Lieut. Valentine—Anthony Bushell; Chinley—Claude Allister; Schooley—Jack Clewes; Captain—John Turnbull; Lord Dore—George Zucco; Lieut. Kingsford—Anthony Holles; Bundy—Archie Glen; Midshipman Golightly—John Mills; Marine Robbins—Rebba; Dora—Joyce Kirby; Cora—Wilma Vanne; Horse—Condoe Bros.

WINNIE (Tottenham).—(1) Helen Twelvewoods was born December 25, 1909, in New York; she is 5 ft. 3 in. tall, with fair hair and blue eyes. Married to (1) Clark Twelvewoods (mar. dis.), and (2) Frank Woody. Has a baby son by her second marriage. Address her c/o Universal Studio, Universal City, California. (2) Bruce Cabot was born April 20, 1905, at Carlsbad, New Mexico. He is 5 ft. 11 in. tall with dark brown hair and blue eyes. Write to him c/o RKO-Radio Studios, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, California. (3) Postage to America is 1½d. for the first ounce.

LISBETH (Lancs).—(1) Release dates as follows: *Blessed Event*, April 3, 1933; *Blondie of the Follies*, January 30, 1932; *Cabin in the Cotton*, February 13, 1933; *Hell's Highway*, February 13, 1933; *Tom Brown of Culver*, December 12, 1932; *Roadhouse Murder*, October 24, 1932; *Scarlet Dawn*, October 24, 1933. (2) I do not know whether these films will be shown in your town. The local cinema manager will be able to give you this information. (3) Tom Brown's films include *The Wrong Doers*, *That Old Gang of Mine*, *The Hoosier Schoolmaster*, *A Lady Lies*, *Queen High*, *The Famous Ferguson Case*, *Fast Companions*, *Brown of Culver*, *Liberty Road*, *Laughter in Hell*, *Central Airport*, *Hell's Highway*, and *Three Corned Moon*. (4) Richard Cromwell has appeared in the following films: *Totable David*, *Fifty Fathoms Deep*, *Shanghaied Love*, *Maker of Men*, *Emma*, *Strange Love of Molly Louvain*, *Are These Our Children?* Tom Brown of Culver, *That's My Boy*, *This Day and Age*, *Above the Clouds*, and *Hoopla*.

FILM FAN (Selby).—(1) Glenda Farrell played the role of the girl newspaper reporter in the film *The Mystery of the Wax Museum*. (2) Herewith the cast of *Yes, Mr. Brown*: Nicholas Baumann—Jack Buchanan; Mr. Brown—Hartley Power; Carlos—Clifford Heatherley; Franz—Vera Pearce; Clara Baumann—Margot Grahame. (3) Helen Mack was born on November 13, 1913, at Rock Island, U.S.A.; she is 5 ft. 3 in. tall with red hair and brown eyes. Address her c/o RKO-Radio, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.

E. H. (Birmingham).—Boris Karloff was born in London on November 23, 1887; real name, William Henry Pratt; 6 ft. tall, brown hair and eyes; educated Uppingham School, Merchant Taylors' School, and King's College, London University. Write to him c/o Gaumont-British Studios, Lime Grove, Shepherd's Bush, London, W.12.

EVALYN KNAPP FAN (Walsall).—Evalyn Knapp is 26 this year. Pictures include *Sinner's Holiday*, *Mother's Cry*, *River's End*, *Millionaire*, *Smart Money*, *The Bargain*, *Side Show*, *High Pressure*, *Fireman Save My Child*, *Taxi*, *Air Hostess*, *Pleasure First*, *Divorce Detective*, *You and I*, *Big City Blues*, *This Sporting Age*, and *Night Mayor*. (2) Dorothy Mackaile has appeared in *Just Another Blonde*, *Smile Brother*, *Smile*, *Man Crazy*, *Lady Be Good*, *Waterfront*, *The Whys*, *His Captive Woman*, *Children of the Ritz*, *The Great Divide*, *The Love Racket*, *Bright Lights*, *Strictly Modern*, *The Office Wife*, *Man Trouble*, *Safe in Hell*, *No Man of Her Own*, *Neighbours Wives*, and *Making the Fire Chief*.



Jean Harlow snapped by the cameraman at the studio with some of her fan mail. Jean was born on March 3, 1911, at Kansas City, U.S.A. Real name Harlean Carpenter; 5 ft. 2½ in. tall; platinum blonde hair; blue-green eyes. Married (1) Charles McGrew (mar. dis.), (2) Paul Bern (dec.), (3) Hal Rosson. Latest films include: *"Dinner at Eight"*, *"Hold Your Llan"*, *"A Hollywood Party"*, *"Blonde Bombshell"*, and *"Living in a Big Way"*. Write to her c/o Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, California, U.S.A.

(3) Address Gwili Andre c/o RKO-Radio, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, California. (4) Recent films of Joan Crawford are *Possessed*, *Letty Lynton*, *Grand Hotel*, *Rain*, *To-day We Live*, *Hollywood Party*, *Dancing Lady*, *Always To-morrow*. (5) Dick Powell was born in Mountain View, U.S.A., on November 14. Latest films include: *Gold Diggers of 1933*, *Footlight Parade*, *College Coach*, *Sweethearts Forever*, and *Convention City*. (6) Joan Blondell was born in New York City on August 30, 1909; married to George Barnes. She is 5 ft. 4 in. tall with blonde hair and grey eyes. Recent pictures are *Gold Diggers of 1933*, *Good-bye Again*, *Footlight Parade*, *Havana Widows*, and *Convention City*.

NINA (Hammersmith).—(1) Leo Carrillo was born in Los Angeles on August 6; 5 ft. 9 in. tall, brown hair, and blue eyes, married. His films before *The Race Track* were *Hell Bound*, *Luca of the Rio Grande*, *The Homicide Squad*, *The Gay Caballero*, *The Guilty Generation*, *The Broken Wing*, *Second Fiddle*, *East of Fifth Avenue*. Since *The Race Track* he has made *Exile Express*, *Moonlight and Melody* and *Four Frightened People*. (2) *The Race Track* is an American film made in Hollywood, directed by James Cruze, and distributed in this country by Gaumont-British Distributors, Ltd. The Kay Hammond who appears in this film is an American, and not the British Kay Hammond, who has made a number of films in this country.

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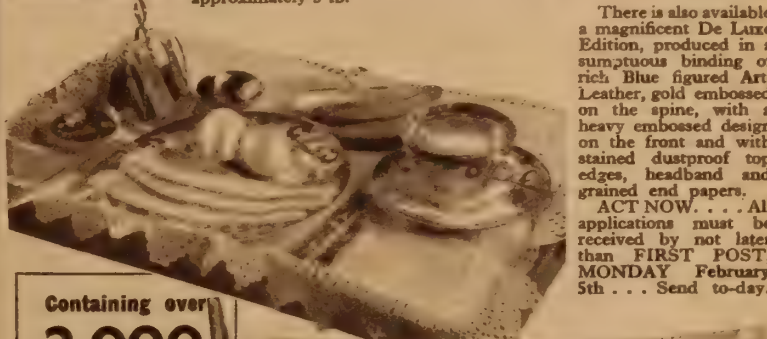
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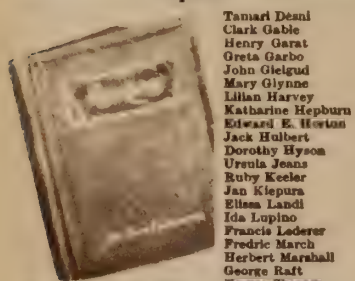
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LEAVE IT TO
ANNE

WHATEVER your query, whether it belongs to the beauty or the domestic category, I am delighted to answer it. Please enclose a stamped addressed envelope for a postal reply. I can give you more space in a letter than can be spared in this column.

SHAPELY LEGS

TURNING over some old snapshots recently, I realized how much more kindly the fashion of today is than that of yesterday. Those hip length waists and short skirts were not very becoming, and certainly they revealed some legs that were short of 100 per cent. beauty.

Even though skirts are less revealing, there is reason enough in personal pride in owning a pair of understandings that are shapely. Neither too thin, nor too fat, with an ankle of slender proportions, is the ideal at which we all would aim. But how to attain it; that's the question.

For calves that are frankly and hopelessly fat, there is nothing like deep searching massage with a greaseless reducing cream. Do this at least once a day, regularly for a month or so, and you will soon notice a reduction in the redundant flesh.

Massage for reduction does not consist of the gentle movements we apply with cream to face and neck. The adjective searching correctly describes it, and the finger tips must get down into the tissues. This massage, if correctly done, is even more effective than massage with a reducing roller. But you must be perfectly certain that the cream used contains no animal fat, oil or glycerine.

The movements for legs and ankles consist of gripping and wringing with both hands. Place both hands around the ankles, after having anointed the legs with the cream, then pass upwards to the knees, gripping the flesh firmly, and making movements as though you were squeezing out water.

The calves may also be treated to kneading with the knuckles. Clench the hands loosely, and work in small circular steps. Hot baths also have a reducing effect, and it would be as well to give the legs and ankles an occasional soaking in hot water, to which reducing salts have been added. There are to be obtained bath salts which are impregnated with the extract of a sea water plant known as Sea Wrack. This plant is rich in salts which, it is claimed, have a specific action on

fatty tissues through the pores. They are worth a trial.

Ankle Beauty

An 8-inch ankle is supposed to be the measurement of perfection. A fleshy ankle may be reduced in the way indicated above, but a really thickset ankle—and by that I mean an ankle that is thick of bone, is irreducible. But, at least, it may be made flexible and supple, which is halfway towards beauty.

Many ankles are marred because of strain. That is why the girl who has to stand to her work is troubled with swollen and aching ankles. Incorrect posture and faulty walking will also mar ankles and so will ill-chosen shoes.

Excessively high heels invariably thicken the ankles, for they force the foot into an unnatural position, upset balance, and so produce a rigid and cramped joint.

I am far from being an advocate of the low-heeled shoe for all. The foot with a natural high arch needs more support than can be found in a flat-heeled shoe. But there is a reasonable medium. Those high, stilted Spanish heels that so many women wear are disastrous for ankles, not only on account of their excessive height, but—and this is an even more serious defect—because of their narrow base.

Whatever height heel you choose to wear, be certain that the base of the heel is broad enough to be comfortable when the ball of the foot is placed to the ground. Walk behind a girl who is wearing shoes with too small a heel base, and you will notice a slight wobble of the ankle as she puts her feet down. This comes of the strain to which the ankles are subjected in their effort to adjust balance.

Another important point in the preservation of ankle beauty is to send your shoes for repair the moment the heels become one-sided with wear. Ankles would "turn over" far less frequently if more care were taken in this respect. Ankles which do turn should be treated regularly with cold water compresses. They also benefit from bathing with sea salt. After treatment the ankle should be gently massaged with toilet eau-de-Cologne.

Skipping with bare feet is another way to strengthen the ankles. This, perhaps, is hardly practicable at the present time of year. But when dry warm weather comes, running about barefoot and skipping on the lawn is of the greatest value.

Blemishes

Fine silk stockings display certain blemishes that most of us would prefer to hide. Superfluous hair is a common trouble, and it must be admitted that it is very unsightly

Toddy Petersen makes absolutely certain of a non-shiny nose—before going on the set and before the eagle eye of the camera.



when seen through sheer silk. Any of the depilatories advertised in this paper may be used with confidence for removing this hair. When the long growth has been removed, it is easy to keep it down by the regular use of soap and toilet pumice stone after the bath. Well soap the calves and then go over them with the pumice stone. The skin may resent this treatment at first, but it will soon harden.

Another blemish that becomes visible through thin stockings is the burning caused by too close hugging of the fire. I know it is a temptation on a cold night to sit with the feet in the hearth, but it should be resisted. The scars that result are not only unsightly, but if the habit is persisted in, may be the cause of really serious trouble.

The bitter weather we have experienced through this winter has given many girls chapped ankles which are both painful and unpleasant. Of course, it would be a counsel of perfection to suggest that the sufferers wear thicker stockings. One expedient is to wear two pairs of very thin silk. It is extraordinary how cosy two pairs of thin silk hose can be.

Massage to improve the circulation will help to prevent the chaps. The rubbing should be in an upward direction and preferably given with a rubber-bristled massage brush. But this treatment is too drastic after the chaps have already appeared. Then they are best treated with Fuller's earth cream. I know of no better preparation for softening and healing the skin.

Talcum powder should be applied after the bath to ensure the skin being thoroughly dry, and a single layer of thin bandage worn till the skin is healed.

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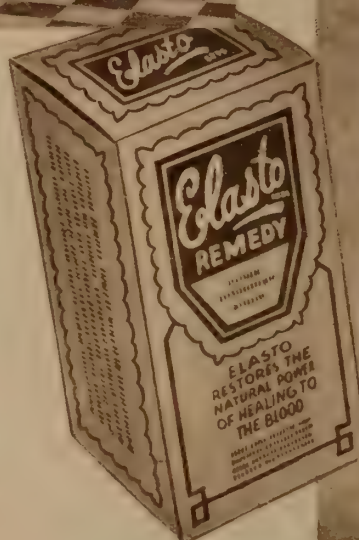
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"I can now Walk for Miles"

"... after using your treatment I am happy to say I am completely cured and can now walk for miles. I cannot praise Elasto enough, as I thought I would never walk again. Your treatment is truly wonderful."—Mrs. L—S—

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My ailment is.....
 Picturegoer 27/1/34

Don't long for relief—get Elasto and be sure of it!

MEN, WOMEN, AND MOODS *by* WARNER BAXTER

PAGE
8

PICTUREGOER

2^d
WEEK



MARGARET
LINDSAY
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WENDY BARRIE

This lyrically named young lady was born in Hong Kong and educated in Switzerland. She played on the London stage before being discovered for the screen by Alexander Korda, for whom she made her debut as one of the twins in "Wedding Rehearsal." Recent films include "The Barton Mystery," "Cash," "This Acting Business" and "The Man I Want." Miss Barrie, who may be one of Britain's latest gifts to Hollywood, is seen in the inset with True Lass, the world's champion bloodhound, who appears in the last-named film.

Louisa M. Alcott's
"LITTLE
WOMEN"

with
KATHARINE
HEPBURN
as "JO"
is beautiful-tender
and unforgettably
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PICTUREGOER

The Screen News Magazine de Luxe

Sally Blane
as she
appears
with Lee
Tracy in
"Advice to
the
Lovelorn."

MAE WEST "GOES GARBO"

No More Interviews—Hill Top Solitude and Silence—A Straight Talk to Exhibitors—Ramon's Sister for New Novarro Film—Hulberts' £100,000 Contract—More Duplication of Themes—Double Du Barry.

WELL, well, well! They all come to it in time. Mae West, if current announcements are to be believed, has followed Charles Spencer Chaplin, Greta Garbo, Ann Harding and Katharine Hepburn into the great silence.

In future the "no interviewers" sign will hang sternly over Mae's dressing-room door.

Even her usually loquacious manager and (according to rumour) husband, James Timmony, has been put on the "verboden" list for press men.

Miss West has, moreover, moved from her rather public apartment in Hollywood to a big house high in the hills "where she can be completely alone."

I am not an admirer of the now much out-moded and overdone Hollywood Hermit act, but I think it is a wise temporary measure in the case of Mae West, who is in danger of suffering the reaction that sets in in the case of all stars who are over-ballyhoed.

In any case, she needs her wisecracks for her films.

To Produce Own Films

It is also reported that *It Ain't No Sin* may be Mae's last picture for Paramount.

There is a possibility, I understand,

that she may in future produce her own films.

Let me see, now, it was at the same studio that Gloria Swanson kissed £3,000 a week goodbye at the height of her glory and walked out to cash in on her popularity.

She discovered that in spite of the fact that it eliminates the employer's "cut" of the profits, independent production is not all beer and skittles.

She would be glad to go back on the pay roll at rather less than £3,000 a week now.

Miss West, however, has a considerable advantage in the matter of business experience. She ran her own stage shows for years.

The Entertainment Tax

This is the time of the year when exhibitors raise their hands to high heaven and call upon us more loudly than ever to witness that the Entertainments Tax is ruining their business.

Exhibitors, as a rule, run our farmers pretty close for the all-the-year-round grumbling championship, but I have a great deal of sympathy for their viewpoint.

Looking at the quality of general releases available for booking of late, I am not surprised that some of them are declaring that they are busy inquiring about living conditions in the local workhouses.

Moreover, most of us would like to see a reduction of the tax on the cheaper seats for the benefit

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New York: Elizabeth Lonergan, Hotel Webster, 40 West 45th Street, New York.

Hollywood: Phil Lonergan, Washburn Apartments, 1984, North Argyle, Hollywood.

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of the many to whom the extra cost makes a lot of difference.

Nevertheless, there are certain respects in which the screen showmen must put their own houses in order before they can expect a full measure of public belief in and support for their cause.

The complaints of the suburban and provincial picturegoer, who represents the backbone of the film public, are seldom, if ever, given a hearing.

Film writers for the most part see the pictures they write about in the comfort of private press shows or, at the worst, at one of the perfectly run West End "supers." They have no occasion to bother about the conditions under which the majority of fans see those pictures at their local theatres.

In the last few weeks, however, I have been making an investigation in the small suburban "halls."

Sharp Practices

While I found that some were excellently managed, the results in the cases of others were illuminating.

At several theatres I found evidence of such irritating "sharp practices" as "hidden queues" and "elastic" seat prices when there is a good

(Continued on page 6.)



Lew Ayres has June Knight as his leading lady in "Cross-country Cruise."

(Continued from page 5.)

picture on the bill, which have already been exposed and denounced in PICTUREGOER.

At one house I had paid and been ushered into a crowded ante-room to wait before I was informed that there would be no seats at that price available for some time. At several others I was forced to take 2s. seats because the "one-and-sixpennies are full," only to find on going in that there was ample accommodation in the cheaper seats.

Many of the halls, bug-infested relics of the past, are quite unsuitable for the showing of talkies.

At one of these, a converted skating rink, the only really habitable seats are priced at 2s. and 2s. 6d. The programme consisted of a second-feature comedy and a Poverty Row quickie. These managers who complain of dwindling patronage should remember that for 3s. 6d. and no more discomfort I can go to the theatre and see Bergner.

Inefficient Management

In most cases quite apart from the lack of showmanship betrayed by poor programmes made poorer by being badly put over and choked with advertisements and trailers, there was evidence of indifferent supervision.

Sweet and cigarette sellers can perform a service for the kinemagoer but they should not be allowed to shout their wares in competition with the players on the screen.

In slack moments in these badly managed houses usherettes engage in shrill and earnest conversations in the aisles.

Perhaps, as a picturegoer, I am spoilt, but I, for one, cannot satisfactorily follow the progress of the romances of both the usherettes and Greta Garbo simultaneously.

Those Sunday Programmes

I have purposely refrained here from criticism of the pictures on view because the exhibitor is not always to blame for these.

But it is necessary once again to refer to the Sunday programme scandal.

Exhibitors begged for and got the public's support in the fight for Sunday opening. Now, because they know that on most Sunday nights they can fill two "houses" whatever they put on, they fill the programme with cheap, independently made "quickies" or films of ancient vintage.

My postbag at present is filled with complaints about these short-weight Sunday shows.

Catchpenny Showmen

From the top of the heap I select one from a Mr. Thomas Allum, of 19 Wick Road, Homerton, London, E.9.

"Why is it that Sunday filmgoers are presented with such paltry programmes at the suburban kinemas?" he demands.

"Last Sunday evening, with friends, I visited one of the largest theatres in the East End of London.

"We were shown a feeble crook story, which would have been a 'fill-up' in any ordinary programme, a news, film and a few camera oddities. To view this in comfort we paid half a crown per seat.

"A few Sundays ago, at another prominent kinema, we suffered two films and a news reel; both of the former being at least a year old.

"Why is this? Is it because there are so few places of entertainment open on Sunday evening that the kinema proprietors think they can palm the public off with anything? To plead commercial impracticability would be absurd; it is common knowledge that most kinemas are packed to capacity and with queues outside on Sunday evenings.

"It seems quite clear that Sunday kinema audiences are being imposed upon and let down badly."

That letter is typical of scores I have had on the same subject lately.

These catchpenny kinema managers may be making small temporary profits for themselves but they are losing friends for the whole industry and alienating public support.

A New Novarro

The latest relative of a star to play her real-life rôle on the screen is Carmen Samaniego, the nineteen-year-old sister of Ramon Novarro.

Carmen is to display her dramatic ability in the rôle of Ramon's screen sister in *Laughing Boy*.

Like her brother, she originally intended to become a dancer and she has made one or two public appearances on the stage in Hollywood.

"Henry's" Profits

That good pictures are still gold mines is spectacularly demonstrated by the success of *The Private Life of Henry VIII*.

It has "stood up" for three months at the Leicester Square Theatre and during that time must have grossed something well over £50,000.

The film did not cost very much more than that to make. In one week it took nearly £8,000. It's lowest weekly total was £3,000.

"Henry" has still to be seen by the public at large and as it's pulling in sizeable box-office profits in America it seems certain to become the biggest money-spinner ever turned out by a British studio.

And Charles Laughton was wise enough to take a share instead of a large salary!

He showed better judgment than at least one big British studio that flatly turned the idea down some months ago.

Hulberts' £100,000 Contract

In the meanwhile salaries in British studios continue to soar.

I see that it is claimed that the joint contract which Jack Hulbert and Cicely Courtneidge signed with Gaumont-British the other day provides for the highest sum ever paid to British stars.

Under the new agreement, which is for three years, they are to do six pictures a year between them.

For the eighteen films they are to receive something in the neighbourhood of

£100,000. And they do not have to worry about a Roosevelt salary "axe," either.

Mamoulian's Next

Rouben Mamoulian seems to be becoming a fad among the Hollywood exotics.

It started when he supplanted Von Sternberg as Marlene Dietrich's director for *Song of Songs*.

After seeing the preview of her chief rival's picture Greta Garbo demanded Mamoulian for *Queen Christina*.

And now Anna Sten has followed the fashion by acquiring him to direct her in her next picture, *Resurrection*.

Can this film, by the way, be our old friend the Tolstoi story that Dolores del Rio did as a silent and which has already been done as a talkie by Lupe Velez?

If so one imagines that the title is rather too apt to be allowed to remain unchanged.

Title Tangle

Now that Paramount has finally given way to London Film Productions, they seem determined to make confusion worse confounded by giving Dietrich's "Catherine the Great" picture two titles.

At present the intention of the company is to bill it here as *Scarlet Pageant* and in America as *The Scarlet Empress*.

Our American cousins can apparently stand a few more degrees of scarlet than we can here.

In the meanwhile, the duplication of screen subjects, to which I have referred here before, goes on.

Two "Du Barrys"

The latest instance is in the case of "Du Barry." B.I.P. already has a Du Barry story ready to go on the floor as soon as it has a director and an actress for the name part.

Over in Hollywood Warners announce another *Madame Du Barry* from an "original" by Edward Chodorov. Screen *Du Barrys*, however, seem to be scarce. At the time of writing neither studio has been able to find a star for the part.

Edward Sutherland, who was to have directed the British version, has maintained the tradition of ill-luck associated with the play by being taken seriously ill before he could leave Hollywood.

B.I.P.'s search for a leading lady for the title rôle is embracing Britain, the Continent and Hollywood.

"She must be an exquisite, exotic personality; have the form of a gazelle and the temperament of a tornado," according to the official announcement. "She must sing and dance like a Melba and Pavlova in one, and must look right for camera close-ups in very slight dress."

And we are to have another screen "Mary Queen of Scots." Margaret Sullivan, the Universal discovery, will appear in opposition to the Madeleine Carroll effort in *Elizabeth and Mary*.

Flood of "Suggestions"

Our little "suggestions" competition has been a revelation of the keen and intelligent interest which readers take in their PICTUREGOER.

Carl Laemmle, the veteran producer, welcomes Jan Kiepura to Hollywood. The popular Polish tenor is to make a picture for Universal.



Our Cover This Week.

WARNER BAXTER and
MARGARET LINDSAY

WARNER BAXTER, once a car salesman and garage owner, seems to have discovered the secret of perpetual picture popularity. Came to films via stock and continued to play in stock companies while making his first pictures. The studios, however, soon demanded his service full time. There's a box-office explanation.

With the coming of sound one of the finest speaking voices in films earned him added prestige and following. Recently scored another big success in *Paddy, The Next Best Thing*, which achieved the same popularity as the former Baxter-Gaynor co-starring vehicle, *Daddy Long Legs*.

Margaret Lindsay is the Iowa girl who, on the strength of an English accent acquired as a result of a season on the London stage, perpetrated one of the biggest Hollywood hoaxes of recent years by getting away with a role in the "all-English" cast of *Cavalcade*. Real name is Lizzie Kies.

However, she reveals in such recent films as *The House on 56th Street* and *Private Detective 62* that she is a young actress of considerable ability and promise and that she should go far on her own merits.

Our request for your views has resulted in an avalanche of ideas.

These are all being carefully analysed and considered. This work and the number of letters received have made the task of adjudication a somewhat prolonged one, but we hope to make an announcement next week.

In the meanwhile, we have to thank you for your interest and co-operation in our effort to give you an even better PICTUREGOER WEEKLY.

1934 Will Be a Fashion Year

Hollywood seems determined to make 1934 a fashion year.

This week I had a note from "Vera," the fashion designer for Universal Pictures, who predicts that the repeal of prohibition will bring about marked changes in feminine styles.

"During the so-called prohibition era, both men and women were extremely careless in their dress," Vera writes. "Women adopted mannish garb and even struggled to re-shape their bodies along masculine lines, while men lost respect for the formality completely.

"Dinners ceased to be formal gatherings and dancing parties were frequently attended by men in business clothes escorting women improperly dressed for such social occasions.

"Men in plus fours danced with women in slacks and sweaters and full-dress affairs were practically forgotten.

Elizabethan Styles

Resumption of legal drinking," according to Vera, "gives reason for more entertaining, banquets and social gatherings than at any time in the past ten years or more. The cocktail hour will be resumed and women will dress properly for it. Elaborate dinners at home, at hotels and popular restaurants will multiply as important social events in 1934 and men and women will dress for them with pride.

"Besides," she adds, "women have found that they have lost attraction adopting manish modes and there will be a quick change-over to the more effeminate dresses; soft, exquisite, dainty materials and lines which will accentuate womanliness and physical charm."

In addition to "Gay Nineties" styles, she predicts, there will also be modern adaptations of the fashions of the Elizabethan era.

Silks, satins, dainty laces, full skirts and rich perfumes will play an important part in women's search for lost charm in 1934, with daintiness the keynote to what will be in style.

The Chaplin Film

Charlie Chaplin's new picture is, I see, now advertised for general release here on October 29.

The little man will have to work fast. He hasn't started yet.

The latest news from the Chaplin studio is that the commencement of production has again been postponed—this time till March. It was originally scheduled to begin last November.

The reason given for the new delay, however, is interesting. In the past Chaplin has always made his pictures from odd notes and the inspiration of the moment.

Now he has decided to put his new story into script form. He is at present busy revising the script.

"Elstree Improves U.S. Stars"

The film critic of the *New York Sun*, reviewing *Heads We Go* (re-titled *The Charming Deceiver* in America) makes the interesting observation that "contact with English thought and manners" has "improved" Constance Cummings. He thinks she has a new suavity and a "more refined" charm.

"Haven't we been accepting blatant obviousness for vitality?" he asks. "And haven't we been accepting noise for real verity and strength?"

Well, supply your own answer. I am convinced that the talkie favourites of the future—and the not-very-far-distant future—will combine the best characteristics of British and American acting, accent and manners.

Fan Mail "Disaster"

Have you ever written a letter to a Paramount star during the last ten years?

If so, you may have a special interest in the Hollywood floods that Phil Lonergan reports in his notes this week.

The studio had a policy of filing all the fan mail of its players and has accumulated hundreds of thousands of letters.

They were stored in the basement of the camera building, which was deluged with a sea of mud and water during the recent storms.

When the mess was cleared it was found that the mail was ruined and thousands of letters which by their numbers told the story of the successive reigns of the giants of the screen who have occupied the star dressing-rooms on the famous lot have had to be sent to the junk heap.

Short Shots

Mae West has sent one of the costumes she wore on the screen for the waxwork figure of herself in London's most famous exhibition—the Jane Carr Club is holding a dance at the Imperial Hotel, Russell Square, W.C.1, to-night (Saturday)—"Tough Guy" Jack La Rue smoked

his first cigar in *Good Dame* and it laid him flat—Sidney Fox is in the divorce news—It is now revealed that Lyle Talbot was married and divorced before he went into films—Cary Grant denies that he said he did not want to play opposite Mae West again because he is afraid of his own personality being submerged—Al Jolson is kissed for the first time on the screen in *Wonder Bar*—Katharine Hepburn has not a good press from the New York critics for her stage performance in *The Lake*—It is reported that Marlene Dietrich is to return to Europe in the spring to play on the stage under the direction of Max Reinhardt—Laurette Taylor, the original "Peg o' My Heart" and a famous Broadway actress, has been signed by Metro—Ben Piazza, casting director at Culver City, reports that for the first time in Hollywood's history there is a dearth of chorus girls.

Kinema Couplets

This week's award of ros. 6d. goes to Albert Cooper, 78a, Westboro', Scarborough, for a topical effort.

The Secrets of the French Police
High Finance

Prizes of 2s. 6d. each are awarded to the following:—

Jack Waters, 9, Mayberry Place, Surbiton Hill, Surrey, for the somewhat satirical combination of titles.

The Rich are Always with Us
The Good Companions

F. M. Watmough, 9 Norwood Terrace, Shipley, for:

When Ladies Meet
Don't Bet on Love

George R. Hendry, 102, Dorset Road, Merton Park, S.W.19, for a comment that will be appreciated by all parents in these February days of rain and fog.

Cleaning Up
Are These Our Children?

And finally to Miss M. Williams, 22, Sion Hill, Clifton, Bristol, for a commentary that is brief and to the point.

The Officers' Mess
Too Many Women

May I remind readers that there are no rules to this competition other than that all attempts—as many as you like—must be submitted on a postcard and addressed to me, c/o PICTUREGOER WEEKLY, 93, Long Acre, W.C.2. I would again reiterate that envelopes will not be opened.

MALCOLM PHILLIPS.



Oh, won't Cecil de Mille be jealous? Benita Hume with Conrad Veidt and Henry Hewitt in a scene from the Gaumont-British £80,000 picture "Jew Süss."

WHAT WOMEN have TAUGHT ME

by Warner BAXTER

The star who was compelled in the early days of his screen career to carry off heroine after heroine because he was the possessor of a he-man profile tells you what he really thinks about the fair sex.

The author of this article with Dolores Del Rio in one of the earlier talkie romantics, "Ramona."

forbidden fruit, the time will come when that fruit will seem the most tempting. The wise man marries a seasoned and partially experienced woman. Then he knows that he is secure, that out of a world of men she has chosen him, and she will be content.

A man can hold a woman best by never forgetting the little things. A woman cares more for the little trifling gift, brought home at the end of each day, than she does for a diamond bracelet you merely order to be delivered to her.

For me a woman must be feminine in every detail. For instance, the way a woman dresses is vitally important to me. I always notice a woman's clothes. I am conscious of their style, colour, line, and can appraise their quality at a glance. I know the instant I see my wife whether or not I like what she is wearing. Occasionally I have taken one quick look at her and have asked her to change to another dress. After I have had the first impression, and it is bad, I never want to look again until the change has been made.

In my experience, all women are more charming after the sun has set. They are younger and more beautiful.

This is one of the strangest things I have learned about women. At breakfast a woman may easily look her age—say, between thirty and forty. At noon, when she is well groomed for a luncheon engagement with her 'in-laws, she will look about twenty. When evening comes, and the shaded lamplight is playing on her bare arms and the curve of her white shoulders, she will look about sixteen! How does she do it?

I have seen film stars in evening dress who seemed to be the epitome of all the world's loveliness. I have seen them on the "set" next morning, and have wondered how I could have found them so alluring.

As a general rule, the *ingenue* type does not attract me, even though on the screen I seem fated to play opposite the delightfully winsome Janet Gaynor. But then, of course, Janet is a most exceptional girl and, in spite of her air of fresh young innocence, she is really a naughty little minx. She knows quite a lot about life—and love!

When you hear a man boasting of his bachelor freedom, you may be sure it is a case of "sour grapes." In a few years' time that man will be hugging the chains of matrimony. For men admire and care for domesticity, but it must be cleverly disguised. The hand that rocks the cradle may rule the world, but for a man that hand must be well manicured, gentle and soft to the touch, and possess the power to weave magic spells.

Women are like violins. The more they are played on, the better they are. Men evoke from the delicate instruments what strain they please—or, rather, what strain they are capable of playing. And the longer they practise on those fine-drawn strings, the more clearly they realise to their chagrin how much they have still to learn!

And, despite my unrivalled opportunities of studying women at close quarters in all their bewildering and unpredictable moods—from the cool indifference of an Elissa Landi to the piquant provocation of a Myrna Loy—I may as well confess right now that I have still a lot to learn!

my more self-effacing and sacrificial roles in recent films.

I will admit right away that being compelled to carry off heroine after heroine on the strength of a so-called "he-man" profile does begin to pall. There were times during the early days of my film career, after I'd posed for hours for still portraits and studio "profiles," when I had a mad desire to break loose and be myself—just for once.

So weary was I of "the romantic type" that I had a longing to break up every stick of furniture on the "set" and to kill every film hero in sight!

To make matters worse, the women I have loved on the screen were so often flirtatious, scheming, or insincere. And what "raw deal" was meted out to me all round after all my hard work in 42nd Street, when I am left a tired, lonely and desolate figure, forlorn, forsaken and forgotten!

Yes, my screen experience has taught me much. Life as a "great lover" can become a perfect burden! And it is not surprising that the Hollywood film heroes have gone on strike, that they have joined a sort of League of Great Lovers and sworn a solemn oath not to be heroic any more, but to appear in their true colours and see if they can persuade their film partners and women in general to accept them at their proper valuation—neither as plaster saints nor cast-iron sinners.

The great thing is to shed all the silly illusions we have cherished about woman and to treat her as a human being.

For a man really to know women, experience with one or two women is not enough. A man must have known many women in order to know one woman well.

If men—and women, too—have not had diverse experiences, if they have not tasted of this or that

Dorothy Burgess, Warner Baxter's feminine allure in "In Old Arizona."

AM I a woman hater? Does the treatment meted out to me in recent films at the hands of the fair sex signify that I am a misogynist?

Have I lost my faith in women? Don't I trust them any more? Have they let me down too hard—and too often?

Am I fated for ever to play second fiddle—to step aside and let "the other fellow" have the girl—even if occasionally I do get a lucky "break" in the last reel or two?

Has this humiliating experience so soured my disposition that I have become cynical in my attitude towards women, or can it be that my past victories and easy conquests have made me *blasé* to their charms?

These are a few of the questions that are flung at me on all sides following my progress as a tempestuous lover from the early days of talkies, when Dorothy Burgess, my Mexican sweetheart, played fast and loose with me, to



The stars do sometimes relax. Here are Walter Forde and Tamara Desni snapped at a carnival given by the Gaumont British studios at which electricians, executives, carpenters and stars all combined to make whoopee.

Leila Hyams, who appears in Universal's football drama, "Saturday Millions," and with Slim Summerville in "Horseplay," displays a new brown tweed walking suit with long swagger coat trimmed with beaver fur.



Through Our LENS



Gloria Stuart demonstrates her ability as a harpist to John Boles with whom she is appearing in a new musical romance, "Beloved."



Hollywood is feeling much better, thank you. Prohibition is a thing of the past so Tim McCoy's bottles contain the genuine article and the "Picturegoer"—but modesty forbids!



Edmund Lowe sets a new fashion in hats. This is what he will wear in his rôle as a deep sea diver in Charles Rogers' "No More Women." The helmet is being fitted by Larux, an expert diver who is also working in the film.

MEET Mr.

All the Gary engagement rumours have culminated in the most popular screen lover's marriage to Sandra Shaw. Here is an intimate and revealing word picture of the newly-weds.

by GLADYS BAKER



Gary's new Hollywood home appropriately named El Ranchito, and, in-set, his mother and father

had acted like an impulsive schoolgirl. "And I wouldn't have talked with him, if he'd answered," came the further confession. "I only wanted to hear his voice! And that girl he married—what's she like? And Gary, have you seen him, too? How I envy you your job!"

Yes, I'd seen Gary and Sandra. A few days before their wedding, lunching at the Colony Club. It was then that I discovered an unexpected angle of the "great screen lover!"

Even the presence of the girl to whom he was engaged failed to ruffle the film star's innate poise and dignity. There were no sentimental exchanges of terms of endearment. No sly meeting of hands

Early that morning throngs of Gary Cooper fans, in which, of course, the female element was predominant, began to crowd the huge lobbies of the Park Avenue hotel.

Then, in order to secure the privacy which both Gary and Sandra most genuinely desired, it was necessary at the last minute to celebrate the wedding without preparation in the apartment of the bride-to-be's mother on Park Avenue.

Only four persons were present. The bride was given in marriage by her step-mother, Mrs. Paul Shields, her sister served as maid of honour and the only others who witnessed the ceremony were the bride's step-father and the groom's personal representative.

But an hour after the marriage vows were taken—well, that was a different story. Every newspaper and fan magazine in New York sent at least one representative; and both bride and groom, in spite of their distaste for publicity, received them with decent cordiality.

As was to be expected, neither was in the mood for answering the intimate queries fired at them by some of the less tactful reporters. Veronica couldn't remember when they'd first met—or wouldn't.

Her tall, handsome husband tried to be helpful. Of course he remembered. They'd met less than a year ago in Hollywood when Veronica was pursuing a film career under the euphonious screen name, Sandra Shaw.

Sandra, or rather, Veronica, had been groomed for the regulation social career. But her contact with Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt at the latter's famous Todhunter School made her decide against a life of social frivolity.

As a compromise to her family she made her debut in New York two seasons ago and then headed towards Hollywood. Film tests proved that she was a screen type, and she appeared in several pictures.

Considering the fact that she came to the film colony without stage experience or professional reputation, her progress during the two years she remained in California was considered remarkable.

But that little moment in the sun is past. Sandra Shaw has had her day. Now, as the wife of the famous screen hero she will be—well, just that.

Having tasted the heady wine of careering, one wondered if the ghost of Sandra Shaw would glide through the domestic life of these newly-marrieds and influence Veronica Balfe Cooper's promise to her husband never to appear in professional life again.

She was asked about this pledge to confine her interests to wifely pursuits. At least for the moment it causes her no restlessness of mind or spirit. She said: "I never cared much about being in the movies. I don't believe I could be both an actress and a wife and I'd rather be married to Gary."

This willingness on the part of the young motion-picture actress to abandon her career is not a superficial request from her husband. It has always been one of the requirements he believed would be essential to a happy married life.

Some years ago when he gained the reputation of being Hollywood's most eligible, but elusive, bachelor, he went on record when interviewed as being a discriminating and not easily susceptible prospect in the matrimonial market. He asked a good deal of the girl who would share his life with him.

And now that the "tumult and the shouting" have somewhat subsided and 3,000,000 American maidens have accepted the existence of Mrs. Gary Cooper, let's get back to Gary, who is, after all, the real celebrity of the family.

There is one feature about him that has entirely

GARY COOPER'S fatal charm for women has been the theme song of my recent ramblings about the city. It is possible that "Cooperitis" has long been a malady with which female movie fans have been chronically afflicted. But the sudden appearance of the film star and his subsequent marriage to Sandra Shaw has spread the virus to an alarming state of epidemic! Excitement reigns in Gotham!

In the course of a single day the following incidents, entirely unprompted on the part of this worried interviewer, actually happened. Said my manicurist, taking a surreptitious peep at the tabloid picture of the present Mrs. Cooper: "What a break! Say, can you imagine anything more heavenly than being the bride of Gary Cooper?"

Later in the day, on a shopping expedition, I asked to be shown a black frock for street wear. It must be black. No other colour would do. To my astonishment, the saleswoman returned with an armful of dresses in a light shade of blue.

I repeated that I was interested only in black. "But this is Sandra Shaw's favourite colour. Really, it's one of our very best 'numbers!'"

Before the day ended I discovered that this infection of the female heart region was not confined to shop girls and manicurists. I was dining that evening with a young and charming opera singer, whose suitors are impressive in point of number and eligibility on both sides of the Atlantic.

Over the coffee cups she arose and went to the telephone. She called the number of a well-known hotel. I couldn't help hearing one side of the ensuing conversation.

"Mr. Gary Cooper, please."

"No, there's no use giving my name. I don't know him, but I want very much to speak to him. Please connect me."

"What? He never speaks to anyone unless they're announced? Oh, I am sorry."

Chiding her later, my hostess admitted that she

under the table. None of those personal innuendoes which cause embarrassment to the outsider.

Not that his attitude was one of indifference or studied detachment. I was impressed, most of all, during the luncheon hour, with the absolute naturalness of his conversation and behaviour. He was exactly like any other young man of good breeding and knowledge of the conventions, who was lunching with the young woman he had chosen for his wife.

Unlike so many screen luminaries, his clothes did not single him out from any of the young business men who were lunching in the fashionable restaurant.

A sack suit of grey, which had that comfortable look of having been worn before, and conservative accessories. He was at all times relaxed and perfectly at ease, as if he were unconscious of being the cynosure of all the guests about him.

As for Sandra—I can best express her foremost characteristic by using an out-moded phrase, she is every inch a "lady."

Her background as Veronica Balfe, daughter of one of New York's most socially prominent families, has impressed itself in intangible but tell-tale qualities which distinguish a person of culture from one of superficial polish.

Her hair is dark, much darker than it appears in photographic likenesses; her grey eyes extraordinarily large and widely spaced. She is slender and, when standing, the top of her head reaches exactly to Gary's shoulder.

On this occasion she was wearing—true enough!—a simple crêpe frock of cadet blue and a matching felt hat turned smartly off the face. Her coat was leopard.

The famous engagement ring (declared by the tabloids to be not less than 15 carats!) is exquisitely cut and with its small, dark rubies on either side, accentuates the whiteness of slim, aristocratic hands.

She is attractive and charming, in a quiet way—strikingly opposite to the incandescent allure of Gary's former flame—Lupe Velez.

On the morning of December 16, word had sped about the city that the Cooper-Balfe nuptials would be celebrated at the Waldorf Astoria, where the screen celebrity had been domiciled during his stay in Manhattan.

and Mrs. GARY COOPER

escaped comment in the hundreds of stories that I have read. These stories, it is true, tell a great deal about his tastes and hobbies; his high-powered motor cars, his ranch, his monkey, his love of cheese, his genius for remaining silent under trying situations. But I cannot remember ever reading an article devoted to his business in life—the job of acting.

Nor is this difficult to understand. He has great personal charm, and, though I dislike the word, tremendous *appeal* to all classes of people.

He is very handsome, in a long, lean picturesque fashion, and since he never makes the slightest effort to gain admiration, of course he gets it whole-heartedly.

Because of these various attributes his real ability as an intelligent actor seems never to come up for the consideration it deserves.

Why don't some of these many chroniclers of film celebrities point out some of the dramatic incidents of his pictures which have definitely elevated Gary Cooper to the front ranks of screenedom?

Why don't they tell about his subtle and poignant acting in *Shop-Worn Angel*? Remember? He played the part of a dough-boy who was in New York for the first time, on his way to France.

There was a gripping incident which I shall always remember. He was walking down Broadway one evening, feeling heart-breaking loneliness. He heard dance music drifting out to the street. He stopped and turned towards the sound. That was all. But the audience "got" the loneliness and eagerness of the bewildered and homesick boy to be part of the crowd. This particular scene lasted about five seconds!

There is such honesty in his characterisations. Often in order to "point" his role more effectively he will do or say something uncouth or boorish, as, for instance, his lines to Claudette Colbert in *His Woman*.

He is drunk and one might think unnecessarily unpleasant, but it goes with the part. On the other hand, his scenes with the baby in that same picture were unforgettably real and endearing, chiefly by contrast created by his own interpretation.

Because of his innate fineness and sincerity he is the most sought-after player among the leading women stars in Hollywood. Helen Hayes, who co-starred with him in that unusually fine film version of *Farewell to Arms*, told me that she never had more sympathetic support or understanding.

She recalls many days when everyone's nerves were on edge at the studio, and when Gary, by his patience and gentleness, helped them keep their poise and control.

Incidentally, he gave one of the best performances of his career in that film. He was, as the French say, "in the skin" of the character.

Frances Fuller played her first screen role with Gary in *One Sunday Afternoon*. She says she will be eternally in his debt for his suggestions and help. "Time after time," she said, "he went out of his way to show me little points of business of which I was completely in the dark."

When it's a question of his own acting, Gary is his best critic, and is entirely impersonal in his analysis. He said: "I think *Shop-Worn Angel* one of the best films ever produced. Right from the start we all 'clicked' and the results showed it."

"Just the opposite happened with *City Streets* and *Fighting Caravans*. Too many cooks spoil the broth. That's the chief difficulty, as I see it, with movies. Our organisations are too big.

"We are in constant danger of losing the vital thread of a story through a mass of detail—15 assistant directors, 10 script writers, till the

With trophies of the chase which he collected on his African hunting trip and which now adorn his study.



original story is completely disguised. And there's always the pressing need of keeping a production up to schedule which is a terrible temptation to slur effects and hope for the best."

Cooper is one of the best troupers in the profession. Four years ago, with a temperature of 104 he got up from a hospital bed (to which he had been carried from the set) and worked on a retake for sixteen hours.

It took him nearly a year to recover from that—but it saved his company a small fortune. Often he has finished a film after midnight and been on the set at 8 a.m. starting a new one.

Another quality, which reminds me of that magnificent band of actors, the Moscow Art Players, is his saving use of gesture. He never makes an unnecessary one, never moves unless he has some definite reason for so doing.

The average audience calls this "being natural," only real artistes of the theatre understand and appreciate the delicate technique this requires. "The art of keeping still"—how few practise it!

Because women, young and old, from far and near, have made an idol of him, Gary Cooper has had to stand the gaff. He has done it with dignity, good breeding and a quiet sense of humour which inevitably comes to his rescue.

As when upon his return from Europe, swamped with questions as to the latest object of his affections, he finally turned on the pursuing reporters and said: "Good Lord! Do you think if I were madly in love I would be running around buying baby clothes for a monkey?"

And on another occasion when he was urged to tell whom he expected to marry, he quite gravely replied, "I hope to marry a woman!"

To his credit let it be said that Gary Cooper has never "gone Hollywood." He knows a good deal about the world beyond the sound stage.

There are more cliques in Hollywood, perhaps, than any other place in the world, but Gary has steered through them successfully. He is essentially honest with himself, and in Hollywood that

Sandra Shaw, who is probably one of the most envied girls in Hollywood since her marriage to Gary.



is a man-sized job. But, as he himself said: "It's a good thing to get away from your home lot once in a while, change your perspective, especially for an actor. Too much Hollywood is bad. I've learned that lesson."

"People accuse me of changing since I went to Europe. I haven't really. It's only that I'm older and wiser, I hope, and my horizon has broadened. I realise that some of the best moments a man can have come to him alone on a trek through a jungle, or riding across the plains at sunset. These things count."

Now there'll be someone to share these "moments that count." His bride will be riding with him on his ranch in California. And Sandra's horsemanship is one of his wife's talents which Gary spoke of with particular pride.

Gary Cooper is to-day the same unspoiled person that he was ten years ago when I met him first as an "extra" on the lot where he is star to-day. I hope that in this marriage he will find all that he has dreamed marriage would bring him and that he will be able to say to his bride in the words of the old Scottish poem:

"You are my joy,
You are my delight,
You are my complete contentment."



BRIAN AHERNE

It is usually left to Hollywood to develop the best work of English stars. In "The Constant Nymph" this clever young stage and film actor shatters tradition by revealing a talent and "screen" personality that America failed to discover in its campaign to "put him over" in Marlene Dietrich's "Song of Songs." Aherne was born in Worcestershire 31 years ago and while still a child trained for the stage under Italia Conti. He made his first appearance when he was nine.

Claudette Colbert, with Herbert Marshall and William Gargan, in her latest picture, "Four Frightened People."

COME OUT of that BATH TUB!

A frank and outspoken open letter to Claudette Colbert.

DEAR CLAUDETTE

SO, despite the formidable rival claims of Mae West, you are to be Hollywood's "Cleopatra" after all.

While it will always be a matter of some regret to me that we shall be deprived of the experience of hearing a Mae Western Cleopatra inviting a Hollywoodian Mark Antony to come up and see her some time, I have no doubt that you will give us a pleasing and even, perhaps, distinguished characterisation of the Ancient Egyptian It Girl who discovered "S.A." two thousand years before Elinor Glynn and the Hollywood press boys caught up with its commercial possibilities. I must confess that I have some doubts, though, as to its effect on your career.

Do you really think it is wise to become so closely identified with the more spectacular Hollywood works of Mr. Cecil B. de Mille?

Mr. De Mille, as you and I know, has many estimable qualities. As a showman he is still unsurpassed among the directors of to-day.

He is the sole surviving god of the Golden Age of the films when Hollywood was really "Follywood," and colour and glamour were a part of the motion picture scene that did not have to be invented in the publicity departments.

"Big Business" and soulless efficiency have come in and the romance and the glamour and the colour and the grand and glorious extravagances have gone out with their coming.

All the glory that was the old Hollywood has passed. All except Cecil B. de Mille—who with his fifty pairs of riding breeches, his still inevitable megaphone bearer, his magnificent retinue of "yes men," and his "million dollar spectacles," goes marching on to fresh triumphs in a new age. He is the last of the giants.

You will, I hope, pardon this somewhat melancholy and, I have no doubt, dull digression. I am always, I fear, fascinated by the great de Mille act, but—more to the point—I have mentioned all these things because I think that you should understand that in raising the question of your screen association with the maestro I am not lacking in appreciation of his peculiar genius.

Nevertheless, the world has, rightly or

wrongly, formed certain very definite and obstinately cherished ideas about de Mille heroines.

There is a popular legend, for one thing, that after a few weeks of production they get so used to saying "Yes, Mr. de Mille," that they begin repeating it in their sleep; that after a few productions it becomes an almost incurable habit, and that when we come to dissect the corpse after the subsequent and sometimes premature kinematic demise of those concerned, "Yes, Mr. de Mille" is found engraved on their hearts.

I do not know, of course, to what extent you allow yourself to be dominated by your director, but I do know that up to the present Charles Bickford still claims a monopoly of the honour of amending the formula to "No, Mr. de Mille."

You are, I am sure, too individualistic a performer and a personality to become a Trilby to anybody's Svengali, but you know as well as I do what legends can do to screen reputations in Hollywood.

Moreover, Mr. de Mille's well-known preoccupation with the screen propagation of the theory that cleanliness is next to godliness and his unshakable belief that every night should be Saturday night in the kinemas has had very definite and not always very fortunate reactions on most of his protégés.

Because I think that you are among the most talented of the younger school of American screen actresses I should honestly hate to have even to contemplate the possibility of Claudette Colbert finishing up in the great movie exhibition with a neat little label bearing the legend "de Mille Bath Tub Queen" attached.

Your acceptance of the role of Poppaea in *The Sign of the Cross*—which started the film firm of de Mille and Colbert—was all right in itself.

It enabled you to demonstrate your versatility as an artiste. Some of your critics were unkind enough to say that you couldn't do it. And some of them said that you wouldn't.

I have, incidentally, a vivid recollection of discussing the latter point with Ernst Lubitsch. He told me how when you played in *The Smiling Lieutenant* for him, he and the entire might of the Paramount Studio were hurled back in defeat

when they tried to persuade you to do the mildest of undressing scenes for that picture.

I trust that you have succeeded either in avoiding him or making your peace since you so generously and, I might add, charmingly displayed your physical charms and took the de Mille Order of the Bath in the Roman epic.

Seriously though, the Claudette Colbert of *Manslaughter*, *I Cover the Waterfront*, and *Three Cornered Moon* is too talented an actress to be allowed to become a mere "leg show." There are far too many leg shows in Hollywood already—and far too few talented actresses.

Much as we appreciate the beauty of the Colbert chassis, we could, I think, survive the loss if you decided once again to confine your matutinal ablutions to the privacy of your own bathroom, but we need you as an artiste.

Perhaps we are unduly alarmed. After all, we should be able to rely on your own well deserved reputation for good sense.

The current publicity bulletins issued on your behalf, however, are not reassuring to those of us who would like to accept that conviction.

I have before me as I write, for instance, an announcement that solemnly proclaims that you have been ordered to put on fifteen pounds in weight in order to achieve the "attractive curves" usually associated with the Cleopatrician brand of sex appeal.

Before that we were invited at much length and amid considerable drum banging to observe that by a "modern miracle of surgery" your recent appendicitis operation was performed in a way that left no scars to spoil the effect of the revelations made by the costumes you are to wear in *Four Frightened People* and the *Cleopatra* picture.

Well, we all like to talk about our operations, but don't you think that calling out the ballyhoo department of Paramount to inflict the details on your friends is carrying it a little too far?

You don't need that sort of publicity—and we don't deserve it.

Please come out of that bath tub.

MALCOLM PHILLIPS.

PRE-VIEWS OF THE LATEST FILMS

ANOTHER BRITISH SCREEN TRIUMPH

TO reach the top class on the stage or on the screen is difficult. To remain with the elect is still more difficult.

This piece of elementary knowledge naturally occurred to me when I was asked to see the successor to *The Private Life of Henry VIII*. Could the London Film Productions maintain the standard they had set in the picture that made the world conscious of British studios?

In my opinion, *Catherine the Great* is even better than *Henry VIII*. There may be many of you who will argue about this contention. Nothing will please me more, because I want everybody to see both these films.

Alexander Korda, the director of the company, has certainly found the secret of successful team work. Most of the technical staff who made a success of *Henry VIII* were employed on *Catherine*. The one important difference was that the actual direction was done by Dr. Paul Czinner.

This is the first film for which he has been responsible in this country and his work warrants that we give him an enthusiastic welcome to our studios. We need directors of his ability.

On more than one occasion PICTUREGOER has condemned the habit some companies have of importing alleged stars from abroad. It is therefore with more than the usual enthusiasm that we approve the inclusion of Douglas Fairbanks, jun., and Elizabeth Bergner in a film made in this country.

We have always maintained that Fairbanks, jun., given the opportunity, would prove that he is an actor. His work in *Catherine* will be a revelation to those people who regarded him merely as the son of Doug. Fairbanks, sen.

The part of Peter is one that most actors would dearly love to play but very, very few of them could equal the interpretation given by Fairbanks. He makes this abnormal, suspicious, cruel, disloyal being a living man and even gains for him a sympathy. It is far and away the best thing he has yet done and gives promise of even better things to come.

But fine as his work is, he does not dominate the picture as Charles Laughton did in *Henry VIII*. This is due to the fact that the story provides for two women foils—Elizabeth Bergner as Catherine and Flora Robson as the Empress Elizabeth.

Bergner is claimed by many critics to be the greatest actress on the stage to-day. There will be many who, after her performance as Catherine, will honour her as the screen's finest performer. Off-hand, I can think of nobody who could have played the part as she does. Her range is marvellous. Her every mood is a delight to watch. Let us hope her stage work will not delay her early appearance in another picture.

Our own native talent is best represented in this film by Flora Robson and Gerald du Maurier. Miss Robson is fine as the Empress who "never gives her heart a rest." She is a real actress, and Sir Gerald gives his best screen performance as the French Gentleman-in-waiting to Peter.

Indeed, it would be difficult to find fault with the acting of any of the parts. In Griffith Jones we have a real he-man who should be an asset to our films.

Every one of the minor parts is played by either a stage or screen actor or actress (other British companies, please note).

Their names are Irene Vanbrugh, Joan Gardner, Dorothy Hale, Diana Napier, Gibb McLaughlin,



Clifford Heatherley, Lawrence Hanray and Allan Jeayes.

And now let me tell you briefly something of the story.

The scene is set in Russia in the middle of the eighteenth century. Empress Elizabeth decides that her nephew, the Grand Duke Peter, is to marry a German princess. To the Duke, women are playthings, and after refusing to marry, he consents to wed the woman who idealises and loves him.

To show what he thinks of his wife, he spends his wedding night with a former mistress at his hunting lodge. Catherine is broken-hearted but she refuses to admit defeat and succeeds in arousing interest in her husband by pretending to have a "regiment" of lovers.

The illness and subsequent death of the Empress brings to light all the malice and thwarted ambition of Peter and as Czar he soon antagonises his people and the army. The officers are devoted to Catherine and in order to save her and the country they persuade her to consent to a revolution and the arrest of the Czar.

She agrees on condition that "not a hair of his head is touched," but Peter, preferring death to captivity, insults an old enemy among the officers, certain of the fate that will befall him. (A wonderful scene, this.)

The news of the murder is brought to Catherine in the hour of her triumph. All her old tenderness for Peter returns and we leave her a sad woman who has purchased the crown at too great a price.

This is only the barest outline. A complete story of the film has fortunately been written by Marjorie Bowen, the famous author, and the first instalment will appear in *The Passing Show* next week. Read it, and, above all, see the picture. It will be a memorable experience.—M. B. Y.

Design for Living

Ernst Lubitsch has always been considered the master of sophisticated comedy and while some of his talkie efforts have not lived up to the pictorial expressiveness and subtlety of his silent masterpieces, he certainly comes into his own again with this brilliantly directed and highly diverting picture.

It is an adaptation by Ben Hecht of a play by Noel Coward which has not been staged over here. There

Frank Cellier in the title role of "Captain Blood," a film dealing with the theft of the crown jewels which will be fully reviewed next week.

has been a good deal of heartburnings and discussion about it owing to the fact that the dialogue is said to have been entirely remodelled and the action rendered fit for censors to see.

This does not seem to me to matter a jot. The play has not been seen here and whether we have to take our hats off to Noel Coward or Ben Hecht for some of the most arrestingly satirical and sophisticated dialogue I have heard for some time is not of great moment, the main thing is that the picture is a wholly entertaining one and we must take it on its merits as a film, not on its antecedents.

The plot tilts merrily at modern life and morality. It pre-supposes a young American girl, Gilda, who falls in love with two men in Paris—one an artist, the other a playwright—who are great friends.

Her appearance threatens this friendship but she formulates a design for living in harmony by which they all stay amicably together—sex, according to her, is "out."

She aids both the men in their work by constructive criticism until finally the playwright makes a hit and goes to London to see it produced. The old adage of two is company is amply proved, for the lady proceeds to live with the artist and the playwright is written to to that effect.

He returns to Paris and finds that his friend is also now famous and when he visits the girl she falls for him. The artist returns unexpectedly to find the pair having breakfast. There is a royal riot which is solved by Gilda leaving them both and marrying an old friend.

A crooner between two fires. Bing Crosby finds difficulty in deciding whether to stay with Fifi D'Orsay, the vamp, or go to Marion Davies, who loves him sincerely, in "Going Hollywood."



The pair solemnly celebrate this event by getting amicably drunk together.

Gilda goes to America for her marriage and soon afterwards is bored stiff with her husband's business friends—he is a publicity agent and he neither forgets it himself nor lets her forget it either.

Relief comes with the reappearance of her two lovers, whom she decides to take back to Paris and live with again in a *ménage à trois* bound by a "gentleman's agreement" that there is to be no love-making!

The dialogue is exceptionally good and while the picture relies on it more than on pictorial action, Lubitsch has used his camera to avoid any appearance of a photographed stage play and also for illuminating detail work.

It does not strike you when you are looking at it there is practically no action—always there is a sense of movement and change of scene.

The relation of the three principals is most arrestingly shown and while it could have been made definitely unpleasant, there is no touch of offence in the whole length of its light-hearted and sophisticated footage.

Characters are excellently drawn and equally excellently interpreted. As the artist, Gary Cooper gives a performance which is thoroughly meritorious and is a worthy successor to his work in *One Sunday Afternoon* and in an entirely different vein.

Fredric March is at his best as the playwright—he seems to have completely shed all his tendency to emulate John Barrymore—and acts with a light touch and full sense of character and comedy.

Miriam Hopkins adds to her laurels in the role of Gilda. A part difficult to make sincere and convincing, both of which, however, she manages to do.

As the friend, who marries her after the lovers have quarrelled violently, Edward Everett Horton is a sheer delight, while Franklin Pangborn appears briefly but effectively as a stage impresario.

This is the most polished production I have seen this year and one which will undoubtedly rank high amongst the offerings of 1934.—L. C.

The Constant Nymph

It was in the silent version of Margaret Kennedy's story, which, incidentally, was directed by Basil Dean, who is also responsible for its talkie successor, that Mabel Poulton came fully into her own.

Here it is Brian Aherne who scores an outstanding success, but there is also a newcomer in Victoria Hopper who makes a very decided hit.

It would be rash, after seeing her in this performance, to prophesy a great stellar future for her, but she does fill the role of Tessa, the love-lorn little girl who dies so tragically, admirably.

I feel that if you have read the story you will probably enjoy the picture

Douglas Fairbanks, jun., as King Peter with his young consort, later to become Catherine the Great, played by Elizabeth Bergner.

Let our Film Critics who really see the pictures guide you

more than if you have not, for while Basil Dean has captured the spirit, atmosphere and character of it perfectly, there are little *hiatuses* in the action which may leave you a little bewildered as to the strange company amongst which you find yourself.

The Sanger family is a queer one headed by Albert, a Bohemian composer who, having travelled all over the world and collected a miscellaneous family from various women, has finally settled in a ramshackle chalet in the Tyrol with his last mistress, Susan, a somewhat vulgar type, and the aforesaid promiscuous progeny.

In this atmosphere Tessa is brought up and from her earliest girlhood she has secretly loved Lewis Dodd, another Bohemian composer, a friend of her father.

I do not propose to go into all the details of the plot, but just to indicate its broad outlines; to tell it in even moderate detail would take up far more space than I have at my disposal.

Albert Sanger dies and Dodd arranges for Tessa and her sister Lina to go to England under the guardianship of a young aunt with whom he falls in love and marries; an occurrence that nearly breaks Tessa's heart.

She goes to school in England but runs away and comes to live with Dodd and her aunt, whose temperaments have now clashed and are headed precipitously to separation.

The inevitable happens, accelerated by the aunt's treatment of her niece, with whom she eventually accuses her husband of being unfaithful.

After the first successful performance of his symphony Dodd takes Tessa away to Brussels,

where she dies on the first night of her arrival from heart failure.

Interwoven into this tragic romance are the lives of others of the Sanger family, such a queer one that it is known all over the world as "Sanger's Circus."

Their lovers, their lives and those of the people with whom they come in contact are all excellently pictured and the resultant pattern is one that is exceedingly human, lifelike and sincere.

Brian Aherne's Dodd is an exceedingly sensitive and well-balanced piece of acting; the character with all its eccentricities lives and is thoroughly sympathetic.

Tessa, as I have said, is finely drawn by Victoria Hopper. But while these two dominate the film, the cast as a whole is deserving of high praise.

Peggy Blythe is excellent as Tessa's sister Lina, as is Jane Baxter as Tony, who marries a successful and wealthy impresario, played most effectively by Fritz Schultz.

Then there is Kate, an elder sister who mothers them all, well presented by Jane Cornell, and Linda, Sanger's vulgar mistress, a fine character study by Mary Clare, and Sanger himself, impressively registered in a fine, short sequence by Lyn Harding.

Outside the "Sanger's Circus" is Florence, the aunt well characterised by Leonora Corbett; Roberto, an Italian servant, by Tony de Lungo; Trigorin, a concert promoter, by Jim Gerald.

The Tyrolean exteriors are really beautiful and the whole atmosphere of the Bohemian household has been admirably caught.

London scenes, too, are excellent, especially the concert given by Dodd in the Queen's Hall.

Indeed, thorough technical work and photography reach a very high level. This is a picture which redounds to the credit of British production generally.—L. C.

Going Hollywood

If I had not seen it in the synopsis I should have hardly credited Frances Marion with the authorship of this extraordinarily weak and futile story which furnishes Marion Davies with her latest vehicle.

It has become quite the thing for stars who are not quite so prominent in the limelight as they once were to call for this brilliant scenarist to provide the means whereby they may climb back to the fullest popularity.

I'm afraid that this will not be quite efficacious in the case of Marion Davies and I regret it because I still believe that she is one of the cleverest comediennes on the stage if she is given the right material.

She has certainly had little chance in her talkies to prove it and I had hoped that this would be her opportunity.

It is, however, a thoroughly ridiculous story of a girl's love for a crooner, her duel of wits with a French actress rival for his love and her final victory, accompanied by a brilliant debut as a Hollywood star—she, in fact, deposes her rival on the sound stage.

And do they croon! They do good and hearty all through the picture—at least, Bing Crosby does, he being the idol who fascinates the little school-mistress, Marion Davies, so much that she runs away from school to find him.

The French menace to her happiness is Fifi D'Orsay, who puts plenty of fire into a part with few opportunities.

Marion Davies lacks expression. She gives a dance or two and imitates a coal black mammy and her French rival—these are the best things she does—but they provide only tiny oases in a desert of crooning.

Things are brightened up a little by Ned Sparks as a director and Stuart Erwin as an unsophisticated college youth who is recklessly backing a production.

As I have said, Bing Crosby croons.

The funniest thing in the picture are a series of caricatures of some of the most notorious crooners, which form a somewhat ironic comment on the hero of this picture.—L. C.

Prenez Garde à la Peinture

This French picture is of particular interest, for upon it is based the play *The Late Christopher* (Continued on page 16)



Jane Baxter, Victoria Hopper, Brian Aherne, and Peggy Blythe in Basil Dean's new version of "The Constant Nymph."



(Continued from page 15.)

Bean and the American film version of it, which stars Marie Dressler and Lionel Barrymore.

I am afraid, however, that if you have not got a good working knowledge of French that you will not find it very entertaining.

It is so dependent for its brilliant wit, satire and character drawing on the spoken word that the superimposed sub-titles are only able to give the barest outline of its intriguing comedy.

As I write it is running at Cinema House, Oxford Street, London, and I would advise all those who know French to go and see it.

Actually, the film is a straightforward rendering of Rene Fanchois' play with little action and few flights of imaginative camera work.

But it is wonderfully well acted, all the characters come to life in the satire on an avaricious country doctor and his *ménage* who try to defraud an old family retainer when they discover that an artist who had loved her and painted her portrait had become famous since his death and that his pictures are very valuable.

The atmosphere of a small French provincial town is amazingly well caught, as are the characteristics of the doctor, his wife and the thieving art dealers who come to try to get the deceased painter's work for nothing.

The comedy scores more particularly because it is so true to life and because underlying it all is the pathos of the position of the servant who had given everything for love and expected nothing in return.

A slight but none the less charming romantic interlude is supplied by the love affairs of one of the doctor's daughters, Amelie, and a young painter, a pupil of the deceased maestro. It forms a sound contrast to the cupidity of the other characters.

Charlotte Clasis is very good as Ursule, the family servant who refuses to part with her portrait because she had had such a great love for the dead artist. This role is interpreted in *Christopher Bean* by Marie Dressler, but in a much broader vein than here. There is more pathos and little humour in Charlotte Clasis' interpretation.

The doctor—Barrymore's part in the American film—is played here by Aquistapace brilliantly, while his wife is excellently interpreted by Milly Mathis. The two daughters, Zulma who is as avaricious as her father, and Amelie, who sympathises with the family retainer's desire not to part with her portrait—are very well characterised by Renée Denney and Simone Simon respectively.

All the other characters, too, are excellently cast, and the team work is outstandingly good.

The incidental music is by Georges van Pary, who is famous for his musical score for *Le Million*.—L. C.

By Candlelight

Director James Whale, whose name has in the last year or so become almost inseparably associated with the Karloffs, Raines and the more fearsome works from Universal City, takes a holiday from horror and turns in one of the most pleasingly piquant comedies of the season.

By Candlelight is, indeed, something of a joyous saturnalia from the Hollywood "type" galleys for most of those concerned in it.

The usually staid and austere Elissa Landi steps out in her step-ins, submits the shapely and customarily exclusive Landi anatomy to much vulgar assault and battery, and throws herself with gusto into a role that often descends to broad farce.

Paul Lukas sheds his moustache, steps down from the Great Lover class and demonstrates his ability as a light comedian. Only Nils Asther remains true to type as a philandering Austrian prince.

Mr. Lukas appears as a butler in the latter's household with a tremendous admiration for his master's technique in the matter of refined seductions, a passion for reading Casanova and ambitions to emulate the amatory successes of both in more exalted spheres than that offered by his own "below stairs" world.

His chief duties consist of extricating his employer from the complications inevitable in the life of a man who is in the habit of bringing

young and beautiful married women home to his apartment nightly, and of tactfully fusing the lights when the prince is "entertaining" in order that the latter may do his love-making with the aid of the mellow and romantic glow of candle-light.

On a train trip to Monte Carlo he meets and falls in love with Miss Landi. Crests on the employee's luggage, with which they are travelling, lead both to think that the other is a person of high rank. Elissa is, in fact, a maid.

More than usually diverting entanglements ensue to carry the film along at a fast pace to the final fade-out.

It is, of course, as you can judge, an airy trifle rather than a serious contribution to the romantic drama, but Mr. Whale's direction quickly creates the right atmosphere for it and puts it over with the requisite degree of piquancy and much amusing by-play.

Lukas impersonates the butler with a sure comedy touch that establishes him as one of the most versatile as well as one of the most ingratiating of Hollywood screen lovers, and if Miss Landi is not quite so much at home in her part her portrayal is conscientious and technically sound.



A triangle that had no awkward corners once the girl took control. Fredric March, Miriam Hopkins and Gary Cooper in Lubitsch's talkie masterpiece, "Design for Living."

There is also an excellent musical "score," but at times I found it irritatingly obtrusive.—M. D. P.

Liebelei

One would expect a romance staged in old Vienna—the Vienna of before the war—to be gay and glamorous. Yet these are not the charms that endear one to Franz Ophüls' production, treating as it does of life in the Austrian capital in the 'eighties.

Liebelei depicts the love story of a serious-minded Lieutenant Fritz Lobheimer in the Dragoons, contrasted with that of his light-hearted brother officer Lieutenant Theo Kaiser. As a background to the theme, instead of the gay, we are shown rather the home-life of the period, and here a contrast is again provided—certain aspects of a soldier's life in barracks.

Of theatre and luxury restaurants we see little. True the opening scenes take place at the opera,

where, owing to a mishap with opera glasses, which fall from a box into the stalls during the orchestra's rendering of the Austrian equivalent of "God Save the King," both Lieutenants meet their fate. True also Fritz and his Christine, Theo and his Mizzi, foregather more than once in a restaurant.

There is nothing gala, however, about the operatic performance, while the restaurant is of the eating-house variety and provides dance tunes only when coppers are introduced into a mechanical music box.

Yet the charm of character and life-like detail more than make up for a lack of brilliance in the settings or pulsing action in the story.

Christine, the beloved of Fritz, daughter of a musician, herself an embryo singer, is a delightful personality, young, ingenious, the very opposite of her friend Mizzi who takes life easily and men very much as they come and go.

Christine's love for Fritz, innocent and shy—her father is easy-going and relies on his daughter's discretion—gives rise to the finest photographic sequences in the film, covering a sleigh drive through a snowbound forest. The stiffening of the story is provided by Fritz's secret connexion with a Baroness von Eggersdorff, and leads, to my mind, to an overdose of tragedy.

Allow that the Baron Eggersdorff's discovery of his wife's intrigue, although broken off by Fritz who is sincerely in love with Christine, should lead to a duel. Allow even that Fritz, who unfortunately is to fire the second shot, is killed before he has the chance. Yet owing to the construction of the story and to Christine's character as we know it, it seems a weakness, not a strength, a falling off, instead of an inevitable climax, that immediately on hearing the news of Fritz's death, she should throw herself out of a window.

Fortunately, the foreshadowing of the double tragedy is slight. The essence of the film is romantic, and not even the suspicious, implacable, unforgiving figure of the baron whose appearance nearly always supplies drama, makes it otherwise.

The performances by the continental artistes are uniformly good and put over as is usual with them unaided (or hindered!) by the pronounced make-up and ultra-fashionable attire upon which artistes in Hollywood too often rely.

Magda Schneider is sensitive and restrained as Christine. One feels, however, that she also labours under the forced tragedy of the story's ending. Though adequate to every other occasion, there is a lack of conviction about her rendering of the moment when, accidentally draped with paper decorations pertaining to a supper party at Mizzi's flat, she hears of her lover's death.

Wolfgang as Fritz is equally sincere, but dramatically more forceful.

Of "highlights" in the film there is one that appeals for its novel angle on an old situation.

Fritz and Christine have met. Unwillingly, since he is thinking of his first love, the Baroness, Fritz is seeing the lady home. They walk without speaking a word through narrow, snowstreets. At long last Christine breaks the silence. She is afraid the Lieutenant has a headache and offers him eau-de-cologne—with the result their eyes meet and... but after all *Liebelei* is a romance.—M. W.

Ombres Sur L'Europe

The Polish Corridor has long been acknowledged one of the danger spots of Europe. The wedge of land which cuts through Germany and gives Poland an outlet to the sea is a subject of dispute between the two countries.

This is a documentary film which shows you the nature of the country, its inhabitants, its industries and seaport, and also takes you to the free city of Dantzig and expresses the opinions of Poles on the subject of the Corridor.

Here again it is necessary to have a knowledge of French to appreciate it fully but there is much to admire in the camera work of René Brut and Louis Cothart who toured the country in an aeroplane to make this interesting film.

For our purposes, however, it would be better if it were considerably shortened and fully subtitled in English.—L.C.

PHIL LONERGAN SENDS IT HOT FROM HOLLYWOOD

FLOODS-MENACE MOVIELAND

Assistant Director Killed—Bette Davis Now Occupies Garbo's House—A Bouquet for Joan Crawford—Mary Pickford's Stage Success—Irene Dunne's Bid for Golf Honours

THE film colony has been harassed again by the angry elements. Earthquake shocks shook Southern California in March, 1933, and for several months following. Forest fires menaced the homes of the stars in the Hollywood hills.

The latest hazard was the terrific rainfall which caused floods in many sections surrounding Hollywood, and made streets impassable.

In Hollywood motorcars were submerged in mud, and were only extricated with great difficulty. Over three thousand telephones were put out of commission.

Although thirty-six deaths were reported, with many people missing, the only member of the film colony who lost his life, so far as known, was an assistant director whose car plunged into the water when a bridge on which he was driving collapsed.

A Popular Mansion

It would pay California real estate owners to furnish Garbo with a home rent free, for any house vacated by the star is immediately leased by someone else.

An instance in point is the house in Brentwood formerly occupied by the Swedish star. The subsequent tenants were Miriam Hopkins, Claudette Colbert, Joel McCrea and Frances Dee and, last, but not least, Bette Davis.

Garbo, in her desire for seclusion, has moved many times, for her admirers have an uncanny way of discovering her residence.

Bread Upon the Waters

Hollywood stars do not always forget those who were kind to them when they were unknown and practically friendless.

Joan Crawford, when she was taking her first test at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, was very nervous and burst into tears as the scene was being photographed. The still cameraman asked her if she could dance, and the two did a "tap" which completely restored Joan's confidence. She secured the part and stardom followed.

A few weeks ago the cameraman was taken seriously ill. Joan, now rich and famous, had not forgotten her friend. He is now in an excellent and very expensive hospital, where he is receiving the finest treatment that money can secure.

This is the type of story I like to send from Hollywood.

The Public's Idol

Mary Pickford's personal appearance at the Paramount Theatre, New York City, has been a huge success, and I hear that the receipts exceeded the imposing record there of Mae West.

A small army of police surrounded the theatre, and had their hands full trying to control the crowds who surged around the building.

Mary will probably make a tour of the larger cities before returning to Hollywood.

She Craves Simplicity

When Marlene Dietrich is creating a new rôle, she does not desire interference from maids, valets, and other attendants on the set.

During the filming of *The Scarlet Pageant*, the famous star avoided all those funny little touches of make-up and arrangement of costume with which important players sometimes delay the work of directors and cameramen. She depended upon studio wardrobe and make-up departments

entirely for such assistance as she needed on the set.

The star's leading man is John Cabot Lodge, a descendant of two of New England's famous families. The Cabots and the Lodges trace their ancestry to early colonial days, and are considered among America's bluest "blue bloods."

A Snappy Retort

Alice White is pretty, but she is not dumb! I was watching this charming little lady as she was working in a scene at the Warner Studio, wherein she played a few selections on the piano.

Director Lloyd Bacon felt that Alice's music was too classical, and asked her to play "jazz." The blonde star replied that she knew only the classics.

"Well, play the music so that it does not sound classical," ordered the director.

"Okay," replied Alice, "but you would not know the difference, anyway!"

The director laughed. He is a "good sport."

Alice wears her wedding ring on the set, cherishing the bride's superstition about the danger of removing the circlet.

The actress and her husband, Syd Bartlett, plan a trip to Europe in the summer. It will be her first trip abroad, although Syd has been there before.

An Ambitious Golfer

Irene Dunne, one of the film colony's best players, is desirous of entering several important golf tournaments this spring and, in order to make a creditable showing, has had a driving range constructed at the back of her home in Beverly Hills.

The actress has plenty of space on her grounds for golf practice, enabling her to get off drives of 250 feet. A putting green has also been installed, so, if all goes well, the famous star may soon achieve fame as a champion of the greens.

A Wild Rumour

The story that Mary Pickford intends to marry Charles (Buddy) Rogers as soon as she receives her divorce decree from Douglas Fairbanks has bobbed up again, but is given no credence in Hollywood.

A similar yarn, circulated a year ago, had Mary interested in Gary Cooper, now married to Sandra Shaw.

These crazy stories are among the penalties of film stardom.

Better Late than Never

Although Jobyna Ralston has been married to Richard Arlen for seven years, she received an engagement ring from her husband just a few weeks ago.

At the time they were married, Dick was not over-blessed with the world's goods, but he was very much in love with Jobyna. The Arlens are now quite prosperous, so Dick has given his wife an exquisite ring as a token of his devotion.

A Reconciliation?

During Harry Bannister's recent visit to Hollywood he was seen frequently in the company of his former wife, Ann Harding.

Ann and Harry appeared very devoted, so the



Phyllis Barry, who scored a success as Ronald Colman's leading lady in "Cynara," as she appears in "Hips, Hips Hooray."

film colony is wondering if the couple are contemplating a re-marriage.

Possibly Ann and Harry's little daughter may bring about a reconciliation.

A Happy Bride

Marriage is a serious business in the case of Frances Dee.

Forty minutes after she finished work in her latest film, Frances was in her car, headed for the hinterland, where she and her husband, Joel McCrea, are spending their honeymoon idyll on a ranch of their own.

Frances is no society girl by preference. She prefers the simplicity of a rugged existence; likes to potter around in rock gardens and water lawns.

The Dee-McCrea ranch is situated near Bakersfield, California, and boasts only a two-room shack which, to date, has been the principal scene of their honeymoon.

TINCTEUR

An example of the artists which are a



An embarrassing moment for Jeanette MacDonald, who is given a chance to display her vocal talent as well as her figure!



Ramon Novarro in a comedy scene with Irene Franklin. He, too, is given opportunities to charm us with his singing.

T
and

Jeanette
this
directed
affair be
has the
The cast



1934

igned song and dance numbers
the production.



THE CAT FIDDLE

McDonald plays the rôle enacted by Peggy Wood in
version of the stage musical success which has been
William K. Howard. It is the story of a love
between two music students in Brussels. Ramon Novarro
lead which, on the stage was filled by Francis Lederer.
des Vivienne Segal, Frank Morgan, and Jean Hersholt.



PICTUREGOER Weekly



*It is good to see Ramon back as a romantic
lover—in modern dress. He and Jeanette
make an excellent team.*



*Both the stars excel at making love.
Here's a sample of just how it should
be done, given the time, the place.*



Benita Hume, the popular British star who, temporarily at any rate, has turned her shapely back on Hollywood's fame and dollars and has returned to the English studios. Benita is seen here as Marie Auguste in "Jew Süss." Her last Hollywood picture was "The Worst Woman in Paris," which has been showing in the West End recently.

On the Screens Now

by Lionel Collier



Carole Lombard has a difficult rôle to play in "Supernatural," but she puts a good deal of sincerity into it.

ALTHOUGH the quality of the stories in this week's releases are not on a high level, there are at least three performances you should not miss—Ronald Colman in a dual role in *The Masquerader*, Edward G. Robinson in *I Loved a Woman*, and Lee Tracy in *Accidents Wanted*.

Ronald Colman still retains all his old charm and his maturity has brought more subtlety to his acting, and he gives one of the best balanced performances of his career in *The Masquerader*.

I have yet to see Edward G. Robinson turn in anything but a finely-drawn character study. It would be difficult to take him individually in any one of his pictures and say that in so-and-so he excelled himself; his work is so uniform in excellence.

It is sufficient to say that in *I Loved a Woman* he gives another interesting characterisation which covers the life of a man from youth to old age, and in every phase of it he is convincing and dynamic.

As for Lee Tracy, who can resist his ebullient spirits and seemingly endless flow of talk? I know no one who can put over the "smart guy" more effectively.

**ACCIDENTS WANTED

M.-G.-M. American. "A" certificate. Comedy-drama. Runs 81 minutes.

LEE TRACY.....Joe Stevens
MADGE EVANS.....Dorothy
FRANK MORGAN.....Dr. Prescott
CHARLES BUTTERWORTH.....Floppy
JOHN MILJAN.....Calhoun
VIRGINIA CHERRILL.....Miss Rutherford
DAVID LANDAU.....Kelley
GRETA MEYER.....Mrs. Mannheimer
HERMAN BING.....Willy
SAMUEL HINDS.....Beaumont
SYD SAYLOR.....Fred

Directed by JACK CONWAY.

Another light *exposé* of the insurance racket as apparently practised in America, in which Lee Tracy breezes gaily along as a shrewd young lawyer who gets away in court with trumped-up compensation claims.

He is in excellent fettle; so much so that one hopes that his recent little trouble in Mexico will soon blow over and allow him to return to the screen.

Madge Evans gives her usual appealing portrayal as an attractive private detective for whom the lawyer falls very hard and who upsets his plans.

The PICTUREGOER'S quick reference index to films just released

**ACCIDENTS WANTED	*LUCKY BLAZE
**I LOVED A WOMAN	*BEFORE DAWN
**THE MASQUERADER	*SOMEWHERE IN SONORA
**FRIDAY THE THIRTEENTH	*CHARLIE CHAN'S GREATEST CASE
*SUPERNATURAL	SOLDIERS DON'T CARE

What the asterisks mean—**** An outstanding feature. *** Very good. ** Good. * Average entertainment. c Also suitable for children.

This, however, is offset by the fact that the fair detective also falls in love with the lawyer and so spoils the calculations of the firm which is trying to trap him.

Becoming vindictive, they press a charge of perjury on their employee, and how the lawyer manages to extricate her and himself makes for some highly amusing sequences.

The staging of faked accidents shown in illuminating detail and the many side issues are held together by the whirlwind performance of the star, who makes every point tell.

A very good performance comes from Frank Morgan as a drunken doctor who helps the lawyer in faking compensation cases, while convincing studies are also given by Charles Butterworth, John Miljan, and David Landau.

**I LOVED A WOMAN

First National. American. "A" certificate. Drama of big business and love. Runs 91 minutes.

EDWARD G. ROBINSON.....Samuel Haydon
KAY FRANCIS.....Laura MacDonald
GENEVIEVE TOBIN.....Martha Lane
MURRAY KINNELL.....Davenport
GEORGE BLACKWOOD.....Henry
ROBERT BARRAT.....Charles Lane
J. FARRELL McDONALD.....Schuster
LORENA LAYSON.....Maid
ROBERT MCWADDE.....Larkin
HENRY KOLKER.....Sanborn
WALTER WALKER.....Oliver
SAM GODFREY.....Warren
E. J. RATCLIFFE.....President Theo. Roosevelt
PAUL PORCASI.....Hotel Proprietor
WILLIAM V. MONG.....Bowen
MORGAN WALLACE.....Pollock

Directed by ALFRED E. GREEN. Based on a story by DAVID KORSNER.

Following the current fashion of taking dramatic stories from real life, this picture is said to be based on the life of a celebrated Chicago meat packer whose name still appears on canned goods.

It also introduces a certain amount of topicality by making its subject fly to Greece when ruin threatens him in the manner adopted by an internationally famous financier.

The picture is strong drama, rather drab, and unrelieved by humour. It traces the life of an idealistic young man who inherits a big meat-packing business from his father and reluctantly goes into big business.

Then in detail we are given phases of his life: his unhappy marriage, his love affair with an embryo opera singer, his concentration on business and more business, until finally his ambition renders him foolhardy and he crashes, helped on the downward path by his revengeful wife, who has been waiting for her opportunity.

Edward G. Robinson dominates the picture, and in a masterly manner depicts the growth of the idealistic youth to the cunning and cynical middle-aged man who has gained the world but lost his soul and his happiness in the process.

Equally good is Genevieve Tobin as the injured wife who patiently bides her time until she can effect a terrible revenge.



Kay Francis plays opposite Edward G. Robinson in "I Loved a Woman."

She is a brilliant actress and makes the role almost awesome in its picture of suppressed rage.

Not so good is Kay Francis as the opera singer; the part does not suit her particularly well, but she charms us by disclosing the fact that she has a very pleasing singing voice amongst her other attractions.

**THE MASQUERADER

United Artists. American. "A" certificate. Romantic drama. Runs 78 minutes

RONALD COLMAN.....John Chilcote
ELISSA LANDI.....Eve Chilcote
JULIETTE COMPTON.....Lady Joyce
HALLIWELL HOBBS.....Brock
Directed by RICHARD WALLACE from TEMPLE THURSTON's play, "John Chilcote, M.P."

Ronald Colman's appearances these days are so infrequent as to constitute something of an event, and he certainly does himself full justice here in a dual role.

He marks to a nicety the difference in personalities between John Chilcote, M.P., and his cousin, John Loder, the one a drunkard and the other an upright, intelligent young man who is induced to double for him in the House of Commons and elsewhere.

John Loder steps not only into his cousin's shoes, but also, as he himself puts it, into his slippers; that is, he falls in love with the drunkard's wife and has trouble with that gentleman's persistent mistress, who discovers the deception but is prevented from exposing it.

The story ends with the death of Chilcote and with Loder carrying on in his place—with a hint of marital happiness with the widow to follow.

The interest of the picture relies chiefly on Ronald Colman's performance. The story itself is not a very convincing one and has an air of artificiality which prevents it from being very gripping. The introduction of doubles, incidentally, is never very satisfactory.

The love interest is romantically handled, however, and there are some good, well-handled dramatic situations.

Elissa Landi has not a lot to do as the neglected Mrs. Chilcote, but she makes the character a dignified and sympathetic one.

As the mistress, Juliette Compton overacts and inclines to be too melodramatic and, while Halliwell Hobbes is good as a confidential butler, he has so many platitudes to utter concerning the family's honour that they become annoying.

David Torrence is sound as Chilcote's parliamentary leader.

The scenes in the House of Commons are effective in detail but the procedure seems to have

(Continued on page 22)



Lee Tracy as a "shyster" lawyer tries to persuade Madge Evans to fake a damage claim in "Accidents Wanted."

(Continued from page 21)

run riot at times and the speeches are not very convincing. One speaker refers to the Great War having been won on the playing fields of Eton and Harrow—a belated appreciation of the latter school, perhaps.

The English atmosphere is quite good except for one or two obvious errors in *locale* and a queer idea of the weather conditions of this country.

Anyway, I think you will enjoy Ronald Colman's performance, and for that reason particularly I advise you to go and see the picture.

*FRIDAY THE THIRTEENTH

Gaiety-British. "A" certificate. Cross section of life drama. Runs 84 minutes.

SONNIE HALE.....Alf (conductor)
JESSIE MATTHEWS.....Millie
CYRIL SMITH.....Fred
RALPH RICHARDSON.....The Schoolmaster
MURIEL AKED.....Miss Twigg
DONALD CALTHROP.....Hugh Nicholls
RICHARD HULTON.....Johnny
IVOR McLAREN.....Dancing Instructor
ELIOT MAKEHAM.....Jackson
URSULA JEANS.....Eileen Jackson
D. A. CLARKE SMITH.....Max
GIBB McLAUGHLIN.....Florist
EMLYN WILLIAMS.....Blake
FRANK LAWTON.....Frank Parsons
BELLE CHRYSTALL.....Mary
O. B. CLARENCE.....Clerk
MAX MILLER.....Joe
ALFRED DRAYTON.....The Detective
HARTLEY POWER.....} Two Americans
PERCY PARSONS.....}
EDMUND GWENN.....Wakefield
MARY JERROLD.....Flora Wakefield
GORDON HARKER.....Hamilton Briggs
ROBERTSON HARE.....Lightfoot
MARTITA HUNT.....Agnes Lightfoot
LEONORA CORBETT.....Dolly
Directed by VICTOR SAVILLE from a story by SIDNEY GULLIAT and G. H. MORSEBY WHITE.

An attempt to follow in the footsteps of *The Bridge of San Luis Rey*, which fails to be absorbing in its detail because of the haphazard manner in which you are switched from one set of characters to another.

You will remember that in the silent picture a bridge collapsed and several people were killed or injured, and the story concerned the lives of the people involved told in retrospect.

Here the lives of a number of people who are travelling in an omnibus, which swerves to avoid a crane struck by lightning and crashes to a shop window, are delineated.

It is very discursive and the lives of the passengers concerned are not particularly interesting or vital; they lack dramatic import, while the humour is of the broad music-hall variety.

Continuity is weak and the general impression is one of a series of interdependent sketches, none of

which is really dramatically holding.

The cast is a strong one, but the artistes as a whole have little or no opportunity to show to their best advantage.

There is Edmund Gwenn as a financier, Wakefield, whose wife is involved in the smash, which prevents her from delivering a letter which would have meant a heavy loss to him; the wife is ably played by Mary Jerrold.

Then Jessie Matthews as Millie, a chorus girl who, having quarrelled with her lover, is on the way to a rendezvous with a none too particular theatrical agent.

Gordon Harker, a fatuous, hearty friend of Wakefield's; Emyln Williams as Blake, a blackmailing ex-convict who has Frank Lawton, a reformed gaolbird, in his power; and Belle Chrystall, his fiancée.

Eliot Makeham, a shipping clerk whose wife has, unknown to him, run away with an admirer; Ursula Jeans being the wife in question. Ralph Richardson as a schoolmaster who is in love with Millie; Max Miller, a light-fingered vendor in the Caledonian market, who is being trailed by a detective and two American assistants, played by Alfred Drayton, Hartley Power, and Percy Parsons respectively.

Robertson Hare plays the rôle of a meek little hen-pecked man who gets into trouble in the park with Dolly, enacted by Leonora Corbett. His wife is well presented by Martita Hunt.

Technically the picture is good. Camera work and settings are all sound, and the bus crash realistically staged; but the dialogue is weak, the gags obvious and familiar, and the diffusion of interest too great to allow one to be more than mildly entertained.

*SUPERNATURAL

Paramount. American. "A" certificate. Crime drama. Runs 56 minutes.

CAROLE LOMBARD.....Roma Courtney
ALLAN DINEHART.....Paul Bavian
VIVIANNE OSBORNE.....Ruth Rogan
RANDOLPH SCOTT.....Grant Wilson
H. B. WARNER.....Dr. Houston
BEVY MERCER.....The Landlady
WILLIAM FARNUM.....Hammond
GEORGE BURR MACANNAN.....Max
Directed by VICTOR HALPERIN.

An eerie story of how a young girl's body was possessed by the spirit of a murderess which wreaks vengeance through this medium on the man who had betrayed her.

It is all very fantastic and highly incredible, but the theme has a

certain amount of interest and it definitely departs from the beaten track.

Carole Lombard, as the girl Roma whose body is possessed by the disembodied spirit, has a difficult rôle to play, but she puts a good deal of sincerity into it.

As the murderess, Vivienne Osborne gives a good emotional performance, while Allan Dinehart is very well cast as the fake spiritualist who betrays her and sends her to the chair.

H. B. Warner is dignified as Carl Houston, a famous psychologist who experiments on the body of the executed killer in order to test his theory that spirit transmigration is possible, and is thus unwittingly responsible for Roma's "possession."

The whole thing is well staged, and the sequences dealing with fake spiritualism are interesting and illuminating.

If you are prepared to overlook the incredibility of the whole affair, you will be quite fairly well entertained by this essay into the supernatural.

*LUCKY BLAZE

Ace Films. British. "U" certificate. Racing drama. Runs 48 minutes.

MOORE MARRIOTT.....Sir James Benson
VERA SHERBURNE.....Rose Benson
F. FOX.....Freddie
WILLIAM FRESHMAN.....Cliff Ellis
J. COLLINS.....Cullingdon
S. GULVAS.....Tich
HARRY RODBOURNE.....The Watcher
B. CARSLAKE.....Brownie
S. WAGG.....Sammy
M. BEARY.....Micky
K. ROBERTSON.....Ken
F. RICKABY.....Buster
W. BRADLEY.....The Stud Groom
JACK WALSH.....The Head Man
FELSTEAD.....The Stallion
Written and directed by WIDGEY NEWMAN

Unpretentious story of the race-course with picturesque and authentic settings. The story is told by a horse; there is no dialogue, the horse's thoughts being represented by an appropriate commentary given by R. E. Jeffreys.

The plot does not matter much; it is the introduction of famous jockeys and trainers at work which will intrigue many followers of the turf.

Most of the action takes place in Sir Ernest Will's stables and on the famous Lambourn trial grounds.

Actual race scenes are well dovetailed into the plot and provide a certain amount of mild excitement.

Moore Marriott, an actor who should be seen much more frequently and prominently on our screens, is good as the owner of the racehorse whose life story is here depicted, while Vera Sherburne is adequate as his daughter, who is in love with one of her father's jockeys, played convincingly by William Freshman.

The commentary is clearly and well delivered.

*BEFORE DAWN

Radio. American. "A" certificate. Mystery thriller. Runs 60 minutes.

STUART ERWIN.....Dwight Wilson
WARNER OLAND.....Dr. Paul Cornelius
DUDLEY DIGGES.....Horace Merrick
GERTRUDE W. HOFFMAN.....Mattie
OSCAR APPEL.....O'Hara
JANE DARWELL.....Mrs. Marble
FRANK REICHER.....Joe Valerie
DOROTHY WILSON.....Patricia Merrick
Directed by IRVING PICHEL, from the story by the late EDGAR WALLACE.

Few of Edgar Wallace's stories have received the treatment they merited, and this one is not an exception.

It is the old tale of the murder in a mysterious mansion in which a girl uses her psychic powers to solve the problem.

The cast, which is a capable one, helps to conceal the weakness of plot construction, but it is unable to

make it more than mildly interesting.

Stuart Erwin's likeable personality shows to advantage in the rôle of a detective, and he invests it with some light touches.

Warner Oland is cast as a sinister doctor and Dorothy Wilson makes an attractive heroine.

Good characterisations come from Dudley Digges and Gertrude W. Hoffman.

*SOMEWHERE IN SONORA

Warner. American. "U" certificate. Western drama. Runs 58 minutes.

JOHN WAYNE.....John Bishop
H. B. WALTHALL.....Bob Leadly
SHIRLEY PALMER.....Mary Burton
J. P. MCGOWAN.....Monte Black
ANN FAYE.....Patsy Ellis
FRANK RICE.....Riley
BILLY FRANEY.....Shorty
PAUL FIX.....Bart Leadly
RALPH LEWIS.....Burton
Directed by MACK V. WRIGHT, from a story by WILL LEVINGTON COMFORT.

Quick-action Western on conventional lines with a full quota of humour, riding and picturesque scenery, and some well-photographed rodeo scenes. It should go well with juveniles.

John Wayne makes a virile hero and is quite well supported by Shirley Palmer as the heroine.

*CHARLIE CHAN'S GREATEST CASE

Fox. American. "U" certificate. Murder-mystery drama. Runs 73 minutes.

WARNER OLAND.....Charlie Chan
HEATHER ANGEL.....Carlotta Eagan
ROBER IMHOFF.....The Beachcomber
JOHN WARBURTON.....John Quincy Winterslip
WALTER BYRON.....Harry Jenson
IVAN SIMPSON.....Brade
VIRGINIA CHERRIE.....Barbara Winterslip
Directed by HAMILTON McFADDEN, from the story by EARL DER BIGGERS.

Warner Oland, back in his popular rôle of mysterious and inscrutable Chinese detective, is the backbone of this otherwise obvious and rather disjointed story.

It is not particularly well told, and is lacking both in ingenuity and conviction, but there is an element of surprise and some good by-play to back up the star's clever performance.

The plot deals with a prominent but far from respected resident in Hawaii who is found murdered in mysterious circumstances.

He had had many enemies and, as is usual in this type of story, suspicion falls on several until at last Chan picks on the right one.

A little romantic element is introduced between Heather Angel as the daughter of a man arrested on the murder charge and John Warburton.

*SOLDIERS DON'T CARE

Universal. Australian. "U" certificate. War comedy. Runs 70 minutes.

PAT HANNA.....Private Chic Williams
JOE VALLI.....Lance-Corporal McTavish
GEORGE MOON.....Private Joe Mulga
NORMAN FRENCH.....Sir Guy Gough
JOHN D'ARCY.....Captain Jack Fisher
PRUDENCE IRVING.....Alison Dennett
THELMA SCOTT.....Judy Fisher
EDWIN BRETT.....The Colonel
NELLIE MORTYNE.....Aunt Martha
IEA CROSSLEY....."Sister"
Directed by PAT HANNA.

Simple music-hall humour of a most ingenuous and out-moded kind characterises this extremely artless war-time comedy, which meanders on feebly with crude sentiment, old gags, and indifferent dialogue.

Technically it is fairly satisfactory, but one cannot help wondering why, with its fine scenic possibilities and its romantic pioneering days to draw upon, Australia cannot send us something better than this.

It is only a very indulgent audience that will find entertainment in it or in the acting of Pat Hanna, Joe Valli, and George Moon in the rôle of the three modern musketeers.



Ronald Colman in the dual rôle he plays in "The Masquerader."

THE STORY SO FAR—

"Jo," short for Josephine, the second of the four March sisters who live with their mother in Concord, U.S., in the latter half of last century, has arrived at the next-door house to visit the "Laurence boy," as she calls the youth whom she secretly pities for being shut up all day with his grandfather.



The
STORY
of
THE FILM
by
Marjory
Williams

Little WOMEN

"O H! How do you do, Mr. Laurence?" Jo returned, very much on her dignity at being addressed as Miss March, under a butler's nose, by a lad who, though no more than her own age, struck her at once as having delightful manners.

"I'm so sorry you've a cold," she sympathised. "My sister Meg has sent you some blanch-mange. It's soft and will slip down easily without hurting your throat."

"Thanks so much!"

"Beth sent you these till you're well." She uncovered her basket and hurried on: "Of course, I know boys don't care for kittens, but she was so anxious, I couldn't refuse."

"Of course not. Perhaps they'll liven things up. It's dull as a tomb here. I say, I wish you'd come in."

"Oh, but I'm not to stay!"

"Just a few minutes. I've ordered tea."

Unable to resist the temptation, Jo allowed herself to be taken upstairs. The size and magnificence of the drawing-room, after the parlour at Orchard House and even Aunt March's sitting-room at Plumfield, produced her favourite exclamation:

"Christopher Columbus! What riches! Why, it's marvellous. So roomy." Seeing that her host was busy at the tea-table laden with shining silver, she stopped her naive tour of inspection and pulled herself together, to answer his question:

"Sugar? Yes, two—no, three lumps, please. How d'you like Europe, Mr. Laurence? I'm looking forward so to going with my Aunt March some day. She thinks the baths would do her rheumatism good; not that she hasn't a beautiful bath in her own house. . . . But you don't know Aunt March, do you? . . . what were you saying?"

"Only that I'm not Mr. Laurence. I'm Laurie. How nice the blanch-mange looks. I wish we had things like that here."

"My little sister put on the geranium leaves. She's artistic."

"Amy?"

"Yes. How did you know?"

"Well, I often hear you calling each other, and sometimes you don't draw the curtains and the room looks like a picture seeing you round the table with your mother. You seem to be having such good times. Awfully rude of me, but—"

"It isn't. We'll never draw the curtains any more and you can look

one with side whiskers who were watching them from the open door.

"I'll wait upstairs, sir," the young man observed with deference, just as Jo, who had succumbed to a well-timed attack, was being helped up by a self-reproachful Laurie.

"I say, I'm most awfully sorry. I shouldn't have been so rough with a girl."

"What are you talking about? I'd have bettered you if I hadn't slipped."

Jo sought wildly for a diversion to ease the boy's mind; he looked so distressed.

"Is that your grandfather?" she rattled on, looking at a portrait above the carved mantelpiece. "He looks grim, but I shouldn't be afraid of him, though I can see his face might frighten some people. His eyes are so kind, I like him, even though he does bark at you."

"Thank you, ma'am."

Convulsed with horror, Jo turned to find herself confronted with the portrait's original.

"So you're not afraid of me, eh?" Mr. Laurence demanded.

"No, sir."

"But my face might frighten some people, and I bark at them, do I?"

"Oh! No, sir, not all the time."

"But with all that you like me."

"I do. Indeed, I do."

Mr. Laurence held out his hand.

"And I like you, my dear. Now I must insist on escorting you home. I want to pay my respects to your mother and thank her for the—er—medicine she has sent my boy."

"Can't I come?" Laurie inquired, to be answered by his grandfather in a manner that admitted of no question.

"Be off upstairs. Brooke is waiting for your arithmetic preparation, and see that you behave yourself like a gentleman, sir."

The excitement of Jo's visit lasted the younger members of Orchard House until the day appointed by special invitation of the Laurence's evening party.

Mr. Laurence, accompanied by John Brooke, arrived in the midst of the packing to announce his arrangements

The important business of dressing took up most of the afternoon. At last Meg, Beth and Amy, lightly, as befitting the occasion, came down the stairs, looking, as Hannah put it to Marmee, who was waiting to give her brood a send-off, "as pretty as pictures."

A noise of impending thunder heralded the arrival, of Jo, who bluntly returned Marmee's "you look very nice, dear," with "I don't feel it. I've got nineteen hairpins and every one sticking straight into my head. Does the patch show?" she went on, for the moment despairing of her habit of standing back to the fire.

"Not much. Surely you're not going without gloves though?" Meg warned.

"I am. Mine are ruined with lemonade . . . unless you'll lend me one of yours, then we can each carry one stained and wear a good glove," cried careless Jo.

"Very well . . . only don't disgrace us with your boyish ways," Meg enjoined, with whom gloves and ladylike behaviour were tender points.

The party was going full swing and Jo, rather a conspicuous wall-flower, was regretting certain resolutions she had made when Laurie sought her out.

"I say, why aren't you dancing? You simply must have this polka."

Jo withdrew half-envious eyes from Meg, who appeared to be enjoying herself with Laurie's tutor, John Brooke, for a partner.

"No, thanks. I really can't. Promise you won't tell if I give you the real reason."

"Honour Bright."

"Well, I promised Meg I wouldn't dance because of the patch on my
(Continued on page 24)

THE CAST—

Jo.....	Katharine Hepburn
Amy.....	Joan Bennett
Meg.....	Frances Dee
Beth.....	Jean Parker
Fritz Bhaer.....	Paul Lukas
Aunt March.....	Edna May Oliver
Laurie.....	Douglass Montgomery
Mr. Laurence.....	Henry Stephenson
Marmee.....	Spring Byington
Mr. March.....	Samuel Hinds
Hannah.....	Mabel Colcord
Brooke.....	John Lodge
Mamie.....	Nydia Westman

(An exclusive story of the film *Little Women*, in four parts, by permission of Radio Pictures, Ltd., Dean Street, London, W.1.)

as much as you like. I wish you'd come over and see us instead of peeping. We *could* have fun."

"What about acting in a play like you did the other night?"

"That was terrible." Jo had all the embryonic author's distaste for her works. "I want to put on *Hamlet* and do the fencing scene."

"I could play 'Laertes.' I took fencing lessons at the Academy. Look."

Snatching up the coal prongs, Laurie handed Jo the shovel. The clash of fireirons, mingled with spirited attempts to declaim Shakespeare's lines, echoed through the stately room.

Both were too absorbed to notice an elderly gentleman and a young

(Continued from page 23)

LITTLE WOMEN

frock. I burned it at my last party, standing back to the fire and—

"That's too bad. Stick close to me. No one's looking."

In a trice Laurie had piloted her beyond the curtains into a deserted alcove, whirling her into a waltz that, on account of its quick step, was entirely to her taste.

"There are Beth and Amy on the stairs, and your grandfather talking to them," Jo announced as Laurie took her into the hall for a breath of air. "Mercy, there's Beth looking like a frightened kitten! She's terribly shy, is Beth."

"Poor things, marooned up there. Did your mother say they were too young to dance? Well, that's no bar against refreshments, is it? Let's fetch them some ice-cream."

Meanwhile, Mr. Laurence, concluding his conversation with Amy, for Beth was quite unequal to talking, convinced the former of his elegance, in observing how grateful he would be for the grand piano to receive tuning if either young lady cared to come and play on it.

Beth was so startled at an offer that, to her, was equivalent to the invitation to Christian to enter the House Beautiful in "The Pilgrim's Progress," a work known to her since she could read, that she found courage to say:

"Thank you, sir, very much. I'll come if you're sure I shan't be heard by anyone."

"Not a soul, my dear."

Two minutes later Jo, with a cry of "What a blunderbuss I am!" spelt final ruin to her frock by subsiding on the stairs with a couple of ices in her lap.

For all her timidity, Beth was not the only one of the sisters who preferred to ride her hobby in solitude. Some months after the Laurences' party, Jo could have been seen swarming down the trellis to terra-firma in her street clothes, outside the window of the garret where it was her habit to write, or laze and dream on an old sofa with a red cushion, undisturbed.

"Hullo, Beth! What are you up to?" she inquired, seeing her about to cross the front garden with a resolute air.

"Only taking these slippers to Mr. Laurence," Beth confessed, flushed of face at her own daring. "He's been so kind in letting me use that wonderful grand piano. He won't mind, will he Jo?"

"Mind those pansies! You've embroidered them beautifully. Do I spy Amy's hair ribbon on the parcel? You'd better vamoose before she catches you."

With which Jo betook herself on her errand, to emerge in due course from an office in Concord Main Street and bump straight into Laurie, who was opportunely hanging about.

Regardless of passers-by, he dived for the paper she was folding and about to put in her purse, with a triumphant:

"Now I'll find out why you come down here twice a week and never have time for me."

"Laurie Laurence, give me that or I'll never speak to you again."

"All right. Take it. I thought we were never going to have secrets from each other."

"This is different."

"Just the sort of excuse you would make. Girls never do stick to an agreement."

"Bilge."

"Let me into your secret and I've one for you."

"Oh, very well! Have a look if you swear not to tell."

Laurie unfolded the paper and read "Spread Eagle Press. Pay Miss Josephine March 50 dollars for her story entitled 'The Phantom Hand.'"

"Hurrah for the celebrated American authoress!" shrilled Laurie, returning the cheque.

"Fun seeing it in print, won't it? Fire away with your secret—that is, assuming it's worth having."

"It's plummy. All about people you know. Wait till we strike the woods. The background's better—more suitable."

He kept Jo on tenterhooks till they were walking between the satin-smooth and wrinkled stems of budding beech, elm, and maple; then announced:

"Now, for a start. I know where Meg's glove is."

"Is that all?"

Jo's genuine disappointment faded into an equally genuine alarm as Laurie went on.

"Brooke keeps it in his pocket. He must have picked it up at our dance. I saw him and Meg spooning in the conservatory. You know what Brooke's like, very solemn and proper, and Meg being just sweet. Isn't it romantic?"

"Rubbish. Of all the sickly, sentimental—oh, dear!" Jo had come to a standstill by a fallen tree to voice a woe, which, but for the claims of authorship, had certainly been too much to keep from her friend. "Why is it things always have to change when they're perfect? Meg always used to tell me everything. Now she keeps things to herself and thinks brown eyes are beautiful and John's a lovely name. John Brooke had better keep away from me, or I'll tell him what I think of his breaking up other people's happiness."

"He hasn't, Jo. That sort of thing makes the fun twice as good. You'll find it out one day when someone falls in love with you . . . soft spring day . . . setting sun . . . your lover's arm round you."

"I'd like to see anybody try it."

"Would you?"

Jo's indignation turned to fury as, evading Laurie's outstretched arms, she dealt him a blow which sent him backwards over the fallen log, and started to run.

Laurie was up and after her, making the most of sprinting powers acquired in a first term at college. Nevertheless, she out-paced him and arrived at the rustic gate of Orchard House to find Meg, looking the essence of ladylike charm with a diminutive parasol atilt across one shoulder, engrossed in conversation with John Brooke!

"Let me in, let me in!" she panted; then, as Laurie charged after her, shouting, "I should have got you if you hadn't tripped me up," the whole miserable truth about Meg dawned on Jo afresh.

"Come along in, Meg. Good afternoon, Mr. Brooke," she said curtly.

"I've never been so embarrassed in my life. When will you stop your childish ways?" Meg chided when they were alone.

"Not till I'm old enough to use a crutch, I hope," Jo retorted spiritedly and only the red cushion in the garret could have told of the tears she went there to shed.

An hour later, once more on

JEAN HARLOW tells you how

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—Continued...

terms with herself, Jo was summoned to the parlour by Hannah's ejaculation of "Miss Jo, come and see what's jest bin and come! The beautifullest baby."

The entire family were in the parlour, lost in admiration of a piano as unlike the poor old instrument with the dumb note as the queen is to the beggar-maid.

On the glossy lid was a note which the sisters were pressing Beth to open and read.

"Miss Elizabeth March.

"Dear Madam," (it began)

"I have had many slippers in my life, but none that suited me so well as yours. I like to pay my debts, so I know you will allow me to send you something which belonged to the little granddaughter I lost. With hearty wishes, I remain your grateful and humble servant,

James Laurence."

"You'll have to thank him," Amy pointed out. Neither she nor anyone expected Beth to do what she did. Hurriedly, so that there should be no time to change her mind, Beth almost ran out of the room into the house next door.

Mr. Laurence, reading the paper in the library, looked up from the sofa to see a little girl with brown eyes, brown hair, and brown wincey frock with pinafore.

"Oh, sir, I've come to thank you!" gasped Beth and flung her arms round the old gentleman's neck, while in Orchard House, Hannah was exclaiming: "Well, I wish I may die. She'd never have gone in her right mind."

In spite of Hannah's wish and Jo's sisterly depression, the Marchs' friendship with the Laurences and John Brooke advanced happily with the summer.

Either Laurie or Jo would read aloud while Meg sewed, Amy sketched and Beth knitted. One afternoon, Marmee had joined the group by special request. Jo was reader and there was an unusual peace about the sunny garden.

No one noticed the arrival of Hannah from the house until she was at her mistress' side.

"Mis' March! . . . It's one of them telegraph things, ma'am."

With shaking fingers, Marmee tore the envelope and read the message on the printed form.

"Marmee, it's father!" Meg cried. "He's in hospital . . . dangerously ill . . . I must go to Washington at once."

It was the sisters' first experience of real sorrow. Their lives, despite poverty and hard work had been sheltered. The words "Go away" from Marmee who had never left them even for a night, had a terrifying sound.

Marmee knew that and, resolutely overcoming shock, rallied them round her, found an errand for Jo, messages for Amy to Hannah, and directions to Meg and Beth about packing. Glad to be busy, the girls sped their different ways, while Laurie, within half an hour had been home and back with tangible offers of help.

Mr. Laurence, with a bottle under each arm, followed in the wake of Hannah, who was carrying a cup of tea to her mistress' bedroom.

"Now, girls, don't forget the Hummels," Marmee was saying as the old gentleman came in to make his gift of port for the invalid. "Everything's arranged," he an-

nounced. "Brooke will go with you."

"Oh! But there's no need, I assure you. I shall be quite—"

"Sh—sh! Brooke's all prepared. He has some commissions for me in Washington. Now, Laurie will be round with the carriage in ten minutes . . . your train leaves in about an hour."

The first tears she had shed that day came to Marmee's eyes.

"My kind friend . . . I don't know how to thank you."

He patted her hand and hurried off. Meg, bending over the dress trunk, looked up to meet the brown eyes of Laurie's tutor.

"It's such a relief to know you're taking care of Marmee," she broke out, whereat John Brooke's face glowed though all he said was: "Not at all, Miss Margaret."

Mrs. March, drinking Hannah's cup of tea with a glance at the clock, turned to the window. "What can be keeping Jo?" she asked for the second time during the whirlwind packing. "Surely, Aunt March can't be keeping her?"

The clock had almost registered ten minutes before the house door banged to and Jo came upstairs and far more quietly than usual.

"Here's the money from Aunt March," she began with a little catch in her voice, "and here's my contribution for father."

"Twenty-five dollars, Jo. Where did you get it?"

"Don't look so worried, Marmee; I only sold something that belonged to me, that's all."

On an impulse she whirled about, letting her straw bonnet fall back off her head, held only by the loosened strings. There was a general outcry at the close-cropped chestnut that thus revealed.

"Jo, your glorious hair! You shouldn't have done it, dear."

"Why ever not?" Her secret out, Jo was her old self. "Aunt March croaked, as she always does, when asked for ninnence. She only sent enough for the ticket, and I knew you'd need more, Marmee. I happened to pass a barber with tails of hair in the window with prices marked on them. I thought it would do my brains good to have my mop cut off. So I did."

"Christopher Columbus!" cried Laurie, coming in.

"You needn't be struck all of a heap. My head's boyish and easy to keep in order, isn't it? Come on, Marmee; don't miss that train."

"Can't we go with you to the station, Marmee?"

"No dears. Go on with your work as usual. Do as Hannah tells you. Cheer up, my little women. I want to carry a picture of you all looking happy to father."

That night Meg, lying awake thinking of Marmee and also of a tender look in certain brown eyes, heard controlled sobs from the bed beside her.

"Jo, dear, you're crying! Don't. Father will get well and Mr. Brooke will look after Marmee."

"I'm—n—not crying because of that."

"What then?"

"My hair," came the muffled voice; then, as though its owner were ashamed of vanity, the heart-felt words: "Meg, don't you hope nothing dreadful will happen while Marmee's away?"

NEXT WEEK:

Further adventures of the March family, some sad, some gay, others sentimental, follow next week

A BEAUTIFUL SKIN attracts men...



MEN are irresistibly drawn to a woman whose skin is smooth and clear and petal-soft. So be regular with your use of SNOWFIRE CREAM. This pure, non-greasy Cream quickly improves the texture of your skin and smoothes away all blemishes. It keeps your complexion radiantly young and lovely—makes you always charming, always admired.

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On the British Sets

by E. G. COUSINS

Studio Glimpses of "JEW-SÜSS"

Promising Scenes—A New He-man—Getting Ready for "Chu Chin Chow"—Sydney Howard's adventures—When Charles Laughton Played a "Bit"—Veteran Play revived

Jew decides to turn upon this base master whom he has schemed and plotted to make wealthy and powerful.

In Vosper we have one of the finest actors on the English stage—and if I have told you that before I make no apology whatsoever, for a truth is worth repeating.

Definitely "He"

On the next set we have a return, in at least one respect, to the principles which governed film production in the Age of Silence, when the absolutely indispensable quality in a hero was masculinity.

Barry Mackay, playing opposite Jessie Matthews in *Evergreen*, fulfils that condition to the letter. I have hardly seen him in action, and this being his first film, I haven't had a chance to see him on the screen, but he is a hefty lad, and seems to have distinct photographic possibilities.

He is a recruit from the musical comedy stage. I suppose we shall see him in one or two pictures before he is snapped up by Hollywood, and follows in the wake of Harry Wilcoxon.

They have a predilection for muscular and masculine young Englishmen over there at the moment.

Shuffle

The cast has been shuffled somewhat since this play was on the stage. For instance, Sonnie Hale, who played the young and doughty hero, is now playing an elder man, so he is not, strictly speaking, playing opposite his wife, Jessie.

By the way, a second welcome reversion to the principles of silent days is the return of Betty Balfour. She plays an Edwardian musical comedy actress who, having married into the peerage, is trying to crash back on to the stage—a part that will give full scope to her comedy talents.

Featured in this film is the one and only Willy Clarkson, costumier, who recently had the misfortune to see his precious wardrobe stores go up in smoke and fire. He will play none other than himself.

Oriental

The Shepherd's Bush studios are beginning to look like a junk shop in Aden, in preparation for *Chu Chin Chow*, which Walter Forde is to direct. Carpets, tapestry, brasses, pottery, silks, scimitars. . . .

How old are you? Old enough to remember *Chu Chin Chow*, the gorgeous quasi-oriental musical comedy which ran at His Majesty's Theatre in London from August 31, 1916, for 2,238 performances . . . which works out, allowing two matinees weekly, to nearly five years—easily a record for the London stage.

Whether you remember it or not, you have probably heard its tuneful music—"Any Time's Kissing Time" and "The Cobbler's Song" among others—and you will certainly want to see it now.

I enjoyed it thoroughly—but then I was on short leave from the particularly unpleasant sector just west of the Hindenburg Line at the moment, which may, perhaps, have coloured my judgment.

Anyway, I propose to see the film to discover whether I was right about the thing or not—and a great many thousands of other people about my age will want to do the same.

The Research Department is walking about looking extremely learned about the direct relationship of Western Gothic to Persian architecture of the time of Harun Al Raschid.

What most of us will be more concerned about (Continued on page 28)

Jane Baxter and Ian Hunter in a scene from their new picture, "Night of the Party."

MOURNING at Shepherd's Bush . . . and a mourning such as we seldom see in these days of motor hearses and general hustle.

They are burying Naemi—Naemi the beautiful, the graceful, the good.

Slowly, ponderously, each step weighted with a grief which even the faith of their fathers does little to assuage, the bearded patriarchs in their gabardines bear the coffin through the narrow streets of the Ghetto, under the crazy galleries, like rickety foot-bridges, that run from house to house and across the lane.

The women wail dismally, abandoning themselves to their grief as only Jewish women can; and their lamentation provides an eerie contrast to the stolid, self-contained silence of the men.

Naemi the lovely is no more—and the grief here expressed is more than grief for a girl done to death by a clumsy bully; it is an expression of the whole tragedy of Jewry, the centuries of oppression, of insult, of almost unbearable ignominy under which this ancient race has laboured.

The Book is Good

When I first heard that *Jew Süß* was to be filmed, my heart sank into my boots, for I regard the book as one of the most significant, as well as one of the most fascinating, published in recent years.

It has a power, a depth, and an insight which

inspires perhaps half a dozen books in a generation.

How, I wondered, were they going to get that on to the screen? They certainly did not succeed in getting it on to the stage, in spite of one of the most lavish productions I have ever seen.

But since I have seen something of the production on the floor, I am reassured. It will be as impressive as it is possible to make it.

And it will be more than a mere setting for the exploitation of Conrad Veidt's acting talents as Jew Süß himself—which (if you are interested in my opinion) seemed to me the chief weakness of *The Wandering Jew*.

Parallel

Comparisons, we know, are malodorous, but it will be almost impossible to resist drawing a parallel between the two films when this new one is shown.

They are both period pieces, painted on a wide canvas. The principal character of each was played by Matheson Lang in the stage version, by Conrad Veidt in the film. They both (though more or less incidentally) aim at showing something of the agony of the Jew in his racial struggles against oppression and abuse.

In any case, make no mistake about it, this will be a picture to see. And, having seen it, you must by all means see *The Wandering Jew*, if only for comparison.

A notable performance (or I am no judge, which I deny) is being put up by Frank Vosper as the Duke—the besotted tyrant whose befuddled and lecherous advances towards the Jew's daughter are responsible for her death and form the real turning-point of the plot, for it is then that the



★⁴—the least injurious to the throat of any Cigarettes I have tried⁴

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CRAVEN "A"

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Waves "set" with 'Danderine' last longer. And they look nicer. Thicker, longer, more abundant hair is sure to follow for every member when 'Danderine' becomes a regular habit with your family. It helps stop falling hair. Dissolves dandruff. Changes dull, brittle, lifeless hair into hair that fairly sparkles with new life and lustre!

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During her teens a girl lays the foundation of her future health. Lack of blood at this time may rob her of robust womanhood. Dr. Williams' pink pills are a wonderful remedy for the form of anaemia that affects growing girls, and treatment with these pills will not only correct the trouble but prevent it from progressing into a worse form.

Delay in the treatment of anaemia is dangerous, so lose no time, but begin Dr. Williams' pink pills now, and notice how quickly the colour will return to your cheeks, your headaches and backaches disappear, and your breathlessness and palpitation vanish.

The world-famous Dr. Williams' Brand Pink Pills can now be obtained at 1s. 3d. a box (triple size 3s.). From all chemists, or same price, post free, direct from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, 36 Fitzroy Square, London, W.1.

FREE.—No girl should miss reading the booklet "Nature's Warnings," sent free to all who write to M.J. Dept., 36 Fitzroy Square, London, W.1.

Husky Throats

Quickly and pleasantly relieved with



DELIGHTFUL TO THE TASTE

ON THE BRITISH SETS—Contd.

is the all-important question of who is to play in Chu Chin Chow.

Big

Oscar Asche, who wrote the play, took the leading part himself—all that time—but whenever I have seen him since then, he seems to have been growing steadily larger, both in height and girth, and I am rather wondering what the camera would make of him in a close-up.

Of course, they have a battery of cameras at Shepherd's Bush.

But Oscar's size would fit in rather well with the general scale on which they are doing things at Shepherd's Bush recently.

The Rhodes Film

I don't, of course, insist on implicit belief, but it is reported to me that the unit proceeding presently to South Africa to make exteriors of a Life of Cecil Rhodes is taking thirty tons of materials—if you include lipstick for the Floor Secretaries.

Members of the unit (who are already being called Rhodes Scholars) include Victor Saville, who will direct, but not until he has finished *Evergreen*, and Geoffrey Barkas, who has already made a couple of trips to Africa for filming purposes—one being the silent film *Palaver*, which he directed and carried through under enormous difficulties.

In the Kitchen

Turning lightly from Africa to Elstree, observe Sydney Howard disporting himself in further sequences of *It's a Cop* for British & Dominions.

The obvious thing in farces of this sort is to "get everything in." We have already, within the confines of this one production, had Syd as a stolid P.C. on the beat and disguised as a Chinese mandarin in an opium den.

This week I found him in what, to all intents and purposes, was the kitchen of a large hotel, in which Syd (still on the trail of the crooks) disguises himself as the chef.

I was told that the equipment which had been dragged in and installed was capable of cooking a four-course dinner for three hundred people; and Syd wanted to know, would they need more or less apparatus to cook a three-course dinner for four hundred people?

Anyway, you work it out; I'm busy trying to think where I've seen a similar scene before.

Far Cries

I've got it! It was in the monster Elstree-made silent film *Piccadilly*. If you saw that, you will easily remember Jameson Thomas (it seems a far cry back now to the palmy Elstree days of Jameson Thomas!) walking through the restaurant kitchen with the dirty plate under his arm, trying to find the culprit—who turns out to be the kitchen-maid, Anna May Wong.

The bibulous diner who complained about the plate was Charles Laughton, making his positively first screen appearance—and that's a far cry too, with Laughton now one of the best-known film-actors in the world.

From what I have seen of it, this new Sydney Howard mirthquake is going to be quite as funny as its predecessors—and I confess that most of them have made me laugh uproariously.

To Filmland on Horseback

The roads to the studios are many and devious, but few can have been more so than that followed by Edward Underdown, who, afflicted several years ago with the itch to act, became a horse-trainer.

No one, not even Edward himself, seems to know just where the connection was; but in any case, he soon became quite good at training horses, being encouraged in this harmless propensity by several of the military gentlemen (they are all military gentlemen) who run training establishments.

A Walk On

So, having done that for a year or two, our Edward realised that he was ready to go on the stage, and he obtained a walk-on (he may have



Billie Bristow, co-author of the "Monster" story, "The Mystery of the Loch," which is being produced by the Wyndham Company.

been hoping for a ride-on) in *Grand Hotel* on tour.

Now, after two or three more stage roles, he has come galloping into films, via *Crime Reporter*, which Uncle Tom Bentley is directing at Welwyn.

When he is merely playing in the West End, instead of combining stage and film work as he is doing at present, he rises at six every morning and takes the train to Epsom, where he helps to exercise race-horses at 7.30.

This, he told me, gives him an excuse for ducking straight away to bed after the evening show, and keeps him fit.

It would appear that Edward Underdown knows something about training actors as well as training horses; but on cold, dark mornings he probably wishes his name were Undereiderdown.

Digging 'Em Up

Gradually they are digging up all the old plays that have been allowed to lie fallow for years and are making films of them.

The latest is *The Magistrate*, which Tom Bentley is directing at Elstree for B.I.P.

This started life the year before I was born, with the same name as it now bears—though whether it will still be called that when you see it on the screen I'm not prepared to say. Indeed, I shall be rather surprised if a more "Box-office" title is not found for it.

Birth of Whoopee

Originally it was a farce-comedy by Pinero; then, in 1917, I saw it as *The Boy*, a musical comedy by Fred Thompson, and although I confess I haven't the faintest idea who was in the original cast, for the musical version they had W. H. Berry (as Mr. Meeble, the magistrate), Donald Calthrop (as Hughie Cavanagh, the youth who has to pretend, for some doubtless good and sufficient reason which has escaped me, to be a schoolboy); and Heather Thatcher as Kattie Muirhead, the governess who discovers that the boy is not quite so young as at first appeared.

I particularly remember that show because Donald Calthrop, in the night-club scene, made great play with the newly-imported American word "Whoopee!"—the first time I had heard it.

In passing, which of you youngsters realised that that expression was in currency sixteen years ago—before many of you were born?

Two Come Back

Now Will Hay, "the Schoolmaster" of the music-halls, is playing the Magistrate, John Mills (who looks about seventeen and is . . . quite a bit more) plays the boy, and Marguerite Allan, returned to the B.I.P. fold after all these years, is the young governess.

And look who else is here! That clever stage comedienne, Iris Hoey, who has only been in one film before, and that as a quickie and made a long time ago.

She is playing Mrs. Magistrate—and anyone who knows her stage work will be willing to bet a tidy sum that she will play it well.

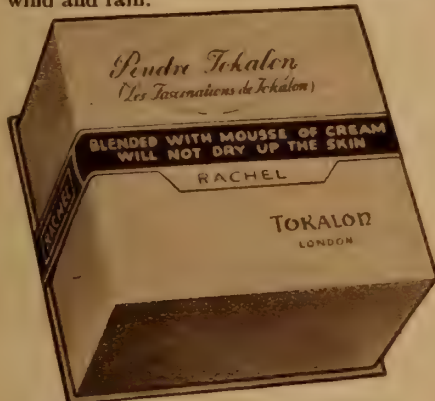
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This latest development in face powders is due to a new ingredient called 'Mousse of Cream.' Now Tokalon has patented the Mousse of Cream process. Thus Poudre Tokalon now offers you the advantages hitherto enjoyed only by the fortunate few who do not care how much they pay for their powder.

Poudre Tokalon now not only gives an exquisitely beautiful complexion, but one that stays fresh and lovely all day long whatever you are doing. Not even perspiration from the most vigorous outdoor sports or a long evening's dancing can spoil the rose-petal loveliness it gives. Because Poudre Tokalon is the only powder with the 'Mousse of Cream' secret. Only 6d. and 1/- a box, in spite of the cost of the 'Mousse of Cream' process.

STOMACH PAINS CEASE IN 5 MINUTES

Remarkable letter from Coventry

A letter does not have to be long to tell a wonderful story. And this is a wonderful story for you if you know what it is to suffer from stomach trouble. It is from Mr. J. E. Richards of 84, Shakespeare Street, Stoke, Coventry.

"Thank you very much for Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. After suffering great pain I was surprised that 5 minutes after taking the first dose the pain was less severe. I have since purchased 2 bottles and am pleased to say that I am quite well again. I shall always keep a bottle by me, I have also recommended it to other sufferers and shall continue to do so. You can make any use you like of this letter."

If you, too, have suffered agonies from indigestion for years, why not try the way Mr. Richards found so effective?

But be sure to ask your chemist for the genuine Maclean Brand Stomach Powder or Tablets under that exact name with the signature "ALEX C. MACLEAN." It is not sold loose, but only in 1/3, 2/- and 5/- bottles in cartons, of Powder or Tablets.

Do you suffer from Headache after or during a Cinema Show? If so, try taking two Cinetabs 10 to 15 minutes before the Cinema, Theatre, Dance, etc. Send P.O. mentioning the "Picturegoer" to-day for 1/3 box of Cinetabs:—
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(Mrs.) A. M.

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All users of Colrex are invited to enter their photographs for the weekly contest—the only condition is that you enclose the seal from a tablet of Colrex Beauty Soap, which will be proof to us that your attractiveness is being changed gradually to real beauty. See next issue for first week's winner.

WEEKLY WINNERS receive handsome mounted enlargements of photos submitted and are eligible to compete for Grand Final Prize, to be announced soon. Entry implies permission to reproduce winner's name and photo in "Picturegoer" and other journals.



You may have charm, a nice nose, chin line, or some other pleasing feature which will entitle you to a valuable prize.

The modern woman, discriminating in the choice of the soap she uses, welcomed the arrival of Colrex Beauty Soap—a combination of sulphur and lanolin, blended for Beauty's sake. Start using Colrex to-day and watch the improvement in the texture of your skin.

★ Science is proud of this achievement after many years of patient research.

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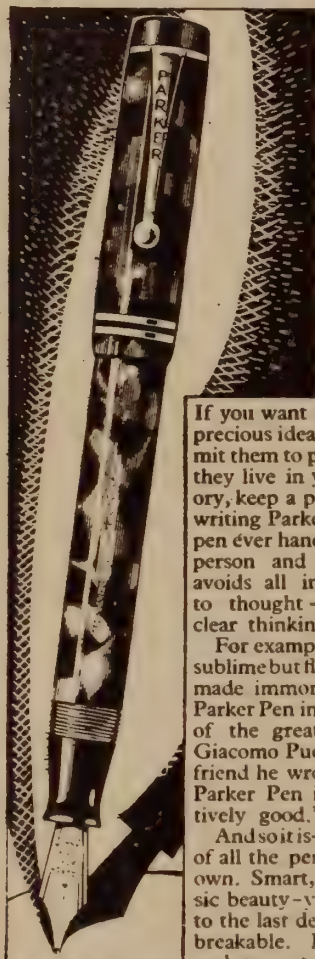


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ALL THE TIMES
WHEN THOUGHT
COMES QUICKLY

Parker Duofold

"The Pen that is
Superlatively Good"

[Not our words but those
of a Great Composer—
GIACOMO PUCCINI]



If you want to capture precious ideas and commit them to paper while they live in your memory, keep a pressureless writing Parker Duofold pen ever handy on your person and desk. It avoids all interference to thought—and, to clear thinking, is vital.

For example: Music, sublime but fleeting, was made immortal by the Parker Pen in the hands of the great Maestro Giacomo Puccini. To a friend he wrote: "The Parker Pen is superlatively good."

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What Do You Think? Letters from our Readers

SENSATIONALISM, STUNTS and STORIES

Babies, Boxers and
Beauties Versus Art

"SHALL we ever see the day when a book or a play will be filmed and presented on the screen with all the artistry of the original?"

"The box-office Torquemada demands from nearly every film made to-day some degree of martyrdom.

"A story holding a place in the literature of the country and presented by players of reputation is not enough.

"It must be secondary to some sensational feature such as a boxer or merely a cherub like Baby Le Roy, who is, we are assured, a born actor but is probably unaware of it as is the public.

"Sensationalism is its own reward and there may be a trifle over for the box-office. But producers who crowd their screens with babies, boxers and beauties instead of players, have no soul above the penny-show, and their works will perish with them."

—C. Clifton, 39 Westwood Road, Hulsea, Portsmouth, winner of this week's guinea prize.

[Most intelligent readers will agree with this viewpoint. The stuntists will have to be bumped off at the box-office before the kinema really comes into its own as an art. But the box-office has the final say.]



Baby LeRoy.

Pepping Up Publicity

"Perhaps we are coming to the fore with our films, but one lesson we can take from Hollywood is of how to 'Pep up Publicity Portraits.'

"Who wants to gaze at the uninteresting photos published of our stars all dressed up in tweed! In Hollywood, they have a length of chiffon and cleverly drape it around their subject, making a striking picture, pleasing to the eye, which draws attention. And as, after all, the object of publicity is to bring the stars to public notice, to make them known, and build up their popularity, it is essential to make these pictures attractive.

"Unfortunately, in our British photographers there is a sad lack of originality in this respect, and one has only to compare photographs of any British actress who has gone to Hollywood as sent out by her American studio with those issued previously by her British studios to notice this."—Mary Good, 8 Oaktree Avenue, Palmers Green, N.13.

[This is a point on which PICTUREGOER is constantly hammering at British studios. There has, as a result, been a marked improvement of late, but our publicity departments still have a lot to learn.]

The "Nudies"

"Why this mad outcry about 'Nudies'? Anyone can wear nothing if she feels that way inclined. We women fans especially suffer inferior films to see exquisite clothes worn by the stars—lovely fluffy things we can never hope to possess ourselves. If directors take this delight away from us, they will have to give us much better plots and already the dearth of good stories is deplorable.

"The revival of costume plays is somewhat helping them out at present, but picture the absurdity of a plumeless Walter Raleigh begging a Queen Elizabeth *a la naturel* to 'step on it'.

"Hollywood would be revolutionised. New players would have to be found, while charming

slender stars like Joan Crawford and Constance Bennett were putting on weight. No matter how exquisite they appear in fashionable clothes, 'near-naked' they compare badly with their plumper sisters.

"No, like other crazes, this will soon die."—(Miss) Joyce I. Corlett, "Bonshaw," Selborne Drive, Douglas, Isle of Man, winner of the second prize of half a guinea.

"Nudity on the films is going to be the biggest box-office draw since Al Jolson's *Singing Fool*, inaugurating the 'talkies,' was the success of the century.

"Nudity, rightly handled, will bring increased allurements and entertainment. The beautiful nude film star opens up fresh vistas; the unattractive but comic nude figure presents a new source of humour. Both will be relished by the sophisticated jaded kinema audiences of to-day."—(Mrs.) M. Scott, "The Kraal," London Road, South Benfleet, Essex.

"Do we want the nudies? Much depends on whom the word 'we' implies.

"If 'we' want nudity, 'we' will assuredly get it, but the kinema will no longer be a place of entertainment; it will just be an exhibition of artists' models."—George Wolsey, 23 Hillview Street, Oldpark Road, Belfast, N. Ireland.

[The nudies seem, apart from Mae West, to be the most controversial talkie topic of the day. I have been flooded with letters on the subject of which those published above are more or less representative.]

Seconds Out

"A reader takes exception to Jimmy Durante's nose, Joe Brown's mouth and Eddie Cantor's eyes, and finishes his letter with 'Alas for Hollywood's sense of humour.'

"Does he forget Ralph Lynn's teeth, Sydney Howard's bibulous features, and the facial contortions of Leslie Fuller and Leslie Henson?

"Moreover, I am sure that the success of Cantor's pictures is not due to the fact that his eyes rotate."—Syd Lowther, 1 Park Row, Greenwich.

Do You See Them Twice?

A few days ago I read of an energetic film fan who saw *Sunshine Susie* no fewer than 37 times! It would be interesting to know if keen filmgoers usually see a picture once only.

"Personally, I consider that any serious drama deserves at least two visits. The first time one is absorbed in following the story; the second, one is able to notice minor characters, subtleties of manner and intonation, setting, and photography.

"I find that talkies, seen several times, are more wearying than silent pictures. I saw *Under Two Flags*—the second version, with Priscilla Dean and James Kirkwood—seven times; *Enemies of Women*, with Lionel Barrymore and Alma Rubens, I saw six times.

"Among talkies I have seen *Private Lives* three times, and many others twice."—(Miss) N. M. Gibbs, Etain, Westward Ho! Devon.

[There is a great deal in the idea of seeing a picture twice, but sometimes you notice the imperfections as well. I, personally, have never had an ambition to see any one film thirty-seven times!]]

YOUR VIEWS WANTED

What you think about the stars and films?

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£1 rs. and 10s. 6d. will be paid for the two most interesting letters published each week. Letters should be written on one side of the paper only and should not exceed 150 words. Address to "Thinker," The "Picturegoer Weekly," Long Acre, W.C.2.



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Picturegoer 27/1/34

"George" and "Anne" are your enquiry departments. The former will be happy to answer any query regarding films, the latter anything connected with household or beauty hints. Write to them both c/o THE PICTUREGOER WEEKLY. When a reply by post is desired a stamped, addressed envelope must be enclosed.

P. R. (Eastbourne).—Address Ronald Colman c/o United Artists Studio, 1041 N. Formosa Avenue, Hollywood, California. Latest films: *Cynara* and *The Masquerader*.

D. H. (Croydon).—(1) Herewith the cast of *The First Mrs. Fraser*: James Fraser—Henry Ainley; Elsie Fraser—Joan Barry; Janet Fraser—Dorothy Dix; Mario—Harold Huth; Philip Logan—Henry Hewitt; Ninian Fraser—Hargrave Pawson; Connie—Oriel Ross; George—Arnold Riches; Lord Larne—Richard Cooper; Theresa—Ellen Pollock; Murdo Fraser—Ivan Brandt; Alice Fraser—Eileen Peel; Mabel—Millicent Wolf; Butler—Gibb McLaughlin. (2) Claudette Colbert is married to Norman Foster.

FAN CLUB NOTICE.—Particulars of the Film Fans Correspondence Club will be sent on receipt of a stamped addressed envelope to—Miss Hazel Bailey, 24 Philemon House, Westminster Bridge Road, London, S.E.1.

BETTY (Barry).—(1) Richard Talmadge is dead. (2) Marriages as follows: Douglas Fairbanks, jun., to Joan Crawford (marriage dissolved); Robert Armstrong to Ethel Kent. (3) John Wayne, Diana Wynyard, Heather Angel, Sylvia Sydney, and Sally Blane are all unmarried. (4) Herbert Marshall's most recent pictures include *Solitaire Man* and *Four Frightened People*.

J. C. W. (London).—Robert Montgomery was born on May 21, 1904, at Beacon, New York; 6 ft. 1 in. tall, brown hair and blue eyes; married Elizabeth Allen (not the British star Elizabeth Allan who is married to W. J. O'Brien). Before he made his screen debut he was a mechanic's helper, a deck hand, and a stage super, afterwards playing on the New York stage. Films include: *So This is College*, *Their Own Desire*, *Free and Easy*, *The Divorcee*, *Big House*, *Richest Man in the World*, *Our Blushing Brides*, *Sins of the Children*, *Love in the Rough*, *War Nurse*, *Strangers May Kiss*, *Inspiration*, *Shipmates*, *Man in Possession*, *But the Flesh is Weak*, *Private Lives*, *Lovers Courageous*, *Letty Lynton*, *Blondie of the Follies*, *Faithless*, *When Ladies Meet*, *Night Flight*, *Another Language*, *Two Thieves and Overland Bus*. Write to him c/o Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, California.

A CONRAD NAGEL FAN (St. Annes-on-Sea).

(1) Cast: (a) *Dynamite*: Roger Towne—Conrad Nagel; Cynthia Crothers—Kay Johnson; Hagon Derk—Charles Bickford; Marcia Towne—Julia Faye; Katie Derk—Muriel McCormac; Marco—Joel McCrea; Young Vultures—Leslie Fenton and Barton Hepburn; Three Wise Fools—Robert Edeson, William Holden and Henry Stockbridge; Bobby—Douglas Frazer Scott; His Mother—Jane Keckley; The Doctor—Fred Walton. (b) *Little Women* (silent version): Aunt March—Julia Harley; Mrs. March—Kate Lester; Jo—Dorothy Bernard; Mr. March—George Kelson; Beth—Lilian Hull; Mr. Lawrence—John Vernon; Professor Bae—Lyn Hammond; Laurie—Conrad Nagel; Amy—Jenny Lunn; John Brook—Henry Hall; Meg—Marjory Lammond. (2) Conrad Nagel weighs 11 st. 6 lb., and Ricardo Cortez weighs 12 st. 7 lb.

FILM STRUCK MEG (Dundee).—(1) Janet Gaynor comes from Philadelphia, U.S.A., and was born October 6, 1907; 5 ft. tall, golden brown hair and brown eyes, married Lydell Peck (separated). Hobbies, music, dogs, acrobatics and reading. Pictures include: *The Johnstown Flood*, *The Skamrock Handicap*, *The Midnight Kiss*, *The Return of Peter Grimm*, *Seventh Heaven*, *Sunrise*, *Two Girls Wanted*, *Street Angel*, *Four Devils*, *Christina*, *Lucky Star*, *Sunny Side Up*, *Happy Days*, *High Society Blues*, *The Man Who Came Back*, *Daddy Long Legs*, *Merely Mary Ann*, *Delicious*, *The First Year*, *Tess of the Storm Country*, *State Fair*, *Adorable*, and *Paddy the Next Best Thing*. (2) Spencer Tracy was born on April 5, 1900, at Milwaukee; 5 ft. 10 in. tall, dark brown hair and blue eyes, married Louise Treadwell (separated). Films include: *Up the River*, *Quick Millions*, *Goldie*, *She Wanted a Millionaire*, *Disorderly Conduct*, *We Humans*, *The Painted Lady*, *Face in the Sky*, *Pier 13*, *20,000 Years in Sing Sing*, *Power and Glory*, *Shanghai Madness*, *A Man's Castle*, and *The Mad Game*. (3) Write to Janet Gaynor and Spencer Tracy c/o Fox Studios, Beverly Hills, California.

AVE READY AND INTERESTED.—(1) Carl Brisson was born December 24, 1895, at Copenhagen, Denmark, real name Carl Pederson; 6 ft. 1 in. tall, brown hair and grey eyes. He is married. Hobbies are dogs, motorcycling, riding and boxing. Pictures include: *The Ring*, *The Manxman*, *The American Prisoner*, *Song of Soho*, *Knocking Men*, *Prince of Arcadia*, *Two Hearts in Waltz Time*. (2) Jack Buchanan was born in Glasgow on April 2, 1891.

Let GEORGE

S. D. and C. McD. (Cheyenne).—(1) Herewith the cast of *The Virginians*: The Virginian, Gary Cooper; Trampas—Walter Huston; Molly Stark Wood—Mary Brian; Steve—Richard Arlen; Uncle Hugh—Chester Conklin; Honey Wiggins—Eugene Pallette; Judge Henry—E. H. Calvert; Mrs. Taylor—Helen Ware. (2) Address Gary Cooper c/o Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon Street, Hollywood, California.

18 MADELINE.—Nils Asther has made pictures for a number of film studios but a letter should reach him if it is addressed to RKO Radio Studio, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.

MARGERY (Barry).—(1) Douglas Fairbanks, jun., is at present in America; he has appeared in the following talkie films: *The Dawn Patrol*, *The Way of All Men*, *Dance Hall*, *Little Accident*, *One Night at Susie's*, *Outward Bound*, *Little Caesar*, *Chances*, *I Like Your Nerve*, *Love is a Racket*, *Gentleman for a Day*, *It's Tough to be Famous*, *Scarlet Dawn*, *Parachute Jumper*, *Narrow Corner*, *Captured*, *Morning Glory*, and *Catherine the Great* (British). (2) Anthony Bushell's films include: *Disraeli*, *The Flirting Widow*, *Journey's End*, *Three Faces East*, *Lovin' the Ladies*, *Born to Love*, *Expensive Women*, *Five Star Final*, *Shop Angel*, *Dangerous Ground*, *Silver Greyhound*, *Sally Bishop*, and *Soldiers of the King*. (3) Marriages: Lawrence Olivier to Jill Esmond in 1930, and Ronald Colman to Thelma Raye in 1920 (separated); Douglas Fairbanks, jun., to Joan Crawford in 1929 (marriage dissolved).

TEN-MINUTE ALBUM (Peworth).—Anthony Ireland has appeared in the following films: *Spanish Eyes*, *Big Business*, *These Charming People*, *The Water Gypsies*, and *Called Back*.

LANDI FAN.—Elissa Landi was born on December 6, 1904, at Venice, Italy; real name, Elizabeth Marie Landi; daughter of Countess Zanardi-Landi, descendant of the Royal House of Austria; 5 ft. 5 in. tall, red-gold hair, green eyes; married J. C. Lawrence, an English barrister. Films: *Underground*, *Bolivar*, *Ecstasy*, *The Price of Things*, *Knocking Men*, *Children of Chance*, *Body and Soul*, *Always Good-bye*, *Wicked*, *Yellow Ticket*, *The Devil's Lottery*, *Burnt Offering*, *The Woman in Room 13*, *The Sign of the Cross*, *The Warrior's Husband*, *I Loved You Wednesday*, and *By Candlelight*. Address her c/o Universal Studios, Universal City, California. Fredric March was born on August 31, 1898, at Racine, Wis.; 5 ft. 11 in. tall, brown hair and eyes; married Florence Eldridge. Films: *The Dummy*, *The Wild Party*, *The Studio Murder Mystery*, *Footlights and Fools*, *Paris Bound*, *Jealousy*, *The Marriage Playground*, *Sarah and Son*, *Ladies Love Brutes*, *Paravocant on Parade*, *True to the Navy*, *Mammy*, *Laughter*, *Lovers*, *Night Angel*, *My Sin*, *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, *Strangers in Love*, *Merrily We Go To—*, *Smilin' Through*, *The Sign of the Cross*, *To-night is Ours*, *The Eagle and the Hawk*, *Design for Living*, *Chrysalis*, and *Death Takes a Holiday*. Write to him c/o Twentieth Century Studios, Hollywood California.

E. J. M. (Britham).—John Wayne plays the part of Steve Pickett in *The Texas Cyclone*, starring Tim McCoy. Address John Wayne c/o Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.

POLLY-ANNA (Walthamstow).—(1) I do not think it would be in order for you to write to Jean Harlow as you suggest. (2) Jean's most recent pictures are *Dinner at Eight*, *Hold Your Man*, *Hollywood Party*, *Blonde Bombshell*, and *Living in a Big Way*. (3) You can obtain a coloured photograph of Jean Harlow and an ordinary one of Clark Gable from The PICTUREGOER Post Card Salon, 85 Long Acre, London, W.C.2, at 3d. each. (4) Clark Gable will be 33 on February 1; he's married to Rita Langham. Recent pictures include *Hold Your Man*, *Night Flight*, *Dancing Lady*, and *Two Thieves*. (5) Write to both Jean Harlow and Clark Gable c/o Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, California. You are no trouble.

P. W. (London, N.1) and CARLO (London' N.4).—Dick Powell was born on November 14, at Mountain View, Ark.; divorced from his wife. Films include: *The Blessed Event*, *Too Busy to Work*, *Radio Girl*, *Jubilo*, *Gold Diggers of 1933*, *Footlight Parade*, *College Coach*, *Sweethearts Forever*, and *Convention City*. Address him c/o Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, California. (2) I expect he will send you a signed photograph if you ask him nicely; I do not know if he charges for them.

J. R. (Richmond).—Casts: (1) *By Whose Hand?* Jimmy—Ben Lyon; Alice—Barbara Weeks; Graham—William V. Mong; Eileen—Ethel Kenyon; Chambers—Kenneth Thomson; Drunk—Tom Dugan; Detective—William Halligan; Widow—Helen Millard; Chick—Dwight Frye; Bridegroom—Lorin Baker; Bride—Dolores Ray; Pullman Porter—Oscar Smith; Conductor—Tom McGuire; The Killer—Nat Pendleton. (2) *The Mask of Fu Manchu*, Dr. Fu Manchu—

DO IT!

Boris Karloff; Sheila—Karen Morley; Nayland Smith—Lewis Stone; Fah Lee See—Myrna Loy; Von Berg—Jean Harsholt; Terence Granville—Charles Starrett; Sir Lionel Barton—Lawrence Grant; McLeod—David Torrence.

MAHUB (Hyderabad).—I think your best plan would be to write to Greta Garbo yourself c/o Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, California, as I am not in a position to answer these intimate questions.

FILM STRUCK (Burnley).—Birthdays as follows: Mary Philbin, July 16, 1904; Patsy Ruth Miller, June 22, 1905; Carmel Myers, April 4, 1901; Margaret Livingstone, November 25, 1900; Alice Day, November 7, 1905; Marceline Day, April 24, 1908; Alice Lake, 1897; Edwina Booth, September 13, 1909; Lil Dagova, September 30, 1894; Bob Steele, January 23, 1906.

EDNA-WANTS-TO-KNOW (Leeds, 5).—(1) Ben Turpin was born on September 17, 1874, at New Orleans, U.S.A.; 5 ft. 4 in. tall, dark hair and eyes. Pictures include: *Hogan's Alley*, *Song of Songs*, *Steel Preferred*, *The College Hero*, *The Wife's Relations*, *The Love Parade*, *Swing High*, *Cracked Nuts*, *Million Dollar Legs*, and scores of comedy shorts. (2) Lee Tracy's latest films: *The Nuisance*, *Dinner at Eight*, *Turn Back the Clock*, and *Blonde Bombshell*. He is not married. (3) Heather Angel's pictures include: *City of Song*, *The Hound of the Baskervilles*, *A Night in Montmartre*, *Bill the Conqueror*, *Self-made Lady*, *After Office Hours*, *Men of Steel*, *Pilgrimage*, *Berkeley Square*, and *Charlie Chan's Greatest Case*. (4) A letter to Hollywood will take at least ten days.

D. R. FAN.—Duncan Renaldo was born April 23, 1904, at Camden, N.J.; 6 ft. tall, brown eyes, black hair. Hobbies: painting, antiques, and singing.

MARMIL (Shirebrook).—Ronald Colman played opposite Lillian Gish in the silent version of *The White Sister*. Thank you for your good wishes.

HOPEFUL (Leeds).—(1) Marylin Miller played opposite Alexander Gray in *Sally*. (2) The song "She turned out to be a girl friend of a boy friend of mine" came from the film *Whoopee*.

JANET (Glasgow).—*New Moon* was a musical film. The chief parts were played by Grace Moore, Lawrence Tibbett, Roland Young, and Adolphe Menjou. Sir Harry Lauder did not appear in this film. "Lover Come Back to Me" was a prominent song in *New Moon*.

SCOTTIE (Leeds, 2).—(1) So far as I know, Katharine Hepburn and Bill Boyd did not have doubles in their respective films, *Christopher Strong* and *Lucky Devils*. (2) The cost for a letter to California is 1½d. for the first ounce.

SONIA GRAY (Hove).—(1) Addresses as follows: Sari Maritza, c/o Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon Street, Hollywood, California; Jack Hulbert, c/o Gaumont-British Studios, Lime Grove, Shepherd's Bush, London, W.12; Jack Buchanan, c/o British & Dominion Studios, Boreham Wood, Elstree, Herts. (2) Marriages: Jeanette Macdonald and Sari Maritza are not married; Lillian Harvey is engaged to Willie Fritsch; Herbert Marshall and Edna Best are man and wife. (3) Jeanette Macdonald and Ramon Novarro are starring in the film version of *The Cat and the Fiddle*. Ivor Novello will not be in this film, which should be shown in this country soon. (4) You can obtain photographs of all the stars from The PICTUREGOER Post Card Salon, 85 Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

W. G. (London, N.21).—Casts: *Gold Diggers of Broadway*, Mabel—Winnie Lightner; Stephen Lee—Conway Tearle; Nick—Nick Lucas; Jerry—Nancy Welford; Ann Collins—Ann Pennington; Wally—William Bakewell; Eleanor—Lillian Tashman; Blake—Albert Gran; Violet—Helen Foster; Stage Manager—Neely Edwards; Topsy—Gert-rude Short; Barney Barnett—Armand Kaliz; Cissy Gray—Julia Swayne Gordon; Dance Director—Lee Moran. *Sunny Side Up*, Milly Carr—Janet Gaynor; Jack Cromwell—Charles Farrell; Jane Worth—Sharon Lynn; Eddie Rafferty—Frank Richardson; Eric Swenson—El Brendel; Bee Nichols—Marjorie White; Joe Vitto—Joe Brown; Mrs. Cromwell—Mary Forbes; Raoul—Alan Paul; Lake—Peter Gawnthorne.

C. F.—(1) Release dates as follows: *Cavalcade*, October 9, 1933; *Falling For You*, September 18, 1933; *I Was a Spy*, November 20, 1933; *Aunt Sally*, March 5, 1934; *Friday the 13th*, February 5, 1934. Zasu Pitts' films include: *Sunny Side Up*, *Monte Carlo*, *Wedding March*, *Sons of the Fathers*, *The Dummy*, *Mannequin*, *Twin Beds*, *Paris*, *The Thing They Called Love*, *The Devil's Holiday*, *Honey*, *Beyond Victory*, *Little Accident*, *Unexpected Father*, *War Nurse*, *Free Love*, *Seed, Fair and Hattie*, *Bad Sister*, *The Guardsman*, *Penrod and Sam*, *Secret Witness*, *Destry Rides Again*, *Once in a Lifetime*, *Blondie of the Folies*, *Make Me a Star*, *Back Street*, *Steady Company*, *The Roar of*



BY REQUEST.—Jessie Matthews was born on March 11, 1907, in London. She is 5 ft. 5 in. tall and has dark brown hair and eyes. Married (1) Henry Lytton, jun. (mar. dis.), (2) Sonnie Hale. Films include "Out of the Blue," "There Goes the Bride," "Man from Toronto," "The Midshipmaid," "The Good Companions," and "Friday the Thirteenth." Write to her c/o Gaumont-British Studios, Lime Grove, Shepherd's Bush, London, W.12.

the Dragon, *They Just Had to Get Married*, *Love Honour and Oh Baby*, *Aggie Appleby*, *Maker of Men*, *Dummy's Vote*, and *Meet the Baron*.

I. W. (Northampton) and M. G. (Northampton).—(1) You can only obtain autographs of the stars by writing and asking for them. I should not send your album as it might get lost, whereas you can quite easily stick the autographs in your album as you receive them. (2) Addresses as follows: Greta Garbo, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, California; Warner Baxter, Janet Gaynor, and Charles Farrell, c/o Fox Studios, Beverly Hills, California.

FRUIT DROP (Nottingham).—(1) Eric Linden will be 23 this year. (2) Herewith the cast of *Alice in Wonderland*: Alice—Charlotte Henry; The Cheshire Cat—Richard Arlen; The Fish—Roscoe Ates; The Gryphon—William Austin; The White Knight—Gary Cooper; Uncle Gilbert—Leon Errol; The White Queen—Louise Fazenda; Humpty Dumpty—W. C. Fields; The King of Hearts—Alec B. Francis; The White Rabbit—Skeets Gallagher; The Mock Turtle—Cary Grant; The Cook—Lillian Harmer; The Mouse—Raymond Hatton; The Frog—Sterling Holloway; The Mad Hatter—Edward Everett Horton; Tweedledee—Roscoe Karns; Tweedledum—Jack Oakie; Joker—Baby Le Roy; Dodo Bird—Polly Moran; The Red Queen—Edna May Oliver; The Queen of Hearts—May Robson; The Sheep—Mae Marsh; The March Hare—Charlie Ruggles; Dormouse—Jackie Searle; The Duchess—Alison Skipworth; The Caterpillar—Ned Sparks; The White King—Ford Sterling.

J. C. (London, E.9).—Mae Clark was born on August 16, 1910, at Philadelphia; she is 5 ft. 4 in. tall, brown hair and eyes; married Lew Brice (mar., dis.).

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LEAVE IT TO ANNE

WHATEVER your query, whether it belongs to the beauty or the domestic category, I am delighted to answer it. Please enclose a stamped addressed envelope for a postal reply. I can give you more space in a letter than can be spared in this column.

"I LOVE very hot baths," wrote a girl to me the other day, "and come out of them as red as a beetroot!"

She wanted to know whether such baths were bad for her. The answer is "Yes and No," the reasons for which you will presently discover.

The first object of the bath is personal cleanliness, and after that comes stimulation. If you are very strong and healthy and react well to cold water you can get your stimulation by a cold bath. But there are comparatively few people who can stand it, despite all the talk about modern spartan girls. These people can obtain just as good stimulation from a very hot bath, provided—and this is important—it is not prolonged beyond a few minutes. It must be in and out again. It is soaking for any length of time in very hot water that is so bad. The blood vessels expand, the heart quickens, temperature rises and sweat glands are stimulated to greater activity. This is all right up to a point, but after that point depression follows.

Of course, it goes without saying that very hot baths are not for people with heart trouble nor yet should they be taken after a full meal. Neither should they be taken frequently. For all ordinary purposes the temperature of the bath should be about 100 degrees F. You can buy a bath thermometer, but the old-fashioned way of judging the heat of the water with the elbow or the back of the hand is good enough.

The daily bath of moderate temperature is the ideal, but if for any reason this is not possible, a warm bath must be taken at least twice a week, if beauty and clearness of skin is to be maintained. By means of the skin the body rids itself of much waste and impurity. And the deeper layers of the skin are constantly passing on to the outer layer as dry, dead scales. Only soap and water combined with brisk rubbing can get rid of this dead skin and these impurities. If they remain all the waste obstructs the sweat and sebaceous glands, and skin blemishes are the result.

You cannot have the lovely back and blemish-free shoulders that look well in backless evening gowns unless absolutely daily cleanliness is practised. Nothing else will suffice. Creams, powder and other toilet aids can only do their bit if personal hygiene is strictly observed.

A bath brush or a massage glove should be used, for it increases the flow of perspiration. If there is gooseflesh on the backs of the arms rub it vigorously with a soaped loofah. If the water is only moderately warm there is satisfaction in lingering in it for half an hour

or so. Bath salts are not an extravagance. They soften the water and add to the pleasure of the bath, and the bath should be pleasurable if it is to be restful and refreshing.

Cold Baths

For the hardy, the cold bath is an excellent tonic. But it does not cleanse, and though a daily cold bath is taken, at least two warm ones must be taken also in the course of a week. The cold water drives the blood deep into the body and administers a shock to the nerves. Reaction should follow immediately, the blood rushing back to the surface and producing a healthy glow.

If this does not follow, then the cold bath is definitely harmful and should be given up. A stiff towelling should follow both to whip up the reaction, and also to rub off the dead scales mentioned above. The cool or cold bath should never be taken at night-time, or wakefulness is bound to follow.

Fragrant Baths

We can add a great deal to the enjoyment by making the bath fragrant. Bath salts are cheap enough, or you can buy bath cubes for 2d. that will both soften and perfume the water.

A sage and lavender bath is well worth trying, and the bag may be used for several baths. Take 2 tablespoonfuls of dried sage leaves and 1 tablespoonful of dried lavender flowers and spread in a square of butter muslin. Add a little finely grated dried orange peel, and then tie up with tape. Infuse the bag in a quart of boiling water. Allow to remain till quite cold, when squeeze out the bag and add the liquid to the bath.

Bathing for slimmness is much practised. Ordinary Epsom salts is used for the purpose, but a better idea is to use an aromatic bath salt with which sea-wrack extract is incorporated. Sea-wrack is claimed to effect a reduction through the pores. It is also strongly recommended for those who suffer from rheumatism and similar ills.

Answers to Correspondents

JOAN (Brentwood).—Keep the growth of hair fair by dabbing daily with peroxide of hydrogen.

INQUISITIVE (Purley).—To improve and darken the brows apply a little castor oil nightly with an eyebrow brush.

BRENDA (W.3).—Use Light Pompeian Bloom, white powder, and light Pompeian Lipstick.

FRECKLES (Nottingham).—You can buy a



"Don't neglect to apply astringent on your forehead in your daily cleansing and make-up" is a maxim of Florine McKimney, featured in "Beauty For Sale" directed by Richard Boleslavsky.

bleach from any chemist for the removal of summer freckles. However, some freckles of the permanent variety are most obstinate, and are best left alone.

WORRIED BROWN EYES.—Use a depilatory, observe the strictest cleanliness, and dab the underarms with a deodorant. Attend to internal hygiene. This trouble is often aggravated by faulty elimination.

OLGA (Hornchurch).—A slight down on the face is softening and becoming. Don't worry about it. Wear an uplift brassiere.

WORRIED GIRL (Ealing).—I am not surprised that your complexion has failed to improve under the water treatment, when you tell me that the water supply is from a tank and is not clean. Cease to drink it at once. Try barley water instead. It is most easily made by placing a tablespoonful of barley kernels in a jug and pouring over them one pint of boiling water. Allow to cool and strain. You may add a dash of lemon juice to improve the flavour. Barley water must be made fresh every day, and twice a day in the summer.

MISS X (S. Africa).—Don't worry, as you get a little older you will undoubtedly thin down. Girls of fifteen are often too plump. You can be most attractive by forgetting yourself and being perfectly natural. If you go out of your way to force friendships older people may resent it a little in coming from a young girl.

F. M.—Your query is answered in the article above. A selection of exercises will appear next week.

HOPEFUL (Newport).—Peroxide of hydrogen does not encourage the growth of hair. Used persistently it bleaches it and in time tends to weaken the growth. Send a stamped addressed envelope for a reply to your other query.

YOUNG DEL (Hackney).—Use the stronger astringent of 2 oz. of toilet vinegar to 4 oz. of rosewater. Write to me and enclose a stamped addressed envelope about the skin trouble. Do you really mean pimples, or water blisters? These latter often appear as a result of a cold.

K.W. (Kew).—I would suggest a good shampoo. One of the Amami varieties should meet your needs.

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M. J. MURPHY.

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the value of dainty feet



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TRAINED
AT SEA



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December 6, 1933.

A. M. Saldo.

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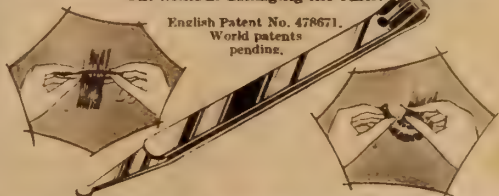


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ADD 5 POUNDS OF ALLURING CURVES

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**New Natural Mineral Concentrate
From the Sea—Free from Drugs—
Fills Out Ugly Hollows With Firm
Flesh—OR NO COST!**

Here is good news for skinny, under-weight people who can't seem to put on a pound no matter what they eat. There is a new way to add 3 lb. to 8 lb. in 12 days or it doesn't cost you a penny. Thousands of skinny, scrawny, rundown people have tried it and are amazed at this astounding new natural way to win back health and weight. Yet these results are not unusual. Doctors know how vitally necessary are natural food minerals often so woefully lacking in even the most carefully devised fresh vegetable diets. Unless your system gets the proper amount of these minerals, many of them needed in only the tiniest quantities, even the best food fails to nourish you, fails to build rich, red blood, firm flesh and sturdy muscles. This lack of mineralization results in the failure to digest starches and fats in the normal diet. It makes no difference whether your appetite is good or bad, your food is converted into poisonous wastes instead of firm flesh and tireless energy. Food specialists, however, have only recently discovered a marvellous source of practically every single mineral essential to body needs. It is known as Vikelp, a pleasant vegetable concentrate, made from a luxuriant sea plant from the Gulf Stream combined with diastatic malt extract in delicious pleasant tasting tablets. It provides in easily assimilable form iron, copper and manganese for tireless vigour and vitality, calcium and phosphorus for strong teeth and bones, sulphur for proper elimination, sodium, potassium and magnesium to correct stomach gas, acidity, and faulty metabolism.

Supplies Newer Form of Food Iodine

And most important, Vikelp is the richest known source of the newer form of food iodine, the lack of which experts in nutrition maintain is our foremost national health problem. Scientists know that the blood, liver and vital glands of the body contain definite, determined quantities of iodine which, heretofore, have been difficult to obtain. It is safe to say that 80 per cent. of the people in the British Isles fail to get enough iodine in their daily food, and 90 per cent. fail to get the natural minerals necessary to proper physical well being. To overcome this deficiency, dietitians suggest that we should all eat two plates of raw oysters—heretofore regarded as the best source of iodine—each week, to overcome this appalling iodine shortage. Yet Vikelp, this newest vegetable

concentrate, contains thirteen hundred times more food iodine than oysters! Try Vikelp for a single week. Watch your appetite improve, firm flesh appears, instead of scrawny hollows. Feel the tireless vigour and vitality it brings you. It not only improves your looks but your health as well. It corrects sour, acid stomach. Gas indigestion and all the usual distress commonly experienced by the under-nourished and the underweight disappear.

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The Picturegoer Weekly.

No. 142 (New Series), Vol. 3

Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper

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PAGE 10

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tailored trimness for the early spring is exemplified in this costume of men's worsted suiting. **13/6** monthly
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Says
LAURA LA PLANTE
The Famous Film Star

TO the huge volume of unsolicited personal letters, testifying to the incomparable health-giving value of 'Ovaltine,' is now added the following tribute from Miss Laura La Plante, the Warner Bros. star:—

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'OVALTINE'
The Supreme Beverage for Health

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IDA LUPINO

Reports from Hollywood indicate that the sixteen-year-old English actress has made a distinct impression in the film capital, and Ida is now being groomed for major stardom. Here she shows you the latest in dinner gowns—high of neckline and long of sleeves. It is of black and white chiffon.



Best wishes
to "Picturegoer"
Ida Lupino

Three more Beautiful Society Leaders

share with you their
beauty secret—POND'S

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**VISCOUNTESS TIVERTON****LADY SIBELL LYGON**

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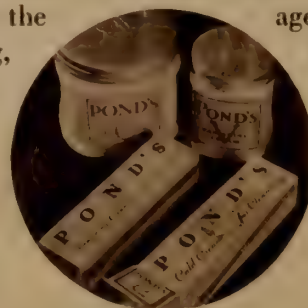
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LADY SIBELL LYGON—"And I find Pond's Vanishing Cream a sure safeguard against a weather-beaten look!"

Why not make your skin like theirs —
use the same beauty method?

First, smooth Pond's Cold Cream generously over face and neck. Massage it into the skin with a light upward movement. Let the soothing oils penetrate into the pores and float the dirt to the surface. Then gently wipe away cream and dirt with Pond's soft Cleansing Tissues. Next, pat on Pond's Skin Freshener which refines the skin. Lastly, before powdering, smooth on a film of Pond's Vanishing Cream.

Wind, cold and the dry air of over-heated rooms are constantly whipping the natural moisture out of the skin—it easily becomes rough and coarse. But Pond's Vanishing Cream contains ingredients specially chosen to check this loss of precious skin moisture and keep the skin soft. It soothes away ageing little lines and wrinkles. Heals roughness. Makes your skin so satin-smooth that powder clings for hours. As Lady Sibell Lygon says, "It holds powder perfectly."



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TO BEAUTY WITH

POND'S TWO CREAMS

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PICTUREGOER

The Screen News Magazine de Luxe

No. 142 (New Series). Vol. 3. Feb. 10, 1934.
 Editorial Offices : 93 Long Acre, W.C.2.
 Advertisement Offices : 57 Long Acre, W.C.2.
 Telephone : Temple Bar 2468.
 Telegrams : Southernwood, Rand, London.

STARS' WAR on SCANDAL

*Strong Move to Stop Gossip—
 Studio Support—Extra Girl As-
 sails a Legend—De Mille's Super
 Bath Tub—And Claudette Col-
 bert's In It—Return to 1914 Styles
 Predicted—"Pride and Preju-
 dice" for Screen—Four-year-old
 Infant Prodigy.*

SO another Hollywood headline romance has gone on the rocks and Lupe Velez and Johnny Weissmuller are parting company amid yet another public chorus of cynicisms about the emotional recklessness of film stars.

Well, perhaps the incident will at least start a screen colony superstition that it is bad luck to be married secretly in order to give a favourite newspaper reporter a scoop.

Almost simultaneously comes the interesting story that the stars are quietly organising to fight "love life" scandal. The studios are reported to be throwing the full weight of their vast financial resources and influence into the battle on the side of their players.

Libel Suits

Hollywood's highly paid lawyers who already know the divorce section backwards, forwards, full-stops and commas, are now busy at their law books sweating up the somewhat liberal and ambiguous American laws of libel and slander in preparation for a rush season.

The fight, we are assured, is on.

Constance Bennett is hailed as one of the leaders of the stellar forces. Connie recently caused some alarm in columnist circles by lashing out with libel suits challenging the report that she and her Marquis were contemplating a divorce.

Bebe Daniels carried on the good work by silencing with legal proceedings a gossip writer's rumour that she was expecting a "blessed event."

Very Interesting

Mr. Carl A. Sturzmacker, a well-known Los Angeles judge, has been called in to investigate the legal aspects of filmland's case against the scandal-mongers and many other well-known victims of maliciously false gossip are stated to be joining the movement.

All of which is very interesting, of course. One can sympathise a great deal with stars like Miss Bennett and Miss Daniels, whose private life conduct in the film colony has been above reproach, but so long as romance is allowed to remain Hollywood's greatest publicity "racket" both the studios and the majority of the so-called victims of gossips can hardly expect the public to come rushing in with sympathy and support.

Romance and Business

The creed that romance is good for business has become so much a part of Hollywood life that even the judges brawl on their benches over the privilege of trying cases in which headline names are involved.

And the local clergy, according to *Variety*, recently had to "launch a cut-rate marriage war in an endeavour to stem the tide of elopements among the film mob."

The report throws some interesting sidelights on to the extent of the racket.

"The parsons," it goes on to say, "are disturbed because so many of the picture names are doing their knot-tying in secret and out of town, thus denying the clergymen their publicity breaks in the dailies."

"Ministers are offering to cut prices not so much for the dough but because they figure they need the press blurbs for themselves and their churches. There has always been keen competition among the parsons for such a marrying job because it meant a break in the news columns and a possible pay cheque at the studios for parsoning to the celluloid."

"Clergymen are watching the papers closer than ever for news of engagements, pending marriages and chattering tip-offs. Once it is spotted that a film celeb. is about to take the marital step the

solicitation for the harnessing job goes on."

A Happy Extra

Yet another of filmland's most cherished legends, the one about the little extra girl who haunts picture sets waiting for a director's glance to light on her, has been assailed by a matter-of-fact young red-head named Lynn Kelley, who likes her job as a crowd player.

"Sure," she told PICTUREGOER's representative, "we'd all like to be stars, driving big cars and swimming in our private pools instead of at the beach, but it isn't ambition particularly that keeps us calling the casting directors. It's because extra work is a good way to make a living."

"I've been working in pictures for four years. In that time I've averaged about four days a week, making from £1 to £2 a day in the studios. I earn about £5 to £6 a week, have a fairly amusing

(Continued on page 8)



It is widely rumoured in the film world that plans will be made to "team" Katharine Hepburn and George Cukor in a number of other films.

"He is the most wonderful director of them all," Katharine has gone on record as saying. "I want him for all my pictures."

A New Infant Prodigy

Lew Brown, the producer, who lays claim to the discovery of Jackie Cooper, believes that he has found another "child wonder" in Shirley Temple, a golden-haired, four-year-old girl who makes her debut in the new *Fox Follies*.

He chose her from two hundred juvenile screen aspirants.

As a result of a try-out she was signed immediately to lead an elaborate revue number in the *Follies* which will boast twenty-four stars.

Subsequently, a song was written for her to sing with John Boles, Aunt Jemima and Sylvia Froos.

A long-term contract was awarded her when Winfield Sheehan saw the rushes. The Fox executive, convinced that he had a legitimate find in the child, placed her on the studio's permanent pay roll.

Beyond a few instructions in dancing, she has had no professional coaching.

Her singing voice, we are informed, she developed by apeing the radio voices of Bing Crosby, Rudy Vallee and other ether crooners!

Blonde v. Brunette

The *Fox Follies* is also responsible for the profound discovery that blondes have bigger feet than brunettes.

This scientific note is the outcome of an interesting and novel experiment made with more than three hundred show girls currently working in three musical pictures at Movietone City.

Fitting shoes for more than a hundred girls used in *Fox Follies* proved that blondes—real ones—wear shoes a full size larger than brunettes.

While the blondes wear larger shoes, the brunettes have offsetting qualities. The average brunette is not so tall as her fair-haired sister, she has a slimmer waistline—and, if this is an advantage, she can boast of more finely modelled legs.

On the whole, the blondes have finer complexions, which ought to solace them for that extra foot size.

These figures were arrived at by the Fox Film costing department and, according to the publicity boys, "give the scientific world the first authentic physical contrast between blondes and brunettes."

Those young ladies who appeared with dyed hair were classed according to their natural colouring, and because there were only two red-heads in the group of three hundred, Titians were excluded in the count.

Comedy Teams Co-starred

The most hectic contribution to the current "all star" comedy vogue comes from Radio.

It is described as the "first motion picture to co-star two teams of comedy stars."

The plan is to link the famous teams of Wheeler and Woolsey and Zasu Pitts and Thelma Todd in one production, as yet untitled.

Dorothy Lee, who has played in nearly every picture in which Wheeler and Woolsey have appeared, will make the fifth member of the team of funsters.

Beyond the fact that it will be laid in England at the time of Henry VIII, no details of the film are yet available.

"With two pairs of comedians and comedienness competing for top honours, it is reasonable to predict that something unusual in the way of a comedy hit will be produced," declares the publicity announcement.

"Hit" seems to be the *mot juste*, if the notorious reputation of comedians for temperament is upheld.

Hugh Williams in Hollywood

Hugh Williams, the young British actor who was recently signed by the Fox studio, is to make his Hollywood debut in the leading male role in *All Men Are Enemies*, a screen adaptation of the Richard Aldington "best seller."

The production is to be made on ambitious lines, it is stated, with George Fitzmaurice, who was

People contains the biggest bathroom scene yet filmed for a De Mille production.

"I found it myself—it is a natural waterfall in which Miss Colbert performs her ablutions most effectively."

No Beauty in Hollywood

Mr. De Mille, who, after the usual search has chosen our own Harry Wilcoxon as Marc Anthony for his *Cleopatra*, has, after twenty years, made the somewhat alarming discovery that beauty is scarce in Hollywood.

"It is said that there are more beautiful girls and handsome men in Hollywood than in any area of its size, but the majority of them are just ordinarily 'pretty,'" he declares.

"There are few startling beauties either in the studios or along the boulevards. The girls and boys who go to the Coast with their looks as an only asset quickly find

that while they may be a sensation in the old home town, they are one of thousands in Hollywood.

"On every hand beauty is presented for my inspection, but it is always on the surface—really skin-deep."

Back to Pre-War Styles

These film fashion predictions are beginning to overwhelm me. The most alarming yet to hand comes from Travis Banton, who dresses the Paramount stars, and now expresses the threat that a return to the "romantic" pre-war vogue is imminent.

He believes that the modes of 1912 to 1914 offer more flattering elegance to the feminine figure than any other creations in the history of fashion.

Carole Lombard will make the bid to introduce the new-old fashion in *Bolevo*.

Jane Austen Epic for Screen

The Radio studio is busy looking for a successor to *Little Women* and as a result it seems likely that the current cycle of wholesome and profitable sentiment will be swelled by the addition of a screen version of Jane Austen's *Pride and Prejudice*.

At any rate, I have already had shoals of anguished letters from fans protesting against another English classic being allowed to go to Hollywood to be made.

Little Women, by the way, seems likely to have seen the birth of an interesting new star-director combination.

Gary Cooper, Anna Sten on the "Nana" set at the United Artists studio.

Top: Jeanette MacDonald studies constantly between pictures to improve her voice. Here she is at the piano in her Hollywood home.

(Continued from page 7)

time while I'm working and plenty of spare time for recreation.

"If I didn't work extra, I'd be standing on my feet all day behind a counter or bending over a typewriter eight hours a day for about £3 to £4 a week."

I might, however, remind readers who might be tempted to rush away from their counters and typewriters to the nearest studio that the statistics show that only a handful of extras earn anything like £6 a week.

De Mille's Supreme Bath Tub

I was unaware when I dropped my little open letter to Claudette Colbert last week that Cecil B. de Mille regarded the bath-tub scene in the new *Four Frightened People* as the crowning glory of his contributions to bath-tub art.

"My previous productions," he reports, "have been characterised by lavish bathroom scenes."

"I am happy to state that *Four Frightened*

responsible for some of the most popular Garbo pictures, directing.

Helen Twelvetrees will be Williams' leading lady.

Mona Barrie, also from England, will have the other important feminine lead.

U.S. Sees "Henry"

The *Private Life of Henry VIII* has had at least one interrupted performance in America.

It occurred when a crowd of college students went to see the film at a Californian cinema.

There is, according to the story, an unwritten rule among them that no wisecrack is allowed unless it is really funny.

The lads were much impressed with the picture and were very quiet until Henry started pacing up and down, awaiting the execution of Ann Boleyn.

A cannon announces that Ann has lost her head. Boom! went the cannon. One youngster started singing at the top of his voice, "Annie Doesn't Live Here Any More." And that broke up the audience.

Short Shots

Charlotte ("Alice") Henry is to play the title rôle in a film version of *Cinderella*—Jimmy Durante bought a palatial estate in the Hollywood hills and found it so quiet that he sold it at a loss and moved back into the noisiest hotel in town—James Cagney wears a moustache in *Lady Killer*—and Sylvia Sydney does a sensational oriental dance in *Good Dame*—George Bancroft is back at the Paramount lot to star in a picture based on the life of *Diamond Jim Brady*—Word comes from Hollywood that Bing Crosby's baby cries whenever the fond father tries to croon to him—Buster Crabbe is being mentioned as a likely leading man for *Mae West in It Ain't No Sin*—Evalyn Venable, who scored a success in *Cradle Song*, is to have the feminine lead in Will Rogers' *David Harum*—June Knight has been arrested for speeding three times in the past few months—Jack Oakie, George Raft, Richard Arlen and Gary Cooper never need make-up.

A preview glimpse of Eddie Cantor's new picture, "Roman Scandals." The comedian is coming to London for the premiere.

Fantastic Cycle

The "fantastic" film cycle is getting well under way. *Son of Kong* is due here soon. We are promised *A Trip to Mars* and the H. G. Wells British film of the future which will probably be titled *Whither*, shortly.

An interesting new contribution to the series from Hollywood is announced this week under the title of *The Land that Time Forgot*.

It is being produced by Stacy Woodard, the creator of many important scientific films. It will deal with the intriguing theme of a battle for existence between man and insects of elephantine proportions.

Camera Invention

The Land that Time Forgot will differ from previous films of its kind in that the false mechanical or "stop camera" action formerly employed will not be used in chronicling the movements of the monsters, but, instead, ants, bees, bugs and reptiles will be photographed through Mr. Woodard's kinematic microscope and, as with all trick photography, the action of people will be matched and superimposed on the film.

The producer has invented a special microscopic camera which, incidentally, weighs two tons.

Insect Stars

Lon Young, a film executive, has written an original story for him which is set in a country in which insects assume huge proportions and men are dwarfed in comparison.

The world has been scoured for unusual insects to "star" in the production.

The microscopic camera device, it occurs to me, however, should be ideal for the filming of Mr. Wells' *Food of the Gods*, a subject I have always wanted to see tackled by the screen.

Jackie Cooper's Next

There is, I hear, a possibility that Jackie Cooper may make *Peck's Bad Boy* as his next picture. The film was one of Jackie Coogan's big successes as a silent over a decade ago.

The future of Jackie Cooper must be causing his sponsors some concern. His recent appearances have not caused any hysteria among the critics and the public.

In *The Bowery*, particularly, it was noticeable that the old naturalness had been replaced by a pouting precocity and that his acting had become mannerised and studio-stereotyped.

Peck's Bad Boy, however, may serve to rescue him from "going Hollywood" before it is too late.

This Week's Profound Thoughts

I'm not living my life for Hollywood publicity and I never will.—Katharine Hepburn.

It is not how old you are, but how you are old.—Marie Dressler.

I've learned to be afraid of women.—George Raft.

A screen player has to have inspiration from the women with whom he works and you'd be surprised how little there is of that floating round the studios.—Gary Cooper.

Ambition is the cause of all Hollywood divorces.—Ernst Lubitsch.

I always obey my own impulses, my own instincts, my own desires.—Clara Bow.

Sometimes I wish I were temperamental.—Norma Shearer.

Art is the bunk.—Rochelle Hudson.

Kinema Couplets

This week's half-guinea prize is awarded to Miss B. Hobbs, The Woodlands Farm, Dewdeswell, Cheltenham, Glos., for the following cynical observation:—

Accidents Wanted The Doctor's Secret

Prizes of half a crown each are awarded to:—Miss Eileen Hewlett, 11 Cambridge Road, The Avenue, Southampton, for:—

The Stronger Sex My Weakness

Miss J. E. Copland, Charnwood, Richmond Road, Headingley, Leeds, for:—

Alice in Wonderland Going Hollywood

Miss R. Smith, 12 Scotland Road, Melksham, Wiltshire, for:—

The Narrow Corner X Marks the Spot

Miss D. Bashford, 10A Topland Road, Elm Grove, Brighton, for:—

Eight Girls in a Boat Sailor Be Good

May I remind readers that there are no rules to this competition other than that all attempts—as many as you like—must be submitted on a postcard and addressed to me, c/o PICTUREGOER WEEKLY, 93, Long Acre, W.C.2. I would again reiterate that envelopes will not be opened.

MALCOLM D. PHILLIPS.



NO star started out in pictures with more physical handicaps than the Canadian actress who has become one of the most perfectly groomed and beautiful women on the screen.

In this interview she frankly and courageously tells you how she overcame those handicaps and shows you how you can do the same.

by Maude LATHEM

NORMA SHEARER'S PERSONAL REVELATIONS

FOR several years all of us in Hollywood have known what terrific handicaps Norma Shearer has had. We have known that Norma was not always the beautiful, radiant, glamorous woman you now see on the screen. Her muscular legs and upper arms, her long neck, her crooked teeth, and the cast in her eye—yes, really!—were things we who know the stars so well had whispered about.

But, of course, it never occurred to any of us that she, herself, would ever talk about these handicaps.

Stars are supposed to be perfect. They cringe when their defects are even hinted at. It's supposed to be bad business. Therefore, I want to say that Norma proved herself the courageous, honest, fine person she is when she frankly discussed these things with me.

My hat's off to her, for she has talked for what I think is a noble reason. She has talked to me, told me things that editors have said for years it would be impossible to get her to admit, for one reason only.

Because I told her that if she allowed me to write about the struggles she has had, with her handicaps and the marvellous way in which she has overcome them, it would inspire others, would show the thousands of women readers of PICTUREGOER that one should not be discouraged by physical defects and that they can be overcome.

She was anxious that, in quoting her, I did not make her sound sure of herself. She is not sure of herself, not setting herself up as a perfect example by any manner of means. Merely this—she started out in pictures with more physical defects than almost any star has had. She has overcome them with courage and fortitude and, because I think her story told in her own words is a beautiful message of hope, I am going to pass it on to you.

Spectacular as this story is, it is printed, I assure you, for one reason only—because it is an inspirational document. Norma would not have talked thus to be sensational. She has told the truth about herself at last because I said that you and you and you would be encouraged in your own daily struggles by it.

So this is Norma's story:—

"I don't mind at all talking about the kind of fight I have had, if it will help anybody else with their problems.

"The biggest trouble I have had is that I was an athletic girl. Most English girls are. I came from Canada and I had a brother who thought it was fine for me to match my physical strength against his, and I was proud of the muscles I developed.

"I played tennis like a fiend. I golfed and walked and ran and skated and swam, which gave me a pair of biceps a prize-fighter might have looked at with envy and the muscles of my legs were all out of proportion.

"In addition to this, I am fairly tall. When I decided to try my luck at pictures I hadn't the remotest idea of what was ahead of me. Of course, I knew I was not beautiful, but I thought then—and I think now—that that indefinable something which we call charm is so much more important than mere beauty. I thought maybe

I could cultivate charm.

"When I got one look at my first screen test, I discovered as ungainly a sight as you can imagine. It was not so much that the features of my face were magnified into something terrible.

"There was nothing special about the face one way or another. Of course, it wasn't a stylish face, but I hoped by and by the screen would use more than one type of face—which they now do.

"But my figure and walk! I, being the athletic type, love the long stride and easy walk of the athlete, but for a girl who might aspire to ingénue rôles on the screen then, this was out. I wouldn't advise any girl to do strenuous athletics while in her teens, if she plans a screen career later. Of course, if you mean to be an eccentric dancer like Charlotte Greenwood or if you are born with the glamour of a Garbo, that is okay. But I didn't come under either head.

"I simply had a muscular figure and an ungainly walk—on the screen!

"You may think dieting to reduce weight is pretty bad, and I agree with you; but it is nothing compared to trying to get rid of muscles and at the same time to eat a sufficient amount of tissue-building foods so that your resistance and vitality are not lowered.

"This was one of the greatest battles of my life. There were days when I thought I simply could not go on; days when I thought no goal would be worth the fight. Of course, there was never a moment when I was not conscious of gnawing pangs of hunger, but, in addition to this, I could take no exercise except the simplest stretching movements about ten minutes in the morning. I, who had walked miles every day of my life!

"It seemed as if my arms and legs would atrophy from disuse. But I did keep on. If I meant to be a picture player, I must go on.

"When the muscles of my legs were shown at the wrong angle, a storm of criticism followed. You have read the criticisms about my ugly legs, haven't you?"

We were stretched out on the sand by her swimming pool. I turned to look at her in her vivid yellow and blue bathing suit and it occurred to me that I had never seen a lovelier pair of legs than those belonging to Norma Shearer.

"So many of my scenes," she continued, "were ruined because I forgot to cross my legs properly or place them in the right position to hide the muscles from the camera.

"This was no easy task, because sometimes dresses were short and anyway it was hard always to think about your legs.

"I would tell the director I didn't think I had done my best with a scene, and ask to be allowed to take it over.

"In reality, I remembered that the legs had probably ruined the scene. Of course, every time there was a chance to wear a longer dress in a scene, I did so.

"My upper arms were large enough to the naked eye, but you should have seen what the camera did to them! I always planned dresses that had a portion of a sleeve so the upper arm would be covered.

"I was so sensitive I didn't want to talk to the wardrobe woman about it. I would say I didn't like the colour of the dress, or the texture, or make any criticism, while I was hastily looking

over everything else in the wardrobe (then I was not a star and took what the wardrobe had) until my eye lighted on one with sleeves or half sleeves. I always begged for that one, no matter what the cut of it was. The wardrobe woman must have known, but she never said a word.

"It was three years before those muscles in my arms and legs actually gave way. Three years of almost starvation and inactivity. I had begun to think I would give way before the muscles did.

"Then as the muscles softened, they had to be gently massaged so they wouldn't sag. After all these years of struggle you can imagine what a thrill it gives me when someone I meet for the first time says: 'My, how small you are. I never dreamed you were so tiny.'

"Another great battle I had with my teeth. As I grew up, I took good care of my teeth and it didn't disturb me that the two little ones on either side of my front teeth were somewhat irregular. In fact, in real life I rather like a slight irregularity in the teeth, similar to Marilyn Miller's. I think it gives one personality. But when I saw myself on the screen I knew what had to be done. The other teeth had to be pulled back so these smaller teeth could fit perfectly into their rightful places.

"You know the kind of braces children sometimes have to wear to adjust their teeth—oh, if only I'd worn braces when I was a child! I was about twenty when I began.

"When you can wear the braces continuously, as the dentists always insist that children do, the pain becomes almost negligible after a few days, for putting in the brace is what causes the hurt. But in my case, I couldn't wear the brace during the day because of working or trying to get work. I could only put them on at night which meant, while I did not lose all the effect during the day, each night the pain was as great as the first night I put the brace on. As I look back now, I know only youth and a good constitution would get one through that.

"Just imagine putting your head on a pillow and making yourself sleep, with a throbbing toothache every night of your life.

"I started the dental work in New York and came to Hollywood and had a fearful experience. There weren't so many dentists familiar with orthodontia then, as now, and the man to whom I went put braces on my teeth that just reversed the process. The teeth were actually drawn back together as they were in the first place!

"When I sat in the projection-room one day, looking at some rushes and saw some peculiar shadows cast across my front teeth which made them look as if they were out, I was frantic. I could endure anything while I was getting results, but when I discovered that all my suffering had been for nothing, I was half crazy.

"Eventually, I found a marvellous orthodontist, who gave me proper braces; but so much harm had been done by that time that I had to wear a brace on the lower teeth as well in order to get the best results.

"Eight long years it took me to gain a semblance of regularity. Eight years of terrific pain every night, because the braces had to be removed when I was working!

"But this is just a part of the struggle. I have



Two earlier studies of Norma Shearer and as she is to-day, with her husband, Irving Thalberg.

mind the action of each scene, the emotion that had made the cast show. She discovered it was definitely the effect of an unusual emotion.

She had the cast when she did a heavy dramatic scene, she had it when she was angry, she had it when she was excited.

"Then I knew," she told me, "that I had to control that cast by my own thoughts. And I began to do just that. But just try it if you want a really tough job."

"Now I verily believe you can change the entire expression of your face by the way you think. But the deliberate effort sincerely to feel a part and yet keep the cast out of my eye was an undertaking that almost conquered me."

"You see, I had to try to give reality to my scenes and yet keep myself from getting worked up to the pitch of the emotion that would show up the cast."

"You can know how happy I am that it does not appear any more whether I am on or off the screen."

"You see what I had to fight with—the muscular arms and legs, the cast in my eye, and the irregular teeth, but nothing was worse than my self-consciousness! Of course, I will never lose all of this, for I think fear motivates most lives."

"As soon as I finish a picture I begin to feel afraid that it is not so good as it should be, that my work might have been better and my mind goes running on to how I can improve my scenes in my next picture. You're always straining, always reaching ahead toward the things you haven't attained."

"Motion-picture success is like a woman a man loves and never possesses. It is uncertain, always dancing ahead of you with new allure, making you afraid you may be dropped from the race. I am glad I am still afraid. A person who feels sure grows contented, then indolent, then careless."

"Besides, cocksureness doesn't make people love you, and I would far rather be loved than have my work perfect."

"But I have overcome my self-consciousness (another phase of fear) in a measure. I did it purely by interesting myself in other people. When you enter a room, if you can just put out of your mind the thought that everyone is looking at you; if you can yourself look directly at someone else in the room, admire her dress, her hair, her hands—or anything; if you can just do this, it will do more toward taking your thoughts off yourself than anything else. In a scene one can, of course, enter so into the character to be played that self slips aside."

"There may be people who feel sure of themselves; there may be people who know from the beginning that they are going to do great things, but I never did."

"I hoped by the grace of God that I would make the grade, but obstacles invariably seemed almost too much for me. If I have succeeded in a measure I hope this knowledge helps others."

NEXT WEEK

Continuing our series of open letters to the famous stars, Malcolm D. Phillips writes in an outspoken manner to Jean Harlow, who, from being just a "platinum blonde" has developed into a brilliant actress.

a funny, long neck. At one time, photographers said that kind of neck and shoulders indicated youth. What I saw my neck look like on the screen was enough to make one jump into the river.

"Every time I had an emotional scene (I will never get over feeling my scenes) I found myself becoming so tense that the muscles on my neck became taut and stood out like whipcord."

"So that was just one thing more for me to labour over. I wonder that I ever did work that got by on the screen when I had so many physical handicaps to think about. Not only did I have to learn how to relax my body before each scene, but I had to take every kind of neck exercise to relax it and keep it relaxed when the scenes were made. Eventually, I learned how to do this."

"And why didn't you ask me about the cast in

my eye? You knew I definitely had one, didn't you?"

I nodded, for too many times this had been visible on the screen and off and I had wondered how on earth she had managed to conceal it as well as she did. I knew she could not always be photographed so that it would not show, and yet as I looked at her it was not there—I could not detect it.

I imagine a girl trying to be a picture star with a cast in one eye! I'm afraid that I should have given up and admitted that there was something with which I could not cope. But Norma did no such thing. She assembled every film scene where the cast had photographed unusually vividly. She ran these films over and over again in the projection-room all by herself, pondering in her

Through Our Lens



Claire Trevor, the Fox player, introduces this suit of navy blue wool, the coat of which has a double-breasted panel effect, high-lighted with dull silver buttons. The ends of the cowboy scarf, which is of satin, are drawn through slits in the coat.



In conference! Jane Loring, one of filmland's most famous feminine cutters, Marion Gering, the director, and Sylvia Sidney, the star of the production, get together to discuss "Good Dame."



"You're going to be a star, like Jessie," said Director Victor Saville to Constance Godridge, the new Gaumont-British baby star from Coventry, when he introduced her to Miss Matthews between scenes for "Evergreen."



Vince Barnett, Hollywood's professional insulter, turns great lover in "Where's Elmer?" The girl is Gertrude Short.



Kay Francis was putting the final touch to her make-up for the concluding scene when the Lens man looked in on the "Mandalay" set at Burbank.

PHIL LONERGAN SENDS IT HOT FROM HOLLYWOOD

LILIAN HARVEY TO RETIRE?

Reported Plan to Marry—Ann Harding "Rescued"—"Temperament" in New Jolson Picture—Dorothy Mackaill's Separation—George Raft's Unlucky Night

THE future of Lilian Harvey, who recently refused to appear in George White's *Scandals*, and brought a suit to prevent Fox from "doubling" her voice in French and German versions of her films, is giving rise to much speculation in the film colony.

The star now announces her intention to marry shortly and have a baby.

The little actress declares that she has ordered a nursery to be added to her home in Berlin.

Lilian is a great success in the films, and her retirement would be a great blow to the public.

Past experience has taught us to understand that when stars say "Yes" they often mean "No," and *vice versa*. Hollywood hopes that Lilian will forget about marriage and a baby for the time being.

A Kindly Farmer

Ann Harding is singing the praises of a good Samaritan who befriended her a few weeks ago.

The star, accompanied by a woman friend, was driving through a lonely section of the country when a rainstorm caused her car to be stuck in the mud. They sought refuge in a farmhouse, where the farmer and his wife provided them with food and dry clothes, harnessed a team and extricated the automobile.

Incidentally, the countryman did not know who his guests were, nor would he accept any remuneration for his services.

Southern California farmers, like everything else in that section of the world, are unusual.

Jealous Stars

Placing a galaxy of film favourites in the same picture has usually worked out rather harmoniously, but *Wonder Bar* is another matter.

Al Jolson starred in this film on the stage and, when the Warner studio secured him for his former role, the officials decided that it would be a bright idea to make the affair all-star, so placed Kay Francis, Dolores Del Rio, Dick Powell, and Ricardo Cortez in the cast.

In view of Jolson's domination of the original, the present situation has given rise to some awkward moments.

"The Dove of Peace" is not doing much hovering over Hollywood, at least so far as *Wonder Bar* is concerned!

Private Numbers

Our stars have their troubles when they forget their private telephone numbers, which are frequently changed when they get into the possession of those who would intrude upon their privacy.

Joel McCrea was a victim, when he forgot his telephone address, and the same bad luck befell Bing Crosby. However, it is said that "Bing" "crooned" so appealingly over the 'phone, singing snatches of his song hits, that the telephone girl "plugged" him in!

A Star's Son

Jack Holt has a sturdy boy, who is much like his father. Although the youth is only fourteen, he has the stature of a man, and will soon be as tall as his father, a six-footer.

The actor and his son live on a ranch in Santa Monica Canyon, where Charles Holt, jun., rides and plays polo.

Despite his youth, the boy has won a place in the football team at the Beverly Hills High

School, where the athletes' ages usually range from sixteen to eighteen.

Possibly, in the not distant future, we shall see another western star in the person of Jack Holt's son and heir.

Another Separation

Dorothy Mackaill admits that she and her husband, Neil Miller, have separated.

The two appeared to be devoted to one another, but it is merely an instance of the tendency of the movies to separate men and their wives. Miller has a very fine voice, and we all hoped that he would win a place in the musicals. Unfortunately, he failed to "click," so the future looked dark for marital happiness.

Dorothy was married once before, to Lothar Mendes, director, but the union with Miller appeared to be ideal. They met in glamorous Hawaii and, for a time, were madly in love.

What Happened to Dane

Only a few years ago, George K. Arthur and Karl Dane were teamed as comedy stars for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

The talkies broke up the combination. Arthur, a clever English actor, was able to weather the storm. He produced plays at the Music Box and Playhouse, is still putting them on at the latter theatre and, in consequence, is as busy as ever at the studios.

Poor Dane, who did not have a stage background, drifted into obscurity. At last accounts he was selling sandwiches at a small shop in an outlying section of Los Angeles.

Curiously enough, before Dane obtained film fame, he was employed as a mechanic by my cousin, Frank Hamilton Spearman, the British novelist.

So the movie cycle brings Karl Dane back to where he started before he entered pictures!

Dane is a fine actor, and here's hoping he will win his way back to film stardom.

His Wife Returns

Leo Carillo, whom Hollywood has always considered a bachelor, is happy, for his wife, a once confirmed New Yorker, has joined him, and is now the chatelaine of the actor's handsome Spanish hacienda.

In the near future the Carillos, who have been married twenty years, plan a trip to Honolulu, which will be a second honeymoon.

The couple have an adopted daughter, who has entered a local high school, preparatory to entering college.

The Good Old Jinx

George Raft had "Old Man Bad Luck" hovering over him during an evening not long ago.

The famous actor slipped on the ballroom floor in the Cocoanut Grove at the Ambassador and fractured a bone in his ankle. Friends took him to the drive to put him in his car, and discovered that it had disappeared. So they put him in a taxi and took him to his home.

George's car was later found where it had crashed into a telephone pole. Someone had taken the car for a joy-ride, but who it was no one seems to know.

The Cost of Repeal

The nullification of the Eighteenth Amendment has completely destroyed one of the most lucrative businesses in Hollywood.

Harry Frink, who has a collection of many thousands of real liquor bottles, announces that Paramount's *No More Women*, starring Edmund



Summer brilliance for 1934 is the vivid green and white forecast of this abbreviated costume. Worn here by June Vlasak, the suit consists of tie-on brassiere and tie-on trunks.

Lowe and Victor McLaglen, is the last to which he will rent his bottles.

He will go into the general property business. "The bottles cost me \$8,000, as many had to be purchased with their contents," Frink told me. "During the eleven years I was in this business I lent bottles for one dollar a day each, taking in a total of \$263,000."

The Right Reply

Charlie Ruggles was entertaining a friend a few nights ago. Finally the guest started for the door, saying that he must go home.

"Oh, don't go yet," remarked Charlie. "Have a chair and another drink."

The friend considered this carefully, then said: "I've got a chair at home, but I'll take the drink!"

A $\frac{1}{4}$ LB. BLOCK OF CADBURY'S MILK CHOCOLATE



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PUTTING MARRIAGE *before a* CAREER

by Carlisle JONES

THE partnership of Al Jolson and Ruby Keeler is one romance that will not crash on the rocks of professional jealousy that have wrecked so many Hollywood marriages. This revealing article tells you why.

IT took more than four years for Ruby Keeler to screw her courage up to the point where she would accept an offer to appear in pictures. It may take as many more before she decides, or Al Jolson, her husband, decides, or both decide to appear in a picture together.

For four years Ruby turned a deaf ear to all producers. She must have had a dozen interesting and important offers. She toyed with them, but never seriously considered accepting any of them. Several offers were for her to play leading roles in pictures opposite her husband. Those she turned down a little quicker than she refused the others.

She thought then that it would never do for them both to work together in one picture. Their marriage was new and she was more interested in making that a success than a career.

She still is. Those who are close to the little Irish girl with the dancing feet and the unaffected ways know that she would throw her picture career away like an empty shoe box if Al Jolson asked her.

Most of them know also that in all probability Al will never ask her. He is so honestly and genuinely proud of Ruby that her success has almost caused him to neglect his own career.

"Call me Ruby Keeler's husband," he grinned at his friends the first few days after his return to Hollywood. "She's the star of our family."

Ruby, of course, would be the first to deny any such distinction.

"Al never tried to persuade me either to make pictures or not to make them," Ruby declares. "But most of my offers were to appear in a production with Al and I knew that would never do. He was too nervous and I was too scared. I didn't want him to be worrying about both of us."

Ruby had learned, soon after she came to Hollywood as a bride, that her presence on a set where Al was working made her famous husband distinctly nervous and uneasy. Once she found



this out, she never appeared at the studio during working hours again, except to call for Al at the end of the day.

Al showed his appreciation of her consideration by staying away from the studio where Ruby started out independently on her own career, during the filming of *42nd Street*, *Gold Diggers of 1933* and *Footlight Parade*.

"Al has been sweet about it," explains Ruby. "He had never once interfered with my plans. He has never offered me advice about picture work or done anything that could possibly upset me."

"He let me learn about pictures in my own way. It was the best plan. Only—only I was so scared. You see I had hardly been inside a studio for ever so many years."

Just now Jolson is working on *Wonder Bar* for First National, with Dolores Del Rio, Kay Francis, Merna Kennedy, Ricardo Cortez, Dick Powell, Glenda Farrell and lots of other stars—but Ruby Keeler's name is not among them. The

Al Jolson and Ruby Keeler, one of Hollywood's most devoted couples. They have never appeared in a picture together and it is unlikely that they ever will.

two careers are still being kept strictly separate.

It appears now that Ruby's four or five years of indecision about pictures merely whetted the public appetite for her appearance. Her initial success in *42nd Street* was so overwhelming that the mere suggestion that she might refuse to make other pictures, might go back to the business of being merely Mrs. Al Jolson, had both the producers and the exhibitors in a panic.

Footlight Parade, her third picture, finds Ruby Keeler firmly entrenched in public opinion as a star. Eight short months ago neither Ruby nor Al dreamed that such a thing was possible.

Al and Ruby attended the Hollywood premiere of *Footlight Parade*. Both of them had seen the picture before. Perhaps they will have time to think back on those years when Al was the star of the family and when Ruby Keeler was just Mrs. Al Jolson to most of the motion picture world.

And perhaps the memory of those other premieres and the thrill of this new one, will lead eventually to an interesting announcement, a promise that Al and Ruby Keeler Jolson will be co-starred in some future picture.

Perhaps. And again, perhaps not.

NEXT WEEK—

Who is the finest actress in British films? Many sound critics unhesitatingly answer "Flora Robson."

Next Week "Picturegoer" gives you a new sidelight on the art and personality of a great artiste, who is not so well known to film fans as she should be.

PRE-VIEWS OF THE LATEST FILMS

LOVE AMONG the ESKIMOS

PICTURES like *Mala the Magnificent* demonstrate what a wide scope there is for those who, like W. S. van Dyke, will leave the confines of the studios and go to endless trouble to bring to us the lives and customs of little-known people embodied in a screen story.

I am not going into the difficulties which beset the director of *White Shadows in the South Seas* and *Trader Horn*, and Peter Freuchen, the author of the book on which this film is based, in Alaska because the latter wrote an interesting article on that subject in our issue of January 13.

The results fully justify the nine months they spent on location and the further eight months of editing and re-taking in the studio.

It is a simple story of an Eskimo's love played against the magnificently picturesque background of the Arctic regions. It rings true, and there is a wealth of sincerity in the characterisations.

I cannot, however, say that one is deeply moved by the dramatic qualities of the play; there are so many conflicting interests such as scenic qualities and the actual customs and lives of the people concerned that the plot is rather swamped.

It tends to be rather sombre in its outlook, but as a whole I found it well worth while seeing and I recommend it to you as a refreshing change from the ordinary run of pictures.

The story deals with an Eskimo, Mala, a mighty hunter, whose wife is seduced by the skipper of a trading vessel, and later shot in mistake for a seal, as she lies heartbroken on an ice hummock in her sealskin coat.

Mala takes his revenge by harpooning the seducer and returning to his own village, where to ease his spirit he changes his name and later takes two other wives offered him by a sympathetic friend.

The Eskimos apparently have raised hospitality to the *n*th degree!

Then comes tragedy, for the sergeant of a newly established North West Mounted Police post starts off to bring Mala to justice.

When he finds him he realises what a fine man he is, but he has to do his duty and so, by a subterfuge, gets his prisoner to the post, a willing captive.

However, Mala learns that he is in danger of being hanged, and also that the people in his village are starving, so he breaks gaol and treks home. A terrible journey this, in which he has to eat all the dogs in his sleigh team, and arrives exhausted.

Closely on his heels comes the sergeant, but rather than die in any other way than as a hunter, Mala, taking his wife with him, jumps on a drifting ice floe.

The sergeant waves him farewell, and, as he jubilantly says to his companion, the floe is being blown across the inlet, and the pair will not perish. He has done his duty to the best of his ability, but here was one case in which he was glad that he had failed.

The character of Mala is excellently drawn, and the native actor plays with a fine sense of naturalness and sincerity. Equally good is the wife, and, indeed, the whole cast of natives appears quite unconscious of the camera.

The roles of the seducer is well presented by Peter Freuchen, the author, while the N.W.M.P. sergeant is portrayed exceedingly well by W. S. van Dyke.

The picture is a full talkie. When Eskimo is spoken sub-titles are used, but later when white men appear on the scene they are discarded.

The picture gives a fine idea of the country and the life of the natives. There are some wonderful shots of Mala and his companions hunting walrus, and a remarkable sequence of the chase of a huge herd of caribou which take

to the water, where some are harpooned for food.

The capture of a polar bear, too, proves vivid and exciting, while Mala's harpooning of a whale proves even more thrilling than a similar scene in *Down to the Sea in Ships* which some of you may remember.

Fine scenic effects have been obtained, and all through the atmosphere is wholly convincing.—L. C.

His Double Life

Something has gone wrong with this production; it starts as a straight comedy and then becomes wildly fantastic and borders on burlesque; even the characters lose their human touch at the end.

This is a pity, because the first three quarters of the film is very entertaining and presents a good adaptation of a combination of two of Arnold Bennett's best known stories, *Buried Alive* and *The Great Adventure*.

You will perhaps remember that the theme deals with a very retiring but famous artist who, when his valet dies, drifts into the position of pretending that it is really he who is dead; the valet is buried with full honours in Westminster Abbey—a delightfully satirical touch.

The valet had been corresponding through the *Matrimonial Times* with a woman whom the artist meets, takes a fancy to and marries, retiring to her country cottage on her money and the legacy he had left the valet in his will.

His wife's shares vanish and the artist starts painting pictures for fifteen pounds a time.

Eventually an art dealer discovers his identity. He had been buying up the pictures and selling them as the work of the "dead" man until a date after his decease is discovered on one of the canvases.

The art dealer is sued, and the shy and retiring artist is forced into court where the truth about his double life is exposed and his identity is established.

It is an ingenious plot which tilts satirically at fame and success, but it needed playing as straight comedy.

It is when a woman with two grown-up sons arrives and claims to recognise the unfortunate artist as her husband, the deceased valet, that the story begins to lose its credibility.

This sequence is treated in broad farcical vein with the woman apparently old enough to be the artist's mother and the two sons his brothers.

To make matters worse Arthur Hopkins, the director, has proceeded to treat the trial scene as burlesque, introducing a musical accompaniment, making the jury and court speak in chorus and at one period putting all of them in masks. It is, one supposes, an attempt to be clever and suggest the artist's reaction to the whole procedure, but it only succeeds in being rather ridiculous and leaves one out of sympathy with what, at first, had promised to be an unusual and interesting human comedy.

In the beginning the characters are very well drawn. Roland Young, as the artist, admirably expresses the painfully shy and retiring character. The scenes where he allows people to assume that it is he and not his valet who is dead are excellent.

Brilliant, too, is the funeral of the valet in the Abbey, with the artist breaking down and weeping at the thought that he should be so honoured. Incidentally the screen Abbey hardly recalls its Westminster prototype, although it does suggest grandeur.

His relations with the woman with whom his valet had been corresponding strikes a very human note; there is pathos here underlying the comedy.

It is largely due to Lilian Gish who makes her reappearance on the screen in this picture in the former role that it is so well depicted.

She is admirably suited to the part, and plays it with a sincerity and naturalness which makes

Let Our Film Critics Who Really See The Pictures Guide You



Roland Young and Lilian Gish in "His Double Life."

me hope that her return is a permanent and not just a temporary one.

She is mature now, of course, but it seems to me that she has much more depth in her acting and promises to achieve a big success as a character actress.

These two hold the stage most of the time, but all the minor roles are well etched in. In particular Montague Love is excellent as a cousin who basks in the reflected glory of the artist whom he has not seen since a child and whom he cannot recognise.

As the art dealer Lumsden Hare, too, presents a very good character study.

The whole is well set, although the English atmosphere is not always convincing.—L. C.

Colonel Blood

Some time before *The Private Life of Henry VIII* and *Catherine the Great* took shape on the floor of a British studio, W. P. Lipscomb had written and had decided to direct *Colonel Blood*.

I make this statement because I am aware that inevitably comparisons will be made between *Colonel Blood* and the other historical films. And I want you to understand and know that there was no intention of making *Colonel Blood* a colossal production. The object was to present a fascinating historical character in a simple story and in a simple manner, with due attention to the period.

Therefore, when you see this picture, don't let its modesty deter you from enjoying it. Give it a fair "viewing," remembering it was made by an English company that is striving hard to put its own country on the map of the film world.

The scene is set in the time of Charles II, who gives some indication why he was known as the Merry Monarch. To the Court comes that delightful rogue Blood, has a whirlwind love affair with



Joan Blondell and Guy Kibbee in "Convention City."

Constance Bennett and Franchot Tone in "Moulin Rouge," which will be fully reviewed next week.



Lady Castlemaine, the King's favourite, becomes a friend of the King, falls out of favour, attempts to steal the Crown Jewels from the Tower, is sentenced to be hanged, and wins himself a reprieve, a colonelcy and a pension by his Irish blarney.

The chief fault of the picture is its "flatness." We are always waiting for the great scene that never comes, and even the stealing of the Crown Jewels becomes more of a romp than a thrill. The slapstick may be intentional, but it robs the scene of its drama.

Some of the actors, too, are just period puppets, hats and knee-breeches and lace, and this does not help. The principals, however, give spirited performances. Frank Cellier makes an adventurous rogue of Blood, yet fails to gain sympathy. Allan Jeayes is good as the King, and Anne Grey attractive as Lady Castlemaine.

Other noteworthy contributions come from Mary Lawson, who should be worth training, Hay Petrie, Hilda Trevelyan, and Robert Nainby.

There is much to commend in the production, and a word of praise is merited for the natural behaviour and conversation of the characters.—M. B. Y.

Massacre

Richard Barthelmess seems to be kinematically destined to right the wrongs of America's oppressed. In *Cabin in the Cotton* he did it for the white squatters of the South. This time he puts things right on behalf of the Red Indians who live on the Government reservations.

The problem with which *Massacre* is concerned—that of the exploitation by grasping politicians of North America's fast-vanishing race of natives—is obviously addressed mainly to United States audiences, but producer and players have contrived to invest the characters with a certain

amount of interest and have coated it with a reasonably strong if broadly melodramatic story. Mr. Barthelmess is Big Chief Thunder Horse, a full-blooded Indian, who has left the reservation in his youth and has achieved fame and wealth as a trick rider in circus shows. He returns to his home to see his dying father and finds that his people are being shamefully treated, exploited and robbed of their land and money by the clique of grafting Government officers in charge.

On his trail of vengeance he "beats up" the official doctor who has moved no finger to save his father, and fatally injures another white official who has outraged his sister. He is sentenced by a "packed" jury but escapes to Washington and forces a Government investigation into the conditions on the reservation.

The love interest is provided by Ann Dvorak, who, as an educated Indian girl employed in the reservation office reveals that she has lost none of her old flair for making a negligible part interesting.

Barthelmess himself invests the principal character with sincerity and conviction, although the Red Indian make-up is not a complete success and makes him look at times rather like a rakish George Raft. Dudley Digges turns in his usual immaculate performance as the crooked reservation supervisor.—M. D. P.

Convention City

If you want a really hearty laugh and are not terribly thin-skinned, I cannot do better than recommend you to go and see this delightful piece of irresponsible fooling.

Business conventions in America are a sacred rite; the salesmen have their theme song and at some chosen resort they meet in solemn conclave to put a punch into the following year's work—at least, that's the idea.

This picture shows you the reverse of the medal, and "debunks" another American custom in an hilarious and wholly irreverent manner.

The convention is shown as an excuse for a really good "blind," and so we are introduced to a whole bevy of "knights of the road" all bent on having a good time and anxious, temporarily, to get rid of their wives and other awkward appendages.

So you are introduced to members of the Honeywell Rubber Company as they arrive at Atlantic City. There is Kent, a salesman who hopes to be made general manager, a gentleman of infinite resource and sagacity in delicate affairs and, appropriately enough, played most engagingly by Adolphe Menjou; Jerry Ford, an irresponsible youngster whom Kent gets out of the clutches of a vamp and who in the end wins the love of the managing director's daughter, Claire. These roles are attractively presented by Dick Powell and Patricia Ellis respectively.

Then there is Arline Dale, a capable saleswoman who realises Kent's faults but loves him just the same and gets him in the end. Mary Astor is sincere and natural in this part.

Meet also George Ellerbe, a much married man whose wife insists on accompanying him and putting a damper on his enthusiasm for the fair sex. However, George—an excellent character study by Guy Kibbee—manages to get himself involved with a vamp, Nancy Lorraine, and extricates himself with difficulty from a delicate situation involving his friend Kent in the process.

Ruth Donnelly is very good in the role of the masterful wife, and Joan Blondell vamps very successfully as Nancy.

Then there is a perpetually drunken member of the Honeywell staff, Will Goodwin, in which part Frank McHugh gives an alcoholic study which is hilariously funny.

It is he, by the way, who eventually secures the job of sales manager for Mr. Honeywell, a supposedly strict puritan, turns down the claims of Kent and Ellerbe because of their immoral private lives, and appoints Will—for the very good and sufficient reason that the said gentleman had seen his employer visiting a house of indifferent moral character.

Another amusing portrait of a man in his cups is given by Hugh Herbert as Hotstetter who does not belong to the Honeywell company, but had got left over from a previous convention.

The final shot shows him gallantly joining a new convention as it follows hot on the footsteps of the departing rubber convention.

Honeywell is excellently played by Grant Mitchell, while a delightful little study of a "yes" man secretary comes from Johnny Arthur.

The whole proceedings of the convention are made fun of and the detail work is excellent.

Indeed, it is the loosely connected episodes which afford all the fun rather than the merits of the story as such.

Character drawing, too, is very human and convincing. Technically the picture is very good and the theme breaks new ground for comedy.—L. C.

Gallant Lady

Ann Harding has not been well supplied with material since *Animal Kingdom*, so it is a relief to find that in this, her latest picture, she has a part to which she can do justice and display that ability which makes her one of the most notable artistes on the screen to-day.

This is not a great picture, but it has two virtues—a credible and well-developed plot and some excellent characterisation. It strikes a human note throughout and, while dealing with a strongly dramatic theme, avoids being sentimentally maudlin or melodramatic.

The story is basically familiar but its treatment and situations are fresh and unusual. Ann Harding plays the role of a girl, Sally, whose lover is killed in an air crash. She is about to have a baby and on the night of the disaster she wanders disconsolate in a park, afraid to go home to her very proper and conventional parents.

There she meets a fellow outcast, a doctor who has offended against the law by painlessly dispatching a hopeless case and had spent two years in prison.

With his aid the girl faces life, bears her baby, which she hands over for adoption, and gets a job with a woman friend of her protector's who runs a house decorating business.

The two get on famously and the doctor, who had taken to drinking, goes five years before the mast and pulls himself together—he had been drinking heavily.

The crux of the play comes when the girl, hearing that the woman who had adopted her baby is dead and that the husband is about to marry someone whom she feels will be inimical to the child, schemes to get him back into her possession.

It would, I think, spoil the entertainment for you if I tell you how she accomplishes this. It is quite logically worked out, however, and makes for thoroughly good entertainment.

As subsidiary plots there is the hopeless love of the doctor for the girl he has befriended and also the love of the woman decorator, a matter-of-fact, downright character, for the doctor.

Also introduced is a gallant Italian count whom Sally meets when she goes to Italy on the firm's business.

He adores her and she uses him to play a small part in her scheme for regaining possession of her son.

Incidentally, it is on that trip that she meets her child, who is travelling abroad, and makes friends with him. Thus, on her return she is introduced to his father and learns about his intended re-marriage.

The fact that her firm is asked to re-decorate his house gives her the entree which enables her to be near her son.

Ann Harding plays the role with a sincerity that makes the character at once convincing and human; she never over-emotionalises the mother-love theme.

I have rarely seen Clive Brook to better advantage than as the doctor whose lapses into drunkenness cause Sally such heartburnings.

His hopeless love strikes a poignant note and yet he plays the role in a careless manner quite unlike his usual rather intense characterisation. The light touch he introduces makes the character a thoroughly vital and convincing one.

A fine performance is given by Janet Beecher as the proprietor of the decorating firm. She, too, conceals deep emotion under a matter-of-fact and worldly-wise exterior.

Otto Kruger is natural and attractive as the child's adopted father, while Tallio Carminati, who used to be Duse's leading man at one time, is excellent as the volatile Italian lover.

As Kruger's prospective wife, a selfish society girl, Betty Lawford is well in character and Dickey Moore is sound as the child.

Gregory La Cava has directed the whole thing with a great deal of sincerity. It is a little spun-out at the beginning and the continuity is apt to be a little ragged in places, but his detail work is good and he builds up his characters in an interesting and appealing manner.—L. C.

WE ASK YOU, Mr. CHAPLIN

An open letter from Malcolm D. Phillips to the famous comedian whom he considers has been resting too long and too complacently on his laurels.

British production; even Gloria Swanson, who came later, no longer marches in the front ranks.

And Chaplin is about to begin the first picture he has made in three years—three years in which much has happened, in which new idols have risen and new techniques have been developed; three years in which we have only had *City Lights* by which to remember him.

Already I can hear the shouts of the mob acclaiming Walt Disney as the supreme genius of motion picture comedy.

A little over two years ago I told you that although it made a lot of money for you, most of your fans were disappointed with *City Lights* because by the time it was generally released the public was so used to talkies that the silent pantomime seemed outmoded and exaggerated.

"It is the same peerless Chaplin," I wrote, "but the screen has grown. Perhaps it has caught up with him. It makes me wonder if in two years hence the fans will welcome another *City Lights*."

To-day I do not wonder at all. The screen has caught up with and passed the Chaplin of *City Lights*. Your new picture will not only have to be a good picture, as *City Lights* undoubtedly was; it will have to be a great picture, which *City Lights* undoubtedly was not.

Make no mistake about it, the new film will be regarded as the acid test of Charles Spencer Chaplin's claim to genius—already shaky in a short-remembered world that amid the acclamation of the highbrows has forgotten the gifts of comedy you once laid at its feet when you were content to be just the world's greatest comedian.

The screen, as I have said, has marched on in your absence. Once we had hopes that you would do for talkies what you did for the silent screen. But you stalked away to brood in your tent while other and new leaders fought the good fight to overcome the obstacles presented by the new medium. You left it to the Clairs and the Lubitschs to pioneer the new techniques for exploiting sound.

Perhaps you have been studying them. Perhaps, in your new picture, you will carry them towards perfection. You see, you will have to justify all that masterly inactivity and apparent apathy in the greatest artistic crisis of the industry that gave you greater fame and wealth than to any other of its favorites.

There can be no half-way house for you now. You must either give us a great picture that will firmly re-establish you on the highest throne of comedy or else see Charlie Chaplin the Clown relegated to the screen history books for ever.

I believe that you can do it, too, if you can shake off the shackles of deference to the self-styled intelligentsia and the false and fatal superstition (if, indeed, it still exists in your mind) that the public demands the old formulae.

I have always considered that your attempt to mix with your comedy the "arty" ambitions inspired by the *avant garde* who neglected "Charles Spencer Chaplin" until the despised film fans discovered "Charlie Chaplin" has been a dangerous policy. Pre-eminence success in any single branch of achievement is the highest form of genius. It is not too late to remedy the damage that policy has caused by finding your artistic outlet if you must, in direction.

And to-day there are many of the giants of the music hall, in whose traditions you were reared, who are living in benevolent institutions because "my public demanded the old songs."

Think it over in your lonely walks in the Hollywood hills.

Dear Charlie,

SO at last you feel a picture coming on again.

For a long time whispers have been reaching us from Hollywood that you are getting ready to dust away the cobwebs from the make-up box and fetch the old baggy pants, the boots and the cane out of the studio safe.

Or perhaps they are not kept in the safe under armed guard now? Publicity technique has advanced since the days when you first set your feet on the golden road to fame.

And so, may I add, have pictures.

So far, there has been much of interest in the little that has been allowed to leak out to us from that quaint, old-fashioned, red-brick studio of yours on La Brea Avenue.

We have long since been reconciled to the fact that you will never permit the "little man" to talk on the screen, so that the official announcement has caused no surprise.

Your screen character, you feel, was established before talkies were dreamed of and it is impossible to give it a voice.

The film, we are told, will be laid in an industrial city with a gentle story standing out in sharp relief against a background of social unrest, poverty and squalor and will be true to the tradition of combined pathos and comedy. Both you and your new leading lady, Paulette Goddard, will be waifs of the depression—the heroine, possibly, even an escapee from an orphanage.

You, according to your manager, will "be the hero of *City Lights*" and at the end we shall see you drifting on again, the pathetic clown with the breaking heart, unable to claim the girl he loves. Does all this mean that you are maintaining your faith in the old formula?

Charlie in one of his most successful early short comedies, "The Idle Class."

For the first time since you started producing your own pictures you are working with a script. Does this decision, on top of the fact that the film's birth pangs have lasted three years, mean that you are setting out to create the crowning achievement of your career?

Or does it, coupled with the fact that Chaplin, the star-maker, the artist who moulds great talent out of inexperienced young extras, is reported to be closely collaborating in the writing of the script with Paulette Goddard—until a short time ago a chorus girl in a Sam Goldwyn girl show—denote that the old confidence in your own genius to snatch the screen's brightest gems of comedy from the inspiration of the moment is not what it used to be?

Greater men than you might be pardoned, you see, for a certain wavering of confidence at present. In the past I have watched your famous private-life Pagliacci act with admiration—but dry eyes. But with all your fame and all your millions I feel sorry for you now.

You are paying the penalty of all those who accept the mantle of genius. And there is no fear like the fear that assails those who have been acclaimed great and become in all their enterprises haunted by the legend of their own greatness—afraid that they may be overwhelmed by it.

In the past few months you must have seen many signs in circles close to you that the big parade is marching on fast and that the old-timers must stride out if it is not to pass them by.

Of your fellow foundation members of United Artists, Bill Hart is lying ill and almost forgotten in retirement, Mary Pickford clinging to the remnants of the cloak of her "world's sweetheartdom," is on the stage while she searches desperately for a new screen medium for her talents, Doug. Fairbanks is taking a gamble with

Picturegoer's Beauty PARLOUR



GLORIA STUART
in "Beloved"



Jean Harlow keeps herself in physical fitness in her own green and white bathing pool at her Bel-Air estate

JEAN HARLOW'S Secrets of BEAUTY

it is winter time and opportunities for sports are few.

"Then tell them to walk; to get into a light-weight coat, low-heeled shoes (I thought that would surprise you—Jean Harlow never wears high heels except on formal occasions), and walk

and consistently, just as you clean your teeth. Then use plenty of cold water on your face and while the cheeks are still aglow, apply a massage brush, not so stiff that it bruises the skin, but stiff enough to whip the blood to the surface. Like all other women who practise skin care, Jean Harlow uses a cleansing cream at night, followed by washing in warm water and the application of a tissue cream.

Now to the daily dozen. Here are the exercises which the star declares help her to keep that gloriously slim and supple figure. She had a tendency to stooping shoulders. It was cured by a daily ten minutes of deep breathing followed by this:

Stand erect, two feet from a wall. Place the hands on the wall about a foot apart with finger tips towards each other. Push forward from the shoulders at the same time resisting the push with the arms. Keep chin up and head well back. Then bend till the chin almost touches the wall, still resisting with the arms.

The value of this exercise lies in the playing of one set of muscles against the others. It is also a remedy for hollow, undeveloped chest; it makes the shoulders take their normal position, expands the lungs, and so ensures room for correct breathing.

Hips and tummies need special attention to-day, for fashionable frocks are merciless to figures that are not all they should be from the waist downwards.

There is nothing like kicking, says Jean Harlow, for reducing the hips to a state of subjection. Hold on to the back of a chair. Steady yourself, then raise the left leg straight in front with unbent knee. Kick backwards hard. Let the kick be short and swift so that it tenses the muscles.

Repeat ten times before holding the other side of the chair and repeating with the right leg.

Make a habit of this and prominent hips will be past history.

Jean Harlow referred to the tummy as a "perplexing" part of the anatomy, with which description I readily agree. Certainly it perplexes a good many of my readers who write to say that they do not know how to disguise it.

The following exercise will do more than disguise it; it will dispose of it. Stand with feet 18 inches apart, hands at sides. Rotate the hips slowly till they move in a complete circle. Keep the upper part of the body as still and straight as possible. You will find it difficult at first. Do it slowly to begin and later on you will be able to speed up the movement till the hips can be rotated really quickly.

When you have got rid of the tummy thus wise, you need to wear nothing more confining than a light unboned suspender belt. Jean Harlow believes—and in that belief she has the support of leading modern medical opinion—that to be graceful the body should be free and unhampered.



A composite photograph showing Jean Harlow getting ready for a scene before the camera



till the wind and the rain make cheeks glow and blood circulate."

This health road to beauty is by no means a life of slackness and of

ease. It means a certain amount of sacrifice, too. Rich foods and cream buns are not on the film star's menu, and "no sweets" is one of Jean Harlow's unbreakable rules. Looking at her glorious skin, fair as a lily, and cheeks delicately pink (she uses no make-up off the screen), I enthusiastically agreed that all the denials in the world were worth while.

After eight hours' sleep, eight hours, mark you—for Jean Harlow thinks the girl who gets along with five hours' sleep and meals at any odd time, is just playing the fool with her looks—she takes a tumbler of hot water. It dilutes the acid in the stomach, flushes the kidneys and aids elimination. There you have the secret of her marvellous complexion. Since hot water tastes a bit flat, it is given a bit of a kick with a dash of lemon juice and a pinch of salt.

Try it, and see the results, but do it regularly

BEAUTY of face and figure are the direct outcome of good health. If your skin is muddy and sallow, eyes dull and watery, your hair lank, and your tummy needs a reducing belt, then it is about time you overhauled your diet and your mode of living.

"Be vital and cultivate the day-to-day habit of good health," said Jean Harlow to me, "that's the way to beauty."

It was the first time I had seen the star in the flesh, and immediately I realised that here was the living embodiment of her own creed, beautiful and vital, because she is so wonderfully fit. She has to be. There is no time for sick headaches and bilious attacks in the life of a star.

"Will you give me your own rules of good health to pass on to the readers of THE PICTUREGOER?" I asked.

And here they are:—

"Plan your health as you plan your clothes. Make time for regular sleep, regular meals, and physical jerks. And, in planning, leave a good-sized space for sport and open-air exercises. Fresh air and sunshine, that's the greatest secret of all, and it is amazing what it will do for you. Swimming, golfing, tennis," and then Jean Harlow paused as she remembered that in England now



Max Baer gave this hip-reducing exercise to Florine McKinney, and she practises in "Prizefighter Shorts" just like those Max wears when in action.

Exercise and KEEP SLIM

BEAUTY of face is not enough. Slack muscles, a bulge about the line of the diaphragm, or spread hips will make people forget your good points in the recollection of the ugly ones.

There is little excuse for an ungainly figure. Get up fifteen minutes earlier, open the window, do a little deep breathing and then devote ten minutes to exercises. But don't perform them in a perfunctory manner. That is waste of time. Do them with a good heart and cheerfulness and you will benefit in health and spirits. If you can exercise to a tune played on the gramophone, so much the better.

Mary Doran is an enthusiastic devotee of the daily dozen which stretch the muscles. "When you awaken, stretch thoroughly," says this slim and supple young star. "Stretch your arms, your back, your legs, and even your neck. This starts up a good circulation, and could you more fittingly begin the day? You must have outdoor exercise too." She is most emphatic about that. "Make your choice from tennis, golf, swimming or walking. Personally, my choice is tennis, because it provides good, all-round, well balanced exercise."

Miriam Jordan, too, is an advocate of adequate stretching, not only first thing in the morning, but whenever a moment or two can be snatched during the day. She holds that it is a most effective reducing treatment as well as a tone up to all bodily action. She tells me that she stretches for ten minutes before her morning bath and for ten minutes before going to bed. Here are her own instructions: "Lie on the floor without a pillow or any constricting garments. Throw

your arms backwards over your head. Straighten the legs, and with stiff knees, raise first one leg and then the other. Then raise the two legs together."

Between you and me this is an exercise designed on absolutely natural lines. It is about the first exercise that a baby performs, and when we can do it with as much pep and grace as a six months old we shall have mastered an exercise worth while.

Kay Francis moves as beautifully as any screen actress in the world. Her secret lies in a continuous good posture. She never slouches. She never lounges. If you would move as gracefully as she does, watch out on these points. Swing the leg freely from the hip at each stride. If your heels are too high you cannot do this for you are thrown too far forward and the knees are bent instead of being straight.

Hold the upper part of the body correctly, waist braced up for the hips, shoulders steady and head up. When standing for any length of time, keep the weight evenly distributed on both feet. Weight that is thrown first on one foot and then on the other thrusts out the hips and increases their girth.

Correct sitting calls also for a braced waist. Do not slide forward and sit on the front edge of the chair. The base of the spine should touch the back of the chair. Then there is no strain on any internal organ.

"Walk around your room for five minutes every day balancing a bowl or a book on your head." This is the advice of Maureen O'Sullivan. "Wear a bathing suit or loose blouse and shorts so that you have no hampering garments. Take up a position with feet together and hands on hips. Hold the head erect, but without strain, and retract the abdomen so that you can feel a tightening up of the muscles. With wooden bowl or book in position on the head, walk slowly up and down the room with feet pointed straight.

There is no better exercise than this to induce poise and a free graceful walk.



Perfect form! With the aid of the cameraman, Maureen O'Sullivan illustrates an exercise that helps her keep in good physical condition.



Book knowledge! Maureen O'Sullivan and Benita Hume practise the acquisition of perfect poise by balancing a book on their head while exercising to gramophone-record instructions.

Still a



The Athletic bob. Girls who prefer the long bob will find that Madge Evans' hairdress (both sides of which are shown) most becoming.



Above: Castilian-Moderna. Thelma Todd shows the left, front and back views in demonstrating the effectiveness of this roven transformation. The hair is slightly waved and drawn over to the left side, ending in a cluster of ringlets. Above: Pompadour-Classique—the ultra in platinum-blond sophistication is achieved in another coiffure by Thelma Todd. The soft swirl waves are drawn over to the right side, ending in a huge cluster of ringlets.

M



ON'T be a misfit in make-up. Emphasise your own type. This is particularly true of make-up for eyes and eye-brows.

If you are of the sophisticated type, you cannot successfully pretend to be an ingénue.

Let us go to the stars for a lesson in make-up. Janet

Gaynor is fully entitled to speak for the naturally girlish and round-faced lass. "Let your eyes and eyebrows be as natural as possible," she advises. What plucking is necessary should be done from the underside of the brows. This has the effect of increasing the apparent size of the eyes. Never, never use a razor, but always a pair of toilet tweezers.

There should be a one-inch space between the brows. If it is less, pluck out the hairs between. If, in spite of grooming, the brows are still inclined to be a bit unruly, make them lie neatly by applying a little vaseline.

What about mascara? Generally speaking, the girlish type is more effective without it. If you must darken brows and lashes, a blonde should use brown mascara, and a brunette should use black. But, better still, use a waterproof dye, which is less obvious. Apply mascara or dye with a brush against the direction in which the brows

CROWNING GLORY

WE cannot dodge the fact that modern fashions are extremely hard on our hair. Curling, perming, bleaching—all these processes constitute a strain to which women of a previous generation were never required to submit their tresses.

All the stars I have consulted are unanimous on one point, and that adequate brushing.

"One hundred strokes a day and massage with the finger tips," is Lilian Harvey's advice. "Do not be afraid that it will brush out the wave whether natural or otherwise. Contrary to general belief, brushing deepens the waves, and brushing alone can add the gloss that shines on perfectly healthy hair."

Myrna Kennedy is a red head and she has special advice for girls of her own glorious colouring. "Make your shampoo of Castile soap and rain-water," she says. "Shave up the soap on a grater. Boil it up with some of the soft water, and when the shavings have all dissolved, add

some more soft water and beat up till the shampoo is a foaming mass. Rinse in three waters. Let the last one be tepid and add to it a tablespoonful of strained lemon juice."

Mae Clarke has a word to say about the theory that frequent washing is bad for the hair. "Shampoo it once a week, unless the hair is exceptionally dry, when shampoo it as often as may be needed. Occasionally massage the scalp with warm olive oil. This keeps it absolutely free from any trace of dandruff."

Dorothy Wilson pins her faith to fresh air and sunshine as the finest hair tonics in the world. Get out into the open and let the wind and the sun play through your hair and on it.

"Brief daily massage of the scalp; that is my recipe for beauty of hair," says Mary Mason. "It stimulates the sebaceous glands, improves the circulation, and develops the natural beauty of the hair to an amazing extent. But it must be real massage, so that you can feel the scalp moving over the skull."



Isabel Jewell shows you in these three pictures the new vogue for head curls. The hair is worn straight off the face with bangs.



Mae Clarke is the only actress of prominence in Hollywood who has a boyish bob. The hair parts on the left side and falls in one soft wave.

Speaking EYES

grow. This will ensure the underpart being darkened as well as the top. When well distributed, smooth the brows again with the brush.

For this type of make-up, eye shadow should never be used. It makes the eyes too heavy lidded. A smear of vaseline on the lids will make them glisten and accentuate the curves.

The Exotic

Eyebrows that arch near the temple belong to the exotic and sophisticated type of girl. Carole Lombard invented them. Marlene Dietrich carried the arches to soaring heights. The girl who fits into this category and would look her best should strike the happy medium.

What can Carole Lombard teach us?

The natural curve may be accentuated and the arch of the brows given height by continuous training. This consists of always plucking the underside of the brows and encouraging the top growth by the use of vaseline and upward brushing.

But if there is no natural inclination to an arch, then art must assist Nature. Pluck out the ends of the brows and finish the line in the required direction with an eyebrow pencil.

Luxuriant lashes are necessary for this make-up, and here again art must come to your aid if your own lashes are not sufficiently thick and long. Artificial lashes are applied with a special adhesive, and then trimmed to a becoming length. A

soulful expression may be given to the eyes by extending the line of the eyelid with an eyebrow pencil. Use the pencil very lightly at the outer corners of the eyes. Avoid a hard line by dabbing with the finger-tip.

For ordinary use it is a safe rule that eye-shadow should match the colour of the eyes, though for evening use lavender and green shadow are permissible for brown eyes.

Apply the eye-shadow only to the lower part of the lid so that there may be sufficient contrast between it and the skin beneath the eyebrows.

Natural Brows

Joan Crawford is an exponent of the vogue for natural brows. If your eyes are large and expressive, you might try this style, too, by way of a change.

But do not interpret "natural" brows to mean wild and woolly ones. Straggling hairs, and any that grow in the wrong direction, must be plucked. Daily brushing is necessary to train the brows in the way they should go. Mascara should be avoided, and any darkening that is desirable should be done with a waterproof dye.

Here is a tip that will make your eyes appear as large and luminous as Joan's. Place a tiny point of rose-coloured cream at the inner corner of each eye. This is also a useful hint for those girls whose eyes are set too far apart for strict beauty.



This is known in Hollywood as the penthouse bob. It is a new creation, fashioned by La Polla for Martha Sleeper, who shows you the left side and back view.



Beauteous even when BEAUTIES most Abound

MANY nations
tribute to
"Picturegoer" gal-
the screen's loveliest
—the beauties who are
standing where beauty
commonplace.



Joyzelle, the screen
dancer, who colour-
fully represents the
more exotic form of
feminine loveliness.

South America, noted
for its beautiful
women, makes a worthy
contribution in the
person of Lupe Velez.



Lovely Evelyn Laye, who
represents English beauty at its
best.

Top: Lilian Harvey, born in
Britain, discovered in Germany
and "glorified" in Hollywood,
is almost a one-woman beauty
League of Nations.



The Soviet's contribution to
screen sex appeal is Anna
Sten, who will be seen soon in
the long-delayed "Nana."



Many good judges consider that Loretta Young is Hollywood's most beautiful girl. It is certainly difficult to find an argument to disprove it.



Above, the Teutonic beauty of Marlene Dietrich was immortalised in marble in this statue created for "Song of Songs." Right: Another and more formal study of Germany's gift to the screen's loveliest women.



The smart, sophisticated, soignée and perfectly groomed beauty of 1934 has no more striking and graceful representative than Canada's Norma Shearer.



The Stars Tell You How To Look Your BEST

*Eleanor Post
prefers the
liquid form of
eye-lash and
here shows
you how it is
applied.*

it with the finger-tips. The oil not only softens the cuticles so that they may be easily pressed back below the half-moons, but it also nourishes the nails and prevents them from becoming brittle.

"Don't walk in a cloud of perfume," urges Constance Bennett. There's nothing subtle nor attractive about that. Perfume should be an elusive thing; a hint of fragrance that is gone almost as soon as it is noticed, so that one's escort makes mental pause for a moment to try to catch it again.

"Use it with discretion, and always with a dropper or spray. Spray the inside of your hat and keep your shingle cap perfumed. This will give an indefinable fragrance to your hair. Place a spot of perfume on your wrists, behind your ears, and when going to a dance, spray the inside of the hem of your dress. In this way you will obtain just that suggestion of perfume that is so desirable."

Miriam Jordan has a word to say too on the same subject. "Choose the old-fashioned perfumes," she suggests. They are in perfect harmony with the frocks of the moment. Jasmine and honeysuckle with their sweet country fragrance are a more fitting accompaniment to leg of mutton sleeves than a heavy Oriental essence.

True blondes sun tan badly, unless they have the aid of a special protective cream which cuts out certain of the more potent of the sun's rays. So if you are one of the lucky ones, who having to take an early holiday, intends to cruise in sunny seas, accept a tip from Shirley Grey who always uses this new cream and so achieves an even tan without painful burn or skin injury.

Walking gracefully is an art that every film star must cultivate for the camera makes no compromise with an ugly slouch or an ungraceful posture. "Hold yourself erect," says Katharine Hepburn, "and forget that you were ever taught at school to turn out your toes. Point them straight and hold up your chin."

"When you do this you can feel your backbone straighten, your chest expand, and your abdomen retract. After a few minutes of this posture, there comes a terrible temptation to return to the old slouch for a few minutes rest. But don't give in. Keep it up, and soon it will become permanent and natural."

Our Beauty Service

Write to Anne Madison about your own problem. She is at your service and will be delighted to help you.—Enclose a stamped addressed envelope with your query.



There is an art of the lipstick, for badly applied it can ruin the entire make-up. Claire Trevor has discovered the way of preventing it from smearing. She lightly powders her lips before applying the lipstick. This gives an adherent base so that the lipstick does not smear, nor does it leave unpleasant traces on cups and glasses. A final dusting of powder will tone down a too vivid effect.

During the day the effect should be natural. That is the view of Elizabeth Young. So she rouges the true lines of her lips only. But for evening she shapes them and matches her lipstick with her nail enamel. The lipstick is applied to the centre of the lips only and then spread with the finger-tips.

Hangnails are ugly and distressing. You never will find Fay Wray with the slightest suggestion of such a blemish, for she takes special pains in caring for the cuticles. Every night, she tells me, she applies olive oil to the base of the nails. She paints it on with a little brush because it is more effective and far less messy than applying

A dainty and well-equipped dressing-table is important. This studio one may supply some ideas. For expert advice on the equipment of your dressing-table, see page 46.



WOMAN'S quest for beauty is eternal. Wherever they are digging up from the earth evidence of past civilisations, there they find cosmetics and the beauty boxes of women who lived thousands of years ago.

Still the quest goes on. If any can claim to have solved the problem with complete success, surely the film stars of

to-day are entitled to that distinction. They know how to make the most of their beauty, and so present themselves to the audiences of the world, perfectly groomed, exquisitely turned out.

Ann Harding is rightly proud of her lovely hands, and she takes special care to keep them beautiful. Her sovereign remedy is one our grandmothers knew, glycerine and rosewater. But she adds to it just a little benzine because this ingredient keeps the skin white.

Nails must be immaculate, and to keep their tips white and free from any abrasions that might mar their beauty, she passes under them an orange stick dipped in zinc oxide powder. She has no liking for highly coloured and varnished nails. Her choice is the old-fashioned dry polish of natural tint, applied over the entire nail and finished with a buffer.

Successful powdering isn't achieved by mere dabbing with a powder puff over a carelessly applied vanishing cream. "Spread your foundation cream or lotion sparingly and evenly," says Maureen O'Sullivan. Then with a large flat wool puff charged with a generous supply of powder,

BE FIRST TO
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THIS NEW WAY!

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 TO PICTUREGOER READERS • USE COUPON BELOW



To introduce the beneficial and beautifying qualities of Camilatone Beauty Rinses and Lustrset, the new Camilatone setting medium, to Picturegoer readers, we are making this SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER of one 6d. packet of Camilatone Golden RINSE or one 6d. capsule of Camilatone TONRINZ and one 1/3 tube of LUSTRSET at HALF PRICE. After you have tried them thoroughly, remember they are all obtainable at Chemists and Hairdressers. In the case of Rinses, during the next few weeks your local retailer is running a SPECIAL OFFER of TWO 6d. RINSES FOR 9½d. But first use the coupon below.

Every girl knows that her hair, after washing by ordinary methods, still lacks the sparkle and sheen of really lovely hair—that something *more* is necessary. Therefore every girl reader of "Picturegoer" will want to take advantage of this unique chance to try a wonderful new "two-way" hair beauty treatment AT HALF COST.

Do This First!

First you need a CAMILATONE BEAUTY RINSE. Choose the rinse to suit your hair (Fair, Auburn or Dark) and immediately after washing your hair, with soap and water or a good shampoo, rinse it thoroughly with the CAMILATONE BEAUTY RINSE—rinsing your hair over and over again in the sparkling solution it makes. CAMILATONE BEAUTY RINSES are perfectly healthful and contain the finest ingredients known to benefit the hair. They do not dye, but *really tone* the hair, giving it sparkle and life—taking all the dullness out of it, bringing a new loveliness you would never have believed possible.

There are FOUR Rinses to choose from. TONRINZ Blonde, TONRINZ Auburn, TONRINZ Golden Brown, (for dark Hair), and then the favourite Camilatone GOLDEN RINSE, most famous of all brightening rinses for the hair. They come in 6d. capsules or packets (sufficient for three rinses)—obtainable at HALF PRICE if you use the coupon below.

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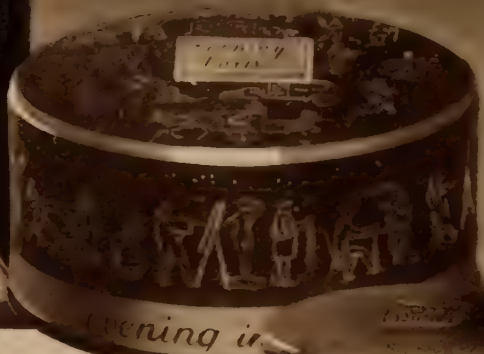
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THE IMMACULATE TOILET BY

BOURJOIS

LITTLE WOMEN

THE STORY SO FAR—

MEG, Jo, Beth, and Amy live with their mother in Concord, Massachusetts; time being the middle of last century. Marmee has been called to Washington to her husband, an Army chaplain, who has been taken dangerously ill.

"I T'S given me the shivers. I feel pins and needles all over," Amy observed, while Meg, winking away a tear or two, inquired "Who wrote it?" when Jo had finished reading her latest masterpiece to her sisters.

"Your sister," Laurie, who, as sole participator in Jo's secret, had been asked to join the reading at Orchard House, announced, as proudly as though he had been the author."

"Jo. Not really. Let's look. 'By Miss Josephine March,'" Amy cried, snatching up the paper and running into the hall at the sound of a well-known step. "Beth, Beth! Jo's written a story and it's been printed."

She was back in a moment, her elation gone.

"Meg, Jo, something's wrong with Beth."

"Darling, what is it?" Jo cried, the first to raise Beth, whom they found huddled in a corner of a cupboard under the stairs, sobbing.

"Oh, Jo, the Hummel baby's dead! It died in my lap while Mrs. Hummel was fetching the doctor. He said it was scarlet fever. Amy must keep away because she's never had it. Jo, does it start with a sore throat and a headache and a queer feeling all over?"

"I don't know. I'll look in Marmee's book. Oh, Beth, I do blame myself! I oughtn't to have let you go so much to the Hummels all this time."

Hannah appeared to take charge, and sent Laurie for doctor.

He came within the hour, said Beth had scarlet fever, and went away leaving the household as though it had been struck by a tornado.

Meg and Jo arranged to share nursing with Hannah, while Amy was escorted by him to stay with Aunt March.

Beth's attack proved serious.

Dr. Bangs looked grave and counseled sending for Mrs. March. Hannah, however, was optimistic and put off sending the telegram, fearing "it would worrit the poor lady." Came a never-to-be-forgotten day when Dr. Bangs visited twice. In the evening he looked at Beth, who had been delirious and had sunk into a stupor, and said decisively: "If Mrs. March can be got at, she must be sent for."

Jo, banished by the others from the sickroom where she had been some hours, crept to the garret. While her face was buried in the worn red cushion, someone spoke beseechingly.

"Jo, is it that bad?"

"Oh, Laurie, she doesn't know me! She doesn't look like my Beth. How are we going to bear it? Mother and father seem so far away."

"I'm here . . . hold on to me, Jo dear."

In after-life Jo was never to forget the comfort of those words.

Presently she could look up and express the thing that hurt most.

"We're sending for Marmee; but I'm afraid she won't come in time."

"She'll be here almost directly. Grandfather and I got fidgety, so we telegraphed yesterday."

"Laurie!"

With that, Jo threw her arms round his neck and, blushing redder than any peony, stammered! "I beg your pardon, but you're such a dear. I couldn't help flying at you."

"Fly at me again . . . I rather like it," Laurie confessed. When he had gone to the station, Jo slid to her knees and prayed as she had never done in church.

That night, when Marmee came, Beth had passed the crisis and was sleeping, and Jo felt she understood the meaning of joy.

Though constitutionally delicate, Beth's recovery, under the happiness of Marmee's return, was steady. The day arrived when Jo carried her downstairs for the first time to the parlour.

To see Beth lying there, talking to her canary, cuddling the kittens, and casting contented eyes at the beloved piano, was happiness enough. Then Laurie must needs put his head round the door and inquire with a mysterious air, "Do the Marchs live here?"

The next minute the door was flung wide and revealed a tall, spare figure with silver hair framing a face worn with suffering.

"Father!" cried Jo, and with a bound was the first to cling to him. In the middle of the commotion no one noticed Beth, who was making repeated efforts to leave the chaise-longue. At last she managed it and, to the excited cries of the family, "She's walking . . . Beth's walking," tottered into her father's arms.

"I'm so happy! . . . Jo, Jo, where are you? I've never been so happy!" she cried.

Happiness on this plane being too rarified to last, it was not long before the rebel in Jo got the upper hand and caused her heartache.

The warning issued by Laurie, about Meg in the wood, clamoured for attention. Since John Brooke's return from Washington, no one with eyes in their head could fail to notice how she coloured when he came near, curled her hair twice instead of once a day, smiled in a far-away manner, and generally

Laurie joined Jo at the stile. He had been trying to be serious with her about something, but she had laughed him off, feeling she had enough of her own troubles.

behaved, as Jo put it, like an idiot.

Characteristically, Jo, coming into the parlour one afternoon, and seeing Meg start and half-drop the flowers she was holding, likewise noting her sister's handiwork in a new frock with fashionable sleeves, determined to have the matter out.

"Are you expecting anyone?" she demanded, for Meg was now at the window and now at the vases.

"Why—no—what do you mean?"

"Meg, why can't things go on as they are? Must you go and fall in love, when we're so happy, and spoil it all? You're getting so far away from me. Don't go and marry that man, will you?"

"I don't intend to marry any man," Meg assured her. "If you mean Mr. Brooke, he hasn't asked me, and if he should I say decidedly I'm sorry, but I agree with Mother that it's too soon."

Meg was not prepared for Jo to behave like a whirlwind, lifting her sister off her feet, as she shouted:

"Hurrah for you, Meg! You're a trump! Now things will be the same!"

"Oh, my hair!" wailed Meg, and was busy in front of the mirror when the front door-bell rang. Jo disappeared, and Meg went to answer

The STORY
of the
FILM
by
Marjory
Williams

it and find John Brooke on the threshold.

"I've come for my umbrella I left yesterday, and really to inquire after your father, Miss Margaret."

"Thank you. He's in the rack, I'll tell it," came the jumbled reply, which, taken in conjunction with Meg's blushes, was excuse enough for John to say:

"Surely you're not afraid of me, Miss Margaret?"

"Oh, no! How could I be when you were so kind to Marmee? I wish I could thank you. No, please, don't tell me," Meg rushed on, aware that now was the time to be cool and collected.

"I only want to know if you care for me a little, Meg. I don't care how hard I work or how long I wait if I can have you in the end."

(Continued on page 31)

Beautiful Binnie Barnes,



now playing Katherine Howard in the film "The Private Life of Henry VIII" finds Sphere Oval-Octo Suspenders 'thoroughly reliable' She says :-

"A thoroughly reliable Suspender is of the utmost importance to screen artists. The camera picks out and exaggerates any tendency to wrinkle or ladder, however slight, and in my experience only "Sphere" Oval-Octo Suspenders will sustain my finest silk stockings with absolute security from laddering"

Binnie Barnes

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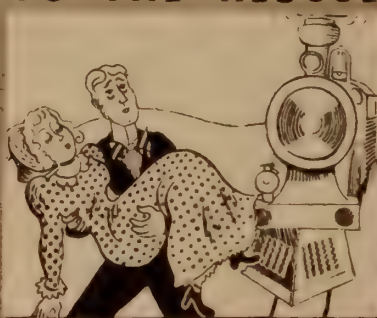
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LITTLE WOMEN—Continued

"I'm afraid I can't... Marmee and I agree... I'm much too young."

She brought it out so nicely, but she hadn't reckoned on John doing a dreadful thing by kneeling beside her and imprisoning her hands. Perhaps it was just as well that the door handle turned at this juncture and in came Aunt March with a deliberate tap-tap of her ebony stick and her authoritative manner literally telling John to be off.

Off he went, looking crestfallen, and could hardly have got further than the mat when Aunt March began on Meg.

"Who's that? The Laurence boy's tutor. I thought as much. Then it is true."

"Sh-h, aunt. He might hear you, and he has been so kind to father."

"Kinder of him if he went about his business and left you alone. You ought to make a rich match, Margaret. This Brooke person has no money and no position."

"That doesn't mean he never will have."

"Counting on his wife's relatives, is he?"

"Aunt March, how dare you say such a thing! My John wouldn't marry for money any more than I would. I'm not afraid of being poor," Meg flamed.

"Highly-tighty. You remember, young lady, if you marry this Rook or Hook or Crook, he'll take care of you. Not a penny of my money shall he get."

With which the old lady flounced into the parlour and left Meg alone with her indignation, but for the fact that the front door soon reopened to admit a triumphant John.

"Then you do care, Meg. I couldn't help hearing. That umbrella. I never took it, after all. I had to come back. Then you will give me leave to work for you, darling."

What Jo thought when she came into the hall to find Meg in "that man's" embrace has never been recorded, but her face as she subsided in the doorway, was comical in its dismay.

Meg's wish to be married at home was gratified. With her father for pastor, three sisters as bridesmaids and for guests, only lifelong friends, the wedding, taking place in the garden at Orchard House, was as charming as any bride of twenty could wish.

Only Jo tasted the bitter in the sweetness of the day, for Amy was too self-sufficient and Beth too contented to grieve over the change that comes with growth in human relationships.

The rebel was well uppermost in Jo, as she slipped through the stile beyond the home garden and sat down to brood at the foot of a tree.

Laurie joined her. He had been trying to be serious with her about something evidently on his mind, but she had laughed him off, feeling she had enough of her own troubles. Now he was the sympathiser as he stretched himself at her feet.

"You've still got me, Jo. I know I'm not good for much, but I'll stand by you all the days of my life."

A cry was strangled in Jo's throat as Laurie kissed and kissed her hand.

"Please don't! Laurie, don't say it!"

"I've got to. I've loved you, Jo, ever since I knew you. Why have you kept away from me since I came back from college? I graduated with honours and it was all for you. You could make anything you like out of me."

"No... I don't love you enough to... I wish I could. You should marry an elegant accomplished girl who could grace your home. I hate society and you like it. You resent my scribbling and I can't get on without it. We should quarrel."

"Not if we married, Jo. Do say 'Yes,' dear. Grandfather has set his heart on it and I can't get on without you."

When Beth had set her foot on the borders of the other world, Jo thought she had probed the depths of sorrow. It was almost as hard to stroke the dark, curly head she held to her breast and tell Laurie to go away. "I don't think I'll ever marry," she finished sadly.

"You will. You'll meet some no account idiot you'll fall in love with, and live and work and die for him. I know you will, and I shall have to stand by and watch... I'm hanged if I will."

He made off through the stile with savage haste.

"Laurie, where are you going?" "To the devil," came the answer, and Jo felt she had stabbed her best friend.

"Marmee, I should like to go away and stretch my wings a bit. Mrs. Kirke, in New York, would have me to help look after the children, surely. I should get new ideas for my stories."

Thus, Jo pervaded with a restless mind and body that kept her awake at nights, put the matter to Marmee, who had come into her room that used to be shared with Meg.

Mrs. March met the request with a tact and understanding vouchsafed only to the elect mothers of any century. Within a week everything was settled; Jo, full of enthusiasm, but already liking leaving home less than she had thought, stood on the steps of a brownstone house, facing a sign announcing "Board and Rooms, Excellent table."

She need not have feared her reception. Mrs. Kirke, a motherly soul, greeted her warmly and talked so much that, for lack of time in her busy day, she was obliged to call "Mamie" several times.

"She will show you your room, dear," Mrs. Kirke said, introducing the young maid, who, like her mistress, smiled genially at Jo. "And be sure you come down here after dinner and be sociable. I promised your mother I wouldn't let you feel lonely and I only have the most refined people staying here."

Talking about the children she was to superintend and who, according to Mamie, took some handling, Jo followed the girl up several flights. Shouts were heard on the top landing, a door opened, and positive yells rent the air as what appeared to be an enormous black bear issued forth, followed by two of what Jo took to be her charges.

"Save me! Save me!" shouted a small girl excitedly. "Professor! Professor!" chimed in Mamie, whereupon the bear suddenly threw off its skin and stood upright in the form of a bearded, be-spectacled gentleman of particularly mild aspect.

"Here's Miss Josephine March as is come to look after your children. This is Professor Bhaer," Mamie explained.

"How do you do? chorused the Professor and Jo, which caused her to laugh and him to smile.

"Let's go on with the game," voted youthful Tina.

"Not now, little one. We have frightened Miss Josephine already. Come along, children. You play soldiers. Tina, take some of these sheets. Now, Dorothy, you are lieutenant. You, Michael, are general. So. Forward march!"

To the cheerful tune of "Marching Through Georgia" the procession filed upstairs.

"He's such a lovely man," Mamie confided, showing Jo her room. "I know he must have been a gentleman sometime or other, but he's poor as a church mouse now."

"What does he do?" Jo inquired.

"He's a professor. He learns people how they talk in foreign countries. I don't see what good it does them when they're living right here," returned practical Mamie, unaware that she had whetted the edge of Jo's curiosity. Indeed, it was not so long before Mrs. Kirke's new helper began making discoveries on the subject of a fellow guest, for herself.

Coming into the parlour with her work-bag one evening after the children were in bed, she found the professor alone at the piano.

His voice, surprisingly musical, for, as Jo had said in her first letter home, "he was rather an old fogey to look at (in fact, he must be quite forty)" held her completely. He sang in German, accompanying himself with a correctness and sureness of touch that spoke of early training.

But it wasn't technique that made Jo spring up from the sofa, on which she hoped she was unnoticed, to answer his exclamation on turning round on the music stool "Good evening, my little friend," with "Please don't stop. I've heard you play that before and wanted to ask what it was. I'd like to send it to my sister."

"*Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt.*" The words are by Goethe. Do you speak German?"

Jo shook her head.

"Then I try and give you the words in English."

Turning to the piano, the Professor, haltingly at first, then with confidence, took up the accompaniment with "Only who knows what longing is can know what I suffer... *allein*... alone and parted from joy and gladness. My senses fail, a burning fire devours me..."

"Oh, I know how he felt!" Jo broke out.

"Tchaikovsky did also. That is why he wrote this beautiful heart-breaking music," the professor reminded her.

Jo needed no reminding of the one wish which stirred in her at sight or hearing of any artistic endeavour.

"If only I could write something like that," she enthused, "something splendid that would set other hearts on fire."

"That is genius, ... but you wish to write, *hein?*"

"I've always longed to. That's what makes me hope I shall do something good one day. As a matter of fact, I have sold two stories since I've been here."

"That's good—very good. I would like to read them. May I?"

"Would you? I'd like to know your opinion," Jo said with a rush.

"I should be very happy," he assured her, leaving the music stool and bowing slightly. "You have the ardent spirit. I like that."

"Then, what shall I ask for at the music shop?" Jo went on, aware that she didn't want the interview to end.

"*Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt,*" he began, then thought better of it and began hunting in his pockets.

"I write it down for you. Well, now."

"Let me sew that button on before you lose it," came out Jo at the same minute and, impulsively threading a needle, set to work.

"I—I really sew on buttons," the Professor explained.

"Not very well, evidently," was Jo's retort, and the meeting that had started with high art ended in laughter.

Jo experienced no difficulty in showing the Professor her work during the coming weeks.

Fortune, in the guise of two editors of weekly fiction magazines, smiled on Jo so broadly that within a few weeks her name was sprawling across the yellow and red covered "thrillers" brought in by the boarding-house inmates.

Mamie, who had taken a fancy to Jo, came into the nursery one afternoon to interrupt the story of the "Three Bears," to which Tina, Dorothy, and Michael had been listening round eyed.

"Miss Josephine, you're to go to the parlour right away. Someone to see you."

"Who is it, Mamie?"

"A surprise, miss. I can't tell you."

Thoughts of Laurie would race through her mind as Jo went over to the mirror. She had missed him terribly—unaccountably. She smoothed the folds of her second-best frock. Would he think her changed? Would he be the same or—?

"Is the 'Place of the Coffin Tree,' or the 'Secrets of a Guilty Heart' creepier than the 'Duke's Daughter,' miss?" Mamie inquired. "Can I read them?"

"If you want to," Jo conceded indifferently, removing her apron. Even her work took second place as, her thoughts full of the possible visitor, she raced downstairs.

A sentimental shock and a profound sorrow await Jo. Next week will also show her romance waiting round the corner.

It was not so long before Jo began making discoveries upon the subject of her fellow guest, Professor Bhaer, for herself.





Thelma Todd makes her British film debut in "You Made Me Love You."

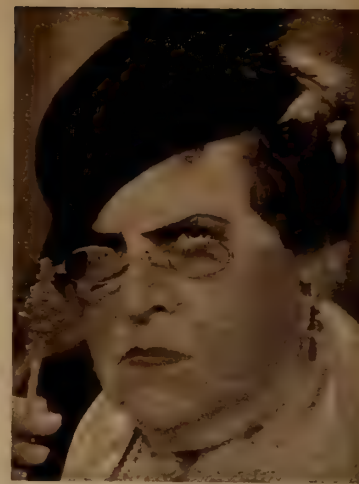
On the Screens Now

by Lionel Collier

The PICTUREGOER'S quick reference index to films just released

***DINNER AT EIGHT	*HE KNEW TOO MUCH
***ENEMIES OF SOCIETY	*MAROONED
***SERVICE	*HER IMAGINARY LOVER
**THAT'S A GOOD GIRL	*HIS PRIVATE
**HER BODYGUARD	SECRETARY
*YOU MADE ME LOVE YOU	*HER SPLENDID FOLLY
*MARY STEVENS, M.D.	THE LURE

What the asterisks mean—**** An outstanding feature. *** Very good.
** Good. * Average entertainment. c Also suitable for children.



Marie Dressler as the actress who has seen better days in the all-star "Dinner at Eight."

ONE of the most interesting things in this week's releases, apart from *Dinner at Eight*, which you will all want to see, if only to compare the performance of its all-star cast, is the acting of George E. Stone in *Enemies of Society*.

It is one of those clever characterisations which remain long in your memory and which you rate higher than those of many much more boosted, but less histrionically gifted, stars.

***DINNER AT EIGHT

M.-G.-M. American. "A" certificate. Character drama. Runs 108 minutes.

MARIE DRESSLER.....Carlotta Vance
JOHN BARRYMORE.....Larry Renault
WALLACE BEERY.....Dan Packard
JEAN HARLOW.....Kitty Packard
LIONEL BARRYMORE.....Oliver Jordan
LEE TRACY.....Max Kane
EDMUND LOWE.....Dr. J. Wayne Talbot
BILLIE BURKE.....Millicent Jordan
MADGE EVANS.....Paula Jordan
JEAN HERSHOLT.....Joe Stengel
KAREN MORLEY.....Lucy Talbot
LOUISE CLOSSER HALE.....Hattie Loomis
PHILLIPS HOLMES.....Ernest
MAY ROBSON.....Mrs. Wendel
Directed by GEORGE CUKOR from the play by GEORGE S. KAUFMAN and EDNA FERBER.

While this is basically a photographed version of the stage play, it is done in a very competent and workmanlike manner, without, however, much use of the wide pictorial scope of the screen.

Its main interest lies less in the story, which I do not propose to go into here, than in the individual performances given by the galaxy of stars which go to make up its cast.

Each member of it has his or her big scene, but the fact remains that, while you are interested in the characters, they are inclined to strike an artificial note and that, as a whole, the plot is not really strongly dramatic.

There are, nevertheless, several human touches and the dialogue is very good, with many witty and satirical lines and not a little worldly wisdom. I dealt with this picture very fully in the September 23 issue of the PICTUREGOER, and I can only recapitulate some of my criticisms in my limited space here.

Because of the all-star cast individual personalities are exploited rather than the characters. You are inclined to pick out the artistes as such and not merge them completely in the characters they represent. In my opinion, the best performance, the one that most completely submerges the individual in the part, is given by Jean Harlow as the flashy and common wife of an unscrupulous

business man. This latter role is well interpreted by Wallace Beery, but, just as in the case of Marie Dressler as a *passée* actress, John Barrymore as a star fallen from his greatness, and Lionel Barrymore as a big shipowner, it is chiefly his own personality that is exploited.

John Barrymore has a suicide scene, for instance, but you really cannot raise any real sympathy for the dramatic import of the sequence.

For the rest I would single out Lee Tracy as a booking agent for the fallen star; it is a very clever characterisation.

The finest episodes in the film are a slanging match between Harlow and Beery, the first entrance of Marie Dressler when she meets the shipowner, who had loved her in the past, after a long absence, and a scene where John Barrymore is politely ejected from his hotel room.

The picture is exceedingly well set and photographed, and, while it lays itself open to criticism on the lines I have suggested, it is certainly a picture not to be missed.

***ENEMIES OF SOCIETY

Radio. American. "A" certificate. Crooked business drama. Runs 70 minutes.

GEORGE E. STONE.....Max Werner
PHILLIPS HOLMES.....Terry Van Sloan
FAY WRAY.....Cynthia Glennon
MINNA GOMBELL.....Margy
LILIAN BOND.....Dorothy Norton
REGINALD OWEN.....Darlington
BERTON CHURCHILL.....Colonel Higginbotham
REGINALD MASON.....Lord Latham
SAM HARDY.....Slick Ryan
EDGAR NORTON.....Butler

CHAS. MCNAUGHTON.....Wallack
LUCIEN LITTLEFIELD.....Registrar
DOUGLAS DUMBRILLE.....Dan Thomas
LYA LYS.....Peggy Reade
ROBERT EMMET O'CONNOR.....Detective
GUY USHER.....Speakeasy Owner
CLAUDE KING.....Dunsmore
DEL HENDERSON.....Politician
Directed by GEORGE ARCHAINBAUD.

YOU'll probably remember George E. Stone for his exceedingly good little characterisations in gangster pictures. Well, here he is dominating a strong topical drama dealing with unscrupulous share-pushers. It is definitely his picture.

What he lacks in stature he makes up for in ability. In the play his shortness is indicated as the one weak point in the armour of pride he dons as an astute share-pusher and crooked financier, who comes to England, rooks the public, flees to America, and is eventually trapped by a woman whose fiancé he has ruined.

The whole story of the crook's rise and fall is logically and cleverly worked out, and provides an interesting exposure of share-pushers' methods, quite apart from presenting an outstanding and unconventional character study.

Reginald Owen is very good as a card-sharper whom Stone uses as his assistant. It is a "silly ass" rôle, but played with a certain restraint that makes it convincing.

Phillips Holmes is good as the man the share-pusher uses as a tool, but Fay Wray tends to be wooden as his fiancée, the girl who eventually

succeeds in getting the crook arrested.

***SERVICE

M.-G.-M. American. "U" certificate. Romance of London business life. Runs 81 minutes.

LIONEL BARRYMORE.....Benton
LEWIS STONE.....Gabriel Service
BENITA HUME.....Isobel
ELIZABETH ALLAN.....Caroline
PHILLIPS HOLMES.....Michael
COLIN CLIVE.....Geoffrey
ALEC B. FRANCIS.....Birkenshaw
DORIS LLOYD.....Mrs. Benton
HALLIWELL HOBBS.....Felton
DOUGLAS WALTON.....Willie
VIVA TATTERSALL.....Elsie
LAWRENCE GRANT.....Bendicott
GEORGE K. ARTHUR.....Tressitt
CHARLES IRWIN.....Burton
BILLY BEVAN.....Barker
Directed by CLARENCE BROWN.

I was taken up by a reader the other day for saying that "the best stories of English life come from America." She complained that stories like *Cavalcade* and *Berkeley Square* are English.

Perhaps I phrased my opinion a little loosely. I had meant to convey that the best films of English life have been made in America.

Here is another example of what I meant in this adaptation of C. L. Anthony's play, which deals with the vicissitudes of the owner of a big London store, with his employees, and his and their families.

Tradition is the keynote of the theme and, as the managing director of the shop which is threatened with extinction in the slump, but is saved by a determination to face the odds and carry on, Lewis Stone gives one of his most notable performances.

As a clerk who is axed, but who also faces the situation and is in some measure responsible for his former employer's decision to carry on, Lionel Barrymore is brilliant; he dispenses here with most of his old mannerisms.

But it is not only a story of devotion to duty; it contains a strong strain of filial affection introduced by the families of both employer and employee who come to their assistance.

Let me say—quite joyfully, too—that there is no love affair between the members of the two families. There is a romance, but it is concerned with the managing director's daughter, admirably played by Elizabeth Allan, and his secretary, as whom Colin Clive is not well cast.

He is inclined to be wooden and unresponsive.

Benita Hume puts little life either into the role of Stone's gadabout and unfaithful wife, but Phillips Holmes is very good as his son.

The atmosphere of the shop and the home life of the two families
(Continued on page 34)



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ON THE SCREENS NOW—Continued

concerned is most convincing, and, except for one over-sentimentalised sequence at the end, the whole thing is human and sincere.

**THAT'S A GOOD GIRL

United Artists. British. "U" certificate. Farce. Runs 83 minutes.

JACK BUCHANAN..... Jack Barrow
ELSIE RANDOLPH..... Joy Dean
VERA PEARCE..... Sunya Berata
KATE CUTLER..... Helen Malone
DOROTHY HYSON..... Moya Malone
GARRY MARSH..... Francis Moray
WILLIAM KENDALL..... Timothy
FRANK STANMORE..... Malone
ANTHONY HOLLES..... Canzone
Directed by JACK BUCHANAN from DOUGLAS FURBER's play. Music by PHILIP CHARIG and JOSEPH MEYER.

Here's Jack Buchanan again trying to be a Jack of all trades—he played the lead, was part author of the piece, and director.

If you like Jack Buchanan in large doses—and I can stand a good deal of him—you will find this picture to your taste, but I do wish he would let himself be directed, for a change, and in a story that is really worth while.

This one makes quite good entertainment, but it is constructed so that the star is in front of the camera most of the time and it develops into a series of episodes for his especial benefit.

The humour is of the wholesome and hearty British variety and the song numbers are tuneful.

Buchanan is in very good form; indeed, it is chiefly due to his rendering of them that the songs get over so well.

Elsie Randolph is seen to better advantage than she has been to date in the role of a detective who is in love with Jack and disguises herself as a dumb telegraph girl to be near him. Garry Marsh turns in a good performance and the rest of the cast is thoroughly competent.

**HER BODYGUARD

Paramount. American. "A" certificate. Backstage romance. Runs 66 minutes.

EDMUND LOWE..... Casey McCarthy
WYNNE GIBSON..... Margot Brienne
EDWARD ARNOLD..... Orson Bitzer
ALAN DINEHART..... Lester Cunningham
MARJORIE WHITE..... Lita Leroy
JOHNNY HINES..... Ballyhoo Bates
FUZZY KNIGHT..... Bunny Dare
LOUISE BEAVERS..... Margot's Maid
Directed by WILLIAM BEAUDINE from a story by CAREY FORD.

An obvious story which covers the field of sophisticated romance, crime, and back-stage lightly and entertainingly.

Wynne Gibson is very good as a musical-comedy actress who falls in love with the private detective whom one of her admirers, growing tired of the opposition of a rival, employs as her bodyguard—the excuse being that he is there to prevent her jewels being stolen.

Edmund Lowe is in fine form as the persistent detective, while Alan Dinehart and Edward Arnold turn in excellent performances as the two rivals for the actress's hand.

*YOU MADE ME LOVE YOU

Wardour (B.I.P.). British. Broad farce. Runs 70 minutes.

STANLEY LUPINO..... Tom Daly
THELMA TODD..... Pamela Berne
JOHN LODER..... Harry Berne
GERALD RAWLINSON..... Jerry
JAMES CAREW..... Oliver Berne
CHARLES MORTIMER..... Daly, sen.
CHARLOTTE PARRY..... Mother
HUGH E. WRIGHT..... Father
ARTHUR RIGBY, JUN..... Brother
MARION DAWSON..... Maid
Directed by MONTY BAKES from a story by STANLEY LUPINO. Scenario by FRANK LAUNDER, with song numbers by NOEL GAY, STANLEY LUPINO, and CLIFFORD GREY.

This is Thelma Todd's first British picture and, while she shows that she is a talented comedi-

enne, the material at her command is of a thin and obvious order.

She plays the role of a modern Shrew with all the seriousness demanded by farce, while Stanley Lupino plays opposite her as a comic Petrucchio who uses he-man's methods to try and bring his unwilling wife to heel.

It is all very broad knockabout stuff, ingenuous in humour, with a touch of "musical" thrown in.

Lupino puts over two catchy numbers well and the technical qualities are sound.

*MARY STEVENS, M.D.

Warner. American. "A" certificate. Romantic drama. Runs 70 minutes.

KAY FRANCIS..... Mary Stevens
LYLE TALBOT..... Don Andrews
GLENDA FARRELL..... Glenda
THELMA TODD..... Lois Rising
UNA O'CONNOR..... Mrs. Simmons
CHARLES WILSON..... Walter Rising
HOBART CAVANAGH..... Mr. Simmons
HAROLD HUBER..... Tony
GEORGE COOPER..... Pete
JOHN MARSTON..... Doctor Lane
CHRISTIAN RUB..... Gus
REGINALD MASON..... Hospital Superintendent
WALTER WALKER..... Doctor Clark
ANN HOVEY..... Miss Gordon
Directed by LLOYD BACON from the novel by VIRGINIA KELLOGG. Screen play by RIAN JAMES.

Unconventional romance, dealing with the love of two medical practitioners, played by Kay Francis and Lyle Talbot.

The latter gets married to a rich girl, but later lives with his first love, hoping for a divorce.

She has a child by him, which dies through a disease contracted through the woman doctor's devotion to duty and she loses all interest in life until fate re-unites her with her lover.

It is all very unethical and not particularly savoury, but is well presented and generally sincerely acted.

Kay Francis gives a natural and sympathetic performance in a none too sympathetic part; Lyle Talbot is adequate as her lover and Glenda Farrell provides some well-devised comedy and wisecracks.

*HE KNEW TOO MUCH

Pathé. American. "A" certificate. Fantastic crime drama. Runs 60 minutes.

PEGGY SHANNON..... Nancy Weaver
PRESTON FOSTER..... Inspector O'Brien
RAY WALKER..... Natural
HOBART CAVANAGH..... Parkhurst
BARBARA BARONDESS..... Gwen
PAUL PORCASI..... Nick
HAROLD WALDRIDGE..... Joe
JASON ROBARDS..... Clinton
BRYANT WASHBURN..... District Attorney
HARRY HOLMAN..... McGee
Directed by PHIL ROSEN.

Peggy Shannon gives quite a good performance in this fantastic, but none the less competently directed, crime story, as a journalist who tracks down the murderer of a gangster who has been killed by a poisoned dart.

It is quite neatly worked out and contains homely romantic sentiment and some brisk comedy.

*MAROONED

Fox. British. "U" certificate. Melodrama. Runs 67 minutes.

EDMUND GWENN..... Tom Roberts
VIOLA LYEL..... Sarah Roberts
JIS MARCH..... Mary Roberts
VICTOR GARLAND..... Norman Bristowe
WALLY PALMER..... Wilson
HAL WATERS..... Ben
PHILIP HEWLAND..... Jacob
FRANCES DAVEY..... Mrs. Carfax
WILFRED SHINE..... Maille
GEORGE MANSHIP..... Peter
GRIFFITH HUMPHREYS..... The Convict
FREDERICK ROSS..... A Showman
Directed by LESLIE HISCOTT from a story by MICHAEL BARRINGER.

Unpretentious melodrama, in which a lighthouse-keeper harbours an escaped convict who claims to be the father of his adopted child. (Continued on page 44)

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"Picturegoer," 10/2/34. No. 273.

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ON THE BRITISH SETS

E. G. Cousins



Leslie Banks as he appears in the new Gaumont-British production, "Red Ensign."

ELSTREE INVENTS a NEW KINGDOM

Hugh Wakefield as Emperor of Amnesia—Famous Continental Cameraman at work on "The Magistrate"—Two Promising Juveniles—Margaret Bannerman Returns—A Thrilling Chase—"Du Barry" Hoodoo

CAN any lady or gentleman in the audience oblige me with a map of Amnesia?

Ah, thank you, sir! Don't trouble to hand it up—my assistant will come down for it . . . Now then. Where are we? Rinda, Sova, Jasdaff, Wenars, Lentia, Stalia . . . that's it! That's the capital—Stalia.

What do you know about Stalia? Nothing? Stalia, in point of fact, does not exist—except in the minds of the British International Picture-makers at Elstree.

Neither, for that matter, does Amnesia—which is a fancy name the Harley Street doctors apply to loss of memory when they want to charge a few guineas more for curing it.

However, it does very well as the name of a kingdom for King Hugh Wakefield to rule over.

He Started It

Anthony Hope certainly started something when he invented Ruritania, with its chief cities, Zenda and Hentzau. For years the mythical kingdom of Graustark was the only challenger, but nowadays we seem to be straying into a new continent, almost of imaginary countries.

Carl Brisson, for instance, was lately created Prince of Arcadia; Aufland and Zuriak have sprung into being in the back streets of Islington for Gainsborough's *Princess Charming*; and Sirocco at Elstree for *The Queen*; and now comes Amnesia, which we may perhaps reasonably expect to be the last of the mushroom States for a while.

There were doings this week in Amnesia, by the way; nothing less than a riot outside the royal palace, led by Chief Revolutionary Herbert

Langley, with Prime Minister J. H. Roberts doing soothing things on the balcony.

Robert the Red

All this is for B.I.P.'s *Contraband*, which Robert Milton directed; he directed *Outward Bound* in Hollywood. A fatherly film-censor, ever watchful of our morals, wouldn't let us see it, because it was about a shipload of people who suddenly discovered that they had all died and were on the way to Heaven . . . or somewhere.

I saw the play twice, and it was as innocuous as *Alice in Wonderland*; but our morals have to be protected.

Milton doesn't look in the least like a director. He is shortish, with a very pale kindly face, a head bald on top, but ornamented with a fringe of flaming-red hair, and a black felt hat worn very far forward over the eyes.

He carries a thick walking-stick made of plaited leather, but does not use it to stroke his players. He does that with his voice, which is curiously low and pleasing . . . for a director.

Whenever a stranger comes on the set he or she asks first of all "Who is the red-haired man?"

A Chesty Czech

On the next floor, where they are making *The Magistrate*, they ask "Who is the man with the chest?"

He is Otto Kanturek, and he has a chest like a schoolboy's dream of a tuckbox. Incidentally, he is one of the best known Continental cameramen, who shot Fritz Lang's *Girl in the Moon* among other well-known films.

They caught him young—in fact, at six years old. Leon Gaumont, the Frenchman who was

largely responsible for launching the film industry in France, and afterwards founded the Gaumont Company, was paying a visit to a kinema owned by Papa Kanturek.

"Oh, how," sighed Papa Kanturek, "I should like to take a photo of me and Mr. Gaumont together!"

"Sigh not, Papa," squeaked little Otto in effect; "I will do the dirty work with the camera; all you have to do is to pose pretty with the visitor." And they did that.

So Willie—I needn't rub-in the moral, I suppose, that if you're a good little boy and oblige your Dad you'll grow into a cameraman with lovely £2,000 cameras to twiddle with and a chest like Tarzan—started his career.

You Do It

Practically my only aim (barring a small matter of bread-and-butter) is to please you, my beloved readers; but you don't really want me to make the pun about Will Hay and the star . . . do you?

Well, I'll tell you what I'll do—I'll compromise with you. I'll give you "the makin's," and you can roll the pun for yourself.

Will Hay is a celebrated music-hall comedian, who has now become a film star—or near-star. He is also an enthusiastic amateur astronomer, who recently discovered a new star in the heavens.

Now go ahead and make the pun—or, if you can't, you'll find it in any paper or magazine that mentions Mr. Hay.

He is playing the title-rôle in *The Magistrate*. In this film he borrows a bicycle from a boy, played by Jimmy Hanley.

Jimmy is the lad who took the part of Charles Bickford as a youth in *The Red Wagon*. Now he tells me he has a contract to play opposite the fourteen-year-old Nova Pilbeam in *Little Friend* for Gaumont-British.

Well, if they can escape the appalling danger of the Big Swelled Head, they should both do pretty well.

The Cast is Right

Also on the floor at B.I.P. is *Over the Garden Wall*, the new starring vehicle for Bobbie Howes and Marian Marsh.

This is called a "comedy with music," which is (Continued on page 38)

Kay reveals her Beauty Secret

I'M TERRIFIED OF CATCHING THE THREADS OF THESE STOCKINGS—MY HANDS GET SO ROUGH IN WINTER. I DO ENVY YOURS, KAY. THEY'RE AS SMOOTH AS SILK.

BUT ENID, DEAR, THERE'S ABSOLUTELY NO REASON WHY YOUR HANDS SHOULD BE ROUGH. I CAN SHOW YOU HOW TO MAKE THEM SMOOTH—IF YOU LIKE.

OH KAY, YOU'RE AN ANGEL

OH BUT KAY, DOES IT COST A LOT?

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ON THE BRITISH SETS—Contd.

another way of saying "ain't no chorus." But, to make up for the lack of chorus (which I, for one, wouldn't shed a single tear for, anyway) oblige me by taking a flying squint at the cast.

Margaret Bannerman, to kick off with. No, I agree with you, the films have not done right by our Margaret.

She was in the ill-fated *Lily Christine*. She was in the ill-fated *Two White Arms*.

In neither of these did she show to any particular advantage, poor lamb—yet she is one of the most beautiful creatures on the stage, and a very clever actress as well.

Perhaps John Daumery will treat her better than her other directors have.

I like John Daumery very much. Whether he is more French than American or more American than French I have never been able to discover, but he is very long and very lean and a little stooping, and wears a beret and the baggiest of baggy bags.

A fragment of chewing-gum completes his outfit; but I liked him better when he used to direct at Teddington, because there he wore his shooting-script dangling before him like a sporran, secured to the second button of his trench-coat (it was terribly cold at Teddington in winter) by a length of very knotted string.

A most amiable, courteous fellow, and a director who can be relied upon to extract the full value from his material.

Wandering Wenny

But to return to the cast. Behold, the prodigal has returned—Henry Wenman, who tickled us all to pieces with his "Marine Og" in *The Middle Watch*, and who was last seen (I think) in *Bachelor's Babies* over a year ago.

Then he went away to Australia to visit a brother who is in the theatre business, and his going "impoverished the public stock of harmless pleasure," as Samuel Johnson said about Garrick.

I'm glad he's come back to us. We need all our first-class character actors, and "Wenny" is one of 'em.

Then there are Viola Lyell, who is one of the sweetest people I know as well as being a very clever comedienne, and Bertha Belmore, who was in *Happy*. Oh, and Mary Sheridan—tall, dark, and Eton-cropped—whom I haven't seen in films for much too long.

Yes, this is a cast.

Two Ends

I was "in at the death" of two films at Elstree this week, and in different studios. I saw the last scene being shot of *Contraband*, and the last one of the Sydney Howard picture, *It's a Cop*, at British & Dominions.

In the latter they were doing some realistic "Limehouse" stuff, with a most convincing riverside scene built in the studio. There's practically no scene they can't reproduce so realistically as to deceive the camera nowadays.

But the picture doesn't keep mugging about among the ships-chandlers and old barrel-staves of Limehouse.

No, sir!

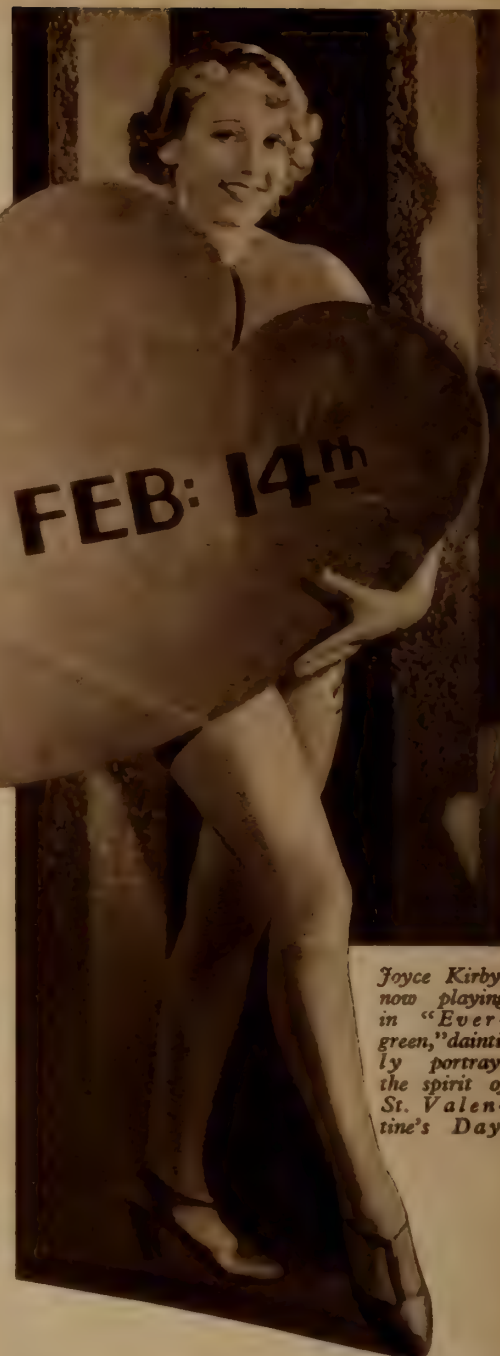
There's a thrilling motor-car chase, ending at the Barn—which, in case you don't know, is the new super-roadhouse on the Welwyn By-pass, only about a mile from the Elstree studios.

Rolling, and How

Here, in order to shove in something really new in the way of roadhouse entertainment, director Maclean Rogers incorporated some very clever roller-skating by a team of trick skaters, who do the most hair-raising things without, so to speak, raising a hair.

Garry Marsh is in this film. I wondered when we were to see Garry again. I hadn't seen him since *Falling for You*, when he played "Sausage," the German princeling.

Also there is Donald Calthrop, whom I have yet to see giving a poor performance. And Dorothy



Joyce Kirby,
now playing
in "Ever-
green," dainti-
ly portrays
the spirit of
St. Valen-
tine's Day.

Bouchier, who seems to me (I may be wrong) to have lost much of her pep since she lost her Chili.

And Cyril Smith, who was the bus-driver in *Friday the Thirteenth*. So you see, we have every right to expect a good show for our money.

That Hoodoo

By the way, do you remember some weeks ago my telling you that B.I.P. had decided to produce *Dubarry* in the teeth of all the talk about it's being a "hoodoo'd" film?

Nonsense! said hard-headed, practical B.I.P. But listen, boys and girls. It may be just coincidence, but . . .

Eddie Sutherland, the Hollywood director, was to have come over to direct the film at Elstree, but a motor-accident, involving a broken rib, prevented him.

No use pointing out to the superstitious ones that the accident occurred years ago, probably before *Dubarry* was thought of as a subject for a film.

They simply say "Yes, but it's only just developed complications," and then they pick up a pin and walk round a ladder with their eyes crossed and touch a button and thank goodness they haven't anything to do with such a Jonah of a film.

So poor Eddie Sutherland lies in his little white cot in the Cedars of Lebanon Hospital in Hollywood (even the institutions have ballyhoo names there), hugging his rib and wondering whether they'll start without him.

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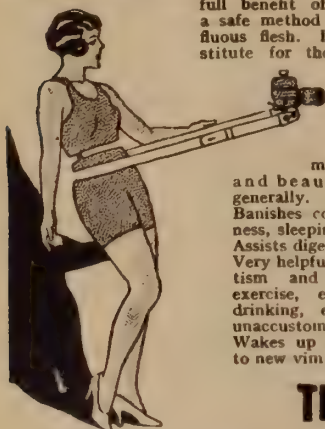
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What Do You Think? Letters from our Readers

IN DEFENCE of CROONERS

A Big Bouquet for Bing

A SHORT time ago a certain film critic, in a very original but equally silly moment, decided to criticise that very popular type of singing which is inadequately called crooning.

"All the other 'critics,' in sheep-like manner, followed their leader. Now Bing Crosby, the King of Crooners, who is also a very good actor, is being attacked through his latest picture, *Going Hollywood*.

"Film critics do not think it possible for any lady to fall in love with the voice of a crooner. I think it equally, if not more so, impossible for a lady to fall in love with an opera voice, which gives the microphone a chronic headache.

"The critics have acted very unwisely, for anything that is popular with the majority of the public is bound to be good, and crooning (I hate to use the word) certainly is very popular."—*A Chapman, Front Street, Burnham Market, Norfolk, who wins the first prize of £1. 1. 0.*

[Personally, I am a candidate for the office of cheer leader for any movement for the suppression of screen crooners. But if Bing Crosby is the answer to A. Chapman's and the maiden's prayer, who am I to disagree?]



Bing Crosby

"Thanks for the graceful tribute paid in this journal by Malcolm Phillips to those lesser known—by name—but most appreciated old troupers that he rightly calls 'The people who are the real atmosphere and backbone of the movies.'"

"Without them the stars could not shine so brightly, our enjoyment of the picture could not be half so much; and how many times have these loyal supporters saved a poor picture and a lazy star?"

"The stars owe no small part of their success to the faithful co-operation of these great—but not in name—performers. It would be refreshing to hear more about these people who are the substance of the shadows, and a little less about the 'stars' of whom we already know rather more than they do of themselves."—*Bernard Heath, 49 Hertford Road, Brighton.*

[I am glad to publish this letter as it gives me an opportunity to apologise for an error in a caption in the article concerned, by which Oscar Apfel's name appeared under a picture of Stanley Fields.]

"In the film world, a certain set of ideas concerning players, etc., seems to exist—ideas which might be termed 'accepted facts.' For example, do filmgoers really believe that:

- (1) Greta Garbo is a woman of mystery? Is she any more 'mysterious' than Janet Gaynor?
 - (2) William Powell cannot appear in a film without giving a 'polished' performance?
 - (3) All young British actresses who accept Hollywood contracts are ruining their careers?
 - (4) Every Continental film is a perfect example of 'screen art'?
 - (5) John Gilbert is the 'screen's greatest lover'?
 - (6) A certain half-dozen players always 'steal' the pictures in which they appear?
 - (7) Every raw chorus girl signed on is "a potential star of the first magnitude"?
- "There are scores more of these ridiculous 'accepted facts,' most of them based on very slender foundations, and the majority of them on

no foundations at all. It is almost regarded a heresy to breathe against them."—*L. P. Perry 91 Trafalgar Road, Moseley, Birmingham, 13, who is awarded the second prize of 10s. 6d.*

[Certainly many of those "accepted facts" have been overworked by the publicity departments.]

Stage versus Screen

UP to two years ago I was a frequent visitor to the theatre, and considered myself capable of judging a good play when I saw one. "During the last two years I have become a regular film-goer, and have had many arguments regarding 'Stage v. Screen.'"

"Two weeks ago I saw Ivor Novello's play *Proscenium*.

"To my surprise I found this play dragged, although I must say that it was really a good production and charmingly acted. I have no fault to find with the story or the players, but I was bored by the 'curtains' and the intervals, and it took me nearly two acts to get accustomed to the stage movements.

"Everything seemed so slow.

"Two years ago I would have argued this as impossible, as I always thought that films were much slower than stage plays; now everything seems vice-versa. What do others think?"—*Olive Rolfe, 20 Ashurst Drive, Ilford, Essex.*

[I think your experience is a more or less general one.]

"The Hollywood trick of making their stars play under their own names (whatever the role may be) strikes me as very regrettable.

"Thelma Todd is an example. In two pictures, of entirely different types, she was addressed as Thelma Todd. Apart from being misleading, this weakened the plot, and destroyed all sense of realism.

"Again, Miss Zasu Pitts often plays in a screen story under her own name. Other considerations apart, she is inimitably Zasu Pitts, without having to be labelled.

"Anyone who has a definite part to play loses conviction if they persist in being themselves.

"It is a mere exploiting of personalities that lowers the cinema as a serious art medium."—*F. W. Wheeler, 49 Avondale Road, Lancaster.*

[There are pictures in which the use by players of their own names is permissible, but artistically your complaint is sound. PICTUREGOER has, more than once, condemned this exploitation of names.]

So they are going to change not only the name, but also the personality, of 'Ginger' Rogers. I read this with regret; we have too few comediennees and too many heavily dramatic actresses.

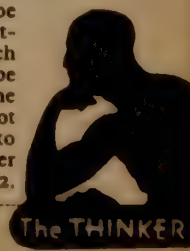
"The public approves of her as she is, so why run the risk of a box-office flop? Is it that they think a popular actress loses dignity by remaining a comedienne. Whatever the reason, I think it is a mistake; they can surely get variety into their roles without changing their personality."—*Walter Baynes, 12 New City Road, Plaistow, London, E.13.*

[I cannot recall a case where the stunt of changing the name or "personality" of an established star has produced profitable results either for the studio or the fans.]

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Wear the type of shoes that Hollywood's favoured few are wearing—styles new, intriguing, and original—which will give you that air of chic and smartness so much desired by the discerning woman. The Hollywood Shoe Co. offer you a wide and wonderful range of shoes, in the exact styles worn by your film favourites. Owing to an immense turnover, it is possible to offer you these shoes at prices which are considerably less than you would have to pay were you to buy them in the usual way, although it is doubtful whether you could obtain these exclusive styles conveniently from any other quarter. Prices range from 10s. 9d. upwards. On receipt of a postcard, stating size, type of heel, and colour or shade of shoe required, we shall be glad to send you a sample set of shoes on free approval to your own home. Send no money. Simply let us have your name and address and you will receive the shoes by return. Then in your own time you can make a leisurely choice of what you require. If you do not wish to make any purchase, simply return the shoes to us and the matter is at an end. Write to-night :-

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LESOURD PIVERT, Perfumers,
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WOMAN'S GREATEST CHARM AND THE WINDOWS OF HER SOUL ARE HER EYES

BEAUTILASH

Grows Long, Silky EYELASHES and gives that bewitching look. Used by Society Women and Film Stars. Also acts as Eye Shadow. 3 months' supply, 2s. post free. Send to-day.

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Don't let the 7 stains spoil the beauty of your teeth

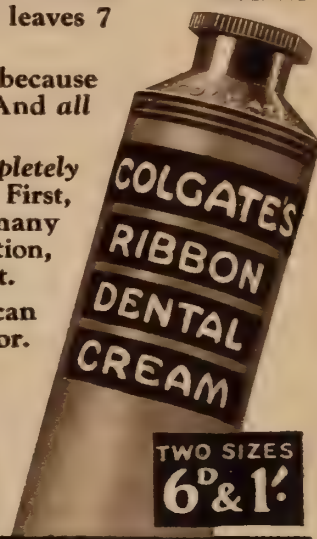
Who would think that such a simple thing as an apple could put stains on teeth! Yet apples do. And so do all the other foods we eat. All told, our daily diet leaves 7 different kinds of stains on teeth.

Many toothpastes fail to remove all 7 stains—because they have only one kind of cleansing action. And all stains simply will not yield to any one action!

Colgate's cleans teeth beautifully, brilliantly, completely—because Colgate's has TWO cleansing actions. First, an emulsive action that loosens, washes away many of the stains. Second, a safe, gentle, polishing action, that promptly rubs away whatever stains are left.

What a difference these TWO cleansing actions can make. See this difference reflected in your own mirror.

MADE IN ENGLAND



TWO SIZES
6" & 1"

THE 7 CAUSES OF STAINS THAT DISCOLOUR TEETH

1. Meats and other proteins.
2. Cereals and other starchy foods.
3. Vegetables.
4. Sweets
5. Fruits.
6. Beverages.
7. Tobacco smoke.

SHE HAD A COLD—SO SHE SHAMPOOED HER HAIR



You can shampoo your hair quickly and thoroughly without wetting—if you use Icilma Hair Powder. Simply sprinkle a little into the hair and brush it out again. It only takes ten minutes—and leaves your hair ever so soft and glossy.

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HAIR POWDER
for a quick Dry Shampoo

Box of 7
1.6
3^d each each 3^d
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**FREE
TO
LADIES**

**FREE
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MEN**



3 Free Gifts FOR ALL WHO DESIRE Beautiful Hair

A famous Hairdressing expert writes:—

42 Albemarle St., London, W.
Dear Sirs,—No style of hairdressing can be a success without superbly healthy hair. Especially is this so with regard to a Prize-winning Hairdressing Style such as is shown. I always advise ladies to use the so wonderful "Harlene." If men, too, would only use "Harlene" they would not be worried by baldness and thinning hair. T. RENATO.

Every reader is fortunate in being invited to test "Harlene-Hair-Drill" Free of Charge. Just choose which 3 "Harlene" Preparations you would like from the list below and send the Coupon without delay.

1 'HARLENE' HAIR GROWER & TONIC

No man or woman need fear Hair Poverty while they use "Harlene." For "Harlene" is the true liquid FOOD for the Hair Roots—the Champagne-like reviver of every Hair Shaft. "Harlene-Hair-Drill" takes only two minutes a day, yet in that short time it performs wonders. Bald Patches become covered with a healthy growth. Thin, skimpy, dull hair grows daily in luxuriance and strength. Harsh, brittle hair becomes marvellously fine in texture, soft to the touch, attractive and alluring to the eye. Those who use "Harlene" possess wonderful heads of hair which are admired by all! 1/1 1/2, 2/9 and 4/9 per bottle. From all chemists.

2 'CREMEX' SHAMPOO

Provides a wealth of super-cleansing, super-beneficial creamy lather, restoring the silken sheen and lustre so much desired. Complete with FREE Burnishing Rinse. All chemists. 1/6 per Box of 7 Shampoos (single Sachets 3d. each).

3 'UZON' BRILLIANTINE

Should be used by all who wish to add that final polish and finish. Keeps the hair in position all day. All chemists. In Liquid or Solidified Form. 1/1 1/2 and 2/9 per bottle, or 1/3 per tin.

"Harlene" Preparations are obtainable from all Chemists and Stores, or direct on receipt of Price, Post Free within the British Isles.



4 'HARLENE' Wave-Setting Lotion

A veritable "economy" boon to ladies. Keeps waves in place for long periods and makes them deep and entrancingly beautiful. Saves £££s on Hair-Waving Bills. 1/3 per bottle. POPULAR SIZE 7 1/2 d.

5 'HARLENE' Camomile Golden Hair Wash

A dainty preparation for the Blonde. Imparts a glorious "light-gold" sunshine touch to fair hair that has become dull and lost its tone. 1/3, 3/- and 5/- per bottle.

6 'ASTOL' Hair Colour Restorer

Restores colour to Grey, Discoloured and Faded Hair—even if of many years' standing. A real colour-restorative. 3/- and 5/- per bottle. Popular Size 1/9

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On receipt of this Coupon (postage 1 1/2 d.) and fourpence in stamps to cover the cost of postage and packing a set of any 3 "Harlene-Hair-Drill" samples and a Manual of Instructions will be sent to any address in the United Kingdom. State which numbers are required. Attach coupon to a plain sheet of paper bearing your name and address.

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(N. 99), 20, Lamb's Conduit St.
London, W.C.

Let GEORGE Do IT!

"George" and "Anne" are your enquiry departments. The former will be happy to answer any query regarding films, the latter anything connected with household or beauty hints. Write to them both c/o THE PICTUREGOER WEEKLY. When a reply by post is desired a stamped, addressed envelope must be enclosed.

B. B. (Hampstead, N.W.2).—(1) Write to Bing Crosby c/o Paramount Studios, 5,451 Marathon Street, Hollywood, California; and to Jack Buchanan c/o British & Dominion Studios, Boreham Wood, Elstree, Herts. (2) Your letter has been forwarded to The PICTUREGOER Post Card Salon.

INTERESTED (Leeds).—(1) Tamara Desni's films are *Falling For You* and *Jack Ahoy*. (2) Write to her c/o Gaumont-British Studios, Lime Grove, Shepherd's Bush, London, W.12 asking for a photograph. I do not know if she charges for them.

M. H. (Walton-on-Thames).—*What Price Glory* was shown in this country in 1928.

INQUISITIVE 16 (Kensington).—(1) Herewith cast of *F.P.1*: Ellissen—Conrad Veidt; Droste—Leslie Fenton; Claire—Jill Esmond; Lubin—George Merritt; Photographer—Donald Calthrop; First Officer—Warwick Ward; Matthias—Nicholas Hannen; Konrad—William Freshman; Doctor—Dr. Phillip Manning. (2) Addresses: Leslie Fenton, c/o Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, California; Richard Barthelmess, c/o Warners-First National Studios, Burbank, California; Eric Linden, c/o RKO Studios, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, California; and John Boles, c/o Fox Studios, Beverly Hills, California. (3) Richard Barthelmess was born May 9, 1895; married (a) Mary Hay, (b) Mrs. Jessica Sargeant. (4) Eric Linden was born in 1911, and is not married. (5) John Boles was born on October 28, 1900, and is married to Marceline Dobbs. (6) Leslie Fenton was born on March 12, 1903, and is married to Ann Dvorak.

GENE GERRARD FAN (Peterboro').—Write to Gene Gerrard c/o British International Studios, Boreham Wood, Elstree, Herts, asking him for a signed photograph. I do not know if he charges for them.

BITTER SWEET FAN (Southampton).—Fernand Graavey played opposite Anna Neagle in the British film *Bitter Sweet*.

THE THREE NIBS (Leeds).—(1) Conway Tearle played opposite Winnie Lightner in *The Gold Diggers of Broadway*. (2) Richard Arlen was born on September 1, 1899, is married to Jobyna Ralston, and has one baby son, Richard Ralston Arlen. (3) Your request is in picture form on this page.

TELEGRAPH TRAIL.—John Wayne will be 26 this year. Pictures include: *The Big Trail*, *Girls Demand Excitement*, *Three Girls Lost*, *Arizona*, *Men Are Like That*, *Rogue Feud*, *Maker of Men*, *Ride Him Cowboy*, *Texas Cyclone*, *The Big Stampede*, *Baby Face*, and *The Man from Monterey*. Write to him c/o Columbia Studios, 1,438 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.

R. H. (Barton) and PICTUREGOER (Tufnell Park).—(1) Addresses as follows: Tom Keene, c/o RKO Radio Studios, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, California; Tom Tyler, Ken Maynard, and Buck Jones, c/o Universal Studios, Universal City, California; Kent Taylor and Lona Andre, c/o Paramount Studios, 5,451 Marathon Street, Hollywood, California; Sally Blane and Dorothy Wilson, c/o Columbia Studios, 1,438 Gower Street, Hollywood, California; Barbara Weeks, c/o United Artists Studio, 1,041 North Formosa Avenue, Hollywood, California; Ruby Keeler and Joan Blondell, c/o Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, California. (2) Cost of postage to America is 1 1/2 d. for the first ounce.

C. T. (Barking).—(1) Herewith the cast of *Gold Diggers of 1933*: J. Lawrence—Warren William; Carol—Joan Blondell; Trixie—Aline MacMahon; Polly—Ruby Keeler; Brad—Dick Powell; Peabody—Guy Kibbee; Barney—Ned Sparks; Fay—Ginger Rogers; Don—Clarence Nordstrom; Dance Director—Robert Agnew; Eddie—Tammany Young; Messenger Boy—Sterling Holloway; Clubman—Ferdinand Gottschalk. (2) Address Dick Powell c/o Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, California. (3) The song hits of this film were "Pettin' in the Park," "Shadow Waltz," "Remember My Forgotten Man," "We're in the Money," "I've Got to Sing a Torch Song."



Mary Carlisle is a native of America. She is 5 ft. 4 in. tall, with fair hair and blue eyes. Mary's films include "Grand Hotel," "Justice for Sale," "College Humour," "Ladies Must Love," and "Girl of My Dreams."

AN INTERESTED FILM FAN (Manchester).—(1) Ramon Novarro was born at Durango, Mexico, on February 6, 1899; real name, Ramon Gil Sameniagos; black hair and brown eyes; 5 ft. 8 in. tall; unmarried; hobby, music. Address c/o Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, California. (2) Mitzi Green will be 14 on October 20; she is a native of New York and has brown hair and eyes. Address her c/o Paramount Studios, 5,451 Marathon Street, Hollywood, California. (3) Gracie Fields was born at Rochdale on January 9, 1898; 5 ft. 7 in. tall, auburn hair, and hazel eyes; married Archie Pitt. Address her c/o Associated Radio Pictures, Ealing Green, London, W.5. (4) You pronounce Ramon Novarro exactly as it is spelled and Greta as Gretta.

VAGABOND JIM (South Africa).—Irene Dunne has appeared in the following films: *Leatherstocking*, *Cimarron*, *Bachelor Apartment*, *Married in haste*, *The Great Lover*, *The Melody of Life*, *Back Street*, *Thirteen Women*, *The Ace*, *The Silver Chord*, *Ann Vickers*, *Behold We Live*, and *My Gal Sal*. Address her c/o RKO Radio Studios, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.

P. S. (London, W.2).—Of course I do not mind you calling me George; that is my name. (1) Herewith a list of the awards of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences—1927-28, actress, Janet Gaynor, for *Seventh Heaven*, *Street Angel*, and *Sunrise*; actor, Emil Jannings, for *Way of All Flesh* and *The Last Command*. 1928-29, actress, Mary Pickford, for *Coquette*; actor, Warner Baxter, for *In Old Arizona*. 1929-30, actress, Norma Shearer, for *The Divorcee*; actor, George Arliss, for *Disraeli*. 1930-31, actress, Marie Dressler, for *Min and Bill*; actor, Lionel Barrymore, for *A Free Soul*. 1931-32, actress, Helen Hayes, for *Lullaby* (*The Sin of Madelon Claudet*); actor, Fredric March, for *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*. Special award, Wallace Beery in *The Champ*. (2) Baby Le Roy's real name is Leroy Winebrenner; his parents separated just before he was born on May 12, 1932. Pictures include *Bedtime Story*, *Tilly and Gus*, *Alice in Wonderland*, and *Miss Fane's Baby is Stolen*. (3) Ann Harding's birthday falls on August 7. Latest pictures: *When Ladies Meet*, *Double Harness*, and *Gallant Lady*. Thank you for your good wishes.

P. S. L. (West Calder).—(1) Evelyn Knapp was George Arliss's screen daughter in *A Successful Calamity*. (2) Charles Laughton played the role of Sir William Porterhouse in *The Old Dark House*. (3) From your description, I think the film you mean is *For the Love of Mike*, starring Bobby Hoes and Constance Shottler.

ANXIOUS TO KNOW (Canterbury).—(1) Write to Jean Harlow c/o Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, California, and to Katharine Hepburn c/o RKO Radio Studios, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, California. (2) Elima Landi is married to J. C. Lawrence; they have no children. I am glad you enjoy my page in THE PICTUREGOER.

Hands you could cry over

..... so chapped
..... so red

GLYMIEL JELLY

soothes back to comfort

Shrinking, wincing hands with thin skin easily inflamed and roughened, cry out for Glymiel Jelly. Glymiel Jelly smooths away chapped roughnesses, closes painful little cracks, feeds dried-up skin. Glymiel Jelly keeps hands romantically soft and smooth. Give your poor sensitive hands a Glymiel Jelly beauty treatment to-night and every time you wash. Then your hands keep comfortable, look lovely, *always*.

No other preparation can do what Glymiel Jelly does. Glymiel Jelly contains special softening and beautifying ingredients and is made by a process that cannot be copied.

You can try Glymiel Jelly for as little as 3d.

GLYMIEL Jelly

TUBES 3d... 6d... 1/-

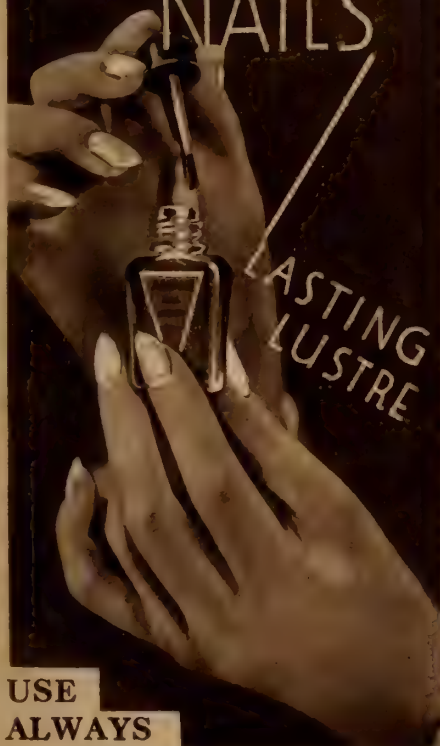
DECORATIVE JARS 2/6

And just as Glymiel Jelly gives your hands lasting charm and beauty, so Glymiel Face Cream (Lilac Blossom) gives delicate charm and beauty to your complexion. Buy a tube to-day from your chemist. Price 6d.



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TO GIVE YOUR NAILS



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ALWAYS

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NAIL VARNISH—6d.

Complete Manicure Sets, 6d., 1/3, 3/6.

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Take this pleasant,
dependable laxative
for
**THOROUGH
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SAFE RELIEF!**

Feen-a-mint does not gripe; it works naturally, safely, thoroughly, without over-action. Take this dependable way to banish constipation. Children especially love its fresh, mint flavour!

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Obtainable at all chemists 1/3 a box

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FEEN-A-MINT brand CHEWING CONFECTION,
WITH LAXATIVE PROPERTIES,
IS NOW OBTAINABLE IN THE
POPULAR **6** SIZE

The NEW Invisible Foundation

... slender and unconcerned about unruly curves? Or, are contours getting out of hand? These flexible featherweight foundations will retain youthful lines, and coax them back where they have got lost. Worn by a full figure under or over the ordinary Corset, a 'Youthiform' gives added control.

Quite invisible in wear: no bones: seamless: so soft. Wear them next to the skin. Made of the exclusive 'Liberty' Wonderweave elastic fabric.

In several qualities

from 5/6 up.

In 'Youthiform'

Brassieres from

2/11½d. up.



ASK YOUR DRAPER FOR THEM
If unable to obtain, write direct to
'Libertyland,' Market Harborough, for
name of nearest stockist.

SET your own WAVES

IN 20 MINUTES!

This amazing new clip enables you to set your waves, at any time, quickly and easily. Simply damp the hair (or use setting lotion) and apply the clip. Remove when hair is dry. The Secret is in the special new form of TEETH SETTING.

From Hairdressers and Stores, including Harrods, Selfridges, Also Timothy Whites, Taylors and Boots.

If unobtainable send to Jarrett Rainsford and Loughton Ltd. (C) Birmingham.



Simply press clips open and apply where required.

1/- PER
CARD
(2CLIPS)

Beautiful well-defined waves are the result.

The Ladye Jayne WAVE-CLIP AND RE-SETTER



Mrs. Stobbing's Lovely Eyes

Magnetic, Alluring EYES

A wonderful new discovery which made my eyelashes grow nearly three-quarters of an inch! Has given hundreds of women long, dark, thick, luxurious eyelashes. Rapid, guaranteed harmless, unlike all other preparations. Brings alluring, upcurling lashes in a month. Complete outfit, 3/6. Includes FREE, my famous Beauty Eye-drill Movement, sold at 3/6, adopted by famous film stars. Write—Mrs. Lionel Stobbing, Dept. P.G., 28 Dean Road, London, N.W.2.

BEAUTIFUL • DOWN TO HER FINGERTIPS



HOW frequently it is said, "Yes, she's very beautiful, but—" It is the attention to the minute details which count; and a girl's hands are an infallible guide. You must be beautiful—right down to your finger-tips—and there is no better way to ensure this than by the use of the famous "Kraska" Nail Polish, which is used by Royalty. "Kraska" is easily and instantly applied, withstands the action of soap and water, yet is speedily removed by "Kraska" Polish Remover. It is most economical and by far the best polish for the nails. Every bottle includes brush for application.

"KRASKA" POLISH REMOVER

Instantly removes polish. Just a touch and then wipe off. 1/-

"KRASKA" CUTICLE REMOVER

Supplied with patent Cuticle Extractor. 1/- and 1/9

"KRASKA" NAIL POLISH

is made in 25 fascinating colours.

Blanche, Naturelle, Rosée, Double Rosée, Quadruple Rosée, Deep Quadruple Rosée, Coral, Deep Coral, Chinese Lake, Deep Chinese Lake, Orange, *Pearl, *Rose Pearl, *Gold, *Silver, Ruby, Deep Ruby, Black, Blue, Green, Tango-Coral, Deep Tango-Coral, etc.

Prices 1/-, 1/6 and 2/6 per bottle.

*In 1/6 and 2/6 sizes only.



Kraska

Obtainable from all Chemists, Hairdressers and Stores, and branches of Boots the Chemists.

"KRASKOL" for under-arm hygiene. Odourless, safe, antiseptic; a preventative of perspiration evils. 1/- and 1/6

"KRASKA" Nicotine and Ink Stain Remover, for keeping the hands free from unsightly stain. 1/- and 2/-

Cuticura Talcum

Soothes and Cools

How important it is to complete the toilet with a fragrant, anti-septic powder! After a cleansing with Cuticura Soap, a light application of Cuticura Talcum will add the finishing touch to your toilet.

Talcum 1s. 3d. Sold at all chemists.



She made a "GRAND SLAM"

If you saw Helen Vinson in "Grand Slam" you will agree that she scored heavily! And now "The Picturegoer" Salon has scored with her charming portrait! That's the beauty of these sepia glossy postcards, new series.

They bring out every characteristic feature. No wonder these postcards are so popular, no wonder so many collectors take a delight in showing them to their friends. Choose yours from the list below.

5/- POSTCARD ALBUM FREE

Join "The Picturegoer" Postcard Club and we will present you free with a 5/- Album, handsomely bound in Art. Leather to hold 300 cards. To join, simply send an order for not less than one doz. new sepia glossy postcards at the regular price of 2/6 dozen. On subsequent orders you will receive substantial discounts as well as many Club privileges.

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John Boles	Constance Cummings	John Gielgud
Lillian Bond	Marlene Dietrich	Mary Glynn
Carl Brisson	Maxine Erwin	Lillian Harvey
Bruce Cabot	Norma Shearer	Katharine Hepburn
	Edwina Dagnall	Edward E. Hearn
	Jack Hallett	Dorothy Hyson
	Ursula Jeans	Ruby Keeler
	Jan Kiepura	Ellen Landi
	Ida Lupino	Francis Lederer
	Freddie March	Herbert Marshall
	George Raft	Norma Shearer
	Sylvia Sydney	C. Aubrey Smith
	Handolph Scott	Lyle Talbot
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	Diana Wynyard	Richard Young

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85 Long Acre, London, W.C.2

Please enrol me as a member of the "Picturegoer" Postcard Club, and send me Membership Card and full particulars of discounts, etc., on future orders. I enclose order for not less than one dozen Postcards, new series, sepia glossy finish, price 2s. 6d. dozen. Please include with my order your 5s. Free Postcard Album. I enclose* 1s. extra to cover cost of postage and packing on my gift.

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P.O. No. Amount.....
*Overseas readers should enclose 2s. extra to cover packing and postage.
Cross P.O. /and Co./ and make payable to "THE PICTUREGOER." Pk. 10.3.34

ON THE SCREENS NOW—Contd.

The main interest lies in the situation where the keeper, his family, the ex convict, and a local policeman are storm-bound in the lighthouse, and in the manner they keep the truth about the fugitive from the latter and the adopted daughter.

It is quite well written and acted.

*HER IMAGINARY LOVER

Warner. British. "U" certificate. Farce. Runs 66 minutes.

LAURA LA PLANTE.....	Celia
PERCY MARMONT.....	Lord Michael of Ware
LADY TREE.....	Grandma
EMILY FITZROY.....	Aunt Lydia
ROLAND CULVER.....	Raleigh-Raleigh (her son)
BERNARD NEDELL.....	Davidson
OLIVE BLAKENY.....	Polly

Directed by GEORGE KING from A. E. W. Mason's novel, "Green Stockings."

A farce, transparent in plot, and revolving round the use of a nobleman's name for the purposes of satisfying a snobbish aunt as to the qualifications of her niece's imaginary fiancé. The name turns out to have a real owner and the complications which follow provide the entertainment.

Laura La Plante shows a good deal of her old spirit as the heroine, while Lady Tree is excellent as her grandmother who instigates the plot.

Percy Marmont is adequate as the nobleman whose name has been taken in vain.

*HIS PRIVATE SECRETARY

Gaumont Ideal. American. "A" certificate. Romantic comedy. Runs 62 minutes.

EVALYN KNAPP.....	Marion
JOHN WAYNE.....	Dick
REGINALD BARLOW.....	Mr. Wallace
NATALIE KINGSTON.....	Polly
ALEC B. FRANCIS.....	Dr. Hall

Directed by PHIL WHITMAN.

Romantic comedy with a business background, in which Evalyn Knapp gives an unaffected and spirited performance, while John Wayne is adequate as her lover, whose father's opposition to their match she overcomes by taking a job as his secretary.

It is rather old fashioned in construction and the plot is very slight.

*HER SPLENDID FOLLY

Butcher. American. "U" certificate. Romantic drama. Runs 60 minutes.

LILIAN BOND.....	Joan McAllister
	Laura Gerard
THEODORE VON ELTZ.....	Wallace Morley
ALEXANDER CARR.....	Solomon Ginsberg
LOYD WHITLOCK.....	John De Silva
J. FRANK GLENDON.....	Richard Hemmingsham
BERYL MERCER.....	Mrs. McAllister
ROBERTA GALE.....	Sally Lee
FRANCES LEE.....	Natalie
LOUISE BEAVERS.....	Anastasia
WM. BURT.....	Justice of the Peace
HARRY TODD.....	Witness

Directed by WILLIAM O'CONNOR from a story by BUELLA POYNTER.

A story of a case of mistaken identity, in which a girl who doubles for a film star is black-mailed by that lady's husband, who refuses to believe she is not his wife.

It is all very artless, with a good deal of sugary mother-love sentiment, relieved by some quite good comedy.

THE LURE

Paramount. British. "A" certificate. Mystery drama. Runs 66 minutes.

ANNE GREY.....	Julia
CECIL RAYMOND.....	Dane
ALEC FRASER.....	Baxter
BILLY HARTNELL.....	Billy
PHILIP CLARKE.....	Peter
P. G. CLARKE.....	Merritt
DORIS LONG.....	Dorothy
JEAN ORMDON.....	Mary

Directed by ARTHUR MAUDE from a play by J. W. SARBEN CLARE.

Conventional mystery drama, told in a commonplace and colourless manner, with little grip or conviction.

Acting is unremarkable, except for an amusing drunk act by Billy Hartnell.

The Bath of Psyche

So beautiful was Psyche, lovely Goddess of the ancient Greeks, that even Cupid fell in love with her. Her greatest aid to beauty was her famous bath, a secret of charm which is as potent to-day as in ages past.

But where Psyche enriched her bath with precious herbs and costly cosmetics, the modern girl bathes in water super-charged with invigorating, tonic oxygen, to make skin soft and velvety and beautify the figure.

So simple, too! Just by crumbling a Reudel Bath Cube in the water, a bath is transformed into a beauty treatment—newly-liberated oxygen envelopes you, wakening jaded tissues to new life, cleansing minute pores deep down below the skin, giving you new vitality, new poise, new grace, new beauty. Truly

CUPID LIVES IN THE BATHROOM

REUDEL BATH CUBE 2^D

Beautiful Complexion



Apply the Cerings Face Pack, a medicated white clay (not Fuller's Earth). Removes waste matter and impurities, forming an ideal and complete cleanser. Full particulars free on application, or special two weeks treatment, 1/6, post free. **BOYSE-PHIPPS, LTD.**, Dept. P., 9 Truman St., Nottingham.

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The birthright of every woman is a slim, youthful figure. To achieve true happiness, get rid of the mask of ugly fat that is hiding your beauty. Thousands of women have discovered a new world in a simple, practical way to get rid of fat.

Doctors know that when food is taken into the body it is either transformed into energy, or it is stored in the form of fat. The proper reducing treatment helps the body turn food into energy. That is the way Marmola brand Antifat Tablets work. They supply the normal element that the body itself uses.

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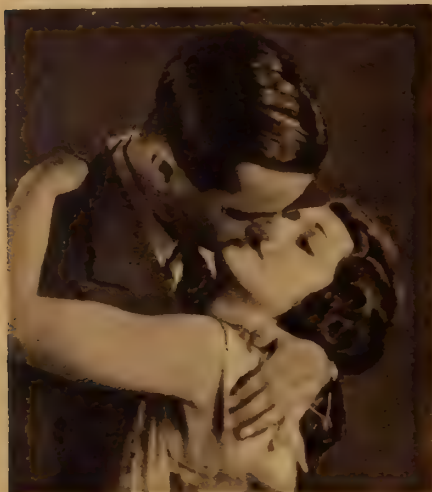
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KHASANA Blush Cream will do as much for you, because its shade changes on the skin to match your complexion, giving the cheeks a rosy bloom, so natural and discreet. It has a cold cream base which makes it easy to use and protects the skin from cold winds and sun.

In the same way KHASANA Lipstick produces a very natural colouring on the lips, beautifying and protecting them. KHASANA Preparations are kiss- and water-proof and non-detectable.

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Blush Cream 1/6.
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LEAVE IT TO ANNE

WHATEVER your query, whether it belongs to the beauty or the domestic category, I am delighted to answer it. Please enclose a stamped addressed envelope for a postal reply. I can give you more space in a letter than can be spared in this column.

THE complete toilet table is a necessity for every woman who aspires to be irreproachably turned out. You cannot achieve a faultless make-up with a grubby old powder puff and a messy tube of cream, oozing at the wrong end. As much care should be bestowed on an orderly beauty equipment as is bestowed on a wardrobe.

The type and number of creams required depend entirely on the kind of skin you possess. Skins may roughly be classified as blonde, which is fine, pink and white, with a tendency to be delicate about cold winds and a hot sun; brunette, which is of slightly coarser texture, doesn't mind the weather, but is sometimes subject to greasy open pores; and medium, which is in between the two.

The blonde skin needs special care and creams. It requires a feeding cream containing a pure natural fat warranted not to grow hair, a powder base that is not drying, and a powder that will provide protection against winds and sun.

The brunette needs a skin food containing less fat, because her skin has a greater natural supply. Her chief concern must be to prevent the pores from becoming clogged and enlarged. Special creams are made for this purpose.

The daily care of the normal skin calls for skin food, astringent lotion, vanishing cream and a good powder.

The Etceteras

Now for the *etceteras*. Lay in a good stock of tissues and sterilised cotton wool. Cleansing tissues are infinitely better for removing excess cream and make-up than a towel. Moreover, they may be burned after use. This is really important. Nothing of this nature should ever be used twice. That is why a pad of cotton wool is preferable to a powder puff. Powder puffs grow grubby after very little use, and it is ruinous to the skin to continue to use a soiled puff.

You also require cotton wool to apply astringent lotion, deodorants, the making of compresses, and for use instead of a face glove when your skin is in a tender and irritable mood. Tissues are also excellent for rubbing out hard edges after applying rouge and blush cream, and shaping the lips after the application of lipstick. The tissues are obtainable quite cheaply at the 3d. and 6d. stores, and cotton wool may be purchased in rolls. But wool that is ready cut in squares, each



Rochelle Hudson illustrates Lilian Harvey's method of making-up her eyelashes. The first step is to apply cream to the under side of the upper lashes; then a little ordinary face powder is applied, the cream holding only the amount necessary; then the mascara is applied. The cream and powder serve to give the eyelashes body and guard against brittleness.

square in its own little sterilised envelope, is better still, if you can afford the extra cost.

Lipsticks

Rouge for the lips is made in three forms, stick or pencil, paste and liquid. The lipstick, of course, needs no accessory, but if you favour the paste or liquid form, it is most easily and successfully applied by means of a brush. You might take a tip from the film studios where it is customary to employ a Chinese brush for this purpose. You may obtain one in any art shop, and you will find that it produces a perfectly even line without trace of smudging.

An eyebrow brush is the next necessity. You may buy this very cheaply from any chemist. It serves not only for eyebrows, but for eyelashes as well. It is used for training brows, applying mascara or dye, or if you do not need these cosmetics, for brushing a little vaseline or castor oil through brows and lashes to nourish them and give them a soft, silky appearance.

An atomiser that may be used in any bottle is a splendid investment. It is useful for spraying the hair with a setting lotion, for face lotions, and for perfume. It quickly repays its initial cost, for it economises in the use of them all.

Finally, provide your dressing-table with a magnifying mirror and an unshaded light of great strength. The light must be really merciless, so that it will show up the slightest exaggeration or mistake in your make-up. If you look well under its glare, you may be sure that in the more kindly lighting you will encounter elsewhere, your make-up will appear perfect.

The magnifying mirror helps to this end also, for blurred lines, blotched colour and unevenly touched-up eyelashes are reflected with emphasis. The mirror is also useful when eyebrows are being plucked, for it discloses every hair that refuses to come into line with its more orderly neighbours.



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LOOKS SO
ADORABLY FRESH**

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SLUMBER HELMET

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SKIN**

SPECIAL

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OFFER

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The Picturegoer Weekly.

No. 143 (New Series), Vol. 3

Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper

February 17, 1934

AN OPEN LETTER TO JEAN HARLOW **PAGE 13**

PICTUREGOER

2^d
WEEK



JEAN HARLOW

LOVE IS *not* BLIND

Fuzzy Denson and
Freddy Foster in a
scene from "He knew
just what." A Pathé
release.

COULD *Your* COMPLEXION STAND THE CLOSE-UP TEST?

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A REMARKABLY INTERESTING BOOK ON NERVOUS DISORDERS GIVEN
FREE TO ALL SUFFERERS!

There is no greater obstacle to health, success, and happiness than a nervous disposition created by morbid fears. Nervous fears deprive you of the ability to reveal your real self; to develop your talents and make a headway in the battle of life. Fear ruins your health, robs you of the joy of living, and causes more misery and suffering than many acute physical disorders.

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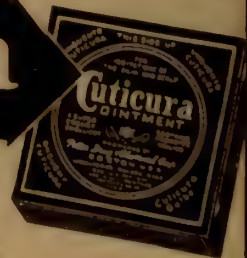
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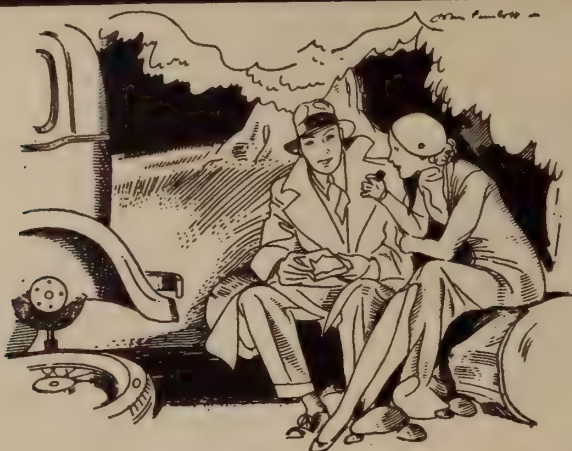
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FRANK LAWTON

Perhaps it was just a coincidence, yet Lawton's friends are wondering if there is anything sinister in the fact that after completing his rôle in "Friday the Thirteenth," the popular young actor was assailed by appendicitis. Frank is, happily, recovered now.



*When you're delayed
on the road . . .*

*When the cinema
cuts out a meal . . .*

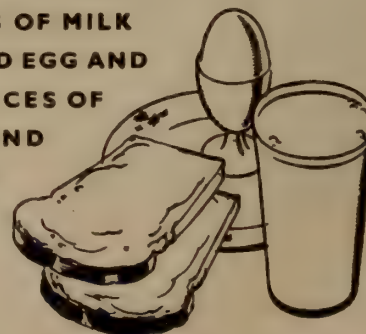


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A BOILED EGG AND
TWO SLICES OF
BREAD AND
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CADBURYS
MILK CHOCOLATE
a very nourishing food

Charlie Ruggles, Mary Boland, W. C. Fields, Alison Skipworth, George Burns and Gracie Allen in "Six of a Kind."



The Screen News Magazine de Luxe PICTUREGOER

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Advertisement Offices : 57 Long Acre, W.C.2.

Telephone : Temple Bar 2468.

Telegrams : Southernwood, Rand, London.

What About LEE TRACY?

Strong Move to Reinstate Star—New Light on Mexican Incident—Janet Gaynor Refuses to Remake "Seventh Heaven"—New Batch of "Exotics"—Gloria Swanson's Come Back—Changing Screen Profiles

I CAME away from the preview showing wondering if it is significant that in the opening sequences of *Advice to the Lovelorn*, which, unless the present Hollywood ban is removed, will be the star's last picture, Lee Tracy is shown draped in a sheet and obviously recovering from a "night before."

It was, you will recall, his appearance, clad only in a blanket on a balcony that caused all the trouble in Mexico and had a sequel in his suspension.

Later in the film Lee wisecracks about being put in the "dog house."

Tracy, I believe, on his somewhat crestfallen return to Hollywood after the *Viva Villa* "incident," made retakes on the Twentieth Century picture. Were the gags to which I have referred in *Advice to the Lovelorn* an attempt by a powerful studio to laugh the whole thing off as good, clean fun?

Public Support

The case of Tracy is one of the most interesting in Hollywood history. Most other stars who have been thrown out of pictures under the "moral turpitude" clause in their contract have found themselves up against a solid wall of studio and public disapproval.

Tracy, who has made a host of friends both in the industry and among the fans, has inspired much official and public support for his case.

At the moment there is a powerful and determined move to have him reinstated.

The American press has largely thrown its weight into the movement on the side of the star and almost all the current papers demand his restoration.

I myself have had a big post from PICTUREGOER readers asking that Tracy's "escapade," if, indeed, it was, should be overlooked.

"Merely Noisy"

A great deal of new "evidence" as to what happened on that afternoon in Mexico City has been adduced in the attempt to prove that the affair was much exaggerated.

Irving Pichel, the well-known actor-director, who was in the room with Lee at the time, testifies that the star was merely high-spirited and noisy.

There was no question of Tracy insulting the parade or behaving indecently.

When he went to the police station to make his explanation the friendliest possible spirit existed. Apologies were tendered on both sides and everybody treated the whole thing as a misunderstanding and a joke.

Mr. Pichel declares that during the whole time

they were there attempts were made to create trouble for the company because the natives resented an American studio making a film about one of their national heroes and because they have always had a grievance against Hollywood on account of the film capital's weakness for Mexican villains.

Forgive and Forget

Pichel's account of the balcony incident and the view that Tracy was made the scapegoat for all the humiliations Mexico has received at the hands of American studios is supported by George Rigas, a member of the *Viva Villa* cast, and many others who were there.

Tracy, Rigas—who watched the whole affair from the street—declares, has been the victim of a grave injustice.

One can sympathise a great deal with the position of M.-G.-M. in the matter. If there is some doubt as to whether Lee Tracy had the spree, there is no doubt at all that the studio suffered the hang-over.

In addition to all the trouble involved, they had to remake a large portion of the film at a cost of many thousands of pounds. Moreover,

(Continued on page 7)



JOAN BLONDELL

Still the Warner studio's white-haired girl, although she has allowed her tresses to return to their original light auburn shade. Miss Blondell seems to have been elected the screen's champion "Gold-digger of 1934." She is a boudoir bandit in both her new pictures, "Havana Widows" and "Convention City."

(Continued from page 5)

they obviously could not afford to offend the South American market.

Nevertheless, in view of the conflicting and inconclusive nature of the evidence and the unmistakable signs that the film public itself is prepared to forgive and forget the whole unfortunate business, one hopes that some way may be found out of the present situation.

Lee Tracy is one of the actors and film personalities the screen needs.

Janet and the New "Seventh Heaven"

Recent semi-official reports which caused quite a stir in the film world that the reunion of Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell would result in the remaking of *Seventh Heaven* with the stars in their original roles, now seem definitely unlikely to materialise.

Farrell, I know, was approached by studio executives as to whether he would consider the project and was stated to be keen to do that "very remarkable fellow" Chico on the screen for us again.

Janet, however, has put the well-known Gaynor foot down with all the old well-known Gaynor vigour.

"Under no conditions will I remake *Seventh Heaven*," she is quoted as saying. "I could not equal my work in the silent version and I do not intend to invite comparison."

Well, perhaps she is wise.

Have You a 1934 Profile?

Among this week's more profound announcements is the news that fashions in profiles are changing, according to James Wong Howe, who, as one of Hollywood's best cameramen, should know.

"The 1934 profile won't look like the 1933 profile at all," he declares. "People who hope to crash into films this year will have to judge themselves by a new standard. Small noses, for one thing, are 'out.' Leading ladies apparently will wear their profiles with good, strong noses like those of Constance Bennett and Marion Davies.

"The 1934 star's chin, while firm, must have a certain softness," the amiable Howe proceeds. "It cannot be a hard, stubborn chin. Her mouth must be decidedly feminine, neither too large nor too small. A good example of the new style in mouths is provided by Lupe Velez. It must be mobile, quick to reflect expressions."

Madge Evans's Eyes

Mr. Howe goes on to declare that the fashionable film beauty's eyes may be blue, brown or grey, but they must be large, yet not too large for the rest of her face. (I hope he doesn't run into Joan Crawford in the Culver City corridors.)

Madge Evans is nominated as the best example in this case.

"The new star's forehead," he adds, "should be straight and moderately high—not bulging. You could take Garbo's forehead for a model."

And it does not matter whether she is a blonde or brunette so long as her hair is soft and well groomed.

Masculine Profiles, too

I have no wish to initiate a mirror-gazing vogue among the male population, but some readers of both sexes may be interested in the Howe physical qualifications for the 1934 hero.

While not going so far as to say that all screen juveniles this season will have to look like Wallace Beery, he does say:—

"Anybody can remember when the ideal masculine profile had to look like the 'collar advertisement.' That was only two or three years ago. Last year we had a slight tendency toward the Barrymore profile. But this year the juvenile can't look like that at all.

"He'll have to own a chin like Clark Gable's, sort of rounded at the bottom, with a hint of a dimple. He'll need a good, strong mouth, something like Robert Montgomery's. His nose is not especially important, except that it can't look like Jimmy Durante's.

"His eyes must be strong and set reasonably forward in his head, like Ramon Novarro's. His forehead must not be too high, nor yet too low. John Gilbert's is a good example. His hair is not important, except that it must match the rest of his face.

"SUGGESTIONS"

PRIZE-WINNERS IN COMPETITION

THIS week I have the pleasure of announcing the prize-winners in the "Suggestions" competition and thanking all those thousands of readers who sent in ideas of what their ideal PICTUREGOER would be like.

Many of the suggestions have been helpful and will be used to make the paper even better.

The prize of two guineas is won by Miss D. B. Hutchings, of 59, Wandle Road, Croydon, Surrey.

Prizes of 5s. each are awarded to:—

C. A. Seaffham, 270, Skillingthorpe Road, Swanpool, Lincoln.

Miss Myra Mackay, 445, Govan Road, Glasgow, S.W.1.

C. Montgomery, 30, Rugby Road, Ranelagh, Dublin.

E. M. Barford, The Homestead, Selsey, Sussex.

One popular suggestion that we have been pleased to put into immediate operation is that in addition to the existing prizes for "Thinker" letters, prizes of 5s. be paid for each letter published. The new conditions are initiated in this issue.

"If you can find a couple of people that fulfil these requirements," Mr. Howe writes me in conclusion, "send them around and I'll put them under personal contract."

New Screen "Exotics"

Filmland is busy at the moment trying to find new types of exotics. One important newcomer, whom we should be seeing shortly, is Lenore Ulric, who specialises in dynamic and intense characterisations in the American theatre and is now described as a "panther in a modern drawing-room." Then there is Kathryn Sergava, the Russian actress who, according to the Warner press boys, is described by Dr. Kenneth Williams, renowned psycho-analyst, as "potentially the most dangerous woman" he has ever met.

"Sergava is a 'smouldering' personality," Dr. Williams, who makes an annual pilgrimage to Hollywood to psycho-analyse the new players, declares. "The cap or the dam may hold. Or again one may explode and the other may break away. Sergava, trained as she is in the Russian school, may go along peacefully enough in her career. But again, she may show Hollywood something entirely new and different in the way of temperament.

"Some tremendous experience in her life has made Sergava a woman of almost ungovernable emotions," he solemnly affirms. "If her control ever snaps I would not like to be the first to encounter her."

Sergava, who was formerly a ballet dancer, makes her debut opposite Paul Muni in *Hi, Nellie*.

Gloria's Come-back

It was expected that Miss Ulric would be introduced to the screen in *I Loved an Actress*, but the plan has apparently fallen through and the most likely candidate for the rôle at the time of

writing is our old friend Gloria Swanson.

It would be interesting if, now that Constance Bennett has departed from the Radio lot in search of fresh worlds to conquer, Gloria should return to her throne there.

Miss Swanson's salary demands have apparently undergone some adjustment. When she was with United Artists she asked for and received something like £30,000 a picture. Her current negotiations with Radio indicate a cheque hovering somewhere about £10,000 for the film.

I Loved an Actress, incidentally, was written by Gregory Ratoff. He should know something about actresses. He is married to a most brilliant and popular star, Eugene Leontovitch, who created on the Broadway stage the rôle which Garbo played in the film version of *Grand Hotel*.

Kinema Couplets

THIS week's prize of 10s. 6d. goes to Miss Edna Hartley, 2, Adam and Eve Street, Market Harborough, for:—

Cash

Design for Living

Awards of 2s. 6d. each go to the following:—
To Miss Jessie Paterson, 21, Watson Crescent, Edinburgh, for:—

Her Imaginary Lover
Matinee Idol

To Miss H. D'Arcy, 40, Warren Road, Leyton, E.10, for a joyous statement of the obvious:—

After Office Hours
The Big Stampede

To Margaret M. Grace, 51, Fawe Park Road, Putney, London, S.W.15, for:—

The Keyhole
Maid Happy

And to Mrs. H. H. Dorrington, 105, Sandford Road, Moseley, Birmingham, for:—

Radio Parade

For the Love of Mike

MALCOLM D. PHILLIPS.

Garbo's Latest—and Greatest

ADVANCE reports of "Queen Christina" indicate that in it Garbo does the greatest work she has ever offered the screen.

A full review of the picture will appear in our next issue. The great new film is, in the meanwhile, presented in picture form on pages 18 and 19.

Readers will also be pleased to hear that the "Daily Herald" has secured the story rights of "Queen Christina" for serialisation. The story is being specially written by Philip Lindsay, the famous historical novelist.

Fredric March and Sylvia Sydney in "Good Dame." This is Sylvia's first film since her return to America after her European trip.



Unsung SCRIBES of the TALKIES

HELEN WAGSTAFFE has a word to say about the scenarists whose work is so important to the production of a good film, but whose names generally find little space in the credit titles.

Jack's the Boy, There Goes the Bride, The Man From Toronto, The Good Companions, and I Was a Spy, are a few of his outstanding successes, and there are numbers more, for Mr. Lipscomb has been writing for the screen for five years, and proposes to do six scenarios a year.

A man with such a record must have more than the ordinary share of brains, and as clever people are usually rather overwhelming, it was with some trepidation that I climbed the thickly carpeted stairs to Mr. Lipscomb's flat.

I need not have had any "nerves." Britain's "ace" scenario writer welcomed me with a box of cigarettes in one hand and a tin of sweets in the other, and then, settling

me into one armchair and himself into a second, proceeded to smash all my preconceived ideas about that most difficult of all film

crafts—writing the story.

I have always had a mental picture of the author of a film as a little, untidy man sitting in a corner writing away for dear life and finally submitting a script which would be read through, O.K.'d, and immediately ready for shooting.

I am entirely wrong. In the first place, scenario writers, as represented by Mr. Lipscomb, are neither small nor untidy.

In the second, scenarios are never written entirely without outside help. In fact, there is so much outside help that the finished article is nothing like the original story.

"When you start a scenario," said Mr. Lipscomb, dipping into the tin of sweets, "you have, in the first place, a conference with the director, assistant director, production manager, casting director and one or two more people, and you begin by discussing from which angle the story will be most successfully presented to the public.

"The story itself may have been the theme of a well-known book or a play, but that does not mean that it will necessarily be good entertainment presented in just that way on the screen.

"Scenario writing is a definite craft . . . your scenario writer does not just 'have an idea,' fling in a few camera angles and some snappy dialogue and call that a script. He creates entertainment

by presenting an already successful plot from an entirely new angle suitable to screen treatment."

"What comes after the conference?" I asked.

"Another conference," said Mr. Lipscomb, smiling, "and very often another and another and another. Most of my actual writing is done late at night here," he waved a hand towards a paper-littered desk in the window.

"Conferences take up most of the day, and quite often an evening's work is completely altered and re-arranged by the conference the following morning!"

"When the story is chosen," said I, "do you next settle the cast?"

"The main parts, yes," was the reply. "Not the whole cast, because in the course of discussion, parts of the original story may be cut, but the chief characters are cast at once, because it is essential to suit your adaptation to your leading players.

"For instance, *I Was a Spy* as it was written was admirably suited to Madeleine Carroll. Had the leading lady been a more exotic, glamorous type I would have written the story from a different angle, making her a master spy, revelling in intrigue, more like Mata Hari.

"But for Madeleine it was far better that she should portray a simple Belgian peasant, caught in the toils of espionage almost before she was aware of it. A reluctant spy as it were. An entirely different 'slant' on the same story."

"All the stories you have mentioned have come from books or plays," I ventured, "what about original stories for the screen?"

"I have written some," was the answer. "*Channel Crossing* was one. But on the whole I prefer to make adaptations."

There are other screen writers who find a greater fascination in writing original stories than in adapting them, and one of the best known of these is Michael Barringer, whose name has for some time been closely associated with British Lion, for whom he has written a number of scripts.

I found him the other day in a sunny office down at the Beaconsfield studios, and was told almost apologetically as we shook hands, "I'm sure you don't want to see me. You ought to go on the set and have a word with our leading lady. I only write the stories."

Only the stories; Please Mr. Barringer!

I disregarded his advice about the leading lady and stayed instead in the sunny office and there heard a story that would out-thrill many a script.

For Michael Barringer only decided to write for the screen a comparatively short time ago.

During his early life, part of which was spent in Canada, he was a gold miner, and at another time a lumber jack. The War brought him back to England and when it was over, he began to write stories, more for the fun of it than for any other reason.

Consider these two men who work that you may be entertained: Mr. Lipscomb, who has passed the highest test of success in writing not one good scenario, but dozens, and all of them good—Mr. Barringer, whose versatile talents enable him to write drama and farce with equal ease, and you will not in future, when you see, "Screen story by Soanso," think a little contemptuously of "Soanso" as "just the scenario writer!"



W. P. Lipscomb, the director and scenarist of "Colonel Blood," with Lesley Wareing as Frances Stewart, whom Charles II chose as the model for Britannia on the first issue of copper coinage.

"ADAPTED from the famous novel by Soanso." How many times do you see this at the bottom of an advertisement for a new picture.

A good many. But it conveys little to you until you see a number of good pictures, all bearing the same name as the writer of the story, that you begin to realise that every picture adapted for the screen from a novel or a play has its story specially written by men who devote their whole time to this work.

They hide their light under a bushel, these men. Their names are not household words, as are those of the stars.

The author of a play makes a personal appearance on the first night. He is lauded, applauded and generally lionised, especially if he has a reputation.

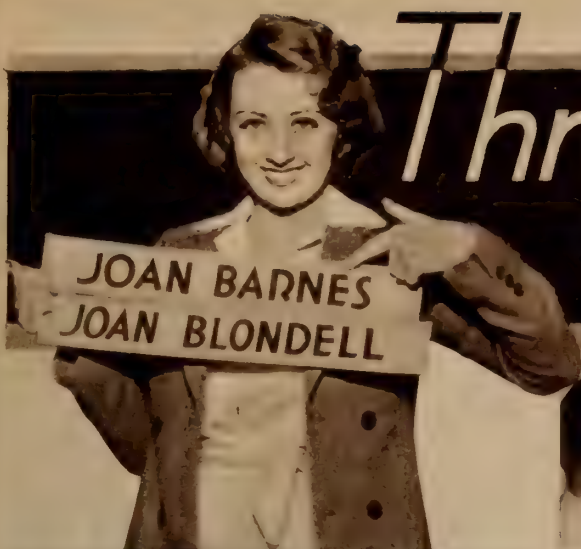
For the real "authors" of films there is seldom such recognition. On the credit sheet at the beginning of the picture their names appear no larger than that of the Assistant Cameraman.

They are just the scenario writers, providing stories for our entertainment. Just the scenario writers.

In a quiet, spacious flat overlooking the Thames I met the author of some of the most successful British pictures ever produced—W. P. Lipscomb.

NEXT WEEK

Douglas Fairbanks, jun., has been speaking more freely in interviews published in America about the reasons for his coming to England. Next week an open letter by M. D. Phillips takes him to task about some of his remarks.



Through Our LENS

Is Joan Blondell, who recently sought to adopt her "married name" for screen purposes, trying to effect a compromise by having both?



These bottles made a fortune for Harry Frink, who used to supply the Hollywood studios with liquor "props" during Prohibition. Now the studios can buy their own. Frink is shown here exhibiting his collection, which was gathered in all parts of the world, to Ida Lupino.



Jean Howard shows you the latest thing in raincoats. Plaids in brown and white accent its chic.

The "Lens" cameraman (left) takes you behind the scenes at Shepherd's Bush—a shot of the shooting of "Evergreen."

Left, Centre: A real film "heavy," Richard Alexander, who appears in "Scarlet Pageant," weighs 240 pounds. He is seen here with Sally Rand, the fan dancer.



TO be sponsored by Alexander Korda is, at the present moment, all that an aspirant to kinema fame could possibly hope for.

The first director to be able to find a vehicle worthy of Charles Laughton's astonishing range of talents, and the first to exploit those talents adequately, he now hopes and expects to repeat the success of *The Private Life of Henry VIII* with his next expensive historical film, *Catherine the Great*.

The "star" in that picture will be held to be, I suppose, the remarkable Viennese Jewess, Elizabeth Bergner, but she has a great many brilliant performers against whom to measure her art.

This film about Russia is directed by a Hungarian, its star is an Austrian. Important parts in it are taken by Douglas Fairbanks, jun., an American; Irene Vanbrugh, who is English; young Griffith Jones, a brilliant Welsh actor; and lastly G. Flora Robson, who is a Scot.

Certainly Korda is making London the real Cosmopolis of the kinema world.

My task in this article is to draw your attention to the last of this remarkable galaxy; and to prophesy for her as sensational a success in the kinemas of the world as she has lately made on the stage in the West End of London.

Flora Robson is an actress; and when I say actress, I mean actress in the full sense of that much watered-down word.

She is not a beauty.

She has, furthermore, little of the elfin, Barresque charm which distinguishes the frail Elizabeth Bergner.

Her face is not particularly photogenic, or even symmetrical. But it is a remarkable face all the same, the face of a real human being, who has hated and loved, and suffered and thought and observed.

Two years ago she was a struggling character actress.

In the "profession," she was known as an actress who knew her job and could give more than ordinary significance to a conventional part. To the general public, her name was unknown.

In those days, Flora Robson found it as much as she could do—and at times more than she could do—to get parts.

Then, gradually, producers, and more gradually, the public, began to take notice of her, and to single her out as an actress who was likely to add lustre to the theatre of her time.

St. John Ervine, most pontifical of dramatic critics, and one not given to excessive praise, informed his readers that he detected in Miss Robson the qualities which might make of her a great actress; a few months later he corrected himself; "Miss Robson is a great actress," he said.

A succession of parts—some of them very small parts—as hard-boiled street-walkers, warned Flora Robson that she was in danger of suffering the fate of every character-actress who gets a break. She was in danger of being typed.

J. B. Priestley's *Dangerous Corner* put an end to that. Her brilliant performance in that excellent play was followed by another direct hit in Somerset Maugham's ruthless picture of post-war England: *For Services Rendered*.

As the sex-starved, repressed daughter who saw only too clearly her prospects of being left "on the shelf," Miss Robson drew, with enormous success, upon her apparently bottomless emotional resources.

The climax of this play in which she goes out of her mind was one of the most impressively tragic scenes seen on the London stage for many years.

Then came what was perhaps her greatest success yet, *All God's Chillun*, in which she appeared opposite one of the greatest artistes in the world, Paul Robeson, and suffered nothing in comparison.

Since then she has appeared, not quite so successfully, in Emyln Williams' *Vessels Departing*—in which she was miscast—and, once more with great success, in two remarkably interesting

FLORA ROBSON

Old Vic productions with Charles Laughton and a dozen other first-rate actors and actresses.

Indeed, she belongs, with Laughton, Tyrone Guthrie, James Bridie, and a few others, to the group of young workers in the theatre—most of them Scots or north-countrymen—which has suddenly come to be regarded as the only hope of the theatre in England.

Catherine the Great is Flora Robson's first important part in a film. She brings to the screen a reputation of being nothing less than the biggest bet in the English theatre. She has been compared, by conservative critics, with Siddons, Bernhardt, and Duse; not even the Hepburn has boomed more rapidly.

I met Miss Robson in her flat in a Bloomsbury Square. She lives in an atmosphere of "relatives," of whom she has a goodly number.

Her small flat is decorated tastefully and modernly. The furniture is of the unvarnished type popular to-day. A volume of reproductions of Epstein's work testifies to her interest in this artist, and in modernist tendencies in art generally. On the walls hang a Van Gogh and a Matthew Smith. A portrait of Paul Robeson was the only other wall-ornament.

Her gramophone helps her in her systematic study of all that is best in music. A big pile of classical records lay beside it.

Her books show a catholic taste. I noticed on her shelves a good deal of miscellaneous theatrical literature, most of Shakespeare, Ibsen, and Shaw, several modern poets, including T. S. Eliot and Gerard Manley Hopkins, and a good deal of older poetry, a smattering of recent successes in fiction, including A. J. Cronin's "Hatter's Castle," McKnight Kauffer's "Art of the Poster," some of Paul Morand's work, several of Dostoyevsky's novels, as well as a number of heavy-looking tomes, by MacDougall and others, on psychology.

Miss Robson takes herself and her work very seriously. She dresses simply and uses no make-up; she shares several other actresses' fondness for talking with her legs curled up under her.

She is obviously very highly-strung, very sensitive to what others may think of her—like every great artiste, whatever he, or she, may say to the contrary—and very willing, indeed anxious, to explain and comment upon her achievements in the past, and her aspirations for the future. She has decided and original and clear-cut opinions on most subjects.

I asked her to tell me something of her early training.

"I started as early, I should think, as possible. I was a child actress at five, and they were soon calling me a prodigy. That's nearly always a bad sign, and I think I should never have 'lasted' if I hadn't broken away from the theatre altogether for several years.

"I am naturally a very emotional, even an excitable person. I have any amount of it in me, but I'm absolutely sure emotion by itself, without the necessary minimum of technique, is no good, any more than technique alone."

"My health wasn't very good when I was young; in fact, it never has been. At twelve I had to leave the stage, and I thought then that I'd never be able to return to it. But, as I've said, I think now that that enforced absence was a blessing.

"I returned years later, and studied under Helen Haye, to whom I owe a very great deal. She taught me what is one of the most important lessons any actress of my type has to learn—how to discipline my emotion, and how to stage and time my big effort.

"That is a lesson I have had to learn, and one which I believe several of our most famous actresses have not yet learnt."

She named one of the actresses she meant; but I don't mean to name her here. I'm sure Miss Robson is right.

"Many promising young actors and actresses on the stage to-day have any amount of emotion, without the controlling technique which would



Flora Robson as the Empress Elizabeth in "Catherine the Great" and, above, with Elizabeth Bergner in a scene from Korda's latest production.



comes to the SCREEN

by Glyn
ROBERTS

TWO years ago the subject of this article was a struggling character actress who knew her job, but was not well known to the public. To-day she is one of the big names in the theatre and looks like repeating her success on the screen. Here she tells you of her early struggles, her ambitions, and her successes and failures in a remarkably frank and outspoken manner.

enable them to eke out the emotion as required, and not more than required.

"One should conserve one's energy; indeed, if one is to be completely successful, one must.

"Even worse are the older actresses and actors who have grown blasé and cold. With them it is all technique and no emotion. It is dreadful to act with them; often their minds are elsewhere and they will not bother even to play up to you.

"In every play there is one point, I know, in which I have to use everything I know to get over. I must get the audience moved to tears, or, not so often, to laughter—or else I have failed. If I am in form, I can do it. If I'm not I don't. It's all-important, and I always know at once whether I have 'clicked.' Often the audiences are almost immovable, and quite unsympathetic. The actor can always tell. The stalls, in particular, are hard to manage.

"I suffer badly from an inferiority complex. I can't, like so many other women in my profession, 'throw temperaments' to order, and so I often feel that I'm not doing myself justice. I often watch girls 'throwing temperaments' and wish I could do it!

"I suppose this complex helps me, really, in my work. I have to work continuously to overcome it, and that makes my work fuller, rounder and more sympathetic.

"I haven't any illusions about myself. I know when I'm good, and I know as surely when I'm bad. When Paul Robeson and I were in *All God's Chillun*, people thought we must have swelled heads when they heard us talk. Sometimes Paul would come off wreathed in smiles and say eagerly to me, 'I was good to-night, wasn't I?' and, if I thought so, I'd say, 'You were.' Just as often, we said to one another, 'I was bad to-night,' and replied again 'You were.' The actor himself usually knows only too well his shortcomings—better than any critic, and it's his own critical judgment he's most afraid of.

"I criticise myself a lot. I suppose I'm an introvert. Edith Evans is an actress of the extrovert sort, I think. I couldn't act like her."

I asked Flora Robson her origins:

"Scottish. Pure Scottish, though I wasn't born there. I feel rather without roots just now, but I'm a patriotic Scot, and very proud of Scots, like Guthrie and Birdie, who are doing so well in the theatre. I mix a lot with Scottish people in the theatre."

"Do you speak other languages?"

"No, but I'm learning. They say my accent in French is quite good. I'm learning German, too, though Elizabeth Bergner says it's quite unnecessary, as every German learns English. Americans often think I'm American, as I unconsciously adopt a slight American accent when I talk to them."

This interview shows that Flora Robson has her roots and her whole tradition in the theatre. Her technique has been directed, hitherto, for stage purposes, and her great successes have been won in the theatre.

The theatre and the cinema are very different. Many great stage actors have been as great on the screen as they were behind the footlights. Many, like Douglas Fairbanks, down to the inconspicuous Katharine Hepburn, have found in the kinema a far greater medium for their art.

Will Flora Robson do the same?

She is intensely interested in the screen, and anxious to be as successful as a film actress as she has been on the stage.

After the first test shots had been made for *Catherine the Great*, in which Flora Robson takes the rôle of the Empress Elizabeth, Alexander Korda, a man not easily impressed, said:

"Flora Robson is the greatest emotional actress in the world." We shall see. I, for one, think he may be right.

Paul Robeson and Flora Robson in a scene from "*All God's Chillun*," Eugene O'Neill's play which had a run at the Piccadilly Theatre.





TOM KEENE

One of the last of the westerners in a type of scene that is vanishing from the screen. Tom Keene was once a U.S. Government stage-coach driver, and it was at that occupation that he earned the money to attend a university. He graduated from the stage to films some years ago and became one of the most popular "horse opera" stars in pictures. Here he is seen in one of his recent successes, "Scarlet River."

An Open LETTER to JEAN HARLOW

Miss Jean Harlow,
c/o The Dog House,
M.-G.-M. Studios,
Culver City,
California.

Dear Jean,

I AM sorry about the above, but it is your last known address at the moment of writing.

I am sorrier still to find Jean Harlow in that well-known Hollywood institution. Perhaps you will be out by the time this reaches you. I hope so.

I hope, too, that the head dog-house keeper will forward this letter to you, because I think somebody should give you some serious advice.

Do you remember—it's not so very long ago, really, though it may seem a long time to one who has climbed so far and so high since you have—when PICTUREGOER first advised you not to attach too much importance to your spectacular success as a new kind of "Blonde Menace," to come off the divan, put on some clothes and get down to acting?

You were modest enough then in writing to thank us for what you were pleased to call our "encouraging notice," to express your ambitions to become an "actress" instead of a "professional sex vulture."

Long before you had lived down *Hell's Angels*, and even when, during the latter stages of your sojourn under the banner of Howard Hughes, Hollywood was saying you were "through," we were pointing out to the public that you had talent as well as one of the screen's most decorative figures.

Long before *Red Headed Woman* established you at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios we were begging producers to give you a chance to act.

We feel, consequently, that we need make no apology, in asking you now that those ambitions have been realised and you have become, deservedly, one of the screen's most popular comediennesses, if it is worth while taking the risk of throwing it all away.

You have had some experience of the "dog

house"—Hollywood's colourful name for the situation of those who are temporarily out of favour with their studios.

You know that some of the stars who suffer metaphorical incarceration here emerge triumphant.

Marlene Dietrich has done it on occasion. James Cagney's high-handed "escape" has become Hollywood history.

In your own particular studio dog house Wallace Beery's career has hung in the balance at least once.

Garbo has solved the problem by consigning the whole of Hollywood to her own private and personal dog house with her "I tank I go 'ome" formula—but then, there is only one Garbo.

You must know, too, that many have never emerged at all.

If I mentioned some of their names you would recall them at once. Their cases are often discussed in filmland.

One particularly comes to mind. You cannot have helped having heard it.

She was a big star and one of whom even greater things were hoped. She had a mother who did her talking for her in the "front office."

Relatives are notoriously, if pardonably, single-track minded conversationalists on the subject of their darling, white-haired girls, and to cut a long story short she talked that star into

the dog house and right out of the talkies. I do not for a moment profess to know the rights and wrongs of your present quarrel with your M.-G.-M. employers.

But I do know that the fact of a popular star "walking out" on a job because she wants more money frequently leaves a nasty taste on the public palate.

The last year or two have made the fans very weary of the spectacle of an "arrived" player who has been carefully and expensively nursed to stardom immediately turning round and refusing to go to work unless they put a few more thousand dollars in the pay envelope forthwith.

You may have a perfectly good reason for the action—that, as I have said, I am not in a position to form an opinion upon—but holding up the preparations for a picture in which you are co-starred with Marie Dressler, as you are reported to have done, is not in keeping with the fine reputation as a "trouser" you maintained when, although seriously ill, you insisted on being carried on to the stage during your last vaudeville tour and again when you bravely steeled yourself to go back to work on *Red Dust* after the tragic death of Paul Bern.

These stellar rebellions are always liable to be misunderstood.

Rightly or wrongly, they usually give the impression that the rebel concerned is either completely and unnaturally mercenary in her interest in the movies or swollen headed. We know from many people who know you and from many others who have reason to be grateful to you that the former charge could never be suggested in your case.

And I cannot for a moment believe that you have "gone Hollywood."

I have always found you too modest about your achievements and success and too level-headed for that possibility even to be considered.

Nevertheless, I hope you will appreciate that there is a possibility that your "one man" strike may be misunderstood by the public, which sees only another film star who cannot keep the big, bad wolf away from the door on less than

4,000 dollars a week.

Now let me turn to the pleasanter task of congratulating you on the successful outcome of your campaign for recognition as an actress rather than a kind of *de luxe* leg show.

Those of us who saw, admired and urged your possibilities as an artiste, way back in the days when most of the critics were concerned only with wisecracks about how you escaped double pneumonia, had our faith amply and joyously justified by your polished performances in *Dinner at Eight*, which has been generally released this week, *Hold Your Man* and *Blonde Bombshell*.

Keep up the good work—but you can't do it from your present address.

Best wishes,

MALCOLM PHILLIPS.

NEXT WEEK

EVERYBODY is eagerly awaiting the verdict on Greta Garbo's come-back film, "Queen Christina." New stars have risen in the year in which she has been absent from the studios, to challenge her queenship.

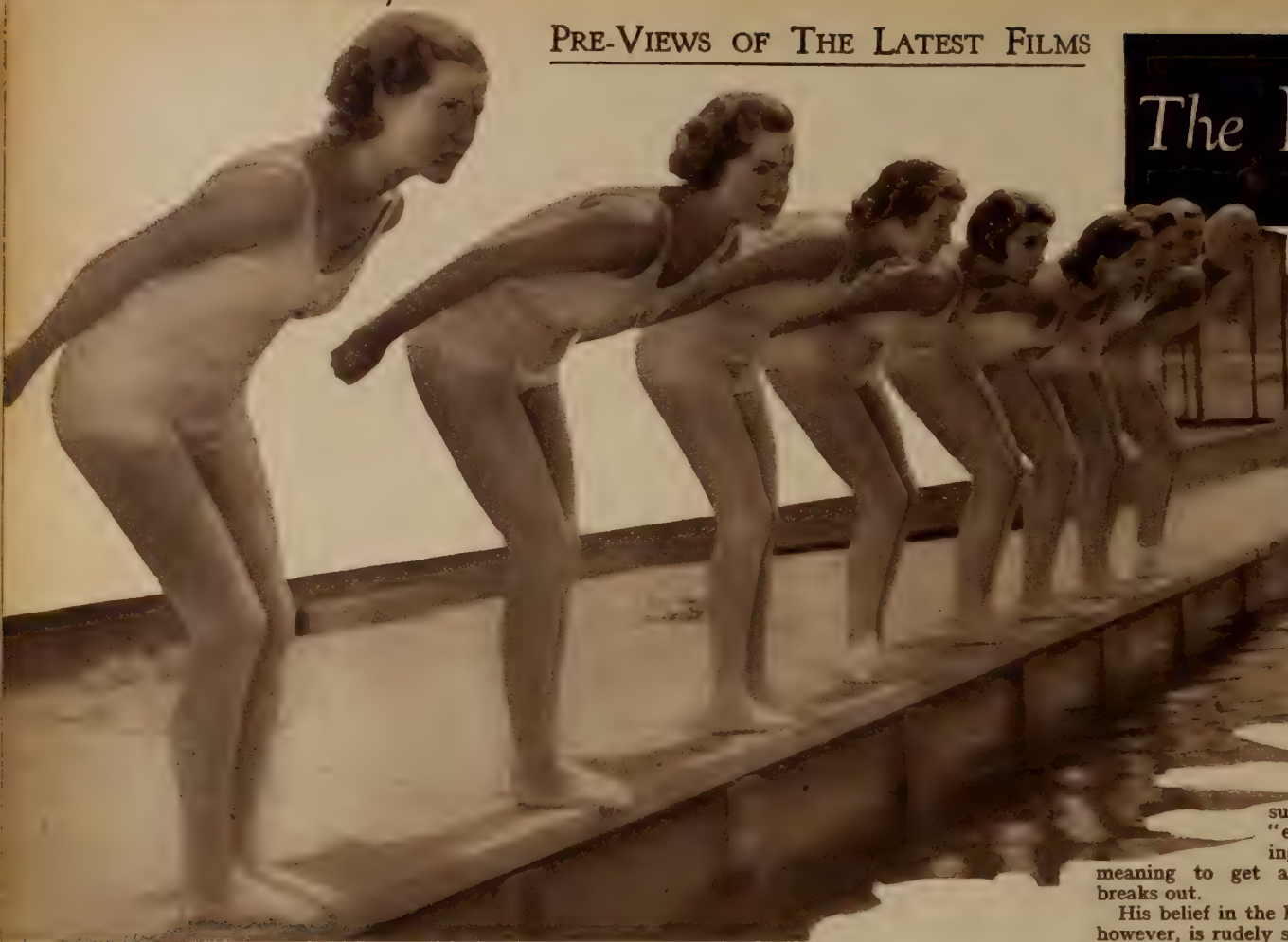
"Queen Christina" will decide the issue. In a full review next week, "Picturegoer" will tell you the truth about the new film.

PRE-VIEWS OF THE LATEST FILMS

The FUNNIEST

Let Our Film
Critics
Who Really
See
The Pictures
Guide
You

Just a few of the pupils at the finishing school which forms the locale for Paramount's latest, "Eight Girls in a Boat."



A NEW Eddie Cantor picture has come to be something of an event and his latest contribution to the gaiety of nations is well up to previous standards.

Roman Scandals, in fact, gives us the usual quota of gags, Goldwyn Girls, spectacularly dressed sets and spectacularly undressed choruses in a new and amusing setting with Cantor, at the top of his form, wisecracking and clowning through it all as a species of village idiot who walks out of West Rome, U.S.A., into the Imperial Rome of the Caesars.

The "book" is, I see, credited to a small army of writers headed by George S. Kaufman and Robert Sherwood, two of America's most popular playwrights, but their ingenuity does not appear to have been overtaxed in the provision of a story and nothing more subtle than the usual dream is deemed necessary for the transportation of Cantor, from 1934 back to the ancient City of the Seven Hills.

The result is a rather slow beginning, but once it gets into its stride there is usually something interesting going on on the screen, although there are moments when non-lovers of Cantor, whose interest in the Eternal City is mainly academic, might wish that they were home at their firesides with a copy of Cicero's Orations in the original Latin.

The producers have, as was, perhaps, to be expected, given us a traditional musical comedy Rome, with Mr. Cantor (re-christened Oedipus and appointed to the position of food taster to the Emperor Valerius—no sinecure in view of the Empress's determination to poison her spouse) being auctioned at the slave market, winning the Colosseum from the Emperor at dice and invading the bath chamber of the palace beauties with the latest "slimming" song.

The glory that was Rome has been recreated with a lavishness one seldom sees in the more serious attempts to bring it to the screen.

There are extravagantly spectacular ensembles in which the Goldwyn Girls establish new records for nudity, a beautiful captive English Princess (Gloria Stuart) to supply the love interest with the aid of David Manners as Josephus, many new gags and several old ones and a final hilarious chariot chase that recalls some of the greatest

moments of the classic comedies of the past.

Ruth Etting sings one song, "No More Love," and Cantor himself has two good numbers.

If you like the Cantor brand of entertainment, *Roman Scandals* is one of the best examples of it we have had since *Whoopie*.—M. D. P.

The Emperor Jones

I do not think that *The Emperor Jones* was a very good selection as a vehicle for the screen debut of that exceptionally fine coloured actor and singer, Paul Robeson.

In the first place, Eugene O'Neill's play is rather a sombre affair, a psychological study of a negro who, instead of bringing out the best that is negro in himself, copies the worst habits and ways of the "white man" boss.

It is definitely "theatre," the really big scene is one where Paul Robeson holds the stage all to himself as, fleeing from the vengeance of natives whom he has fleeced in the role of a tinsel emperor, he is lost in the jungle and terrified by every moving thing. On the screen it strikes a theatrical note, but the dynamic force of Paul Robeson's acting is always apparent. It holds you, grips you and fascinates you.

The other drawback, so far as English audiences are concerned, is the fact that it is very difficult on occasions to understand the guttural "nigger" talk and consequently a good deal of the dialogue loses its import.

The story shows how a negro in America becomes a Pullman porter and, travelling in the President of the railroad's private car, gets stock information by which he manages to make money.

He becomes swollen-headed and lives a loose life until one day at a gaming house he kills a man in a fight.

In gaol, being ordered to flog a fellow prisoner who has collapsed after being in the sweat box he refuses and, killing his guard, makes a getaway.

He boards a boat and jumps overboard when a lonely island is in sight. He lands and is taken to Lem, the chief of the resident natives.

He is seen by Smithers, a Cockney trader, who buys him, but it is not long before he has out-smarted his master and is taken into partnership.

He then plays on native

superstition and finally becomes "emperor" of the island, fleecing the natives in taxation, meaning to get away before revolt actually breaks out.

His belief in the hold he has over his subjects, however, is rudely shaken when they take to the hills and Smithers tells him that they are preparing to kill him by witchcraft.

However, he decides to run for it and makes for the jungle, where he is overwhelmed with superstitious fears and the ghosts of his past life.

He staggers on, lost, until he falls in an ambush of natives, who shoot him with silver bullets—the only bullets, as he had told them, that could encompass his death.

There is quite a good amount of comedy in the opening scenes and also in the sequences where "Emperor Jones" takes over the chieftainship of the island and dresses his subjects in gawdy robes, giving them imaginary titles.

It is a pathetic study and a very interesting one, but the drawbacks I have indicated militate against its being wholly entertaining.

Paul Robeson's characterisation is a brilliant one and I hope that his services will be still further enlisted for the screen.

He has a chance, too, in various episodes in the picture to let us hear his exceptionally melodious voice in nigger spirituals.

Dorothea Wieck and Baby LeRoy as they appear in a story of kidnappers, "Miss Fane's Baby Is Stolen."



ROMAN of THEM ALL

Dudley Digges is very good as the Cockney Smithers and the negro cast shows to fine advantage.—L. C.

Fraternally Yours

Americans are extremely "secret order" conscious and their wives are probably not too keen on the conventions which these fraternities decide to hold from time to time.

You can gather that much at least from this latest Laurel and Hardy full-length comedy, which is the best they have made so far.

It is good, honest slapstick, with ingenious gags of a hearty, rollicking nature which are entirely independent of subtlety.

Stan and Oliver are depicted as hen-pecked husbands who have sworn to attend the convention of their order "The Sons of the Desert," in Chicago.

Their wives have different ideas, but Oliver, feigning sickness, gets a doctor to order him on a sea trip to Honolulu and, accompanied by Stan, he proceeds gaily to Chicago.

Unfortunately, they arrive home without learning that the boat they are supposed to be on has been shipwrecked.

Feverishly they endeavour to conceal their presence till the next day, but force of circumstances are too much for them and they present themselves in a soaking condition—it is raining hard outside—and tell a tale of having swum and ship-hiked home which is received, to say the least of it, coldly.

Stan, however, confesses to his wife and she, having boasted to Oliver's wife that her husband always tells the truth, takes him home in triumph and fêtes him.

Poor Oliver's reception is not so good—most of the crockery in his house is broken on his devoted head by an irate spouse.

As a rule, I do not think that slapstick comedy is capable of sustaining humorous interest for six reels, but in this case I found very few dull moments.

Both Oliver Hardy and Stan Laurel are on the top of their form. Stan in particular has some miming to do—such as when he eats wax fruit in mistake for the real article—that is excellent in its comic expressiveness.

As the wives, Mae Busch and Dorothy Christie provide excellent foils for the comedians' knock-about, while Charley Chase gives an extremely funny performance as one of those objectionably hearty gentleman who insist on working practical jokes off on you at every conceivable moment.

Altogether, I think you will get a really good laugh out of this picture, which seems to me to put an end to the slump in ideas which was becoming apparent in the short Laurel and Hardy comedies.—L. C.

Moulin Rouge

We cannot complain about the chance given to Constance Bennett in this, her first 20th Century picture.

Even if the story is fairly conventional, there is no doubt the film is good entertainment and Connie acts like a star. So why worry?

Helen and Jill were once a "sister act." They were not actually sisters, but they looked remarkably alike. Helen is married to Douglas, stage author, and she wants to go back to the stage.

Husband Douglas refuses even to allow her to give an audition and has no faith whatever in her



Eddie Cantor and Gloria Stuart in the hilarious new musical, "Roman Scandals."

talent. When the Great Racquel, of the Moulin Rouge, is booked for the revue Helen discovers that Racquel is Jill, once the other half of the "sister act."

Helen confides her troubles to Racquel and they decide on a little impersonation plot. Racquel wants to go into hiding with her new lover to escape a jealous French husband, so Helen is made up as Racquel's double and is to attend rehearsals. She will thus be able to show her husband the talent she has. Racquel promises to return for the opening performance.

During rehearsals Douglas becomes fascinated by the woman he believes to be Racquel and even promises to elope with her.

The great first night arrives. The real Racquel is delayed, Helen has to carry on, all sorts of excitements follow, Douglas refuses to elope—says he loves his wife—and everything ends "happy ever after."

"Darling," he says, "I knew it was you all the time."

"You liar," she whispers as she snuggles in his arms.

And we agree with her.

Constance Bennett plays both parts and is



Paul Robeson makes his film debut in Eugene O'Neill's play, "The Emperor Jones."

excellent as both women. She sings two good numbers, and makes the most of the best part she has had for a long time. And she knows how to get the laughs in the right place.

Franchot Tone is good as Douglas and Tullio Carminati is fine as the impressario.

Others in the cast include Georges Renevant, whose "Merci beaucoup" is worth recording; Hobart Cavanaugh (drunk again!); Helen Westley, the Boswell Sisters, Russ Columbo, and a lovely chorus.

Darryl Zanuck (of 42nd Street fame) is responsible for the production. Little more need be said.—M. B. Y.

Advice to the Lovelorn

If what may be Lee Tracy's last picture is far from being his best, it at least serves to emphasise the loss the screen will suffer if no way can be found out of the unfortunate situation that has been brought about by the Viva Villa Mexican "incident."

With a "manufactured" story and a series of situations with which a whole cycle of previous journalistic *exposés* have made us painfully familiar, *Advice to the Lovelorn* depends for its entertainment value almost exclusively on the high-pressure histrionics and colourful personality of the star and the quality of its wisecracks and incidental humour.

(Continued on page 16)

(Continued from page 15.)

Tracy works tremendously hard to infuse some life and conviction into the film and, though at times his efforts definitely lead him into the offence of over-acting, it can be said that on the whole he succeeds.

He appears as Toby Prentiss, a reporter who, by way of punishment, is put in charge of the "Miss Lonelyhearts" column—a transatlantic newspaper institution to which the Great American Public is invited to—and does—submit its love problems for consolation and solution.

The results so far are largely up to what one would expect. In the hope of summary dismissal, he answers the lovelorn morons with typical "smart aleck" Tracy epigrams and outrageous moral advice. To his surprise and disgust his cheap cynicisms are hailed as a brave and advanced new philosophy and the column begins to assume national importance.

The wisecrack department puts in some first-rate work here and there is at least one moment of hilarious humour when an indignant mother descends on the office with a horse whip.

It is in the familiarity of its dramatic formula that the film descends to the rank of "just another Hollywood newspaper picture." There is the fiancée who devotes most of her life to trying to persuade the hero to "quit the racket," a situation we seem to remember in *The Front Page* and most of its successors.

There is the girl who is ruined as a result of the column and there is even the racketeer who seeks to put him on the spot. With the experience he gained in almost identical, though rather better presented, situations in *Blessed Event*, Mr. Tracy must have found handling these inconvenient accessories mere child's play this time.

It is a disturbing thought, incidentally, that gangsters have not, apparently, been bumped off for picture purposes by the repeal of Prohibition. That eminent and popular expert on screen homicide, Mr. C. Henry Gordon, pops up again as suavely sinister as ever in the role of the king of the drug store "racket."

His activities also help to contribute an interlude of sheer melodrama when the columnist's mother dies as a result of being treated with his inferior quality drugs.

Apart from such handicaps as I have indicated, I found it extremely difficult to believe that even in America the gullibility of the newspaper-reading public is so general and extensive that reporters' fiancées, gangsters' girl friends, and other such persons one would expect to be reasonably adult, write to the Miss Lonelyheart's columns with their problems.

Sally Blane has few opportunities as the heroine, and what acting honours are left in what is largely a one-man show are neatly appropriated by Sterling Holloway as

Tracy's faithful secretary. Alfred Werker's direction is as slick and workmanlike as his material permits.—M. D. P.

Miss Fane's Baby is Stolen

Quick to seize on any topicality on which to base a story, Paramount has produced in this picture the first kidnapping drama since the Hays' ban on this type of film was lifted.

The result is very sound melodrama with some excellent suspense values. Maybe it is not wholly convincing and the long arm of coincidence is rather unduly stretched but it makes good entertainment with a strong mother-love and child appeal.

Dorothea Wieck, as a famous film star whose child is kidnapped, does full justice to the emotional nature of the role. She brings a wealth of tenderness and poignancy to it, but the part actually does not allow her the opportunities to show the depth of her histrionic ability in the same measure as *Madchen in Uniform* or her first American picture, *Cradle Song*.

The kidnapped child is portrayed by Baby Le Roy, who looks natural and attractive, but let us forget all the hokum about his being some infant phenomenon or prodigy. His success lies in the fact that he can appear natural on the screen and what credit there is for his "acting" ability goes to the director.

The opening of the picture shows us Miss Fane on location where she signs a picture for a poor woman with several children who has the utmost admiration for the star.

That night Miss Fane's baby is kidnapped. At first she refuses to notify the police and is only anxious to pay the money demanded by the criminals. But no message comes from them, so the police are called in and they decide to publicize the crime to its fullest extent by Press, wireless and public appeals.

All this detail is most interesting and brings home to you the enormity of such an inhuman crime.

The kidnappers, finding they are cornered, decide to get rid of the baby and cover their tracks but, in the nick of time, they are discovered by the poor woman to whom Miss Fane had given her autograph and she, at great personal danger, manages to run away with it and lead to the capture of the gang.

It is these scenes of the rescue that provide legitimate suspense and bring the picture to quite a thrilling conclusion.

Characters are very well drawn apart from that of the bereaved mother. Alice Brady, for instance, gives an excellent study of a poor working woman with a large brood of children who feels deeply for the star's loss and is the means of bringing back her child.

Her family life is amusingly depicted. Indeed, all through the film there are light comedy touches dealing with children which balance the tragedy of the actual kidnapping.

Dorothy Burgess is very good as one of the gang who are involved in the crime as is Alan Hale, as her accomplice.

The picture ends with an exemplary life sentence on the kidnappers and a somewhat valedictory speech by the judge followed by a piece of delightful comedy when Miss Fane entertains her child's rescuer's family, to whom she had given a large sum of money and who are not yet used to the unaccustomed luxury of baths, etc.

The whole production is well set. The beautiful surroundings and appointments of the star's home contrasting well with the squalidness of the poor woman's "shack" way out in the country where the kidnappers take the child to their nearby hideout.

There is a lot of human feeling which makes one overlook its tendency at times to become rather hysterically melodramatic.—L. C.

Eight Girls in a Boat

A young girl, Christa, in a "finishing" school in France or Germany—the settings suggested both with a heavy side layer of Hollywood—discovered she was going to have a baby.

This somewhat upsetting incident in the course of her studies leads to her getting "ploughed" in a history examination and also caused much heart searching to the cause of the trouble, a young American medical student; you know—career or love, sort of idea.

Christa did not dare tell her father, whom she very rarely saw, and her lover's request that he might marry her was turned down with ignominy.

Christa finally contemplated suicide but at the spot which she had chosen to swallow a deadly poison there happened to be a statue of the Virgin and Christa decided to go on living and return to the school.

Then the next day the head girl decided to give her a taste of discipline—she had come home unconsciously late the night before.

She takes her to the bathing pool and makes her dive and swim until finally she faints and the truth about her condition becomes known. Thereafter she becomes a sort of school heroine and all the girls promise assistance.

Her lover, however, makes a belated entrance and, having told her he really loves her, takes her away after she has said a sort of "grand chain" of farewells to her schoolmates.

I have rarely seen such a concoction of unpleasant nonsense and it is rendered all the more futile by being supplied with a sort of musical comedy school background complete with a bevy of bathing belles. Indeed, the pupils at this most extraordinary school seem to walk about all day in clothes most fitted to show their curves to advantage. It is quite impossible, therefore, to take the tragedy that nearly befalls the girl seriously.

The sequence where the head girl takes disciplinary action, a long-drawn-out one, is thoroughly sadistic in effect if not in intent, and I wonder how any censor could have passed it.

Technically, the picture is very good, always excepting the fact that the locale of the school is entirely indefinite.

Dorothy Wilson is attractive to look at as Christa, while Douglass Montgomery is good as her vacillating lover.

Kay Johnson has little to do but look and act like a thorough-going sports captain as the head of the school.

Actually, the best performance comes from Walter Connelly as the neglectful father, a self-made man who has never given much thought to his daughter's welfare.

By the way, the title of the picture derives from the fact that there is a boat's crew which is shown in action once.—L. C.

Giantland

A new Mickey Mouse. This is Mickey's own version of Jack and the Beanstalk. I'm not going into details because it might anticipate one of the hundreds of laughs and that would be a pity.—M. B. Y.



Frances Dee and Chick Chandler in a tense scene from the crook melodrama, "Blood Money," which will be fully reviewed next week.

Lee Tracy is the editor of a "heart" column in his new picture, "Advice to the Lovelorn." He is seen here with Sterling Holloway as his assistant.



PHIL LONERGAN SENDS IT HOT FROM HOLLYWOOD

A COCKTAIL with COLMAN

Hollywood Hermit Plays Host—Harold Lloyd Learns Chinese—Barrymore as "Caesar"—Bing Crosby Strikes Oil.

RONALD COLMAN'S reserve, which has often been characterised as coldness, is something which is not always understood, particularly by American members of the film colony. He finds pleasure in the company of a few friends, and rarely frequents large gatherings, but is liked by all who come in contact with him.

Colman was a most courteous host at a recent cocktail party which I attended at the United Artists Studio. The affair was held in Mary Pickford's bungalow, quite a spacious little one storey house, but hardly adequate to accommodate all the guests, who numbered close to 150.

A buffet and bar catered to the wants of the gathering. Many prominent people were present, including Herbert Marshall, his wife, Edna Best, and Gloria Swanson.

Colman told me he enjoyed his trip to England, and considers that British production has improved greatly. He is too tactful to express an opinion on Britain's challenge as a movie capital, but he is glad to be returning to work.

He is now in Palm Springs, enjoying a brief rest, but will soon be in Hollywood to prepare for his next production, *Bulldog Drummond Strikes Back*.

Stardom's Penalty

Harold Lloyd is very busy these days, and it is all due to the fact that he purchased *The Catpaw* as a starring vehicle.

The story, which appeared in a leading American magazine, deals with the adventures of a missionary's son, raised in China, who returns to his home in America, and proceeds to reform the crooked politics of the city.

Harold discovered that it was necessary for him to speak ten pages in Chinese! Nothing daunted, he engaged a Chinese scholar, and is hard at work acquiring the proper accent.

This young actor owes much of his success to his untiring industry. We have had better comedians than Lloyd, but the latter's stories, "gags," and the expenditure of much time and money have caused him to surpass all his rivals with the exception of Charles Chaplin.

"Caesar" Barrymore!

John Barrymore can have the rôle of "Julius Caesar" in Cecil B. De Mille's production of *Cleopatra* if he is willing to accept a smaller stipend than he at present demands. Lewis Stone is also under consideration for the rôle.

Claudette Colbert, who is to play "Cleopatra," is having her troubles securing the added fifteen pounds demanded by Mr. De Mille. The actress recently sprained her ankle, so perhaps her enforced idleness will enable her to add the desired poundage.

De Mille is greatly elated over Harry Wilcoxon, the English actor, who is to be "Antony," the lover of "Cleopatra." Wilcoxon appears destined to take his place among the most popular actors in Hollywood.

All In the Family

Richard Arlen and his baby son, Richard Ralston Arlen, are working together in *The Baby in the Ice Box* at the Paramount studio. Sally Eilers, who recently appeared in English films, has the feminine lead.

Baby Le Roy had better be careful, for young Mr. Arlen is likely to rival him in popularity. I saw Richard, jun., do a scene or two at the studio,

and he gave a performance which will draw "ahs" and "ohs" from feminine picturegoers.

Incidentally, the baby's earnings are given to an orphan's home in which his parents are interested.

Cupid Wins

E. A. Freeman, a justice of Yuma, Arizona, who has married many of our film celebrities, is now a husband himself.

The jurist was recently married to a lady from Los Angeles, who is not a member of the film colony.

Among the picture folk who said "I do" before Justice Freeman are Gloria Swanson, Jean Harlow, Tom Mix, Sally Eilers, Loretta Young, Grant Withers, Dorothy Mackaill, Barbara Kent, Mary Astor and Richard Dix.

The Flood's Toll

The recent heavy rains flooded the sections outside of Hollywood and caused the loss of many lives.

Joel McCrea and Frances Dee, who recently married, had actual experience of the dangers of the flood area. Their ranch home is on a hilltop. For four days they were isolated from the outside world, with the telephone out of order, and with only a few cans of food to keep them from starving. Friends who attempted to reach them were unable to do so until the flood had subsided.

Between the earthquake, fires and the flood, Hollywood has had many "unusual" experiences, as our boosters would say.

A Lucky Child

If radio and screen listeners notice a smoother, richer quality in the voice of Bing Crosby during the next few weeks—there is a fine reason, for it.

Bing and his brother-manager, Everett, have received word that an oil well, in which they held a major interest, "came in" in the Ventura field. The famous "crooner" will turn the profits of the well over to his young son, Gary Evan.

He Was Embarrassed

Spencer Tracy's face is very, very red! A distinguished and beautiful French woman, whose knowledge of English is very limited, was introduced to Spencer on a set at the Fox studio.

She was asked if she knew the actor and shook her head. A number of films in which he has appeared were mentioned to the visitor but were greeted with negative nods.

Finally, her companion remembered Tracy's great rôle in *Twenty Thousand Years in Sing Sing*. "You must have seen him in 'Sing Sing!'" he asserted.

There was a flash of recognition. "Sing sing?" exclaimed the lady. "Oui, oui, oui! *The Song of Song*—with Marlene Dietrich!"

Capitalising Romance

While Ruth Chatterton and George Brent, and Adrienne Ames and Bruce Cabot, are willing to appear opposite their mates in the films, other players take a different attitude.

The RKO-Radio Studio pleaded with Frances Dee and her husband, Joel McCrea, to accept leading rôles in the same films, but the couple declined.

Gary Cooper and his bride, Sandra Shaw, appear to share the views of the McCreas. Paramount would like to star Gary and Sandra in



George Raft and Carole Lombard as dancing partners in their new film "Bolero."

a picture, but, at present writing, Gary will not consent.

Hollywood Says That—

—Ann Harding has a miniature movie theatre in her home which she operates herself.

—Ginger Rogers loves thrills. One of her pet stunts is to coax police ambulance drivers to take her along on "hurry-up" calls.

—Florence Desmond drinks coconut milk to whiten and strengthen her teeth.

—Joseph Schildkraut is said to have the most extensive library in Hollywood. It includes 17,500 volumes.

—Pat Paterson, the blonde musical comedy star from England, confesses that her hobby is collecting toy animals.

—One of Irene Dunne's hobbies is singing to herself.

—Dorothea Wieck, star of Paramount's *Cradle Song* and *Miss Fane's Baby is Stolen*, is the great-granddaughter of Schumann, the composer.

—Paramount have just purchased *Fifty-two Weeks for Florette*, the story of a vaudeville trapezist, in which Claudette Colbert may be featured.

QUEEN CHRISTINA

REUNITES Greta Garbo and the most popular "lover" in a romantic mixture of history and the life of one of Sweden's most famous queens, "Queen Christina," which Rouben Mamoulian, presents as a teenth-century queen who falls in love with a boy to prepare her for her throne.

Christina (Greta Garbo) bravely faces the future when after having renounced her throne for the man she loves, learns that he has been killed in a duel.

*Christina
up as
by Ar
meet*



The queen abdicates in favour of her cousin, Charles (Reginald Owen).



EN TINA

John Gilbert, once
in the screen, in
fiction based on
colourful women.
as directed by
Bo as a seven-
been reared as
cession to the

who has been brought
is mistaken for a man
(Gilbert) when they
conventionally at an inn.



ief interlude of happiness in the life of the tragic
Christina spends an idyllic holiday at an obscure
with Antonio (John Gilbert), Spanish Envoy to Sweden.



PICTUREGOER Weekly

A more formal meeting between
the lovers. Antonio is officially
welcomed to the Swedish court
by the queen and her chancellor
(Lewis Stone)



Under the impression that
Christina is a youth, Antonio
shares a room with "him" at
the inn.



The queen discovers the duplicity of Magnus (Ian Keith)
—a dramatic moment in the film.

The
STORY OF THE FILM
by
MARJORY WILLIAMS

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE . . .

Jo March—sister to Meg, Beth, and Amy—having refused Laurie, an old-time friend's proposal of marriage, has gone to New York, to stay at a boarding-house where she has met a middle-aged German professor. The maid has just announced the arrival of an unexpected visitor. Jo hurries down to the parlour full of anticipation.

"A MY! Aunt March! What a surprise!" She had expected to see Laurie; nevertheless, the pleasure at finding the home people was almost enough to make her forget him—for the moment.

"Tell me everything," she begged, having received Aunt March's peck and Amy's kiss and settling herself on the floor between them.

"We can't stay long," Amy explained. "We've got to get to the shipping office before it closes."

"Ship! Why, aunty—"

"I'm taking Amy with me to Europe," announced the old lady. "Maybe you can go next time."

"Next time!" No use denying the blow, though Jo tried hard to conceal its effect. All the same, it was a watery smile she achieved as she harked back to her first question.

"Tell me, 'A' dear, is Meg all right? How's Marmee and father? And how's my Beth?"

"Better, but she doesn't seem to have got over the scarlet fever like we did."

"My poor Beth. And how about Laurie?"

"Didn't you see them when they were here? He and his grandfather are in Europe—have been for weeks."

"Laurie—in New York—and didn't come to see me!"

Jo was not so successful at concealing this second blow, nor did Aunt March improve matters by saying:

"What can you expect, after treating him and everyone so shamefully, picking up with him and then trotting off without saying so much as 'Good-bye.' Come along, Amy."

With an effort she never regretted not to be a spoil sport, Jo said, frankly, while Aunt March was out of earshot: "It's dear of you to say you wish it were me, Amy; but you've longed to go abroad as much as I, and you've always been sweet to Aunty—"

"You seem to forget waiting cabs cost money," came the inexorable voice from the hall.

It was a very different creature

who went up the staircase from the one who had come hurrying down. Jo was going into her room when she ran into the Professor.

"Ah, Miss Josephine! I've read some of your stories. Please will you come in?"

Instantly a-flutter, Jo obeyed, following him into the room where he received his pupils.

"Do you like them?" Jo ventured.

"Well—Miss March—I must be honest. I was disappointed. Why do you write such artificial characters—such melodramatic plots? Villains—murders—and what women! Why don't you write a—there, Miss March, please—I didn't mean to hurt—I wanted to help you. What a fool I am."

Thus the Professor, while poor Jo, unable to deal any longer with rising tears, began to sob.

By the time he had fumbled agitatedly in his pockets for a handkerchief, Jo had got a hold of herself.

"It's all my fault. I'm stupid to-day, but everything seems to come at once. The rest doesn't matter so much; I can bear that. But Laurie—I can never get over that."

"Herr Laurie, ah!" the Professor sympathised, "the friend of whom you have told me. Something has happened to him?"

"No—only he came to New York and didn't even come to see me."

"What a fool he must be!" announced the Professor so vehemently that at any other moment Jo would have been up in arms.

"Really, it's all my fault," she insisted. I thought—but what does that matter? I did think Aunt March might have taken me abroad instead of Amy. Not that I begrudge her the trip."

"The holiday to Europe that you have looked forward to, that is too bad," her companion broke in with the relief of one on whom light has dawned. "That is a cruel disappointment, I know, and on the top of that a stupid Professor comes blundering in to make things worse."

"Don't. If I can't stand the truth, I'm not worth anything. I didn't think much of those stories myself," cried Jo, determined to make a clean breast of it. "Only you see the 'Duke's Daughter' paid the butcher's bill and 'The Curse of the Coventrys' was the blessing of the Marchs, because it sent Marmee and Beth to the seaside."

"Just what I have thought. Then I said to myself, 'Maybe I have no right to speak, but then, again, maybe I've no right to be silent,' because, you have talent."

"You really think so?" In the instant Jo's troubles vanished.

"Otherwise I would not say all this, but I do beg you to sweep mud in the street before you are false to your talent. Say to yourself, 'I will never write a single line that I have not first felt in my heart,' Will you do that?"

"I'll try—Oh, peppermint!—Good," Jo promised, diving into the proffered bag of candy.

"Amy! Aunt March! What a surprise!" exclaimed Jo. She had expected to see Laurie; nevertheless, the pleasure at finding the home people was almost enough to make her forget him.

"You will not worry too much about the trip," urged the Professor. "Those of us who have been all over the old world find many things in the new that are beautiful and young. It would give me great pleasure if I could show you some of these things while you are here."

"I wish you would."

Jo was three parts, at least, genuine in what she said; the slight doubt she entertained as to the Professor's turning out an old fogey vanished under his guardianship.

They visited concerts and art galleries galore, until the weeks flew by with disconcerting rapidity.

"Wasn't it too divine? It makes me feel I don't want to be a writer any more," was the cry, with which, after an evening spent in the gallery at the opera, she expressed the fact that time had literally ceased to be.

Abruptly she lowered her voice, for it was past eleven and Mrs. Kirke's boarders, were in their rooms.

"Happy, my little friend?" the Professor inquired.

"Terribly. How I long to be a wonderful singer and thrill thousands of people."

She swept a curtsy, starry-eyed. "Bravo! Bravo! But don't make up your mind too soon. Remember how at the museum you wanted to be a sculptress and at the circus you thought a bare-back rider. . . ."

"I know, but to sing like that,"



Little Women

and Jo hummed the sextette from Lucia till the Professor upraised a finger.

"Of course. I shall wake the household, but I'm so marvellously, gloriously happy."

"Then you haven't missed your old friends so much lately?"

They had reached the landing, but neither wanted to say "Good-night."

"You're responsible for that," Jo accused him, frankly, and slipped down on to the top of the stairs to hug her knees, whereat the Professor sat beside her.

"I don't think they're missing me much at home. They're too busy with Meg and the blessed babies."

"Ah—the remarkable twins! I don't wonder they are proud. Have you heard from Europe lately?"

"Yes. Amy writes by nearly every boat."

"And your friend—Herr Laurie—have you heard from him?"

"Only through Amy."

Somehow, on this occasion when Laurie was mentioned, she could speak quite naturally. "They met in Vichy and had a wonderful time."

"Miss March," the Professor began, very much in earnest, "I am bold to ask a favour of you. Would you give me your father's address? I wish to write and ask him something."

"Why, of course. He'd be happy to hear from you. They almost know you. I've told them about you and they always ask after you in their letters. That reminds me, one came by this evening's mail. I haven't even opened it."

"That's good."

Jo, from hurriedly skimming her letter, began to read more slowly. The face she raised to the Professor was startling in its expression of sorrow.

"It's Beth," she broke out, "she's—oh!—I must go to her at once."

She got up and reached her room door, only half hearing the professor's eager question: "Not really? Can't I do something for you?"

"No—there is nothing, thanks."

Unaware of his fond, anxious look, Jo shut herself in her bedroom; not to cry, but to think how quickly she might travel to Beth, who was said by the doctors to be dying.

Perhaps only those who have watched a cherished sister slip away from life, can know what Jo endured in the weeks that followed her return home.

Beth had always been delicate. To see her on chaise-longue or sofa was not unusual, and during her attack of scarlet fever she had seemed so very ill. At first it was hard to believe she would not now get better. Though weak, she looked so much herself that it was a continual shock to have the stern reminder—sometimes in a noticeable loss of strength, sometimes in Dr. Bang's face, though he did not say much—that she was steadily passing.

At first, Jo was doubtful if Beth knew the truth about herself. She would talk of spring, of Amy's return, of getting well by then. Meg would often come round and bring the twins, Daisy and Demi.

Seeing their puckered, healthful faces against Beth's thin cheek Jo would come nearest to breaking down.

One day Beth spoke. Propped up in bed beside the open window, she saw the tears fall from Jo's cheeks on to her sewing.

"Dear Jo, you mustn't be afraid. Isn't that funny, when you've always told me that? You're so

brave and wild, like a seagull. You've always wanted to go places, and I've always been frightened of leaving home. Now it's different."

"Oh! Bethie—"

"I know I can't express myself, Jo. I've never been like you. I could only try and say this to you, because I couldn't to anyone else. I'm not frightened any more. I'm learning that I can't lose you, that you'll be more to me than ever, and nothing can part us."

For a long while Jo held on to her sister's hands and could say nothing, till Beth spoke with a quaint tenderness that tore Jo's heart, while it could not take away the solace of the words that had gone before.

"Jo, dear. I think I'll be home-sick for you, even in heaven."

So it was when the last half-hour came, when the austerity of death, softened by a smile, infinitely sweet, was imprinted on the loved face on the pillow, that for the first time the position of comforter was reversed.

It was Jo who drew the sobbing mother into her arms, Jo's voice that answered the anguished cry of "Beth—my little daughter—my baby!" with:

"No, no, Marmee—we mustn't cry—we must be glad she's well at last."

It was a surprise to Jo that she felt the incentive to write during the weeks when the loss of Beth was most poignant. In the course of months she completed a novel which she thought might pass the Professor's censorship, and dispatched it to him with a message asking if he thought it worth while, to have it sent to a publisher friend of whom he had spoken.

Amy had been in Nice when she had heard the news, that would have brought her home by the next boat, had not Mr. Laurence and Laurie arrived from Germany to persuade her to follow the advice of Marmee's letter to stay in Europe.

With Meg married and Amy abroad, Jo felt it incumbent on her to be at Orchard House.

She was ironing at the veranda, for the weather had turned sultry, when the sound of horses' hoofs heralded a visitor on the front step.

"Oh, the elegant young matron!" chaffed Jo, approving Meg's charming turn-out and parasol.

"Sallie Moffat's lent me her carriage for the afternoon dear and I want to make some calls—I want you to go with me."

"Not to-day," Jo rustled her print as she manipulated the iron. "I'm not dressed. Stay and talk to me for a minute."

"Have you had a letter from Amy?" Meg inquired.

"Marmee did, but she hadn't time to read it out."

"They're in Valrosa, and she says it's Paradise. Jo—how would you feel if you heard your Laurie was learning to care for someone else?"

"Meg! You mean—"

"I don't really. I'm only reading between the lines, but—would you mind?"

"No. How could I? It would be marvellous. Don't you think so?"

"Of course I do, but I wasn't sure. Do forgive me." The colour rushed to Meg's pretty face, as she hurried on: "I've thought so much about you lately—you seem so alone—and I've thought that if Laurie came back—"

"No, no! It's better as it is. I'm glad if he and Amy are getting to care for one another. You're right about one thing. I am lonely,

(Continued on page 22)

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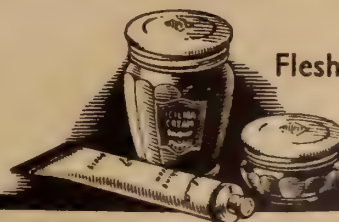
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LITTLE WOMEN—Continued from page 21

and very likely if Laurie came back I might have said 'Yes'—not because I love him differently, but because—well, it means more to me to be loved than it used."

It was a tremendous confession on Jo's part, for she disliked confidences, as a rule, and, though she would have hated to have been reminded, Beth's death was drawing her closer to Meg, whose elder-sisterly influence in girlhood days she had often resented.

Pleased though she was at Meg's news, it was a shock to hear by the next mail from Europe that the knot had been tied and that the following boat would bring Laurie and his wife home.

It was like Jo to wear herself out with preparation for the home-comers, retire to the garret for ten minutes' quiet an hour before they were expected, and fall into a doze.

She was awakened by a torrential downpour of rain on the leads and the sound of Laurie's voice.

Up came her head from the old red pillow.

"Oh, my Laurie!"

"Dear Jo. Are you glad to see me?"

He sat down on the sofa-end and she studied him contentedly.

"Glad? Why, my blessed boy, words can't express how glad I feel. Where's your wife?"

"Stopped with the others at Meg's, but I couldn't wait to see you. They'll all be along presently."

"Let me look at you. Why, you're bigger and bonnier, and you've grown a moustache."

"Anyhow, I don't look like a married man and head of a family."

"Not a bit; and you never will, Laurie. You're the same scrape-grace as ever."

She fixed his tie in the old way, with an extra violent jerk that made him protest.

"Really Jo, you should treat me with more respect."

For the first time since she had held his head against her breast under the tree by the stile on the day of Meg's wedding, Laurie looked into her eyes and his manner changed.

"Jo dear, I want to say one thing and then we'll put it by for ever."

"No." Jo spoke unfalteringly, with a heartache that wouldn't quite be controlled. "I think it was always meant to be—you and Amy. It would have come about naturally if you'd only waited—only you never could be patient."

"Then, Jo, we can go back to the happy old times—the way you wanted it—when we first knew each other?"

Jo shook her head.

"We can't be boy and girl again. Those happy times can't come back. We couldn't expect it. But if we can't be playmates, we can be brother and sister, and stick to one another for the rest of our lives."

She thought the tears stood in his eyes, and was glad when voices and doors banging below made them shout.

"Here they are!" And there was a race to the hall which she won.

Aunt March, handing her umbrella to Marmee, was easily the first to be heard, in bitter complaint:

"After all the money I've spent on my rheumatism, to come back on a day like this!"

"You look very well," Jo assured her and turned to kiss Amy, whose fashionable gown, with a bustle, was calling forth the delighted com-

ment of Hannah. "Heavens to Betsey! If she ain't dressed in silk from head to foot!"

There was a general confusion, in which Laurie could be heard demanding of Jo whether his wife wasn't marvellous and Aunt March enlisting the admiration of the company for her Paris hat.

But Amy, whom marriage undoubtedly became, and whose early affectations had totally disappeared in a genuine charm of manner, found time to whisper affectionately to Jo:

"I can never forgive myself for staying away so long and leaving you everything to bear alone."

No one noticed Jo as she slipped into the cupboard under the stairs to whisper to a visionary face in its little brown hood, among the cloaks and shoes: "Bethie, isn't it fun we're all together again?"

"I've spent all my money and I haven't had a decent meal since I've been away," Aunt March was declaiming as Jo stood in the parlour doorway, in time to veto Marmee's suggestion of helping Hannah get tea.

"Now you sit down, dear. I'll give Hannah a hand." She found the good soul consternated at the pantry door.

"Dear, dear, I must go for some milk. I haven't enough for the babies."

"Hand me that jug."

"You can't go. It's raining cats and dogs."

"Never mind. I love it."

Jo was off, hatless, but cloaked, and through the garden gate before she had the chance of seeing a figure, carrying an umbrella, entering and walking up to the porch.

She got the milk and was coming back when the same figure turned away from the porch and bumped into her.

"Professor Bhaer!"

"My little friend! I was just here to leave your book. I wanted to tell you my friend published it and has great hopes. He thinks—"

"Never mind what he thinks! Did you like it?"

"So much I cannot tell you in English. It was simple and beautiful."

"But you were going," Jo reminded him. "If I hadn't come along you would have gone without telling me. Why didn't you go in?"

"You have a party, the maid tells me."

"Only my sister just come home. She's married to the boy I told you about."

"Herr Laurie. Ah!" Getting a grip of himself, the professor hurried on: "It's so long since you and I have met, my little friend, so long since I have wanted to ask you—yet I dare not say it—I shouldn't be so bold, for, though my heart is so full, I have only these empty hands."

It may have been a very dreadful thing, but Jo couldn't shilly-shally even when being proposed to.

"Not empty now," she said and took the hands in hers. They were in the porch and the door opened to reveal Hannah, whose astonished look at seeing the gentleman who had just left, changed into one broadly approving beam.

"Welcome home!" cried Jo and, to the detriment of the umbrella which he forgot to close, the Professor followed her in.

[THE END.]

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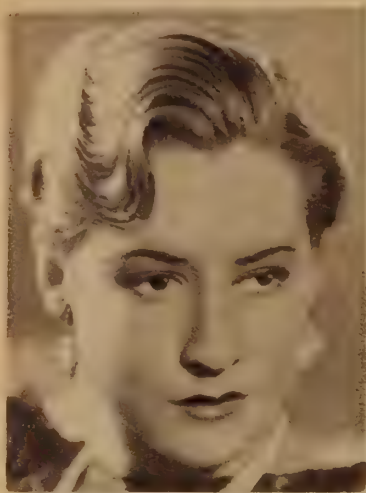
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Mae Clarke has a leading role in "Crooks in Clover."



You will see Mary Brian as a dancer in "Moonlight and Melody."

The PICTUREGOER'S quick reference index to films just released

- | | |
|------------------------------------|------------------------------|
| ****THE PRIVATE LIFE OF HENRY VIII | *HOME SWEET HOME |
| ***CROOKS IN CLOVER | c*PHANTOM THUNDER-BOLT |
| ***POWER AND GLORY | *THE FLYING CIRCUS |
| **MIDNIGHT CLUB | *EARLY TO BED |
| **MOONLIGHT and MELODY | *I HAVE LIVED A ROYAL DEMAND |
| *I ADORE YOU | |

What the asterisks mean—**** An outstanding feature. *** Very good. ** Good. * Average entertainment. c Also suitable for children.

QUITE an interesting week for a change, headed by that masterly British production *The Private Life of Henry VIII*, which has done more good to our prestige than pages of publicity-inspired eulogies of indifferent films.

Maybe you thought you were getting tired of crook plays. Well, go and see what can be done to an almost threadbare topic by an ingenious plot and clever direction.

Crooks in Clover is noticeable, too, for all-round good acting—especially that of Myrna Loy, who has come to mean something much more on the screen now than an exotic "menace."

Then there is *Power and Glory*, one of the most important and dramatically forceful "biographies" yet produced.

****THE PRIVATE LIFE OF HENRY VIII

United Artists. (London Film Productions). British "A" certificate. Historical comedy drama. Runs 95 minutes.

CHARLES LAUGHTON.....Henry VIII
ROBERT DONAT.....Thomas Culpepper
LADY TREE.....Henry's Old Nurse
BINNIE BARNES.....Kathryn Howard
ELSA LANCHESTER.....Ann of Cleves
MERLE OBERON.....Ann Boleyn
FRANKLIN DYALL.....Cromwell
MILES MANDER.....Wriothesley
WENDY BARRIE.....Jane Seymour
CLAUDE ALLISTER.....Cornell
JOHN LODGE.....Thomas Peynell
EVERLEY GREGG.....Katherine Parr
LAWRENCE HANRAV.....Cranmer
WILLIAM AUSTIN.....Duke of Cleves
JOHN TURNBULL.....Holbein
FREDERICK CULLY.....Duke of Norfolk
JUDY KELLY.....Lady Rochford
GIBB McLAUGHLIN.....French Executioner
SAM LIVESY.....English Executioner
Directed by ALEXANDER KORDA from the story by LAJOO BIRO and ARTHUR WIMPERIS.

So much eulogy has been poured on this picture, which was previewed in our issue of September 9, 1933, that any more must seem superfluous. Yet, that is all I can do, because I am perfectly sure that it is the best production that has ever been turned out from a British studio—and there are no exceptions.

The only criticism I have to offer is that there is a tendency to present Henry as too gross a character—that is, emphasise his rough manners to obtain a more comic effect. It is very noticeable in scenes at table when he eats like a swine and throws his food about the room.

It is as well to reflect for a moment that Henry VIII was a cultured man, who could speak two or three languages, wrote exceptionally well,

and composed music and lyrics.

That over-emphasis I consider quite unnecessary and rather a cheap way of raising a laugh; but it does not, of course, spoil the effect of the picture as a whole, which is brilliant in every department—acting, composition, setting, costuming, and direction.

The way that Alexander Korda has linked each marital episode with its own quota of comedy and drama is masterly. His treatment of the subject fully justifies his title of Britain's best director, a title which his latest picture, *Catherine the Great*, consolidates.

The story picks up the threads of Henry VIII's life at the time of the execution of Anne Boleyn—a poignantly dramatic sequence this—and then follows the events that lead to the death in child-birth of Jane Seymour.

Then comes his marriage to Anne of Cleves and some of the most humorous sequences in the production.

Henry and his none too well favoured bride sit up on their wedding night and play cards and decide on the best terms for a divorce!

Follows Henry's marriage to Kathryn Howard and her subsequent execution for adultery with one Culpepper.

It concludes with his old-age shared with Katherine Parr, who treats him like a child and outlives him.

Your attention is focused chiefly on the performance given by Charles Laughton. I am inclined to think

that he dominates the picture rather too much, but there is no doubt about the brilliance of his characterisation, even if it at times does become more of a caricature.

There is nothing to choose in the acting of the remainder of the cast—each character is extremely well presented—but if I had to single out anyone for especial notice, I would pick on Elsa Lanchester for her restrained humorous depiction of Ann of Cleves.

Special praise is due to Vincent Korda for his artistic settings and to John Armstrong, the artist, for his exceptionally well-designed costumes.

George Pennell's camera work is outstanding.

***CROOKS IN CLOVER

M.-G.-M. American "A" certificate. Crook comedy drama. Runs 88 minutes.

WARNER BAXTER.....Jackson Durant
MYRNA LOY.....Gertie Waxted
CHARLES BUTTERWORTH.....Layton
MAE CLARKE.....Mimi Montague
PHILLIPS HOLMES.....Tom Sidall
C. HENRY GORDON.....Jim Crelliman
MARTHA SLEEPER.....Sue Leonard
NAT PENDLETON.....Tony Gazatti
GEORGE E. STONE.....Murdoch
ROBERT EMMETT O'CONNOR.....Stevens
RAYMOND HATTON.....Bodyguard
ARTHUR BELASCO.....Bodyguard
Directed by W. S. VAN DYKE from a story by ARTHUR SOMERS ROCHE.

The strides that Myrna Loy has been making in her acting ability are fully exemplified in this brilliant light crook drama, which has some of the most effective dialogue I have heard on the screen recently.

She plays the rôle of Gertie Waxted, a woman whose moral code is definitely lax, but who is ready to

sacrifice her life for a man who treats her as a lady and respects her.

This latter part is excellently acted by Warner Baxter. As Durant he depicts a lawyer who defends a gangster of whose innocence he is sure, and finds himself cut by his fiancée and society friends.

His performance is very sincere, and he makes you believe both in the character and his ideals of justice.

As Tony, the gangster whom he defends, and who in the end is killed saving Gertie from gunmen, Nat Pendleton is exceptionally good; he draws an unusual type of gangster with a touch of humour to lighten the character.

The main plot revolves round Durant's attempt to clear Sidall, the fiancé of the girl who had jilted him, from a charge of murdering a woman, the mistress of a racketeer. The action is both brisk and ingenious, and the treatment free from heavy melodramatics; in fact, the comedy touches predominate.

The racketeer's mistress is played extremely well by Mae Clarke, while Martha Sleeper, a comparative newcomer, shows to advantage as Sue, Durant's ex-fiancée.

As the racketeer who actually frames Sidall, C. Henry Gordon is effectively sinister, while Phillips Holmes is quite good as Sidall.

A clever little character study is given by George E. Stone as a gunman who is terrorised by Durant into giving the racketeer away, and the light relief is in the capable hands of Raymond Hatton and Arthur Belasco, who are assigned by Tony as bodyguard to the lawyer who had so successfully defended him and for whom he later lays down his life.

It is seldom one sees such a well-constructed plot and one which holds the interest so credibly.

***POWER AND GLORY

Fox. American. "A" certificate. Biographical drama. Runs 75 minutes.

SPENCER TRACY.....Tom Garner
COLLEEN MOORE.....Sally
RALPH MORGAN.....Henry
HELEN VINSON.....Eve
CLIFFORD JONES.....Tom Garner jun.
HENRY KOLKER.....Mr. Borden
SARAH PADDEN.....Henry's Wife
BILLY O'BRIEN.....Tom (The Boy)
CULLEN JOHNSON.....Henry (The Boy)
J. FARREL MACDONALD.....Mulligan
Directed by WILLIAM HOWARD from the original story by PRESTON STURGES.

Jesse L. Lasky, the producer, has christened his method of dealing with the life of a man from his boyhood to his death, as a disillusioned magnate whose business power only mocks him, "narratage."

(Continued on page 26)



Helen Vinson and Clive Brook share the honours of "Midnight Club" with George Raft.



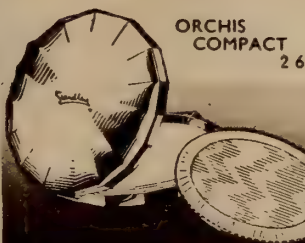
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(Continued from page 24)

As a matter of fact, it is actually a rather elaborated form of flash-backs and, while not suitable for general adoption, is admirably suited to this form of screen biography.

The story is unfolded by a narrator, the dead man's secretary, who is defending his late friend's and employer's life to his wife, who, in common with many others, look on him as a monster of iniquity.

So the tale does not run chronologically, but is made up of scattered sequences as events of importance occur to the mind of the narrator.

It is very ingenious in its presentation and certainly brings sympathy to the chief actor in the drama.

The story shows the hero in his youth proving his fearlessness by a diving feat, and this is immediately followed by his demonstrating the same qualities as the powerful managing director of a railroad company quelling a revolt on the board.

Then we see him as an illiterate young inspector of the permanent way, who is taught to read and write by a young school teacher who later becomes his wife, and who carries on his job so that he may go to a University and study engineering.

With this is contrasted his life as a "big boss," his love for a young society girl whose father has an axe to grind, and the suicide of his wife.

Later he marries the other woman, and the final phase in the tragedy is told in chronological order. His son, who has turned out to be a waster, has an affair with his father's young wife, and on learning of it the now completely disillusioned man commits suicide.

The treatment cleverly avoids stressing the sordid side of the story and concentrates on character drawing, and the result is an unusual and gripping entertainment.

Colleen Moore shows considerable skill as a character actress as the first wife, and Ralph Morgan is effective as the narrator of the story and a close personal friend of the dead man.

Helen Vinson is good as the society girl, and Clifford Jones and Sarah Padden are prominent supporting artists.

••MIDNIGHT CLUB

Paramount. American. "A" certificate. Crime drama. Runs 62 minutes.

CLIVE BROOK.....Colin Grant
GEORGE RAFT.....Nick Mason
HELEN VINSON.....Iris Whitney
ALISON SKIPWORTH.....Lady Barrett Smythe
SIR GUY STANDING.....Commissioner Hope
ALAN MOWERAY.....Arthur Bradley
FERDINAND GOTTSCHALK.....George Rubens
FORRESTER HARVEY.....Thomas Roberts

Charles Laughton as Henry VIII with Binnie Barnes, who plays his fifth wife, Katharine Howard, in "The Private Life of Henry VIII."

ETHEL GRIFFIES.....The Duchess
BILLY BEVAN.....First Detective
CHARLES McNAUGHTON.....Second Detective
TERU SHIMADA.....Nishi
Directed by ALEXANDER HALL and GEORGES SOMNES from a story by E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM.

George Raft here graduates another step along his road from great crook to great lover.

He is cast as a detective who passes as a crook in order to bring to justice a gang headed by none other than our old great lover, Clive Brook. What a queer reversal of roles!

However, Clive Brook is a "gentleman" crook and stages an effective fade-out at the end in order to enable Raft to marry a feminine member of his gang, extremely well played by Helen Vinson.

It is a fantastic story, which does not stand too close an analysis, but it is well constructed and capably acted.

One of the bright ideas of the club which gives the film its title is the fact that the leading members have doubles who sit in the club premises and thus establish alibis for their crimes.

George Raft is quite good, and interesting characterisations come from Alison Skipworth and Ferdinand Gottschalk.

••MOONLIGHT AND MELODY

Universal. American. "A" certificate. Backstage musical romance. Runs 82 minutes.

LEO CARRILLO.....Nick
MARY BRIAN.....Sally
ROGER PRYOR.....George Dwight
HERBERT RAWLINSON.....Powell
LILLIAN MILES.....Elsie
BOBBY WATSON.....Bertie
WILLIAM FRAWLEY.....Mack
Directed by KARL FREUND. Songs and lyrics by E. I. HARBURG, JAY GORNEY, HERMAN HUFFELD, AL SIGEL, and SAMMY FAIN.

Conventional back-stage romance neatly and brightly staged, with some good, cheerful musical numbers.

Roger Pryor, who has been making a name for himself on the stage, makes his screen debut and shapes quite well, while Mary Brian is adequate as the modest heroine who wins his love.

Lillian Miles is versatile as Elsie, a leading lady; she sings and mimics cleverly.

Leo Carrillo is good in a small part, as is Herbert Rawlinson.

Opening with convincing small-town sequences, the action takes us to Broadway, where the detail is good and revue numbers and dance ensembles effective.

•I ADORE YOU

Warner. British. "U" certificate. Song and dance show. Runs 74 minutes.

MARGOT GRAHAME.....Margot Grahame
HAROLD FRENCH.....Norman Young
CLIFFORD HEATHERLEY.....Louis B. Koenig
O. B. CLARENCE.....Mr. Young
GEORGIE HARRIS.....Peter Butcher
ERNEST SEFTON.....Mr. Pilbeam
GAVIN GORDON.....Alphonso Buillibause
PEGGY NOVAK.....Telephone Operator
Directed by GEORGE KING.

An unpretentious but quite bright song-and-dance show, which is very slight in story values, but is backed up by good back-stage detail and some novel ideas in dance ensembles.

Margot Grahame is sound as a film star with whom a wealthy youth falls in love and, in order to win her, gains financial control of the studio for which she works.

As the youth, who is of a shy disposition, Harold French does well, while that fine stage character actor, O. B. Clarence, shines in the very appropriate role of a character actor.

Clifford Heatherley is amusing as a pompous managing director.

The settings are not too elaborate, but they are effective, and there is a free-and-easy atmosphere about the whole thing which is quite pleasing.

•HOME SWEET HOME

Radio. British. "A" certificate. Marital drama. Runs 72 minutes.

JOHN STUART.....Richard Pelham
RICHARD COOPER.....Tupman
CYRIL RAYMOND.....John Falkirk
ELIOT MAKERAM.....James Merrick
FELIX AYLMER.....Robert Wilding, K.C.
BEN WELDEN.....Santos
BARBARA EVEREST.....Mrs. Mackenzie
EVE BECKE.....Betty Martin
JOAN CARTER.....Joan Pelham
SYDNEY FAIRBROTHER.....Mrs. Bagshaw
MARIE NEY.....Constance Pelham
Directed by GEORGE A. COOPER from a story by H. FOWLER MEAR and TERENCE EGAN.

Emotional drama, forced in sentiment, and very leisurely in action. It deals with a husband who accidentally kills a man with whom his wife had decided to run away, but about whom she had later changed her mind.

He is accused of manslaughter and, to save his being sentenced, his wife admits misconduct.

John Stuart does his best to bring conviction to a thoroughly artificial role, but Marie Ney is ineffective and very poorly photographed.

Richard Cooper and Sidney Fairbrother are quite good in two comedy characterisations.

The trial scene is unconvincing and incorrect in court procedure, which is hardly excusable in a British picture.

c•PHANTOM THUNDERBOLT

Gaumont-Ideal. American. "U" certificate. Western drama. Runs 61 minutes.

KEN MAYNARD.....Ken Peters
FRANCES LEE.....Judy Lane
FRANK RICE.....Nevady
WILLIAM GOULD.....Red Matthews
BOB KORTMAN....."One-Shot" Mallory
HARRY HOLMAN.....Judge Wingate
FRANK BEALE.....Mr. Oldham
WILLIAM ROBYNS.....Norton
WILFRED LUCAS.....Mr. Eaton
Directed by ALAN JAMES

Familiar story of the round-up of a gang who are terrorising a small Middle West town.

It is rather slow in development for its type, but plenty of rough-and-tumble fighting and an absence of bloodshed makes it a useful feature for juveniles.

Ken Maynard shows to advantage in horsemanship, if not in histrionics.

•THE FLYING CIRCUS

Radio. American. "A" certificate. Triangle drama. Runs 61 minutes.

ARLINE JUDGE.....Ann Hardy
BRUCE CABOT.....Ace Murray
ERIC LINDEN.....Bud Murray
RALPH BELLAMY.....Speed Hardy
CLIFF EDWARDS.....Screw Edwards
JUNE BREWSTER.....Screw's Girl Friend
FRANK LA RUE.....Kearns
Directed by RICHARD BIRDWELL.

The main thing in this picture is the introduction of aerial stunts, parachute descents and trick flying, and a collision between two planes in mid-air.

There is thrill enough in these, but the plot and development are obvious and there is little real interest in, or sympathy for, the characters involved.

The triangle drama of a conventional order is played against the background of an aerodrome and an aerial circus.

•EARLY TO BED

W. & F. Anglo-Gorman. "U" certificate. Romantic comedy. Runs 81 minutes.

HEATHER ANGEL.....Greta
LADY TREE.....Widow Seidelbast
DONALD CATHROP.....Peshke
ATHENE SEYLER.....Frau Weiser
LESLIE PERRINS.....Herr Meyer
FERNAND GRAAVEY.....Carl
SONNIE HALE.....Helmut
EDMUND GWENN.....Herr Kurger
GILLIAN SAND.....Trude
LEWIS SHAW.....Wolf
Directed by LUDWIG BERGER from a story by HANS SEKKELY and ROBERT LIEMANN. Music by WERNER R. HEYMANN. Lyrics by ROWLAND LEIGH.

There is a good deal of resemblance in the plot of this picture and *Rafter Romance*, in which Ginger Rogers and Norman Foster appear.

A girl and a man share a room, the one using it by day and the other by night. Unaware of each other's identity, they meet in the street and each pretends to come from a high station in life.

Their deception of each other is revealed and their romance terminates, but only temporarily. When they both attempt to claim their room at the same time, love finds a way.

Heather Angel is very attractive as the heroine and Fernand Graavey is natural as the hero. The supporting cast is a strong one and sound throughout.

It is all very slight, but quite pleasing.

•I HAVE LIVED

Gaumont-Ideal. American. "A" certificate. Social drama. Runs 68 minutes.

ALAN DINEHART.....Thomas Langley
ANITA PAGE.....Jean St. Clair
ALLEN VINCENT.....Warren White
GERTRUDE ASTOR.....Harriet
MAUDE TRUAX.....Mrs. Reynolds
MATHEW BETZ.....Blackie
EDDIE BOLAND.....Sidney Cook
DELL HENDERSON.....J. W.
FLORENCE DUDLEY.....The First Actress
GLADYS BLAKE.....The Second Actress
HARRY BRADLEY.....The Small Town
EDWARD KEANE.....The Leading Man
Directed by RICHARD THORPE.

Dramatic story of a woman of easy virtue who becomes famous on the stage, but finds it difficult to live down her past. It is all very conventional and gives little opportunity to Anita Page or Alan Dinehart, who play the leading roles.

It is treated melodramatically and the direction shows a lack of imagination, which renders characters and plot commonplace.

A ROYAL DEMAND

Paramount. British. "U" certificate. Historical drama. Runs 62 minutes.

CYRIL MCLAGLEN.....Lord Forest
MARJORIE HUME.....Lady Forest
FRED RAINS.....Walters
VI CALEY.....Nana
POWELL EDWARDS.....Gen. Orring
HOWARD FRY.....Lord Wentover
TICH HUNTER.....Robin
GISELA LEIF ROBINSON.....Lady Ann
CYNTHIA CLIFFORD.....Lady Jones
Directed by G. A. MINNENTY from a story by JANE MOORLAND.

A story of the Royalists and the Roundheads, which is exceedingly weak in plot, atmospherically unreal, and trite in dialogue and theatrical in characterisation.

Some familiar historical incidents are reproduced, but the only things of real merit in the production are the picturesque exteriors of Hampton Court Palace.



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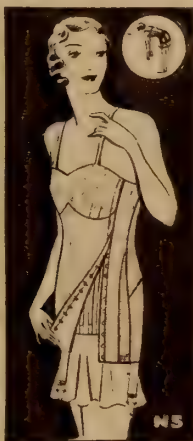
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On the British Sets

by E.G. COUSINS

Victor Saville gives a toast to Jessie Matthews in the old Tivoli bar he has re-created for "Evergreen" at Shepherd's Bush.

Virginia CHERRILL'S BRITISH FILM

*Things are moving at Worton Hall—A Twickenham "Thrillie"—
Edmund Gwenn and Esmond Knight Together
Again—Rene Ray's Return*

Life has grown a little more complicated for the conscientious Studio Correspondent (yes, you're quite right, I'm referring to myself) in the last six months, but there's always a compensation, and in this case it's the vast increase of interest and even excitement in the business.

For instance, I had a 'phone call this week inviting me to visit the Isleworth studios, where they are making a film.

Nothing very remarkable in that, you think? Perhaps not in itself—although productions in this studio-in-a-garden have become something of a rarity since the microphone took charge of our floors; but consider the cast, *mes enfants*, consider the cast!

For example, does or does not the name of Virginia Cherrill mean anything to you? Yes, I see it does—and, as the voice from the back of the class so correctly observes, she was the adorable blind girl in the most recent Chaplin opus, *City Lights*.

Well, she's here; and that alone would be sufficient to send me galloping hell-for-leather down to the wilds of Darkest Isleworth.

Along with her is one of our most successful English character-actors, D. A. Clarke-Smith, who has played a long succession of dirty-dog roles in films.

Just by the way, I heard that Cary Grant was down at Isleworth too. He is not appearing in the picture but he is Virginia's fiancée which not unnaturally accounts for his presence there.

He is one of the young men of Hollywood who have rather captured my imagination. I have only met him in the flesh once—for about two minutes in a Hollywood studio-restaurant—but he struck me as being "different"; and, believe me, it takes a pretty forceful personality to be different in Hollywood, where every girl's ambition is to look like Garbo and every young man's to resemble John Barrymore.

I haven't heard what the title of the Cherrill opus is to be yet; but this, together with further details, I'll communicate to you as soon as the information is passed on to me.

I'm glad to have information about activity on the Worton Hall floors, because I have rather a tender spot for this Georgian mansion, with its sound-stages rising with an air of complacent surprise among its trim lawns and flower-beds. This is the kind of thing that makes British studios attractive. They don't conform to a certain standard of design as the Hollywood film-factories do.

The pity is that they don't always conform to a certain standard of efficiency either; but it must be admitted that tremendous strides in this direction have been taken in the past two or three years.

At one sad stage of its varied career, Worton Hall was known by certain critics as Heartbreak House because of the quality of films emanating from it. But I remember with gratitude the large fires in the dressing-rooms in winter.

At any rate, this unit is considerably less secretive than some others. For instance, the Twickenham people are making two films.

Staple Diet

I was passing the Wimbledon Studio at Merton Park, and dropped in on the chance of there being something going on; and sure enough, they were in full cry with a typical Twickenham "thrillie".

You know the Twickenham formula, I expect? Lonely house, attractive but quite unimportant young lady, corpse, police-inspector, and four or five assorted suspects—one of whom, at least, must be innocent, in order to provide the final close-up clinch with the girl.

They turn these out at Twickenham with unflinching regularity, in slickness and in stealth. Of course, they do more important work as well—*Lily of Killarney*, for instance, was a corker, and so, of course, was *The Wandering Jew*—

but these "spot the murderer" epics are the staple diet.

If B.I.P. were making them at Elstree, they would have Hal Gordon and a diamond necklace. At Twickenham they have Dorothy Boyd and a corpse.

Among the notable gathering of red herrings to be dragged across the trail of the true murderer are Michael Shepley (whom I suspect strongly after his dirty work in *Black Coffee*) and Michael Hogan (whom I also suspect strongly after his dirty work in several films).

There is also Edgar Norfolk, but he doesn't look much like a murderer to me. I suspect him of belonging to the Heart-throb Dept.

And there is Sam Livesey as the police-inspector, who, I gather, is the whole works. Well, he can carry it; at his own job of the bluff but determined heavyweight policeman there isn't another actor in the studios to touch him.

Gone Coy

George Cooper is directing this one (called *Tangled Evidence*), and they are all at Merton because they have overflowed from Twickenham; but *why* they have overflowed from Twickenham is largely a matter of conjecture, because if they are making a film there (and I have it on my usual unimpeachable authority that they *are*) they are preserving a coy silence about it.

Now on to Teddington, but a stone's throw away, where Warner Bros. First National are producing a picture with all the boast of heraldry and pomp of power, or whatever I mean.

That is to say, they are telling the world, which is an entirely reasonable proceeding when they want the world to tell its neighbour.

Father and Son is the name of the film, and it will hardly surprise you to hear that father and son are being played respectively by Edmund Gwenn and Esmond Knight, who played the elder and the younger Strausses in *Waltzes from Vienna* for Gaumont-British recently.

Voice in the Knight

This time they are saddlers in a gossipy little village; and Esmond Knight will have a chance to air his fine voice in a scene depicting a church bazaar. To support him in this picture, Warners have a distinctly interesting cast—Daphney Courtney (a B.I.P. "discovery"), Charles Carson, O. B. Clarence, and Roland Culver.

This is a "human drama"—not a comedy; and, that being so, I will give you four hundred and eight guesses at the name of the director.

No, I'm sorry, you're wrong in all of them. It's Signor Bianchi, who recently left us for a
(Continued on page 30)



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ON THE BRITISH SETS—Continued

visit to his native Italy, and has doubtless returned refreshed and renewed.

And Signor Bianchi is Monty Banks to you; but what he is doing directing a "drammer" is more than I can say.

Incidentally, Irving Asher, who is the Warner Brothers' vicar upon earth, recently returned from a visit to his native and United States—so he, too, is doubtless refreshed and renewed.

So we are entitled to expect something pretty good from Teddington.

In the Chilterns

Henry Kendall, whom I had begun to regard as a fixture at Teddington, has drifted on to Beaconsfield, where he is playing the lead in *Safety First* for British Lion.

Pretty little Nancy O'Neill, the Australian brunette who was the Admiral's daughter and the hero's delight in *Jack Ahoy*, has bobbed up here, and also—another welcome sight—Rene Ray, whom I haven't seen for a year or so.

Some day Rene will get her big chance and "click"; but she is having a tough fight for it.

You remember my mentioning Vera Bogetti recently as having been in a comedy at the B. & D. studios? Well, she's in this *Safety First*, and so is Kenneth Kove, and so is Helen Haye, and so are Wally Patch and Hall Walters; Wal and Hal are being built up as a new comedy team, and we may see them "featuring" one of these days. Even Laurel and Hardy had to make a start!

Am I Right?

I hate to have to rub it in, but more and more as the months flow past are British studios beginning to admit that I may not be such an entire bonehead after all.

One of the ways I have been getting myself notorious is by insisting that films could only be made efficiently and economically if one person wrote the story, prepared the scenario, directed the picture, and supervised the final cutting.

This functionary I call the Kinist; and whenever a Kinist does rear his head in our studios, he produces a film which is at least far more interesting than the mass-production efforts to which we have become accustomed—so called because masses of people are concerned with each production.

Bernard Vorhaus wrote his own script and directed *Crime on the Hill*—which I found an excellent sleep-preventer. W. P. Lipscomb wrote story and scenario and directed *Colonel Blood*. Now in the same studio (Sound City) Anthony Kimmins is directing a comedy called *By-pass to Happiness*, of which he also wrote the scenario.

And at the mystery-enwrapped Hammersmith studio (sh! Not a word!) a young man named Ralph Smart, whom I last saw at Shepherd's Bush, is writing and directing a series of films for P.D.C.

They seem to be coming round to my way of thinking . . . no?

Proving the Rule

Of course, Maurice Elvey has been writing his own scenarios for years, but Maurice is a law unto himself. If I point out that Maurice Elvey's films are almost invariably box-office successes, you'll say I'm rubbing it in again—and I wouldn't have you think that. No.

Anthony Kimmins is the young man who left the Navy to make a small fortune by writing *While Parents Sleep*, and has since taken to acting himself. He played leading parts in two Sound City films.

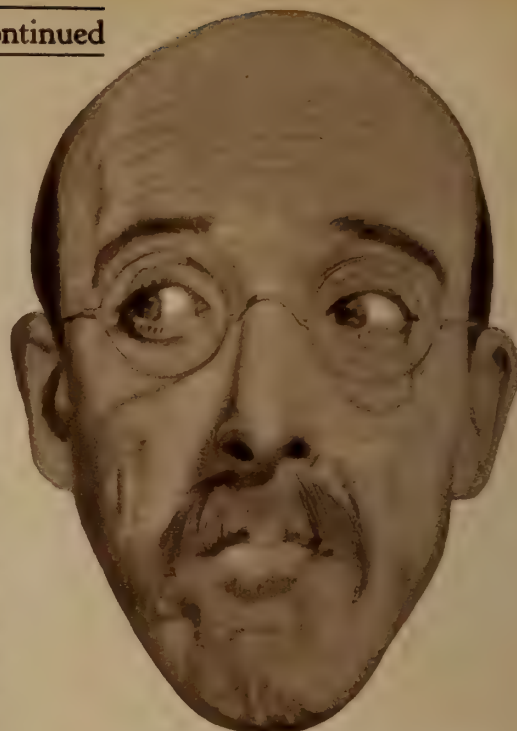
Now he is a script-writer-cum-director.

In this *By-pass* one he has Kay Hammond, Tamara Desni (you remember her in *Falling for You?* Very easy to look at), Nellie Bowman, Maurice Evans, Mark Daly (a clever comedian), Elliott Makeham (a brilliant character actor), Billy Holland and John Teed. About Messrs. Holland and Teed I have no information.

A Saville Row

Victor Saville must dream about audiences. Not only does he get 'em going with his films, but I frequently find him struggling with them in the studios as well.

For instance, which of us that saw it will forget



A clever sketch of Robertson Hare, the popular Aldwych "team" comedian.

the gorgeous riot in "The Theatre Royal, Gtford," staged for *The Good Companions*.

Tivoli Reconstructed

This week I found him with a much more ruly audience, in a clever reconstruction of the old Tivoli Theatre, which stood, once upon a time, in the Strand. (Heavy sigh from the ten remaining Stage Door Johnnies—the lineal forebears of the Gallery Girls of to-day.)

Hands up any of the class who remember the old Tiv? What, not one? Drat you, you make me feel a Methuselah.

Last time I saw it there were Harry Lauder posters plastered all over it; but down at Shepherd's Bush they have gone back considerably before Harry Lauder's time—or at any rate, his West End days.

That Fatal Inch

I found them precisely at the period when chorus boys wore striped blazers and straw hats (which didn't date them) and chorus ladies wore long black gloves and long black stockings which showed about an inch and a quarter of chorus lady between the stocking and the frillies (which *did* date them, and how!).

We are told that it is the object of Art to reveal Art and conceal the Artist. The Art of the Old Tiv. concealed Art fairly successfully, and revealed just enough of the Artist to make the Johnnies come again to-morrow night.

Nowadays, chorus-girls wear an inch and a quarter of whatever is in fashion, and there's no point in anyone coming again to-morrow night.

The most prominent lady of the chorus was Betty Balfour; they were singing that strangely artless ditty, which was already old when I was young—"Daddy Wouldn't Buy Me a Bow-wow, Bow-wow"; and the accompanying terpsichorean evolutions (which consisted in tripping round the stage hand-in-hand) was so exactly what I have always seen choruses do everywhere and in every age that I felt quite at home.

With Mo

Another fellow who found himself at home was Gerald Barry, who has been away from home for a number of years—to wit, in Hollywood, where he has been one of the few favoured Englishmen who are regularly and continuously employed.

In the few months since he returned he has played in seven films, and a totally different part in each. This time he is Manager of the Old Tivoli, with a magnificent moustache, without which no self-respecting manager of the old school would care to appear in public.

Look out for Gerald Barry, boys and girls. We're going to hear more of him.

What Do You Think? Letters from our Readers

NO Ramons in REAL-LIFE

Men don't learn technique from the talkies

THE screen has long been the greatest factor in the education of the woman of to-day. It prepares her for any conceivable situation likely to arise in everyday life, and gives her a *sang-froid* she would otherwise not possess. In short, it is the finishing school for every modern girl.

"Not so the men. They seem absolutely incapable of absorbing any of the Novarro Personality that women so appreciate and need.

"They receive an object lesson every time they see Leslie Howard playing the gallant gentleman. Don't they know the meaning of the word 'gallant'? And 'gentleman.' Did he go 'out' with powdered wigs and things?

"The modern young man never seems to connect the word 'respect' with a girl.

"Anyway, the fact is, the men are not taking their lessons at all well. Still, perhaps I'm wrong. Maybe Jimmy Cagney's 'rough stuff' holds more appeal for them than Ramon Novarro's reverence.

"Have the men anything to say?"—(Miss) Hilda Humphries, 20 Summerfield Crescent, Edgbaston, Birmingham 16, winner of the guinea prize.

[The interesting problem raised here is one that is, I think I can claim, outside both my province and experience. I can only repeat: Have male readers anything to say?]

Too Many Comedies

Are British films getting too popular? While admitting that they have given us some good and unusual super films, they are riding some material to death in certain films.

"I have just seen Gene Gerrard in the usual Gerrard matrimonial mix-up. *It's a Boy* was the mixture-as-often-before. *Beware of Women* was the hundredth dose of the same medicine. And will Sydney Howard console me with the eternal garter tangle?

"At the present time, filmgoers are swallowing these films with glee. But there will be a reaction. A field that bears the same crops time after time gets worn out.

"Our films will not always be adjudged as good on the strength of a few exceptions. It is the average everyday film that must stand the strain and when these fail, the industry fails. No industry can pay dividends with a few supers."—A. Inman, 46 Southey Crescent, Sheffield 5, winner of the second prize of half a guinea.

[While I agree—and, indeed, PICTUREGOER has often pointed out—that there is a danger of these mixture-as-before comedies put over on stellar names being overdone, the money they have made has provided a war chest for the expansion of the industry and the production of more ambitious films.]

Children's Films

The scarcity of films suitable for children and the unpromising outlook for juvenile audiences is excellent news. If the shortage results in a drastic reduction in the numbers of the child picturegoers, the kinema will benefit.

"One of the chief handicaps which hinder the more intelligent producers must be the problem of appealing to adolescents and adults with the



Ramon Novarro

same film. It cannot be done, and the puerile compromise between sophistication and naivete which is foisted upon us in consequence is inevitable.

"If films are ever to be more subtle they must be made without consideration for immature minds. Children would find such pictures poor entertainment, and either stay away or attend only when something specially suited to their taste was exhibited.

"This would go far towards solving the difficult problem which always confronts the censor, of 'A' and 'U' certificates. And, on the whole, would not children be better off without quite so much 'picturegoing'?"—(Miss) C. I. Gadsby, 3 Myross, Landemann Circus, Weston-Super-Mare.

[This is an age of compromises. The particular "puerile compromise" between sophistication and naivete to which you refer exists, not because of any attempt to appeal to the child picturegoer as well as the adult, but because adult picturegoers themselves are of varying standards of intelligence. And surely it is ridiculously short-sighted to overlook the fact that, directed into the right channels, kinema entertainment could be the greatest educational force in history.]

Trailers Keep Them Away

For the last three weeks at our local kinema I have seen a 'Trailer' of *I Was a Spy*. Not only is this very boring, but I am now acquainted with all the most dramatic moments in the film and so have had all my inclination to see this much talked-of picture killed.

"This happens repeatedly concerning the most popular films; to show the cast is quite enough to draw the public to-day."—R. Brown, 1 Mount Pleasant, Kidderminster.

[Exhibitors, please note.]

A Hepburn War

Welcome, Katharine! If anyone accuses her of being a personality first and an actress secondly, that merely emphasises the amazing force of that personality! Because actually the accomplished actress with the astute brain is revealed in every action she makes—every word she utters.

"Katharine looks clever, and looks attractive and fascinating, and looks a clean, straight woman. What an astounding combination

"Who else has achieved it? I can think of only two others, maybe three: Greta Garbo (despite many nasty roles), Anne Harding (the darling), and, perhaps, less excitingly, Irene Dunne!"—(Miss) D. A. Wills, Moss Cliffe, Selcroft Road, Purley, Surrey.

Katharine Hepburn may be a great find to the movie critics, but to me she is just a pain in the neck.

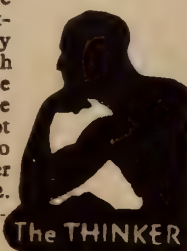
"I can't seem to see anything in her that would make people rave about her personality or acting ability—if she has either.

"When I glance through the pages of different film books, her picture is always there with that hungry look on her face."—(Mr.) R. Wright, 11 Sparrow Terrace, Porthill, Stoke-on-Trent.

YOUR VIEWS WANTED

What you think about the stars and films?

£1 is. and 10s. 6d. will be paid for the two most interesting, and 5/- for every other letter published each week. Letters should be written on one side of the paper only and should not exceed 150 words. Address to "Thinker," The "Picturegoer Weekly," Long Acre, W.C.2.



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IS YOUR DAUGHTER ANÆMIC?

The Dangers of Girlhood

"She is as pale as death, just like I was when a girl," remarked a mother recently about her anaemic daughter. Very often anaemia is inherited; in other cases it is caused by bad working conditions, unsuitable food, hasty and irregular eating, insufficient outdoor exercise and not enough rest and sleep.

Anaemia comes on gradually, beginning with languor and indisposition to exertion, irritability, and a feeling of fatigue. Later comes palpitation of the heart, and then headache and backache; constipation is generally present.

There is no need to be unduly alarmed in a case of this kind. The treatment is quite easy and simple. Dr. Williams' pink pills are just the tonic needed to remedy this wretched state of health. These pills create rich red blood, and this soon causes the peculiar pallor to leave the face; strength and energy gradually return; the backaches and headaches vanish. Continue the treatment until the last symptoms go, and there need be little fear of a relapse.

The world-famous Dr. Williams' Brand Pink Pills can now be obtained at 1s. 3d. a box (triple size 3s.). From all chemists, or same price, post free, direct from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, 36 Fitzroy Square, London, W.1.

FREE.—Every girl, and every girl's mother, should read the booklet "Nature's Warnings," sent free to all who write to M.H. Dept., 36 Fitzroy Square, London, W.1.

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DORIS (Hove).—Herewith the cast of *No More Orchids*: Anne Holt—Carole Lombard; Tony—Lyle Talbot; Bill Holt—Walter Connolly; Gran Holt—Louise Closser Hale; Dick—Allen Vincent; Rita—Ruthelma Stevens; Cedric—C. Aubrey Smith; Serge—Arthur Houseman; Burkehart—William V. Mong; Merriwell—Charles Hills Mails; Prince Carl—Jameson Thomas; Captain of Ship—Ed Le Saint; Cannon—William Worthington; Benton (butler)—Broderick O'Farrell; Housekeeper—Belle Johnstone; Modiste—Harold Minjuir; Holmes—Sidney Bracy.

P. L. (Warrington).—(1) John Boles played opposite Laura La Plante in the *Captain of the Guard*. (2) Warner Baxter appeared with Miriam Jordan in the film *I Loved You Wednesday*.

JAY-BEE (Cardiff).—Herewith the cast of *The Silk Express*: Kilgore—Neil Hamilton; Paula—Sheila Terry; Clark—Arthur Byron; Nyberg—Dudley Digges; McDuff—Guy Kibbee; Rusty—Allen Jenkins; Craft—Harold Huber; Calhoun—Robert Barrat; Johnson—Ivan Simpson; Myton—Arthur Hohl; Burns—George Pat Collins; Engineer—Tom Wilson; Associate—Edward Van Sloan; Dr. Rolph—Vernon Steele; Assistant—Douglas Dumbrille.

V. G. (Notts).—You can obtain a picture postcard of Jessie Matthews, price 3d., from The PICTUREGOER Post Card Salon, 85 Long Acre, London, W.C.2. I am glad you like this paper.

L. M. S. (Stoke Newington).—(1) You will see Betty Balfour soon as she has returned to British films, and will be seen in *Evergreen*. (2) Estelle Brody has not appeared in films for a long time. (3) Buck Jones is still appearing in films for Universal—his latest films are *Unhatched Valley*, *The Open Road*, *Gordon of Ghost City* (serial). Thank you for your good wishes.

VENUS (Bradford).—Henry Kendall was born in 1898 in London; 6 ft. tall, brown hair and blue eyes. Pictures include *This Week of Grace*, *Conrad's Opinion*, *King of the Ritz*, *The Flying Fool*, *Mr. Bill the Conqueror*, *The Shadow*, *The Flaw*, *High Speed*, *Immortal of Chicago*, *Watch Beverly*, *House Opposite*, *The Ghost Camera*, and *Rich and Strange*. Address him c/o 76 Hodford Road, Golders Green, N.W.11.

SHRIMP (Dovercourt).—*Chance at Heaven*, *Flying Down to Rio*, and *Sea Girl* are all new films, and the release dates have not been fixed yet; watch Lionel Collier's "On the Screens Now" for them.

INQUIRER (Southend-on-Sea).—Lillian Gish has returned to the screen in *His Double Life*, and is living in Hollywood.

J. P. (Coventry).—The full cast of *Moonlight and Melody* is given on page 26.

INTERESTED (Nottingham).—Franchot Tone is not married. He was born at Niagara Falls, and his birth anniversary falls on February 27. Latest films are *Midnight Mary*, *Stranger's Return*, *Stage Mother*, *Dancing Lady*, *Blonde Bombshell*, and *Moulin Rouge*. Address him c/o Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, California.

A COURTNEIDGE ADMIRER (Norwich).—(1) Ages this year: Cicely Courtneidge, 41 on April 1; Jack Hulbert, 42 on April 24; Janet Gaynor, 27 on October 6; Charles Farrell, 32 on August 9; Joe E. Brown, 42 on July 28; (2) Addresses: Cecily Courtneidge and Jack Hulbert, c/o Gaumont-British Studios, Lime Grove, Shepherd's Bush, London, W.12; Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell, c/o Fox Studios, Beverly Hills, California; and Joe E. Brown, c/o Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, California.

CURIOUS R. (Inverness).—(1) You can obtain photographs of Loretta Young and Gene Raymond from The PICTUREGOER Post Card Salon, 85 Long Acre, London, W.C.2, at 3d. each. (2) The story of the film *Zoo in Budapest* appeared in the September 9, 1933, issue of this magazine.

M. C. J. (Birmingham).—(1) See "Aye Ready" above. (2) I think I am correct in saying that Clark Gable uses his own name for professional purposes.

A FILM FAN (Wales).—(1) Herewith the details you require of Clark Gable's films: *The Eariest Way*, with Constance Bennett; *Dance, Fools, Dance*, with Joan Crawford; *Secret Six*, with Jean Harlow; *A Free Soul*, with Norma Shearer; *The Rise of Helga*, with

Let GEORGE

Greta Garbo; *Night Nurse*, with Barbara Stanwyck; *Hell Divers*, with Dorothy Jordan; *Possessed*, with Joan Crawford; *Polly of the Circus*, with Marion Davies; *Strange Intertide*, with Norma Shearer; *No Man of Her Own*, with Carole Lombard; *Red Dust*, with Jean Harlow; *Hold Your Man*, with Jean Harlow; *Dancing Lady*, with Joan Crawford; and *Night Flight*, with Helen Hayes. (2) Douglas Fairbanks, jun., films are: *Down Patrol*, no leading lady; *Dance Hall*, with Olive Borden; *Little Accident*, with Mary Brian; *One Night at Susie's*, with Billie Dove; *Outward Bound*, with Helen Chandler; *Little Caesar*, with Glenda Farrell; *Chances*, with Rose Hobart; *I Like Your Nerve*, with Loretta Young; *Love is a Racket*, with Ann Dvorak; *Gentleman for a Day*, with Joan Blondell; *It's Tough to be Famous*, with Mary Brian; *Scarlet Dawn*, with Nancy Carroll; *Parachute Jumper*, with Bette Davis; *Morning Glory*, with Katharine Hepburn; *Captured*, with Margaret Lindsay; *Narrow Corner*, with Patricia Ellis; *Catherine the Great*, with Elizabeth Bergner.

J. B. (Australia).—(1) Centre spreads: *Grand Hotel*, May 28, 1932; *Rockabye*, January 28, 1932; *The Good Companions*, December 24, 1932; *Cavalcade*, March 11, 1933. (2) The story of the film: *The Sign of the Cross*, September 16, 1933; *Rasputin, the Mad Monk*, May 27, June 3, and June 10, 1933; *Hold Your Man*, December 23, 1933; and *Reunion in Vienna*, December 30, 1933. (3) You can obtain back numbers of the PICTUREGOER from the Publisher, 8 Endell Street, London, W.C.2.

G. E. T. (London, N.W.1).—Herewith the cast of *It's Tough to be Famous*: Scotty—Douglas Fairbanks, jun.; Janet (His Wife)—Mary Brian; Edna—Lillian Bond; Sanford—Terrance Ray; Boynton—Oscar Apfel; Momo—Emma Dunn; Chapin—Walter Catlett; Lieut. Blake—J. Carroll Naish; Steve—David Landan; Sutter—Harold Miner; Mrs. Porter—Claire MacDowell; Ada—Louise Beavers; Ole Olafson—Ivan Linon.

D. M. S. (1) Ages and heights as follows: Clive Brook—42 on June 1, 5 ft. 11 in. Fredric March—35 on August 31, 5 ft. 11 in. Leslie Howard—40 last April 3, 5 ft. 11 in. (2) Addresses: Elissa Landi c/o Columbia and Fredric March c/o Twentieth Century Studios, Hollywood, California; Leslie Howard c/o Radio Studios, Hollywood, California.

RENATE MULLER FAN (Cardiff).—Renate Muller comes from Munich. A letter addressed to Gainsborough Studios, Poole Street, Islington, London, N.1, will find her.

JANNEY FAN (Bootle) and J. B. (Leigh-on-Sea).—(1) William Janney, who appeared in *A Successful Calamity*, was born on February 15, 1908, in New York City. Real name, William Preston Janney. 5 ft. 10 in. tall, has dark brown hair and eyes. Write to him c/o Warner Bros. Studios, Hollywood, California. (2) Tom Brown was 20 on January 6. His latest pictures are *Liberty Road* and *Laughter in Hell*.

J. P. M. (East Sussex).—(1) Dorothy Jordan did not take any part in the film *When a Feller Needs a Friend*. (2) *One Hour With You* was first trade shown in this country on June 30, 1932. It was released on January 9, 1933.

PETER (S.E.).—Alan Mowbray played in the film *Guilty Hands* as the man murdered by Lionel Barrymore.

D. M. W. (Selby).—Eddie Cantor and Al Jolson are two different people.

ROSINA (Holborn).—No, Joan Crawford did not appear in *Emma*, here is the correct cast: Emma—Marie Dressler; Ronnie—Richard Cromwell; Mr. Smith—Jean Hersholt; Isabelle—Myrna Loy; District Attorney—John Miljan; Haskins—Purnell Pratt; Matilda—Leila Bennett; Gipsy—Barbara Kent; Sue—Kathryn Crawford; Bill—George Meeker; Maid—Dale Fuller; Drake—Wilfred Noy; Count Pierre—Andre Cheron.

EVELYN (St. Albans).—Herewith the cast of *Cardigan's Last Case*: Tom Cardigan—John Barrymore; June Perry—Helen Twelvetrees; Vanny Powers—William Boyd; Lillian Ulrich—Jill Eamond; Nora Dean—Mary Duncan; Ulrich—Oscar Apfel; Senor Alvarado—Raoul Roulien; Defence Attorney—Ralph Ince; Judge—Frederick Burton; City Prosecutor—Leon Waycoff.

BUYER (P.W.).—Both Loretta Young and Maureen O'Sullivan live in Hollywood. Loretta works at the Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, and Maureen at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City.

BOLEHITE (Birmingham). J. B. (Birmingham), and JOHN BOLES FAN (Braintree).—John Boles was born on October 27, 1900, at Greenville, Texas; 6 ft. 1 in. tall, dark

Do It!

Frances Dee was born at Los Angeles on November 26, 1911. Educated at University of Chicago. 5 ft. 3 in. tall. Blue eyes. Brown hair. Married to Joel McCrea. Pictures include: "Monte Carlo," "Playboy of Paris," "Along Came Youth," "June Moon," "An American Tragedy," "Rich Man's Folly," "Nice Women," "Love is a Racket," "This Reckless Age," "The Night of June 13," "11th Avenue," "If I Had a Million," "The Silver Cord," "King of the Jungle," "One Man's Journey," "Little Women," "Blood Money," and "Rodney." Address her c/o Fox Studios, Beverly Hills, California, U.S.A.

brown hair and blue-grey eyes; married Marcellite Dobbs and has two children. He comes from an old Southern family and graduated with B.A. degree. Pictures include: *Love of Sunya*, *Fasil*, *Romance of the Underworld*, *We Americans*, *Shepherd of the Hills*, *The Last Warning*, *Rio Rita*, *Song of the West*, *Captain of the Guard*, *King of Jazz*, *One Heavenly Night*, *Resurrection*, *Seed*, *Frankenstein*, *Careless Lady*, *Six Hours to Live*, *Back Street*, *Child of Manhattan*, *My Lips Betray*, *Only Yesterday*, and *Beloved*. Address him c/o Universal Studios, Universal City, California. (2) John Boles is not directed exclusively by one director but by a different one for each film. If you are thinking of any particular film and will let me know I will give you further particulars.

MADGE (Coventry).—(1) Jack Payne was born at Leamington in 1899. (2) Fay Wray comes from Alberta, Canada; her birthday was September 15, 1907. (3) Herewith the cast of *Wild Horse Mesa*: Chane Weymer—Randolph Scott; Sandy Melberne—Sally Blane; Rand—Fred Kohlet; Ma Melberne—Lucille La Verne; Sam Bass—Charley Grapewin; Bent Weymer—James Bush; Indian Chief—Jim Thorpe; Slack—George F. Hayes; Horn—Buddy Roosevelt; Sheriff—E. H. Calvert.

D. N. (Mill Hill) and M. F. (London).—Write to Franchot Tone c/o Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, California. You can obtain a photograph of him from the Picture Postcard Salon, 85 Long Acre, London, W.C.2, price 3d.

G. & V. (Peckham).—Herewith the cast of *The Strange Case of Clara Deane*: Clara Deane—Wynne Gibson; Frank Deane—Pat O'Brien; Nancy—Frances Dee; Garrison—Dudley Digges; Richard Ware—George Barbier; Norman Ware—Russell Gleason; Nancy (aged 4)—Cora Sue Collins.

GABLE-CRAWFORD FAN (Scotland).—(1) Heights and colour of hair as follows: Myrna Loy, 5 ft. 6 in. tall and red hair; Jeanette MacDonald, 5 ft. 6 in. tall and fair hair; Mimi Jordan, 5 ft. 4 in. tall and blonde hair; and Boots Mallory, 5 ft. 6 in. tall and ash-blonde hair. (2) Joan Crawford and Clark Gable have appeared in the following films together: *Dance Fools Dance*, *Posessed*, and *Dancing Lady*. (3) Nell O'Day played opposite George O'Brien in the film *Smoke Lightning*. (4) Your other request has been forwarded to the Picture Postcard Salon.

SEASIDE GIRL (Thanet).—(1) Madeleine Carroll's films in addition to *I Was a Spy*, include: *Guns of Loos*, *What Money Can Buy*, *The First Born*, *Atlantic*, *The American Prisoner*, *Young Woodley*, *Kissing Cup's Race*, *The W Plan*, *Escape*, *The School for Scandal*, *French Leave*, *Madame Guillotine*, *Fascination*, *The Written Law*, *Live and Let Live*, and *Sleeping Car*. Married Capt. Philip Astley in 1931. (2) We published photographs of the stars you mention as follows: Madge Evans, Art Plates in July 2, 1932, Feb. 18, 1933, April 15, 1933, and Front Covers

July 23, 1932 and June 17, 1933, issues. Elissa Landi, Art Plate in April 29, 1933, Front Covers in July 1, 1933 and Sept. 16, 1933. Madeleine Carroll, Front Cover in Oct. 3, 1931, issues of this magazine.

INQUISITIVE (Wimbledon).—John Gielgud and Mary Glynn are connected with the famous Terry family; John Gielgud uses his own name for professional purposes, and is the son of Kate Terry-Lewis and Frank Gielgud; Mary Glynn is the widow of Dennis Neilson-Terry.

CINEMA ATTENDANT (Pateley Bridge).—(1) So far as I know John Stuart played the organ in the film *The Lost Chord*. His pictures include: *Her Son*, *Hindle Wakes* (silent and talkie), *In a Monastery Garden*, *Number Seventeen*, *Mademoiselle from Armentieres*, *The Flight Commander*, *Smashing Through*, *Kitty*, *High Seas*, *The Brat*, *Taxi for Two*, *Atlantic*, *Kissing Cup's Race*, *Children of Chance*, *Midnight*, *Men of Steel*, *Little Fella*, and *The Black Abbot*. (2) *Mademoiselle from Armentieres* has not been made into a talkie.

WONDERING (Scotland).—(1) The role of Annie the servant girl in *Cavalcade* was played by Merle Tottenham. (2) Tommy Conlon played the role of Stephan in *The Sign of the Cross*. Tommy was born in 1918 at Philadelphia; he has appeared in the following films: *A Buffalo Bill serial*, *Over the Hill*, *Caught Short*, *Charlie Chan's Chance*, *She Wanted a Millionaire*, *We Humans*, and *Young America*. Write to him c/o Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon Street, Hollywood, California. (3) Tamara Desni is Jack Hulbert's leading lady in *Falling for You* and *Jack Ahoy*. Write to her c/o Gaumont British Studios, Lime Grove, Shepherd's Bush, London, W.12.

SCHOOLGIRL FAN (London).—(1) Richard Powell works for Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, California, and a letter addressed to this studio should reach him. Latest pictures: *Footlight Parade*, *Convention City*, *College Coach*, *Sweethearts Forever*, and *Wonder Bar*. (2) Write to Ken Maynard c/o Universal Studios, Universal City, California. His most recent pictures are: *Strawberry Roan*, *Riders of Justice*, and *Wheels of Destiny*.

A WONDERING FAN (Cornwall).—Casts: (a) *White Cargo*: Weston—Leslie Faber; Ashley—John Hamilton; Langford—Maurice Evans; The Doctor—Sebastian Smith; The Missionary—Humberstone Wright; The Skipper—Henri de Vries; The Mate—George Turner; Worthing—Tom Helmore; Tondeleyo—Gypsy Rhouma; (b) *Pleasure Cruise*: Shirley—Genevieve Tobin; Andrew Poole—Roland Young; Richard Orloff—Ralph Forbes; Barber—Herbert Mundin; Mrs. Signus—Una O'Connor; Judy—Minna Gombell; Murchison—Theo. von Eltz; Alf—Frank Atkinson; Crum—Robert Greig; Rollins—Arthur Hoyt. (2) Birthdays as follows: Richard Bennett—May 21, 1873, at Deacon's Mills, Indiana; Sonnie Hale—May 1, 1902, at London; Leila Hyams—May 1, 1908, at New York.

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Tala Birell	Bing Crosby	Lyle Talbot
John Boles	Constance	John Wayne
Lillian Bond	Cummings	Mae West
Carl Brisson	Marlene	Diana Wynyard
Bruce Cabot	Dietrich	Roland Young

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Pic. 17.3.34



Dorothy Lee samples the newest chic gadget—a cigarette lighter which looks like a lip-stick and is ignited, not by flints, but by a chemical action which is automatically released when the little cylinder is opened.

HOW few women walk gracefully. Drooping shoulders, hunched shoulders, bent knees, overswung arms—these are but a few of the defects that may be seen in the streets and parks. And it is a great pity; if a girl cannot walk and stand gracefully, she cannot ever hope to achieve a good figure. Good posture is the secret of an attractive form.

Graceful walking is obtained by the transference of the balance equally from one foot to the other.

Recall the gait of a sailor. That is the movement in an exaggerated form.

That is the gait we should all try to acquire, though in a less marked manner. The weight should be transferred from one foot to the other but with the minimum of sway.

Extremely high heels prevent this balance, upsetting it by throwing the weight too far forward.

But it is necessary that the whole carriage be correct as well as the feet.

This may briefly be summarised as head up, chin in, chest expanded, abdomen retracted, thighs drawn slightly back, and the weight on the balls of the feet.

"But I cannot think of all this," you complain. Admittedly it would make life difficult. But you can remember one thing, and if you consciously practise that, all the others will unconsciously be added.

Try It Now

That one thing, and it is the most important, is abdomen drawn in. Stand up and try it now.

Stand sideways to the mirror and take a look at yourself.

Your head and shoulders are slightly droopy, your chest slightly hollow, and the curve of your back below the waistline is too pronounced.

Draw in your abdomen, retracting the muscles as far as you can, and note the change in your posture.

It is immediate. There is a

Leave IT to ANNE

SEIZE your pen without further delay, pass that puzzling point on to me. I shall be delighted to help you, but enclose a stamped-addressed envelope if you wish for a reply by post.

heels three or four inches from a wall. The knees should be held easily and the back of the trunk and the back of the head should just touch the wall. The abdominal muscles should be well drawn in.

If the head and shoulders just touch the wall, and you feel comfortable standing in this way, there is nothing wrong with your general carriage.

A final word about sitting. We love to slouch in an armchair. It seems to be a comfortable position, but it is not really as restful as it seems, and it spells ruin to good figures.

Nature has given us a pretty good cushion of flesh to sit upon.

If we slide forward to the front edge of the chair, instead of sitting in a more or less upright position, we not only throw internal organs out of gear, but subject a certain number of nerves to strain and pressure that they are not intended to bear.

This is specially true of people who have a tendency to sciatica.

Answers to Correspondents

WENDY (Wimbledon).—You must hold your cigarettes very badly to get your fingers into such a badly stained condition. But don't worry, you can buy a special nicotine remover from any chemists.

HAZEL (Colchester).—A waterproof dye is more natural in effect and less bother to apply than mascara. It is lasting and needs to be renewed only at long periods. It can be used for both lashes and brows. The dye is available in brown and black.

M. M. (Romford).—You can rejuvenate your pillows and cushion with the aid of your vacuum cleaner. Fit it up with the tool that blows instead of sucks, make a hole in the seam of the cushion case large enough to admit the nozzle of the tool, then start the cleaner. The air blowing through the feathers will toss them about and free them from lumps.

T. L. P. (Caterham).—Always use the buffer for polishing your nails in one direction only. Rubbed backwards and forwards it creates heat and spoils the surface of the nails.

W. H. CLAREY (Hendon).—Many thanks for your kindness. The information is decidedly worth having.

SALLY (Brighton).—Electrolysis is the only method of permanently destroying superfluous hair. The treatment is not cheap. Depilatories destroy the surface hair, but it grows again.

PUZZLED (Birmingham).—The deeper ochre tints of powder are for the girl with a sunburnt skin or a natural olive complexion. A fallow skin looks best with a pinky natural powder. Your mother should use a creamy pink. This is always the best choice for the middle-aged woman.

VERA (Ilford).—Daily washing is the ideal for hair brushes. Two brushes should be kept going. Do not allow the water to come into contact with the back of the brush and add a little powdered alum to the rinsing water to restore the stiffness of the bristles. Remember also to wash your combs. The teeth hold a lot of scurf. Add a little ammonia to the water.

N. B. (Wimbledon).—This is the recipe for making whey: Boil ½ pint of milk. Add the same quantity of cold milk. Stir in 1 teaspoonful of essence of rennet, and set aside for half an hour. Break up the curd, then strain through butter muslin. You cannot make whey with pasteurised milk.

MADGE (Southend-on-Sea).—Your finger nails would look greatly improved if you used a natural varnish. I can recommend the Amami nail varnish, price 6d. You can also obtain complete manicure sets from 6d. to 3s. 6d.

general straightening up, and in particular that unlovely curve at the small of the back is also straightened out.

So, you see, that if you concentrate on these abdominal muscles, tucking them in when you stand and walk, and giving them daily a little exercise to strengthen them, very quickly you will acquire a graceful carriage and an improved figure. Many girls who complain of backache and dragging down pains, would find permanent relief if they followed this simple advice.

Sagging muscles allow the organs to sag also and that sets up an endless chain of minor ills, including faulty elimination. And that in turn has a great deal to do with the spots and other skin blemishes that worry so many of my correspondents. It seems a long cry from faulty carriage to pimples, but there is a very real relationship between the two.

Some Simple Exercises

The first exercise is extremely simple and may be practised when you think of it during the day. It consists of drawing in the abdomen two or three times.

You may think this is too simple to be of any use, but the fact is that the act of drawing in and out stimulates the bowels and strengthens the muscles.

Now for the second exercise. Lie flat on the floor with arms at sides, palms downwards, and the body muscles well braced.

Keeping the knees unbent, slowly raise both legs together, till they are nearly at right angles to the body. Hold them there for a few moments, before recovering the original position.

The next exercise is a variation on the same movements.

After reaching the second position, bend the knees sharply, and straighten again, before lowering the legs to the floor.

More difficult but worth the attempt is the following exercise.

Lie prone, then raise the body on the elbows.

Keeping that position, raise the legs as in the first exercise.

Then try this one: Lie flat on the back, with feet under a low piece of furniture. Slowly raise the body to a sitting position, then as slowly lower it again to the floor.

Testing the Posture

A very simple means of finding out whether your posture is correct is as follows: Stand with feet straight and



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No Film Enthusiast can afford to be without *Stars of the Screen*, the complete guide to Films and the Film Stars. The 1934 edition is fully up to date and contains nearly 500 Biographies and 200 Portraits. It also contains Tables of Ages and Marriages and a number of important articles on subjects of film interest.



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She Lost 18 Pounds of Fat in 5 Months

Took 6 inches off Bust : 4 inches off Waist :
4 inches off Hips : Read her letter :

Nurse M. C., of Liverpool writes : "All my life I have been very much admired." All her life—until she began to get fat. For Obesity and Beauty never went hand in hand. When fat begins to wipe out one's girlish lines, charm begins to wane; the admiring glance becomes the critical survey. But no woman will surrender, without a struggle, her power to attract. This nurse states : "I started taking first one thing and then another for reducing." She tried in vain—until she tried Nature's own



remedy, which melted away 18 pounds of that unwanted fat in 5 months! It was Kruschen Salts, of course. Read her letter :—
"I am a hospital nurse, 38 years of age, 5 ft. 8 ins. high and I have a very good figure, all my life I have been very much admired. About 2 years ago I began to get very fat, especially round the abdomen. This worried me very much, not only that it spoiled my figure, but I have to carry on my profession and getting fat made me look much older, too. I started taking first one thing and then another for reducing the figure, until I got thoroughly disgusted. Then I started taking Kruschen Salts, and although I knew myself that I was getting thinner, I did not weigh myself until last week and to my delight I found I had lost 1 stone 4 lbs. in five months and I feel so well. I have not dieted at all, but I have considered the advice you give us with each bottle and cut out things you say are so fattening.

MEASUREMENTS

Before	After
Bust 40 in.	Bust 34 in.
Waist 32 in.	Waist 28 in.
Hips 42 in.	Hips 38 in.
Weight 12 st. 4 lbs.	Weight 11 stone.

I think Kruschen Salts are wonderful for a reducer and a mild laxative. I will recommend them to my friends and also my patients."

8th January, 1934. Nurse M. C., Liverpool.

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Get a 1/9 bottle of KRUSCHEN SALTS at your chemist's (lasts four weeks) and take half a teaspoonful in a glass of hot water every morning.



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time for a good cigar-
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PLAIN WORDS TO DOUG. JR.

PAGE 8

PICTUREGOER

2nd
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Ava Shampoo has been awarded the Certificate of the Institute of Hygiene.

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ON SALE EVERY
THURSDAY, 2d.

Jean Connors, the
16-year-old winner
of the contest held
by the Radio Studio
to select a principal
player for "Blonde
Poison." Jean will
be seen first in "Hips,
Hips, Hooray."



Picturegoer

The SCREEN NEWS Magazine de Luxe

was taken and every sound was recorded in the Malay
jungle.

Now "David Copperfield"

The week has brought some interesting produc-
tion announcements.

George Cukor, who directed the enormously
successful *Little Women*, has been pressed into
service by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer to make a
talkie version of *David Copperfield*.

The film, I understand, is to be produced as one
of the studio's supers for the season, with Jackie
Cooper and a cast of "star contract names."

In the meanwhile, Radio Pictures are talking
of doing an all-colour version of *The Three
Musketeers*, with Francis Lederer, Joel McCrea,
Richard Dix and Irene Dunne.

The silent "Musketeers," it may be recalled,
was one of Douglas Fairbanks's biggest silent
successes.

Big New Team

Another production announcement which in-
trigues me is the teaming of Marie Dressler
and May Robson in a film which carries the
working title of *Gram*.

Marie and May between them should be able
to show a few points to the sex-appeal queens.
Then there is Corinne Griffith making
another come-back attempt in
Crime Doctor, while Joe E.
Brown, once a clown, is fulfilling
an ambition of several years' stand-
ing by making a circus picture,
Sawdust.

Novarro in "Kim"

The Culver City studio has also
recently purchased the two
Rudyard Kipling stories, *Kim* and
Captains Courageous.

Ramon Novarro's many and
devout fans in this country may
be pleased to hear that Ramon
Novarro is the most likely candi-
date for stardom in the former.

Captains Courageous, it is an-
nounced, will be a vehicle for the
team of Wallace Beery and Jackie
Cooper who, incidentally, seems to
be in for a busy season.

THESE cycles seem to be coming along
thicker and faster than ever.

The transcontinental bus series has
arrived in this country and now the
news from the studios indicates that
the next will be a batch of behind-the-mike
in the wireless studio stories.

The first is likely to be Warner's *Hot Air*,
which is built around Dick Powell, and
Monogram's *Loud-speaker*.

Scenarists are reported to be rejoicing at
the discovery of broadcasting's possibilities
as a screen subject and are, apparently,
hoping thus to escape from the confinement of
back-stage and night-club settings.

Paramount and Fox, whose contract lists
are loaded with radio talent, are already busy
scouring the market for stories with a broad-
casting angle.

Jungle Cycle

Then the jungle picture season will soon be on us
again. A note from the Radio studio reminds
me that Frank (Bring 'Em Back Alive) Buck has
been busy for the last eleven months filming in
the wilds of India and Malay.

He has returned with 100,000 feet or so of
exciting celluloid and the results will be on the
screen as *Wild Cargo* within the next few
weeks.

In the meanwhile, the rival expedition, spon-
sored by Fox, has, I learn, completed *Devil
Tiger*. It is a rival expedition in more senses than
one.

It is headed by Clyde Elliott, who worked with
Buck on *Bring 'Em Back Alive*, and started
something of a feud by his statements to the
Press on his return from the making of that
picture.

Mr. Elliott apparently pins his faith on those ani-

STILL MORE SCREEN CYCLES

*Behind the Scenes in Radio Next—An All-
star "David Copperfield"—Jackie Cooper
in Dickens Classic—Ramon as "Kim"—
May Robson and Marie Dressler Teamed—
George Raft's Search for a Dancing Partner.*

mal "duels to the death" that were such a contro-
versial feature of the *Bring 'Em Back Alive* film.

More Animal Fights

Highlights of *Devil Tiger*, it is announced,
include a "mad stampede of wild elephants,
desperate fights between a leopard and a python
and between a crocodile and a tiger.

"A panther is seen chasing a baby elephant; a
monkey fights three giant crabs at the same time.
The expedition fords a stream which is alive with
alligators, one of which causes the death of a
member of the expedition.

"There are battles between a hyena and a black
bear, a tiger and a lion, a water buffalo and a
40-ft. python and a rat-like toothed binturong and
a monitor lizard.

"The end of a man-eating tiger is perhaps the
biggest moment of the picture."

Every foot, the studio takes pains to assure us,

Lee Tracy's Future

Following my reference to Lee Tracy last week
comes news from Hollywood of a growing
belief in the film capital that the star will shortly
be reinstated on the M.-G.-M. pay-roll or that of
some other studio.

Tracy has not left Hollywood and it is being
freely rumoured in authoritative circles that all
will be officially forgiven and forgotten after the
release of *Viva Villa*.

The film will be released in America at the end
of this month or early in March.

Raft Wants a Dancing Partner

Paramount officials are, I hear, busy helping
George Raft to find a dancing partner for
his stage tour in England and the Continent.

(Continued on page 7)



FRANCIS LEDERER

The Czecho-Slovakian *matinée* idol will soon be seen in his first Hollywood picture, "Man of Two Worlds." Lederer, who as a stage actor has swept the women theatregoers of two continents off their feet, began his acting career in Prague. In addition to his work, he is a keen student of international politics and he is seen in this unusual picture in his Hollywood study. Inset: Steffi Duna, one of Lederer's greatest friends, who plays the part of his wife in "Man of Two Worlds." Miss Duna, who is well known to English film and theatre audiences, is seen with Keen, a Siberian husky puppy, who also makes a Hollywood debut in the picture.



(Continued from page 5)

And George insists that his partner must be fairly dumb!

"No girl with too much intelligence will suit me," he says, "because once a dancing partner has any grey matter she tries to figure out ideas of her own, whereas in a double dancing turn she should simply move and think like machinery!"

Raft has already turned down hundreds of prospective partners.

Raft, despite his recent fisticuffs with Barney Glazer over a script, seems to be the white-haired boy of the studio just now.

He has just been given a new contract under which he will for the first time be officially starred.

King Laughton

It looks as if Charles Laughton, who started the costume boom with *The Private Life of Henry VIII*, will be doomed to playing kings for the next few months.

As we predicted some time ago, he is to play the part of Louis XVI in M.-G.-M.'s forthcoming production of *Marie Antoinette*, which is to be Norma Shearer's contribution to the "Queen" cycle.

Paramount, to whom Laughton is under contract in Hollywood, is also reported to be talking of another historical film for him.

What Beauty is Worth

Darryl Zanuck, chief of Twentieth Century, has, I see, been working out the £ s. d. of screen qualifications.

His deductions should provide food for thought for those who believe that a pretty face and form will take them a long way in the movies.

Here is his financial rating of the qualities "it takes to get along" in Hollywood:—

Beauty, 30/- per day.

Brains, £20 per day.

Beauty plus brains, £200 per day.

Mr. Zanuck also provides us with a new and, I think, excellent definition of glamour in "beauty plus brains."

Case of Helen Hayes

It is his claim that, since the advent of talking pictures, not a single actress has become a star on the strength of beauty alone. "The most beautiful actress in the world is not worth more than £10 a week without brains and talent," he emphasises. "We have them by the hundreds in the dance choruses of our musical films.

"Occasionally they have brains, and those few are bound to emerge from the chorus to stardom, as in the case of Joan Crawford. But beauty alone cannot bring its own weight in dollars every week.

"Helen Hayes is an example of an actress who climbed to the heights by brains alone," he continues, "but if she had to depend on beauty alone she would not be able to break into the ranks of a studio dance ensemble.

"With the exception of such rare individuals as Miss Dressler and Helen Hayes—those whom nature endows with the divine fire of artistry—an actress, to be a big star, must combine beauty and brains."

Katharine Hepburn's Next

Katharine Hepburn's next vehicle for Radio Pictures, a screen version of Lula Vollmer's play, *Trigger*, will be released under the title *Spitfire*.

It is the story of a mountain girl who becomes fanatically religious and practises the art of faith healing.

Hated by many, who believe her a witch, and loved only by a few beneficiaries of her miracles, she becomes an outcast.

The supporting cast includes Robert Young, Ralph Bellamy, Martha Sleeper, Sidney Toler, Louis Mason, Sara Haden, Virginia Howell and Therese Wittler.

Garbo Refuses £50,000

Detractors of the Garbo who have accused her, among other things, of being mercenary and even miserly because of the frugality and lack of personal extravagance of her private life, may receive something of a shock to learn that in the past twelve months Greta has turned her shapely back on more than £50,000 in cash.

It is no secret in film circles that she recently rejected an offer of £5,000 for a life-story interview for one of America's national magazines. An



Beautiful extras take time off from work on "Evergreen" to read their PICTUREGOER.

inducement of £2,000 to speak the one word "hello" on the radio failed to tempt her, while she calmly handed back a £10,000 contract for one week's work on the New York stage.

A cigarette manufacturer who was prepared to pay £5,000 for the well-known signature in endorsement of his product for advertisement purposes, got the most frigid Garbo snub.

Taking No Risks

Tactful declaration by Maurice Chevalier on delicate situation regarding choice of leading lady for *The Merry Widow*:—

"Mr. Thalberg, who is producing the film, and Ernst Lubitsch, the director, will make a choice from among Joan Crawford, Jeanette MacDonald and Grace Moore. I trust their judgment implicitly. You may be assured that whoever they award the rôle will be most suited to it."

Hollywood Reunion

I should have liked to have been present at the recent reunion in Hollywood of Mrs. Patrick Campbell and C. Aubrey Smith.

Mrs. Campbell, who is in the film capital, of course, to play with Norma Shearer in *Rip Tide*, achieved one of her greatest successes on the legitimate stage in *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*.

Mr. Smith, now the Grand Old Man of the screen and one of the stalwarts among the studio's featured players, was then her leading man.

That was more than twenty years ago.

Short Shots

While she was at Elstree Bebe Daniels wrote a screen story called *Cross Your Fingers* which may be made into a film by B.I.P.—Wallace Beery drinks between two and three quarts of coffee a day when he is working—Greta Garbo uses the least amount of make-up of all the screen actresses, with only a slight tinge of grease-paint covered by light powder—Joan Crawford's next picture is to be *Sadie McKee*—Zasu Pitts is to sing in her new picture, *So You Will Sing*, eh?—Violet

Tobin, sister of Genevieve, will be seen with Irene Dunne in *Behold We Live*—Aline MacMahon plays the part of a garage proprietress in her first starring picture, *Heat Lightning*—Deer Hunting is the new Hollywood fad—Part of George Arliss's new picture, *The House of Rothschild*, will be in colour—Paul Muni seems definitely to have thrown in his lot with movies—Mae West's books are now to be published in Britain—Claude Allister, who was in the original *Bulldog Drummond*, has been assigned to the cast of *Bulldog Drummond Strikes Back*—Marlene Dietrich's *Scarlet Parade* has been completed and arrangements are being hurried on for the star's next.

The Movies in Mayfair

The movies have at last invaded Mayfair and I have been wondering if the establishment of the "exclusive little" (I quote the publicity bulletins) Curzon Theatre, in the heart of fashionable London, may not be the beginning of the era of specialised cinemas.

The Curzon, which opens early next month, only seats five hundred people and its managing director, the Marquis of Casa Maury, has been searching the Continent for unusual pictures for it. It will be one of these films with which the theatre will be opened.

Kinema Couplets

This week's award of 10s. 6d. goes to C. A. Norris, 13, Boundary Road, Port Sunlight, Cheshire, for a curt political commentary:—

Whither Germany?

Up to the Neck

Prizes of 2s. 6d. each are awarded to the following:—

F. Jeffs, Northfields Farm, Horningsea, Cambs., for a little domestic interlude:—

The Passionate Plumber

Looking for Trouble

To Wal Starrity, 33, Gorton Road, Coventry, for an optimistic couplet:—

Prosperity

The Stranger's Return

To H. V. Kitson, 62, Danby Dale Road, Wakefield, Yorks., for a callous couplet for heartless homes:—

Little Accident

Journey's End

And to Miss J. Harrod, 37, Curpin Road, Burnt Oak, Edgware, for a sound piece of philosophy:—

Advice to the Lovelorn

No More Women

For the benefit of new readers, I should like to reiterate that the only rules of this competition are that all attempts must be submitted on postcards—you can put as many as you like on the same card—and addressed to me, c/o PICTUREGOER WEEKLY, 93, Long Acre, W.C.2, marked "Kinema Couplets."

MALCOLM D. PHILLIPS

Our Cover This Week

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS JR.

AND DIANA NAPIER

FAMOUS son of a famous father who has established himself as one of the screen's most distinguished younger actors. Born in New York on December 9, 1907. Educated New York, London and Paris. Despite paternal influence, started his film career as an extra and played his first real rôle in *Stephen Steps Out*.

Hobbies: writing, sketching, music and all sports. Makes his British film debut opposite Elizabeth Bergner in *Catherine the Great*. Has established himself here in a sixteenth-century house in the most fashionable part of London.

One of the most prominent of Alexander Korda's discoveries. Daughter of a doctor, tall, a "red-head" and blue-eyed. Educated at Malvern College and then lived for some time in South Africa.

Went on the stage on her return to England and was put under contract by London Film Productions soon after that company's inception.

Has an important part in *Catherine the Great* as the Countess Voronoff.

Diana will next play in *Don Juan* and will thus establish something of a record, by having appeared opposite both Fairbanks's.

PLAIN WORDS to DOUG. Junior

MALCOLM D. Phillips has some pertinent things to say to Douglas Fairbanks Junior in this week's Open Letter.

Dear Doug. jun.,

WITH your esteemed father in the society divorce news and your own rumoured romance with Miss Gertrude Lawrence prominently featured in the Sunday papers, it might be said that your big bid to transplant Hollywood to London has been effective in at least one direction.

However, it is with another subject that this letter is concerned.

You speak rather more freely, I notice, in your interviews for American consumption than you do when, on occasion, you toss a dignified but polite odd word or two of wisdom to the English press.

Some time ago, amid one of Fleet Street's periodic outbursts of hysteria regarding film matters, we were invited to observe and applaud the arrival of the Fairbanks's "to put England on the world film map"—I think that was the phrase.

Flags were hauled out, burial services were solemnly read over the future of Hollywood and a duly impressed and expectant nation was adjured to sit back and watch you produce the movie millenium out of the not quite brand new but still sound top hat of your Hollywood reputations.

Now that the shouting has died into the background and the

initial applause faded, however, it appears, if you are quoted correctly, of course, that your main reason for leaving America (and therefore presumably, your main reason for coming to work here) is the fact that you consider that you were treated rather shabbily in the matter of lines and scenes in *Morning Glory*.

You didn't even get within speaking distance of the glory, apparently.

"*Morning Glory* would be enough by itself," you are reported to have stated in an interview with Kathlyn Hayden (for whose prestige in the world of film journalism I have the highest respect) under the heading of "Why I Quit Hollywood" in the "Photoplay" magazine.

"My part was never even a fair leading man's," you complain. "Like all the others in the cast I was only a stooge for Katharine Hepburn."

When "my public" (a phrase, incidentally, which is used rather frequently in the interview) pays its good money to see Douglas Fairbanks, jun., the diatribe goes on, they expect their money's worth out of seeing him doing his stuff.

Otherwise they naturally feel cheated.

Other great actors like Coquelin and Irving, you point out, never had to sacrifice their cherished art to help the process of "building up" the feminine stars of their day.

"Imagine a Coquelin consenting to appear as Bernhardt's leading man," you say.

"Picture," you write us, "what Henry Irving would have had to say to the suggestion that he 'feed' a woman star of his day."

It is beside the point, perhaps, but I seem to recall that it is on record that Irving appeared on a great many occasions with Ellen Terry, who (if these comparisons must be maintained) must be considered at least as important as Katharine Hepburn, and as far as I know both their reputations still seem to be fairly sound.

Your personal quarrel with Hollywood does not, of course, concern us here—except in regard to your very welcome appearance in British films.

We can, we assure you, to a very large extent, agree to the general principle of your complaint that actors of ability should not be squandered in performing what you are pleased to call "stooge acts" on behalf of rising young screen queens.

We congratulate you, too, on your courage in so boldly expressing a view that one imagines will not endear you to high circles in Hollywood and many feminine members of that public of yours in America.

One would, however, have expected the exquisite and artistic Mr. Fairbanks, in burning his Hollywood bridges, to be rather more tactful than to convey to his new-found friends the unfortunate, unflattering and doubtless quite misleading impression that he thinks that the British film field exists primarily for the glorification of Mr. Douglas Fairbanks, jun., and any other actor who feels that he can strut his stuff more importantly on the smaller and less fiercely competitive Elstree stage.

Particularly when you go on to say: "In Britain I shall make only pictures that I consider worth while. And I'll be the star of those pictures."

The whole tenor of the interview, rightly or wrongly, in fact, leaves us with the inference that you are taking yourself rather seriously. You talk impressively of creativeness and rail eloquently against commercialism and the star system, but we are made to feel that you have no objections to "stellar vehicles"—provided they are Douglas Fairbanks, jun. stellar vehicles.

"Hollywood," you say again, "hasn't destroyed Harold Lloyd or Charlie Chaplin. But they're their own bosses. Nobody can do them any damage. The picture may be good or bad, but at least it will be a star vehicle."

One might be pardoned for hoping that this "it doesn't matter if it is good or bad so long as it is a star vehicle" creed is not the slogan you are nailing to the mast in your battle to put our little old British films on the map.

Nevertheless you must appreciate that it has been made very difficult for your public to form any other impression.

You might consider it worth while to explain.

Some of the critics, I note, have been unkind enough to suggest that you have been guilty of overacting in *Catherine the Great*—a charge that has been made against you so frequently of late in films where by no stretch of imagination could it be said that you have been sacrificed to feminine stars that you might, again, think it worth while to investigate it.

I had the pleasure of reviewing the despised *Morning Glory* for this paper. I have said the pleasure because it happened to be a good picture, but perhaps that is a matter of minor interest beside the fact that it was not primarily a stellar vehicle for Douglas Fairbanks, jun.

You probably did not read it, but I think you should read it now, not because it is my opinion alone but because it was one that was generally confirmed by other and more distinguished film critics. "Douglas Fairbanks," I recorded, "whose mannerised histrionic exhibitions in recent pictures have threatened the promise apparent in his early career, again appears as an interesting actor."

You might consider that point worthy of consideration, too. You must have met a lot of ex-stars in Hollywood who are ex-stars because they could not appreciate that a good picture always enhances the prestige of a good player and because they looked for rôles for themselves and not for stories for the public.

A happy informal shot of the subject of this week's open letter.



There is an old ordinance in Hollywood to the effect that you must not ride on horseback without a "parade permit." Frances Dee, who has been in the habit of riding to and from the studio, did not consider herself a "parade" and had failed to get a permit—hence that puzzled expression, the cop and the traffic ticket.



Jean Parker in character as Beth in "Little Women" is shocked at the appearance of herself in very modern guise. Which has the most appeal is purely a matter of taste.



Through Our LENS



Baby Le Roy has not arrived at the Rolls Royce stage yet but he has a very efficient covered wagon drawn by those two canine stars Mutt and Jeff.

Pert Kelton may be a good imitator, but she is no imitation cook. She's a good mixer, too, in every sense of the word.

Madge Evans displays the latest dinner frock in black crepe with long, beaded sleeves of black chiffon. The high neckline is of an unusual diamond design and the ensemble is finished with a black suede beret accented with a diamond and ruby clip.



Picturegoer's GOLD MEDAL for 1933

WE again invite you to judge the best acting performances of the year.

ALTHOUGH it has only been in existence for twelve months, the PICTUREGOER Gold Medal for the best acting performance of the year has already become internationally the most important award of its kind in the film world. "Never have I been so completely thrilled as I was when Mr. Louis B. Mayer presented me with the medal. . . . My sincerest gratitude and love to you all," wrote Marie Dressler, last year's winner, after the presentation at Culver City.

It is now one of her proudest possessions.

Over 26,000 PICTUREGOER readers helped to judge the outstanding portrayals of 1932. This year the same conditions of voting will be observed.

The honour, unlike others here and in the United States, is not limited to the films of any one country. The artistes of Britain, Hollywood and the Continent can be judged solely on their merits as artistes.

One gold medal is presented for the finest individual performance by an actress in 1933, and one for the finest individual performance by an actor.

The most important stipulation to remember is that only pictures that were generally released in 1933 are to be considered.

Write on a post card the names of the two artistes of your choice and the names of the two pictures in which you consider they establish their claim, and address it to "Award of Merit," PICTUREGOER, Long Acre, W.C.2.

Many readers last year made the mistake of sending in the name of their favourite star with a list of all the pictures in which they had ever appeared.

The Award of Merit is *not* a popularity contest. Its aim is the acknowledgment and honouring of acting performances that gave us pleasure and contributed to screen art in 1933.

It might be interesting and helpful to recall the "first ten" in each section in the 1932 ballot. Here they are, with the actors given first, and in order of votes:

1. Ronald Colman in *Arrowsmith*.
2. Ricardo Cortez in *The Melody of Life*.
3. Fredric March in *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*.
4. Emlyn Williams in *The Frightened Lady*.
5. George Arliss in *The Silent Voice*.
6. Herbert Marshall in *The Faithful Heart*.
7. Jack Hulbert in *Jack's the Boy*.
8. Wallace Beery in *Hell Divers*.
9. Lowell Sherman in *What Price Hollywood?*
10. Walter Huston in *The Wet Parade*.

And the actresses:

1. Marie Dressler in *Emma*.
2. Barbara Stanwyck in *Forbidden*.
3. Greta Garbo in *As You Desire Me*.
4. Norma Shearer in *Private Lives*.
5. Marlene Dietrich in *Shanghai Express*.
6. Joan Crawford in *Letty Lynton*.



7. Edna Best in *The Faithful Heart*.
 8. Helen Hayes in *Lullaby*.
 9. Winifred Shotter in *Love Contract*.
 10. Hertha Thiele in *Mädchen in Uniform*.
- It will be noticed that five out of the ten actors are British, and of the actresses only two.

This year the task may well be even more difficult. The period under review has not only been notable for some outstanding pictures but it is considered by many to have produced the highest standard of screen acting since the talkies.

Last year, too, we had the awards of the American Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences to add interest to the judging and the result, but for 1933 the Academy has suspended its distribution of honours and there will be no statuettes for the stars to carry home from the annual banquet.

Several big pictures featuring more than one brilliant individual performance stand out prominently when one looks back on the more pleasurable moments of a year which has done much to increase the all-round quality of acting in films and has all but marked the passing of the one-man band show.

Histrionic parades like *Rome Express*, *Grand Hotel*, *Cavalcade*, and *I Was a Spy* alone present difficulties. I am inclined to think that, though it has since been superseded in importance as a picture, *Rome Express* is still, on the whole, one of the most brilliantly acted films the talkies have given us.

Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Gordon Harker, Hugh Williams, Conrad Veidt and Frank Vosper, without sacrificing dramatic balance to personal "fireworks," all turn in performances that must be entitled to consideration in any list of the best acting work of the year.

The battle for honours in the all-star *Grand Hotel*, with its series of displays in more or less water-tight compartments, resolved itself into a no-decision affair, with the critics and fans awarding the palm to their own particular favourite star. Personally I preferred Lionel Barrymore in *Sweepings*, in which one was less conscious that it was Lionel Barrymore doing his stuff rather than the character of the book. Wallace Beery, who though restricted in regard to opportunity did excellent work in the Metro mammoth, also has *Flesh*. Garbo is represented only by the Grusinkaya rôle and the somewhat ponderous and inferior *As You Desire Me*. She achieved her usual individual brilliance in both.

Diana Wynyard lent a dignity and graciousness and histrionic polish to her role in *Cavalcade* that makes her Lady Maryott one of the most memorable screen figures of recent years. It might be contended, too, that Clive Brook has never been so good as he was in the Coward epic. Madeleine Carroll's characterisation in *I Was a Spy* has won her much acclaim from the critics and public, and puts her in the forefront of the younger English actresses of the year.

One of the most distinguished feminine performances of the year, and a performance no less distinguished because it was one of the most popular at the box-office, was Norma Shearer's

Gordon Harker, seen here with Harold Huth, earns consideration by his work in "*Rome Express*."



Right, Norma Shearer (with Leslie Howard) gave one of the most distinguished performances of the year in "Smilin' Through."

Madeleine Carroll's characterisation in "I Was a Spy" won her much acclaim from critics and public.

What Marie Dressler describes as "one of the proudest moments in my life." The 1932 winner receiving the PICTUREGOER Gold Medal from Mr. Louis B. Mayer, the M.-G.-M. chief.

succession to the Talmadge rôle in *Smilin' Through*. Breaking completely away from the post-talkie tradition of sophisticated Shearer heroines, Norma created for us one of the most appealing characters of the year. The memory of the fine sensitiveness and gentle, unforced charm of her portrayal leaves me with no hesitation about choosing *Smilin' Through* as the Canadian star's entry, rather than the dramatically more ambitious *Strange Interval*.

I think, however, that most people are with me in preferring Leslie Howard's work in *The Woman In His House*. It was, I think, his best performance since *Holiday*. That picture also produced two fine feminine characterisations—from Ann Harding and a much improved Myrna Loy—that one can hardly overlook.

Marie Dressler, winner of the 1932 medal, although represented solely by *Prosperity*—far from being her best film—reveals all the old mastery over comedy and drama and must again be a serious contender.

I shall expect, judging by my post bag, to see much support for the claims of Sylvia Sydney's *Jennie Gerhardt*—a not too good picture that turned out a personal triumph for the star. Miss Sydney is also entered with *Madame Butterfly*, according to much weight of expert opinion, an even greater characterisation.

The year, I think, has been particularly notable for the quality of the contributions of the leading male performers.

Walter Huston, who with a comparatively small part as a degenerate weakling in *The Wet Parade* won inclusion in last year's "ten best," is represented this time with not much less than a *tour de force* as a dynamic leader of men in *Gabriel Over the White House*. There are few actors on the screen with the versatility to stride the range from the lowest to the greatest in man.

Paul Muni has *I'm a Fugitive From a Chain Gang*, one of the most widely acclaimed performances of the year; Edward G. Robinson was at his

brilliant best in *Silver Dollar* (and I think most of you will, incidentally, take Aline MacMahon's fine characterisation in that film into consideration, too) and *Two Seconds*; Spencer Tracy should secure some votes for *Twenty Thousand Years in Sing Sing*, and Lee Tracy for *Blessed Event* and *The Half Naked Truth*; and one of my most pleasurable memories of the year is of William Powell (and Kay Francis) in *One Way Passage*.

Ronald Colman's claim stands on *Cynara*, while George Arliss was seen at the top of his form in *The Working Man*.

Then, in view of the importance which has subsequently become attached to them, it is impossible entirely to pass over *Bill of Divorcement* and *She Done Him Wrong* which produced the stellar "sensations" of 1933.

In the former Katharine Hepburn leapt at one bound to the very forefront of the younger screen actresses.

She Done Him Wrong started for Mae West the greatest "vogue" since Garbo.

They may easily be the two most significant events of a year, my random recollections of which have gone on quite long enough.

The latter, by the way, should not be regarded as anything more important than a personal opinion. It is *your* opinion that we want.

Write the names of your candidates for the PICTUREGOER Gold Medal for 1933 on a post card with the names of the films concerned and address it to "Award of Merit," "Picturegoer," Long Acre, W.C.2. It is important to remember that only pictures released in 1933 are to be considered.

M. D. P.

"Bill of Divorcement" gave us two fine performances—from Katharine Hepburn and John Barrmore.

PLAZA!

From
TO-MORROW

Friday
FEB. 23rd



ANNA NEAGLE—
*transcending every other rôle in the
supreme performance of her career!*

THE QUEEN

A modern satirical romance, directed by

HERBERT WILCOX

A British and
Dominions
Production

Distributed
by
United Artists

SEVEN DAYS in HOLLYWOOD

by
Elizabeth LONERGAN

"PICTUREGOER'S" New
York representative takes
you on a lightning tour of
Talkietown.

SUNDAY (a few minutes past midnight).—Good-bye, New York! Hello, Hollywood!; 12,000 feet above the Sierras—a forced landing in the fog. Thirty-five miles by limousine to Glendale Airport—party of friends headed by Gordon Wescott waiting in cars—off to a party at his house where Diana Wynyard, Ginger Rogers, Mrs. Wallie Reid, Betty and Louise Carter and others of the film colony were enjoying themselves.

In the afternoon—celebration at the Rupert Julians—*hors-d'oeuvres* and wine in their baronial hall—Eric von Stroheim, Alan Hale, Stuart Holmes and their wives.

Monday.—Greetings from many old friends—Elizabeth Allan, Clive Brook, Herbert Marshall, Mignon Anderson, Miriam Jordan, the Gleasons, George O'Brien and Marguerite Churchill, Louise Fazenda, Elsa Buchanan, the Paul Sloans, and many others.

Tuesday.—United Artists Studio, now called Twentieth Century. Saw the big set of *House of Rothschild* in action—a street in Frankfurt in 1804. George Arliss and Loretta Young in a scene of particular charm and these Britishers taking part in the film—Boris Karloff, C. Aubrey Smith, Reginald Owen, Alan Mowbray, Florence Arliss, Ivan Simpson, Holmes Herbert, Leonard Mudie, and Peverell Marley at the camera.

Wednesday.—Fox Studio—talked with Heather Angel about home and with Miriam Jordan about the days when she was a beauty queen at Wembley Exhibition. Prescott Foster anxious to come to England—Will Rogers on the *David Harum* set wisecracking for the benefit of studio visitors but not too busy to chat awhile—Jimmy Cruze directing Will and turning out a grand picture if early results are to be relied upon—at Columbia studios—Frank Reicher doing a scene—Jimmy Thomas making retakes for *Night Bus* and Walter Connolly sitting for some stills from the same picture. Everyone greatly excited over Leslie Howard's return—met also Binnie Barnes, Claude Alister and a number of British players.

Thursday.—Paramount lot. The colourful Dietrich and her equally colourful director, Josef von Sternberg, lunching together in the studio café, Garbo in one of her costumes from *Catherine the Great*. Jameson Thomas and C. Aubrey Smith in the cast. *Baby in the Ice Box* with Richard Arlen in the lead and his own baby going into the ice box—Robert Armstrong anxious to talk about his wonderful times in London and Sally Eilers strangely silent about the same subject!—George Raft playing a scene showing a rainy day in the trenches (and how it did rain!) This from *Bohemo*, in which George does some wonderful dances with the war sequences as a vivid contrast to the modern part. Freddy March saying good-bye to the Paramount lot for a while. His last part before a vacation and a new contract.

Friday.—M.-G.-M. Studio. Johnny Weismuller in *Tarzan and His Mate* in a marvellous outdoor set that out-Africaed Africa—his bride Lupe Velez making some solo scenes in *Laughing Boy*—signing autograph books in between and providing plenty of entertainment for everyone—W. S. Van Dyke directing and protesting that work in a



"Saw The "House of Rothschild" in action" Loretta Young and Robert Young in a scene from the new Arliss film.

Al Jolson and Dolores del Rio confer with director Lloyd Bacon between scenes of "Wonderbar."

Right: Lupe Velez and Ramon Novarro at work on "Laughing Boy." Below, right: Will Rogers and Evelyn Venables on the "David Harum" set.



studio was far more pleasant than in the jungle—Ramon Novarro the star—watching on the *Men in White* set and having some good laughs at the comedy in the scenes on the big hospital set in which Clarke Gable, Jean Hersholt, Wallace Ford, Otto Kruger and Myrna Loy were taking part—*Rip Tide* with Norma Shearer, Herbert Marshall and Robert Montgomery working behind closed doors without a "Welcome" sign on the mat, but *Viva Villa* with Wallace Beery, Fay Wray, Katherine De Mille, Joseph Schildkraut, and Stuart Erwin (in the role vacated by Lee Tracy) were glad to see us and Jimmy Howe, the Chinese cameraman, chatted of the pleasant days he spent in London on *Sorrel and Son*—*It Happened One Day* had Lionel Barrymore, Mary Carlisle, Mae Clark and Fay Bainter (well-known stage actress making her one and only screen appearance)—sorry to be too late for the *Mystery of the Dead Police* which had Robert Montgomery, Eliza-

beth Allan, Lewis Stone, Henry Stevenson and Forrester Harvey. Its last shots were just completed—May Robson eating in solitary state in the restaurant—Lupe with a party of friends and her two little Mexican hairless dogs—Jean Harlow with a dark haired friend—Maureen O'Sullivan, Neil Hamilton, and Paul Cavanagh snatching a bite between scenes of *Tarzan*, and the well-known directors table crowded with noted screen celebrities.

Saturday.—Warner Brothers First National Studios at Burbank and Hollywood. The beautiful *Wonderbar* set with a hundred beautiful girls making an intricate dance number on a huge turntable with mirrors surrounding the set—Busby Berkeley directing dance sequence—Alice White, Irene Franklin and Joe E. Brown playing a comedy scene in *A Very Honourable Guy* with Lloyd Bacon at the megaphone while at the old Warner Studio Pat O'Brien was doing a solo drinking scene for *Hot Air* and Glenda Farrell, Hugh Herbert and a real live sheep had a funny scene from *Merry Wives of Reno*.

Sunday.—Left Hollywood—forty hours by 'plane instead of twenty-four. Rain, fog, train rides and everything else!

Good-bye, Hollywood! Hello, New York!

Let our Film Critics who really see the pictures guide you

A GARBO picture is an event. The long-awaited *Queen Christina* has come to the screen and the usual discussion will take place.

Garbo's fans (and many who have hitherto not been her admirers) will vote this as her best interpretation. Her detractors may shrug their shoulders and say, "Just Garbo."

I am one of Greta's ardent fans. I have always considered her a great artiste, and in this fictionalised conception of Sweden's seventeenth century queen I think she is superb.

The part of Christina, a woman who preferred to go about in male attire, gives her a fine opportunity to show the range of her ability. She dominates as a queen should. Her personality triumphs, even when the story is sometimes a trifle slow. And when she falls in love she is able to bring the woman in her uppermost, and get the full value out of the romance.

She is able to convey more in a few words or in a glance than almost any other screen actress can in a long speech. Her voice retains that fascinating deepness and she gives every word its correct inflection.

I will only deal briefly with the story, which is being serialised in the *Daily Herald* by Philip Lindsay, the famous historical novelist.

Christina is a much-beloved queen, but she is tired of war and its empty victories. Her advisers are anxious for her to marry the heroic Prince Charles, but she does not love him. She is partial to Magnus, the Court Treasurer, until she meets Don Antonio, the Spanish Ambassador.

He is bound for Stockholm, and Christina, dressed as a youth, gives advice how to move the coach which has become stuck in the snow.

For services rendered, the "youth" receives a tip—a *thaler* on which is inscribed her own profile. She continues her ride and decides to put up at an inn where she engages the only vacant room.

Enter the Spanish Ambassador. He, too, decides to stay the night at the inn. He and the "youth" become friends and there are many amusing episodes until it is time to go to bed. The only solution is that they share the room.

Christina offers to give up the room to Don Antonio. She will spend the night by the fire, but



GARBO STAGES a REGAL

the Spaniard will not allow the "youth" to put himself out. They enter the bedroom and as soon as Christina takes off her coat the Spanish envoy realises that his companion is not a youth.

No suggestion of separating comes from either. The next day they say "good bye" vowing to meet again. Her farewell to the room in the inn is exquisitely done.

She knows they will meet again, and when next he sees her he is presenting his credentials to a dignified queen.

He is so overcome that he cannot find words to explain his mission. A private audience, however, reassures him and the love idyll begins.

Magnus is jealous of Antonio and works up the people against the Spaniard. Eventually, to save him, Christina decides to send him back to Spain. She abdicates in favour of Prince Charles and is going to sail with Antonio.

The last scene ends in tragedy. On the way to the boat, Magnus and Antonio fight a duel and the Spaniard is mortally wounded.

And so we leave Christina facing the future alone.

This picture, too, reunites Garbo and John Gilbert as lovers. Gilbert's Antonio is a good piece of work. He is naturally overshadowed but there are scenes in which he share the honours.

Of the others, mention must be made of Lewis Stone, fine as usual; Ian Keith as Magnus, an admirable villain (who will probably graduate to the rôle of a Garbo leading man); Reginald Owen, a dignified Prince Charles; Aubrey Smith as Christina's valet; the valet to Antonio

(unnamed on the programme); and Cora Sue Collins as the child queen.

The director was Rouben Mamoulian. He took a firm control of the picture and has turned out a fine, restrained piece of work, with the right light and shadow, and some splendid pictorial effects. He has made the whole story live.

If you are a Garbo fan I need not advise you to see the film, because you will certainly go. To the others I say, "Go and see a great artiste and a fine film."—M. B. Y.

Blood Money

Far be it from me to quarrel with a film that restores George Bancroft to our midst and introduces so talented and ingratiating a newcomer as Judith Anderson, the popular American stage actress, but I cannot help wishing that so notable a double event could not have been marked by something more important than a merely workmanlike crime melodrama.

Mr. Bancroft has a colourful rôle, however, and the picture achieves a fair level of entertainment.

I had occasion to remark last week on Hollywood's continued preoccupation with the gangster. *Blood Money* introduces us to a new sphere of American racketeering.

The hero appears as Bill Bailey, a professional bail bond provider—a figure in United States communities who apparently wields enormous power not only in the underworld but in civic life and politics.

Bailey swaggers through and dominates a world made up almost entirely of crooks of one sort or another—restoring safe-breakers to their friends and their relations and "O.K.ing" nominations for the mayoralty. Even the ingénue, a wealthy society girl played by Frances Dee, is a kleptomaniac with a kink for the thrills of law-breaking and a weakness for big-shot burglars.

It is the girl who, coming into Bailey's life as a result of a little unsuccessful shop-lifting venture, causes all the trouble.

He falls in love with her, of course, but she finds a bank bandit who happens to be the brother of Bailey's mistress, Ruby, more exciting and elopes with him when he finds it necessary to make a quick trip out of town for the benefit of his health.

She outrages all underworld ethics, however,



C. Aubrey Smith acts as valet to Greta Garbo, who dresses as a man for the title rôle in "Queen Christina."



Fay Wray,
Noah Beery, and
Nils Asther in a
scene from the
latest spy story,
"Madame Spy."

COME-BACK

by appropriating the money which her lover had given her to provide Bailey with bail and the latter gives away his hiding place to the police.

The infuriated Ruby, thinking he was actuated by jealousy, then incites an underworld war against the bail-bond king.

From this point the film, which has been almost cynically sophisticated, takes a sudden nose-dive into the naivety of the old-time serial, complete with a billiard ball loaded with explosive and a hectic race by the heroine to the hero's rescue.

Bancroft is as powerful and engaging a personality as ever as the bluff, big-hearted Bailey. Miss Anderson, who lends distinction to the rôle of Ruby, brings to films one of the most distinguished reputations in the American theatre. She will not cause Hollywood's beauties any loss of sleep, but she is a mature artiste in the highest possible sense and I, for one, hope that we will see a lot more of her on the screen.

Frances Dee turns in another good job of work as the kleptomaniacal débutante, although the script has rather over-emphasised the character.

The direction of Rowland Brown is for the most part colourful and there is much neatly timed incident. Nevertheless, I cannot think that *Blood Money*, reasonably good entertainment though it is, is a sufficient excuse for once again idealising and glamourising America's crooks.—M. D. P.

Fugitive Lovers

A new cycle has started—the vogue of setting a story in the amazingly efficient charabancs which run across the continent of America, from New York to Hollywood, and so on. Columbia has done one, Universal has also produced one, but this M.-G.-M. effort is the first I have seen and an excellent job they have made of it.

There is an original and strongly dramatic plot with an emotional climax that avoids being maudlin and contains a strong child interest which will appeal very widely indeed.

For my own part I must say that the somewhat sudden transition of the plot from the cynical and hard-boiled variety to the intensely emotional rather upset my sense of dramatic balance, but maybe I am inclined at times to become a little peniculate about these things.

It is all so very well directed by Richard Bole-

slavsky that such a criticism may be carping—nevertheless, I feel impelled to record the impression I received.

What I particularly like about the picture and what I like to see in any screen entertainment is the attention paid to detail, to minor characterisations which fill in the bare outlines of the plot and to pictorially efficient continuity; thus, there are no dead ends; the picture flows from one sequence to another, being linked by little pictorial details which match up with their immediate predecessors.

The picture naturally has action and plenty of it; when you are following the eventful lives of several characters tearing across America, it just has to move.

Just a snapshot of the story will give you an idea. "Legs," a prominent gangster, in order to get hold of a chorus girl, Letty, he fancies, buys up the show she is in and attempts to force her to come with him to Atlantic City.

Letty has other ideas and to avoid him takes a charabanc from New York bound for Hollywood. Legs follows and makes himself a positive nuisance.

As they are passing through Eton, a prison break takes place and one of the convicts manages in an ingenious manner to conceal himself in the luggage van of the bus and change into someone's clothes. Later he joins the passengers and makes friends with Letty, who asks his protection against the attentions of "Legs."

"Legs" discovers his identity and finally he is forced to leave the bus in order to escape being caught. However, at another stopping place where the charabanc has been held up by a blizzard he rejoins Letty and together they try to make a getaway, stealing the bus from its garage.

They come across a party of children stranded in the snow and the convict and Letty set about rescuing them. The convict is seriously injured while rescuing one of the children, who has strayed, and next morning the police arrive and have to dig them out of the snow drift.

In other words, the convict has sacrificed his chance of liberty for the lives of the children and, naturally enough, he wins a free pardon.

That is only a very bare outline of the plot; the entertainment relies more on the introduction of characters, passengers in the bus and the varied detail work which is cleverly interwoven into the main thread to make a dramatic whole.

Robert Montgomery departs rather from his usual type of carefree characterisation and gives a soundly dramatic performance as the convict, while Madge Evans is natural and attractive as Letty.

But the performance that struck me as far and away the best is that of Nat Pendleton as the overbearing gangster. It had a childlike quality about it which was wholly pleasing and I'm afraid my sympathies were engaged much more by him than the less amorous and more chivalrous convict.

Ted Healy, of whom I did not think a lot in *Dancing Lady*, is extremely funny here as one of those talkative travellers who try to ingratiate themselves with everyone; incidentally, it was his clothes the convict stole and it is he who puts the police on his track.

As usual, C. Henry Gordon gives an excellent characterisation; this time he is on the side of law and order as a detective.—L. C.

The Crosby Case

While there is not much action in this crime story—most of it takes place in a police station—there is a good deal of ingenuity of plot and some very good characterisations which make the picture an entertaining one.

Edward L. Marin, the director, keeps you guessing all the time as to the identity of the murderer, and while you may not be very deeply interested in the fates of the people concerned, you are in the solution of the mystery and in the clever manner it is developed and solved.

The story concerns a certain Dr. Crosby, who is run over by a taxicab. It is discovered that he



Wynne Gibson and Onslow Stevens
provide the romantic interest in "The
Crosby Case."

was dead from a bullet wound before the accident happened.

Inspector Thomas and a cocksure but dumb sergeant collect all the possible suspects, which include the driver of the cab, the hall porter at Crosby's apartments, an old German mechanic who had been, apparently, the last person to see the murdered man alive, Lynn Ashton, who had been Crosby's mistress, Scotty Graham, an aviator with a police record who had been married to Lynn but had left her stranded when he was gaoled for forgery, and a cheap crook who was noted for "squealing" on his employers.

All these people had some apparent connection with Crosby. The evidence at first points strongly at Scotty as the criminal, but further investigation reveals the murderer in a highly dramatic manner.

The lives of all these characters are cleverly interwoven and the detail work throughout is intelligent and significant.

William Collier, sen., is very good indeed as the dumb sergeant who rapidly jumps to conclusions and is ready to arrest anyone he may momentarily suspect.

Alan Dinehart, too, is excellent as the Inspector; it is a thoroughly convincing and natural performance. In a humorous vein Warren Hymer scores as the taxi-cab driver, while both Edward van Sloan and John Wray are very good as the German and the cheap crook respectively.

Skeets Gallagher has been badly neglected, he only has a walking-on part as a reporter who watches the inspector's methods in unravelling the mystery.

As Lynn and Scotty, Wynne Gibson and Onslow Stevens are quite good and add a little romantic touch to the proceedings.—L. C.

Dark Hazard

Two excellent characterisations in search of a story. Although the title is derived from the name of a champion dog and the film was, I believe, made to "cash in" on the current greyhound-racing boom in America, it never quite makes up its mind whether it is to be a race-track

(Continued on page 16)



Here's your hero again, John Boles' fans. Gloria Stuart is his leading lady in "Beloved."

(Continued from page 15)

thriller or a domestic psychological drama (in the latter of which categories it occasionally rises through its acting to considerable heights).

Interest, therefore, depends chiefly on the character creation of Edward G. Robinson, as an inveterate gambler and Genevieve Tobin as the prim, straight-laced small-town girl he marries.

The alliance is inevitably doomed to disaster. Though they are in love with each other, their ideals and mode of life are a world apart.

It is in the general by-play and detail of this psychologically sound clash of viewpoints that you must find your interest in the story.

The greyhound racing part of the picture, which has not been too neatly grafted on, is mainly concerned with Mr. Robinson's obsession for and subsequent ownership of the dog Dark Hazard and I shall be very disappointed if the forthcoming British films dealing with the sport do not do so a great deal more successfully.

There is one glaring instance of careless production in the fact that although the canine hero is shown winning two big events, one in America and one later in Australia, the same race has been photographed for both.

Mr. Robinson, as usual, contrives to make the principal character interesting and Genevieve Tobin creates the misunderstanding wife with a sure, incisive touch that makes the character live and recalled to me at least one ménage of my acquaintance.

Otherwise, *Dark Hazard's* only novelty lies in the fact that Glenda Farrell, as a "sporty" girl friend, for once gets her man in the end.—*M. D. P.*

Important People

This is a very unpretentious little picture obviously made in a thoroughly economical manner and it is put out by M.-G.-M. as part of their quota.

Quota pictures have not earned themselves a very good name as a whole, but this one certainly deserves consideration for it is entertaining and has a somewhat novel basis for its domestic and marital comedy.

A husband and wife who are living a cat-and-dog life both stand as candidates in a Parliamentary bye-election—the latter as a prohibition candidate and the former in the noble cause of the drinking classes!

Their progress to the poll is most amusingly shown with many a shrewd hit at politicians generally, while the domestic side of their life is also entertainingly depicted.

The result of the poll shows the wife as the victor, so her husband decides to go away. A recount, however, reverses matters and the wife decides to leave home. On a third count the result is a draw, so they both decide to go away together and leave the county to its fate.

Both Stewart Rome and Dorothy Boyd show to advantage as husband and wife, although the former tends at times to be a little theatrical.

Minor rôles are well cast and characterised. Adrian Brunel, who directed, made an attempt at novelty by having the main characters' life at home explained to the audience by two minor

rich in talent.

The new comedy "team" of Edward Everett Horton and Edna May Oliver, individually two of the most brilliant artistes on the screen, does not commence business too auspiciously here, in spite of the support of such gifted laughter-makers as Andy Devine and Thelma Todd, and one cannot help wishing that the Laemmles had provided them with something better for the occasion than the hackneyed story of an aristocratic, impoverished family striving to "keep up appearances" in entertaining distinguished guests for the week-end.

We even have such conventional situations as the deputy sheriff, who has come to attach the furniture, being pressed into service as butler and the dinner party goose being reclaimed by its rightful owner at the critical moment.

The distinguished guests are presented in the broadest American musical-comedy conception of English aristocrats and are played by E. Clive, Merle Tottenham and Miss Todd.

The players, make the most of the material at their command and most people should find *The Poor Rich* pleasant enough entertainment.—*M. D. P.*

Madame Spy

It would appear that a "spy cycle" has begun. Here is another story (unfortunately, very similar to *Sealed Lips*) that deals with two spies—a man and a woman.

The man is in the employ of the Austrian service, the woman is spying for Russia. They meet, fall in love, marry. She knows who he is, but naturally he is ignorant of the fact that his wife is giving the enemy information. (Hint to producer—why not reverse the positions sometime.)

The associates of the husband suspect the wife and she goes through exciting adventures until she escapes and leaves her husband to go back to Russia.

The husband follows as a spy and they meet at a grand ducal reception. More excitement, a misunderstanding cleared up, she risks her life to save his and we leave them in the "happy ever after stage."

The picture owes a good deal to the director, Karl Freund, since he has made the conventional story really exciting. He works up to a good climax whenever occasion demands it.

Fay Wray and Nils Asther are very good in the principal parts and competent work is contributed by Edward Arnold, John Miljan, Oscar Apfel, Vince Barnett, Robert Ellis, Mabel Marden and Noah Beery.

Had this picture been made two or three years ago its success would have been automatic.—*M. B. Y.*

Beloved

This is the type of film I enjoy. Some of my readers may call it "sentimental" or "slushy" but occasionally I like an extra lump of sugar in my tea or coffee.

A good deal of the story is very true to life and even if some of it is "fairy tale," I forgive the authors. I like to dream sometimes.

ones, friends of the family, who tell you what they think about it and what they intend to do.

This has rather an irritating effect and produced an unnecessary sense of artificiality to my mind. However, it does not spoil what is, as a whole, an amusing trifle.—*L. C.*

The Poor Rich

A rather apt title for a film which is poor in material, but

The story opens in the Vienna of 1848. Carl, the infant son of Baron Hausmann, is reared in an atmosphere of music. His father hopes that he will become a great composer and at the age of ten the boy shows decided promise as a violinist.

Revolutionists kill the baron and Carl and his mother are next seen in Charleston, where, dropping her title, she teaches music. Carl progresses musically and, reaching manhood, he falls in love with a beautiful pupil, Lucy, daughter of a proud and wealthy family.

Her parents refuse to consider his suit. The Civil War breaks out and Carl goes off to fight. War over, he returns to find Lucy and her mother living in poverty. The young people marry and they go to New York, where Carl tries to earn a living teaching music, meanwhile hoping to compose his great American symphony.

They have their adventures but through all their love triumphs and their hopes are centred in their son. He, however, has no use for music and during the Spanish-American War the son is killed and his wife dies in giving birth to a boy.

The grandson has "music in him," and after the Great War achieves fame as a composer of jazz songs. He gives his grandparents luxury and is finally able to arrange for the old man (the grandmother is dead) to realise his ambition. His symphony is played and in the hour of success he closes his eyes in death.

There are one or two sad moments that might be cut for those who do not like them, but I would prefer the film as it is.

The principal parts are excellently played by John Boles (who sings, of course) and Gloria Stuart. Once or twice Gloria's make-up as an old lady seemed not quite right. Probably due to the "modern" eyebrows. She has rarely acted as well as she does in this film.

Others deserving mention are Albert Conti, Dorothy Peterson (very gracious), Richard Carle, Lucille Gleason, Mickey Rooney, a number of youngsters, and the director, Victor Schertzinger.—*M. B. Y.*

Orient Express

This picture struck me as a very weak variation of *The Rome Express*. It is staged on a train journeying from Ostend to Istanbul, where we meet the *dramatis personae* in the shape of a penniless girl going as a dancer to the Turkish capital, a Balkan communist leader who hopes to lead a revolt in Belgrade, a wealthy young date merchant, a woman newspaper reporter, a cockney and his wife and a murderous crook.

Thus it has much the same ingredients as the British production, but it lacks its fine characterisation, brilliance of acting and dramatic force.

Here we just amble along in a vague sort of manner. During the course of the journey the penniless young girl and the rich business man fall in love, and at Belgrade, where the revolutionary gets off and is arrested, the former is also held because she had been seen taking a letter from him just as his seizure was imminent.

The frontier guard also arrest the crook for carrying firearms.

Before an impromptu military court—the country is under martial law—the revolutionary is sentenced to be shot, the girl to be deported to her own country and the crook to a month's imprisonment and deportation.

As they are in their cell, in a sort of barn, the crook picks the lock and urges them all to fly—he himself remains behind, hoping to get off scot free because he has not attempted to escape.

Unfortunately, the passport he had stolen happens to be the one used by the revolutionary leader and he is shot out of hand.

The other two manage to get away with the help of the business man, who has come by car to find out what has happened to his girl.

It is all very ingenuous and lacks any real dramatic grip.

Heather Angel is attractive, but is not called on to exercise her histrionic powers to any extent.

Norman Foster is pleasant as her lover, while Frank Morgan is suitably dignified as the revolutionary although a trifle wooden at times.

Neither Herbert Mundin nor Una O'Connor, who as a Cockney and his wife are supposed to supply the humorous relief, appears to much advantage.

As the woman reporter who considers that robbing a passenger's luggage is part of her job—she is trying to get a story about the revolutionary—Dorothy Burgess is distinctly artificial.

Roy D'Arcy makes a convincing crook.—*L. C.*

PHIL LONERGAN SENDS IT HOT FROM HOLLYWOOD

CARL BRISSON Can See MAE SOMETIME

Miss West's next-door neighbour—Joan Crawford mystery—

Remodelling her home—Julie Hayden's "come back"—Clark Gable springs a surprise

CARL BRISSON can go up and see Mae West sometime—he won't have to go far. Carl has been assigned the luxurious dressing-room bungalow on the Paramount lot, formerly occupied by Fredric March.

On the one side of it is the dressing-room of Miss West and on the other that of Marlene Dietrich.

Brisson has been so busy at the studio, working on his debut picture, that it was necessary for me to journey to Beverly Hills to interview him. He has most luxurious quarters at one of the finest hotels in Beverly Hills, where he is living with his wife and family.

While I was chatting with Brisson, he received a letter from the Danish Crown Prince, congratulating him upon his arrival in Hollywood.

Denmark, his native land, means much to this actor, and one of his most cherished possessions is a wooden nut cracker presented to him by the Premier of Denmark, upon which is fashioned a remarkable likeness of this statesman.

Hollywood impresses Brisson as "stupendous," and he is glad of the opportunity to come to California. He was very pleased at the impression which recent British pictures have made in the United States, and points out that London producers are entitled to much credit because they do not possess the almost boundless resources of the Hollywood studios.

Brisson's first picture will be *Murder at the Vanities*.

Greta's Romance

Despite speculation concerning the automobile trip to Arizona made by Greta Garbo and her director, Rouben Mamoulian, no one seems to know whether wedding bells will ring out for the film celebrities.

Greta preserves a deep silence, but Mamoulian told me that it was merely a trip for recreation. He and Garbo are the best of friends, he says, and that is all.

A Stern Father

Actresses often suffer from the domination of their mothers, but a father rarely intervenes in film affairs. In fact, Hollywood hardly ever hears of a feminine celebrity's male parent.

It is quite different with Evelyn Venable, the clever young actress who, hailed as a coming star, may leave films on account of a paternal veto. This young lady gave excellent performances in *Cradle Song* and other films, her most recent triumph being with Fredric March in *Strange Holiday*, based on the stage success, *Death Takes a Holiday*.

Paramount had Evelyn lined up for a leading rôle in *Double Door*, a New York stage play, when Professor Venable, who has exercised a close watch over his daughter's career, ordered her to join him in New York. Evelyn, who is still under age, had to obey.

The worthy professor does not care for the films, and desires his daughter to confine her acting efforts to classical plays.

Hollywood is hoping that Evelyn's father will relent and permit her to return to the talkies.

A Mysterious Lady

The film colony is wondering why Joan Crawford is remodelling her house in Brentwood Heights.

William Haines, who is devoting more time of late to interior decorating than to acting, is engaged on changing the aspect of the former abode of Douglas Fairbanks, jun.

The music room has been transformed into a bar—a necessary adjunct in many film homes—a new swimming pool is being installed, and the entire place is being redecorated.

Joan is non-committal as to the reason for all this activity. Her divorce will soon become final, so it looks as though a new master will be welcomed to the Brentwood Heights home, and it would not be surprising if it turned out to be Franchot Tone.

The Girl Who Came Back

A medal for dauntless courage should be awarded Julie Hayden, who recently scored a success in *Autumn Crocus*, playing the leading rôle in this stage play opposite Francis Lederer.

After many months under contract at RKO-Radio, where she attracted little attention, Julie was cast adrift, and found other studios evincing little interest in her ability. Instead of losing heart, she kept fighting. Her stage appearance has turned the tide.

This little girl is now showered with film offers, which she cannot accept until the play finishes its run.

"The Girl Hollywood Forgot" is no longer forgotten. Keep an eye on Julie Hayden.

Genius Burns

Elissa Landi and Mae West have caused their film sisters to become literary minded.

Jean Harlow and Dorothea Wieck are both pounding the typewriter. Jean is writing a novel, while Dorothea is working on a story which she hopes Paramount will permit her to film.

Miss Harlow is absent from the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio, and the deadlock over salary still exists.

A Splendid Actress

The advent of the talkies has given opportunity to many middle-aged actresses who would have had little chance for prominence in the silents. Marie Dressler and May Robson head the list.

Another player who has been on the stage for many years is winning her way steadily towards the film pinnacle. She is Marjorie Rambeau, formerly a noted stage star, who has a leading rôle in *Palooka*, which I recently saw at a preview.

Miss Rambeau, in the rôle of a prize-fighter's wife, "hard-boiled" and slangy, dominates every scene in which she appears. An episode where she "knocks out" one of her husband's "lady friends" makes one wonder whether she is not



A new picture of Ida Lupino, the little British girl who went to Hollywood under contract to Paramount Studios. She recently completed her first American picture "The Search for Beauty"

rather a good boxer herself! Her comedy scenes would do credit to Mae West.

Stuart Erwin, Jimmie Durante, Robert Armstrong and Lupe Velez give the capable performances that audiences expect.

A Wise Mother

Adrienne Ames tells me that she does not desire a film career for her 9-year-old daughter, although one of the studios recently suggested that little Barbara would do very nicely in a forthcoming production.

While Adrienne believes it is quite all right to play opposite her husband, Bruce Cabot, she considers that children should remain in the home until they are old enough to decide whether they desire a career in the movies.

A Racing Owner

It will be a surprise to Clark Gable's many admirers to learn that the famous screen lover is the owner of a stable of race horses which have acquitted themselves creditably at Agua Caliente, the famous track across the Mexican border.

Gable's favourite of the string is Beverly Hills, a speedy horse that has shown its dust to many highly touted animals.

Suzanne (Lilian Harvey), the ballet dancer, having broken her leg is nursed back to health by Tony (Gene Raymond) and interests herself in his puppet show.

I Am Suzanne

PICTURE



"The Baron" (Leslie Banks), Suzanne's manager and fiancé, is deeply concerned when his protégée breaks her leg and he sees his profits going.



"The Baron" to ensure that he retains the managership of Suzanne artfully persuades her to marry him.



LILIAN HARVEY'S third American picture shows her as a stage dancer and gives her a chance to show that terpsichorean art which first brought her into prominence. It is a sparkling romance, most artistically set, and introduces a novel puppet show interest. Directed by Rowland V. Lee and produced by Jesse L. Lasky.

me



A striking still of Lilian Harvey as the ballet dancer in one of her characteristic poses.

The climax of the picture when, her leg healed, Suzanne makes a triumphant return in ballet.

Left: The puppet which Tony had made in Suzanne's likeness creates a furore at its first big stage performance. At the reception afterwards Suzanne, still crippled, flies into a jealous rage at the attention it receives.

Right: Tony's puppets give a concert party consisting of excerpts from famous operas.



THE STORY OF THE FILM

By MARJORY WILLIAMS

Freely based on the film, "I Cover the Waterfront," by permission of United Artists Film Corporation, Film House, Wardour Street, London, W.1.

See "On the Screens Now" feature, page 23, for the full cast and Lionel Collier's criticism of this film.

"BEING aware of precisely how you prefer to bathe, I'm naturally wondering what this is."

"Sure; it's my grandmother's bathing suit. All the same, you might hand it over. I can count on having this cove to myself, as a rule; but how did you know?"

If Jo Miller had not been up the previous night, walking the San Diego waterfront, in the utterly barren hope of stumbling on a news story that his vitriolic news editor would print, he might have thought the girl who faced him, three parts protected by a stalwart rock, as fresh and lovely as the morning.

Instead, he wished somewhat morosely that her reasons for a dip *au naturel* were more sensational.

"Two old biddies saw you through a telescope; that's why I'm here," he explained. "By the way, what's your name, seeing that I have to write half a column about you?"

"Julie Kirk."

"Eli Kirk's daughter?"

"Yes. Do you know him?"

"A little. Thanks for helping a poor journalist to keep his job."

Tossing Julie her property, Jo left the region of golden sand, rust-red rocks, and sapphire sea for the more sophisticated scene of a typical South Pacific coast town. San Diego, head of a fish-canning industry, though little more than a huddle of stone houses and factories, possessed a considerable harbour and waterfront.

"It's not the girl, but old man Kirk, where my story's coming from," Jo announced on reaching home. McCoy, a lean Irishman whose erratic ways added to the casualness of Jo's two-roomed abode, facing B dock, was always helpful unless, which was often the case, he was drunk.

Handing Jo the binoculars through which he had been studying the harbour, he observed:

"Take a look at that if you're thinking of Kirk. You're interested in what's below the surface."

"Hm. Does look as if Chris had got something heavy at the rope's end. If your suspicions are what mine are—well. See you later."

Inside five minutes Jo was bobbing beside the dinghy owned by Chris, an aged salt who eked a precarious living from dragging for salvage.

"Want any help?"

After a pause, devoted to tying

up his own boat, Jo joined the old man in hauling. Gradually, on the surface of the greenish muddy water they raised the trussed-up body of a defunct Chinaman.

Chris regarded the pathetic thing without sympathy.

"Phew! So that's what made him go to the bottom."

He indicated the chain several times wound round the saturated figure. "I know that comes from Eli Kirk's smack. I bet he was kinda in a hurry to lose this chap. The coastguards have been smart on smugglers lately."

"Sure you know the chain comes from Eli Kirk's?"

"There ain't another smack within miles as carries this type of chain."

"Very well, give me a hand, will you, when we get ashore? I'm about to hand my boss a piece of evidence."

If Jo Miller thought to impress the city editor of the *San Diego Mercury* with corroboration of Eli Kirk's guilt as a smuggler of Chinese immigrants, he received a definite impression to the contrary. The boss, whose voice when he talked over the 'phone, seemed capable of making the wire red-hot, treated his subordinate to a few terse statements.

"If you think this dead Chink evidence—well, he's not. Nor a length of chain either. Remember how you messed up that account of killing on the East side from jumping to conclusions. You've got to get

facts before I print a line of your story. And, moreover, if you don't get a story worth printing pretty soon you're fired."

Which remarks were received by Jo, with a depressing certainty that pretty soon he would lose his job.

Having nothing to do that evening, he wandered into Tony's, the better, if comparison could be allowed, of two night resorts in the same street.

With a word to the hostess, Jo penetrated to where Eli Kirk, surrounded by half the women of the establishment, was seated at the piano. He was a fine-looking man, but for the weak mouth hidden by a beard, and the sentimental sea shanty which he was rendering with lachrymose fervour delighted his audience, although he was obviously three sheets in the wind.

A girl came in, looking for someone. Jo recognised Julie.

"Hullo, swimmer!" he smiled. "How about a dance?"

Now he came to think of it, she was attractive and earned his approval when she said, taking the words out of his mouth, as they foxtrotted round the room:

"Don't tell me I'm too nice a girl to be in this place. I know that already. One turn and we'll go home."

She broke off dancing to grab hold of Eli, who was rising unsteadily from the piano. "Come along, Dad. Pay your score and let's get going."

When Eli had opened his pocket-book he found it empty, Julie pounced on Miriam. "Now, then," she demanded, "what have you done with Dad's money?"

But when Eli had fumbled for and opened his pocket-book he found it empty. Julie pounced on Miriam, a fair charmer who had discreetly withdrawn from the piano.

"Now, then," she demanded, "what have you done with Dad's money?"

"Are you wanting your face slapped?"

The noise of the slap startled Jo, but it didn't come from the hand of the charmer. While Miriam, outraged, was recovering from the sting, Julie pounced and withdrew a wad of notes from her stocking top. Having

paid the patroness, Julie got her father into the street, where he promptly fell down.

"Can I help?" Jo, inquired. Between them they lugged the old man to his feet and through the deserted streets. Even then, Julie's spirits didn't fail her. "Isn't it a gorgeous night?" she declared, peering across at Jo. He tried cynicism, feeling there was nothing particularly romantic either in the night or the situation, but she laughed him off.

"And don't think I want help any more, either," she added. "I can manage perfectly well."

He saw her, however, to the doorway of Eli's cabin, which was not far from his own, then, because his late-night habits had given him a distaste for bed, took a stroll along the waterfront.

Jo neared Eli's cabin again, built on piles, with a staircase leading to a trap door giving access to the rooms above. A girl was at the bottom of the stairs. For the second time that evening, he recognised Julie.

"You're all different," he announced, taken back more than he cared to admit by her Western charm in Oriental attire. "Where did you get that gown?"

"Dad gave it to me. He brought it back from his last long trip. It's real Chinese."

They had moved out on to the dock. Jo invited her to sit beside him on a bollard.

"Your father goes shark-fishing, doesn't he?"

"Rather! I know you thought he acted to-night pretty poorly, but you should see him at the wheel and with a harpoon."

A tug hooted and passed beyond the red light of the jetty. "Isn't this place beautiful?" she broke off. "I don't want father to leave."

"Beautiful! I can't see it. Don't you get the stench of rotting sardines? I'm bothered if I think those fish canneries aesthetic, great ugly squat things with straight chimneys and I'm pretty hard-boiled as far as the waterfront's concerned."

"You don't write as if you were,



I COVER the Waterfront

I COVER THE WATERFRONT — Continued

anyway. Look what pretty things you said in the half-column you wrote about me. When you come to look at them, aren't most places where folk make a living the same? There is a fascination even about chimneys, and when the mist comes up they're marvellous. Father wants to take me to the South Seas, but I'd rather be here.

"Isn't your father making his money here?"

"Yes—but—well—he doesn't tell me much about his reasons for things."

She passed it off, but even in the half-dark Jo saw that she was embarrassed.

"To find out how much the Kirk girl knows about that boosing, rascally father of hers, I'm following her around," he confided next day to McCoy, who had suggested a meeting for lunch.

"Including making love, I suppose?"

"I might kiss her if necessary. She's the best looker that's been round this place in weeks," Jo admitted.

Having an assignment to write up a disused prison ship, an antique structure that had occupied the harbour since its inception, and supplied useful "copy" during barren intervals, he asked Julie to accompany the tour.

She arrived in a coquettish turn-out that piqued him into attempting a kiss as soon as they were alone in the hold, inspecting horrible instruments of torture. The attempt was a failure. Julie repulsed him laughing, and it was only by the underhand means of clamping her into a vice, intended for the reception of fifteenth-century prisoners, that he obtained toll of her lips.

Eli, who had left home that morning, was reputed by Julie to be out at least three miles, shark hunting, and Jo thought to follow up the ship episode with lunch, when the office telephoned.

"Coastguards are out after Eli Kirk. If you can find out where he docks smuggled Chinese, I'll print your story in headlines," came the curt voice of the city editor.

Enlightened by suppositions of Julie as to her father's berthing place, Jo got in touch with the coastguard's office, and spent the afternoon arguing with government officials in khaki and peaked helmets. The chief officer, having been on board the Kirk smack and never found contraband, was averse to calling in the cutter from the high seas to attend Jo Miller, news-reporter, because he had a fancy to await Eli's berthing in a certain disused dock in the south-west corner of the bay.

Julie, who said her father would not be home till the day following, spent the night with McCoy and Jo at their digs, to which she imported a certain life and freshness, even chaffing the owner about the dirty state of his windows.

"No wonder you can't see anything in the view when you only look at it through inches of dust," she complained at breakfast, and tried to remedy matters with a handkerchief, while Jo chided her for being particular.

He was quite glad when she departed to get ready for Eli's return. She had settled down and begun to attend to his wants in a homey, comfortable fashion, which, while it appealed to him, was disquieting

in view of what he had to do.

When, three hours later, he stood among a squad of slightly contemptuous officials on the dock and saw the Kirk smack coming in on a gentle swell, he felt that life was grand, after all.

Seen, even from a distance, the deck, as Julie had described it, was littered with shark. Somewhere on board Jo fancied he could almost smell Chinese. He pressed his way confidently to the fore when the gangway was in position.

Eli greeted him with a forced smile and a rheumy eye. Kirk had been through a rough passage on the voyage, losing his mate from shark-bite when the latter had been left struggling in the sea, due to the capsizing of a boat.

The mate had been carried on board the smack and had passed out while staring at an oleograph of the Virgin and Child, the nearest approach to the priest for whom he had constantly asked. Tears had filled Kirk's eyes when he had gone and he had berated the men for failing to take off their caps, forgetting that his own head was covered.

Now he leered at the government officials and invited Jo to a seat on one of the giant sharks that extended along the width of the deck.

"You've found nothing on my ship before, and I warn you you'll find nothing again, gentlemen," he told the former, who dispersed with a considerable show of energy.

Jo was sitting on the shark's head and, while talking, accidentally slipped his hand between its jaws. He was touched by something hard and cold, and had no difficulty in withdrawing a full bottle of whisky from the creature's mouth.

Eli shot him a none too pleasant look, which Jo ignored until the custom's officers re-appeared on deck.

"Nothing to be found, Eli. All quiet this time."

"Thanks, gentlemen!"

Still no word from Jo until he came round the ship's side in the wake of the official escort. The single crane on the dock had got busy and was just about to lift a monster shark in mid-air, when Jo shouted: "Hold it! Stand by there! Don't move! Stop!"

At last the mechanic in his box understood. In face of the ship's crew, Eli, and mildly astonished custom's officers, the tail of the long grey carcass gently touched the deck.

"Hand me a knife, someone."

Jo turned on one of the crew, who handed from the folds of his dark-blue jersey a prized jack knife.

With a vicious gesture, inspired by the feeling that his suppositions were founded on fact, Jo ripped up the monster, the fact that the two sides had at some time been skilfully stitched together accounting for the ease with which he worked.

A Chinaman, frozen with horror to the immobility of a corpse, was exposed to view! With titanic force, Kirk landed a blow at Jo's chin and, while the latter was seeing stars, dashed along the gang-plank. A bullet from the chief inspector's gun brought Kirk to his knees as a red-hot pain seared his back. He struggled along the dock, the chief inspector behind him. The two men grappled, rolled and entered the water, where Eli, being an excellent swimmer, soon outdistanced his pursuer.

(Continued on page 22)

2 Beautiful Society Leaders

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Right-hand photo.

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"Tell every girl my advice is to use Pond's splendid beauty preparations regularly if she values an exquisite complexion."

Left-hand photo.

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4891

I COVER THE WATERFRONT — Continued

When Jo was next capable of taking interest in anything but a pain in his head, he heard from the cutter's captain that the search for Kirk had been temporarily abandoned.

Jo went to the office to turn in his story, thence home to the company of McCoy, who, fortunately, was, for once, entirely sober.

Whether from Eli's blow or not, Jo's depression had returned in full force and he was badly in need of sympathy as he wandered restlessly about the two rooms. At every turn he was reminded of Julie.

The old-fashioned fireplace had caused her comment. "Wouldn't it be nice to see a new brick one here in the summer?" just as though she never meant to go away. She had, in fact, more than hinted that, whatever her father did, she intended to stay in San Diego. Then he hadn't greatly cared one way or the other; now the fact that Julie liked him, if nothing more, was an additional burden.

"I've done her a rotten deal," he burst out to McCoy. "Whichever way you look at it. I needn't have pretended to make love to her, kidding myself I didn't care. At least, I suppose I ought to tell her."

He hurried down the waterfront, took Eli Kirk's stairs two at a time, and banged on the trap-door overhead.

"It's you, is it?" Julie looked no happier than he felt. A too-hasty application of powder to her face enhanced the impression that she had been crying. "Go away! I don't want to speak to you!" she flew out.

"But, Julie, let me explain. I know I served your old man a hard turn, but I had to. It was my job."

"Never mind what it was; you needn't have tipped him off to the coastguards. It was mean after—after pretending to like me."

"That's just it." He took a step closer, longing to kiss the misery out of her eyes, longing to say that he loved her, to have the right to come home evenings and find her there, seeing beauty and romance and laughter in all the commonplace things. "I didn't know I cared, Julie. Now I do. Can't you understand a fellow?"

"Get away from here and don't try to come back."

"Julie, answer me one thing. Do you know where your father is?"

"As if I should tell you if I did. Now get out!"

Jo went, but neither to the office nor his rooms. For a time he hovered about the Kirk abode; from a stance under the staircase, seeing first a ginger cat, then a Chinaman, going up to Julie's room.

Lastly, Julie herself, accompanied by her yellow-faced guest, came out and disappeared along the waterfront. For an hour or so Jo pondered the problem of Eli's whereabouts, and eventually set off in the direction of a derelict barge embedded in mud off one of the docks. It struck him as a good hiding-place for a wounded man, for it was accessible both from sea and land, and the vast, dismantled cabin and hold were empty of everything except bilge and rats.

The sight of a Chinese doctor carrying a bag, coming away from the barge, was a boost to Jo's suspicions. He got on board and

went down the companion-way. It was so dark below that at first he could see nothing, though he heard groans. Gradually he was able to distinguish a figure huddled on the damp-rotting boards. Hearing footsteps, the figure with an expression of pain turned itself over and faced the reporter. It was Eli Kirk.

"So you're the swine who tipped me off. Come to worry me to the finish, have you? Take that!"

There was a flash of steel, a report, and Jo collapsed with a searing pain along his chest. Kirk, who had struggled to his knees, was about to fire a second shot when there was a rush of high heels on the companion-way and Julie's terrified voice echoed through the mournful barge:

"Don't, father! Don't!"

She put her arms round him. Kneeling together, they stared at the limp body of the young man with blood trickling through his coat.

Eli looked at his daughter. Whatever his faults, he had always been fond of her.

"Listen, Julie child. Last night—we were home together—you told me you loved some newspaper fellow, but you wouldn't tell me his name. Is this the one?"

She nodded. "Never mind what I said, though. You can't stay here. Come along at once."

"I can't. The place in my back where the bullet was taken from makes me weak."

"Nonsense, father! Come on."

She hauled him up, urging him towards the companion.

Jo, regaining consciousness, saw her, tried to move, failed, and mentally gave himself up. Suddenly she was bending over, trying to pull him to his feet.

"I can't leave you here. Do try to walk. The dinghy's outside. We'll take you some place."

With superhuman effort he staggered to the steps over which Eli had fallen, temporarily overcome. A rush of air, thick with mist, revived Jo. The pain in his chest was excruciating, but he managed to gain the dinghy's stern. Once in a boat, Eli seemed more himself. He took the wheel. Fog surrounded them, no less dense than the doubts in Jo's and Julie's minds as to their destination.

The chugging of the outboard motor had lasted a bare ten minutes when the dinghy's bow bumped against a stone jetty. Familiar objects loomed through the mist.

"You've brought us back, father!" cried Julie, awed by something in his face as he made clumsy efforts to keep the boat alongside.

"Get Miller to hospital!" Eli articulated and collapsed with his head over the wheel—dead.

"Cushions, clean windows, new fireplace, a ginger cat with a ribbon, you've prettified the place so that I don't know where I am," Jo confessed, facing the smiling cause of the changes that greeted him on coming out of hospital, more or less patched up and ready for work.

"It's only my way of saying thank you for looking after things for me, since father died," Julie said. "Have you finished the novel you told me you'd begun, yet?"

"Nearly. I've just thought of the ending right now. The man marries the girl. How do you like it?" Jo inquired and took her in his arms.

On the Screens Now by Lionel Collier



Judith Allen makes an attractive heroine in Cecil B. de Mille's college-cum-gangster epic, "This Day and Age."

THE week's best offering is *Ring Up the Curtain*, a back-stage character drama in which Alice Brady makes a very definite come-back and Frank Morgan gives the best performance of his career.

It is a very human story and avoids being sensationally spectacular, concentrating more on the development of character and giving us a glimpse of life behind the scenes with its successes and failures.

Other interesting films are *Bureau of Missing Persons*, a novel picture dealing with New York's special investigation department, and *I Cover the Waterfront*, a strong melodrama with a delicate vein of romance with an outstanding performance by Claudette Colbert in the leading feminine role.

***RING UP THE CURTAIN

M.-G.-M. American. "A" certificate. Back-stage domestic drama. Runs 88 minutes.

ALICE BRADY.....Lulu Hackett
FRANK MORGAN.....Ted Hackett
MADGE EVANS.....Anne Ainslee
RUSSELL HARDIE.....Ted Hackett, jun.
JACKIE COOPER.....Ted Hackett as child
EDDIE QUILLAN.....Ted the third
MICKY ROONEY.....Ted the third as child
TAD ALEXANDER.....David
EDWARD BROPHY.....Joe Mannion
RUTH CHANNING.....Wanda
JEAN HOWARD.....Grace
Directed by WILLARD MACK from a story by WILLARD MACK and EDGAR ALLAN WOLF.

An excellent back-stage story, this, which traces the life of a pair of music-hall entertainers from the 'eighties up to the present day and introduces you in turn to their son and later to his son, who becomes a successful talkie star.

It is all very human and gives an extremely interesting insight of life behind the scenes as well as containing some poignant moments and clever comedy touches.

Alice Brady is excellent as a music-hall artiste who is married to a gentleman who considers himself a bit of a dog with the ladies but who is a very good troupier at heart. Frank Morgan fills this latter rôle admirably and brings to it a wealth of humour and not a little pathos.

The pair "age" very well and there is a very human note in the way, as they get older, they are forced to play in smaller and smaller halls, with their names lower and lower on the bills.

As the son Ted, Russell Hardie is also very good. His life presents a tragedy in that his wife, unable to bear his unfaithfulness, commits

The PICTUREGOER'S quick reference index to films just released

****RING UP THE CURTAIN
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WATERFRONT

**NO MARRIAGE TIES
**BUREAU OF MISSING
PERSONS

**VOLTAIRE

*THE WANDERING JEW
*THIS DAY AND AGE

*WALLS OF GOLD

c*CROSS FIRE

c*THE TRAIL DRIVE

I SPY

TWO WIVES FOR HENRY

What the asterisks mean—**** An outstanding feature. *** Very good.

** Good. * Average entertainment. c Also suitable for children.

suicide, while he himself is killed in the war.

Jackie Cooper is quite good in a precocious manner as Ted as a youngster. As the unfortunate wife, Madge Evans is attractive and sympathetic.

In the part of Ted, the third, as a child, Mickey Rooney is very effective, while Eddie Quillan makes an interesting study of him as a youth whose success makes him swollen-headed and nearly loses him his position.

Willard Mack's direction is very good. The period atmosphere is convincing and the back-stage and stage sequences realistic except for one spectacular number in colour which only succeeds in holding up otherwise smooth continuity of the plot.

Dialogue is excellent and there are several telling witticisms and a moral to adorn the tale.

***I COVER THE WATERFRONT

United Artists. American. "A" certificate. Melodrama of newspaper reporter. Runs 70 minutes.

CLAUDETTE COLBERT.....Julie
BEN LYON.....Joseph Miller
ERNEST TORRENCE.....Eli Kirk
HOBART CAVANAUGH.....McCoy
MAURICE BLACK.....Ortega
HARRY BERESFORD.....Old Chris
PURNELL PRATT.....John Phelps
GEORGE HUMBERT.....Silva
ROSITA MARSTINI.....Mrs. Silva
CLAUDIA COLEMAN.....Mother Morgan
WILFRED LUCAS.....Randall
Directed by JAMES CRUZE.

Vigorous, well-planned melodrama dealing with the smuggling of Chinese into America which is based on fact and put over with a number of thrills which escape sensationalism for sensationalism's sake.

Outstanding is the performance given by Claudette Colbert as the daughter of the smuggler to whom Joseph Miller, a reporter, makes love in order to trap her father, but who later loves her in real earnest.

It is a fine characterisation which adds still further to Claudette Colbert's rapidly growing reputation.

Ben Lyon is good as Joseph Miller, while the late Ernest Torrence is fine as the smuggler; it is one of the best pieces of acting he ever gave us.

James Cruze's direction is virile and the San Diego waterfront settings convincing and painstaking in detail.

The strong meat of the melodrama is balanced by the love romance, which is delicately and intelligently handled.

One of the thrills of the picture is the way the Chinese are smuggled into the country in the bellies of sharks and the encounters with these sea tigers.

**NO MARRIAGE TIES

Radio. American. "A" certificate. Character drama. Runs 72 minutes.

RICHARD DIX.....Bruce Foster
ELIZABETH ALLAN.....Peggy Wilson
ALAN DINEHART.....Perkins
DAVID LANDAU.....Zimmer
HILDA VAUGHN.....Olmstead
HOBART CAVANAUGH.....Smith
DORIS KENYON.....Adrienne Deane
Directed by J. WALTER RUBEN from the stage play, "Ad. Man." by ARCHIBALD GAFFNEY and CHARLES CURRAN.

Richard Dix gives a very good characterisation here as a hard-drinking, carefree journalist who regards marriage as an unnecessary evil but who in the end takes a life-partner.

The character is not a particularly likeable one, but Dix's perfor-



Marcelle Rogez, a newcomer to the British screen, plays the vamp in "I Spy."

mance brings out all its weaknesses and virility in high relief and makes it an interesting study.

The theme of the picture exposes those advertisers, fortunately rare in this country, who prey on the credulity of the public and sell them worthless and even injurious commodities.

Dix is depicted as being successful in the racket until suddenly the suicide of a girl whom he had jilted brings him to a sense of shame and remorse.

As a matter of fact, this suicide is the chief weakness in the film. It touches the tragic note which is quite out of keeping with the general atmosphere of the picture.

Elizabeth Allan is sensitive and convincing as Peggy, a young woman who, having come to the end of her resources, is prepared to start living an immoral life, but who instead, "mothers" the journalist and eventually wins his love.

Doris Kenyon is good as Adrienne, the girl with whom the journalist thinks he is in love but whom in the end he jilts, realising that they would not be happy together.

Alan Dinehart is excellent as Bruce's partner, while two very good character studies are given by David Landau as a newspaper editor and Hilda Vaughn as a highly efficient secretary.

**BUREAU OF MISSING PERSONS

F.N. American. "A" certificate. Social drama. Runs 74 minutes.

BETTE DAVIS.....Norma
LEWIS STONE.....Captain Webb
PAT O'BRIEN.....Butch Sanders
GLENDA FARRELL.....Belle
ALLEN JENKINS.....Joe Musk
RUTH DONNELLY.....Pete
HUGH HERBERT.....Slade
ALAN DINEHART.....Therese Roberts
MARJORIE GATESON.....Mrs. Paul
TAD ALEXANDER.....Caesar Paul
NOEL FRANCIS.....Alice
WALLIS CLARK.....Mr. Paul
ADRIAN MORRIS.....Irish Conlin
CLAY CLEMENT.....Kingman
HENRY KOLKER.....Mr. Arno
HARRY BERESFORD.....The Gentleman
GEORGE CHANDLER.....Homer
Directed by ROY DEL RUTH from the book, "Missing Men," by CAPTAIN JOHN H. AYERS.

The activities of a little-known branch of the American police force, the department confined to the tracing of missing persons, forms the background for this interesting and human drama which is full of clever little character studies.

Captain Ayres, from whose book the film is adapted, has been for the past fifteen years chief of New York's famous bureau and he introduces us to several hitherto unpublished stories dealing with the work of his department.

Actually, the main plot is of less (Continued on page 24)



George Arliss, Margaret Lindsay and Doris Kenyon as they appear together in the new Arliss film, "Voltaire."



A scene from the fourth phase of "The Wandering Jew," showing Conrad Veidt as the Doctor attending to "Ollala," played by Peggy Ashcroft.

(Continued from page 23)

consequence than the detail, which, in a vital and wholly convincing manner, introduces you to cases that come up for investigation, but the romance of a detective and a girl who is suspected of murder is ingenious and contains several unexpected twists.

Lewis Stone is dignified and natural as the chief of the department, while Pat O'Brien acts well as the tough detective who is humanised by his contact with his chief.

Allen Jenkins is very good as a detective of the comedy variety, while Bette Davis shows to advantage as the heroine.

A clever little study comes from Glenda Farrell as the hero's divorced wife, who is always after him for alimony, but who in the end he discovers to have married him bigamously.

There is a wealth of wise-cracks and the treatment generally is very good and full of action; it plays on a wide variety of emotions.

*VOLTAIRE

Warner American. "U" certificate. Historical drama. Runs 72 minutes.

GEORGE ARLISS Voltaire
DORIS KENYON Mme. Pompadour
MARGARET LINDSAV Nanette
THEODORE NEWTON Francois
ALAN MOWBRAY Count de Sarnac
REGINALD OWEN Louis XV
DOUGLAS DUMBRILLE Oriental King
DAVID TORRENCE Dr. Tronchin
HELENA PHILLIPS Madame Denis
MURRAY KINNELL Emile
LEONARD MUDIE Morteau
DORIS LLOYD Mme. Clairon
IVAN SIMPSON Lekain

Directed by JOHN ADOLFI.

Elaborately staged historical drama based on some episodes in the life of Voltaire and coloured with fictional touches.

The picture is again mostly Arliss who, as usual, gives a polished performance, but as a whole it does not grip nor interest one very deeply. There is an air of artificiality about it which is induced, perhaps, by some members of the cast who do not seem quite at home in their costumes of the time of Louis XV.

The splendour and lavishness of court life is well mirrored and good in detail. Doris Kenyon makes a beautiful Madame Pompadour and Reginald Owen an effective pleasure-loving Louis XV.

*THE WANDERING JEW

Gaumont-British. "A" certificate. Spectacular costume melodrama. Runs 108 minutes.

CONRAD VEIDT The Wandering Jew
MARIE NEY Judith
CICELY OATES Rachel
BASIL GILL Pontius Pilate

CONRAD VEIDT The Unknown Knight
ANNE GREY Joanne de Beaudricourt
BERTRAM WALLIS Boemund
HECTOR ABBAS Issachar
DENNIS HOEY De Beaudricourt
JACK LIVESEY Godfrey
TAKASE Phirous

CONRAD VEIDT Matteo Battadios
JOAN MAUDE Gianella
JOHN STUART Pietro Morelli
ARNOLD LUCY Andrea Michalotti

PEGGY ASHCROFT Olalla Quintana
FRANCIS L. SULLIVAN Juan de Texeda
FELIX AYLMEY Ferera
IVOR BARNARD Castro
ABRAHAM SOFAER Zapportas
STAFFORD HILLIARD Juan
ROBERT GILBERT First Monk
CONWAY DIXON Second Monk
Directed by MAURICE ELVEY. Adapted from E. TEMPLE THURSTON's play by the author and H. FOWLER MEAR.

An uninspired adaptation of A. Thurston's novel, which in a theatrical and pedestrian manner follows the life of the legendary Jew who spat on the Nazarene on His way to the cross and was condemned to walk this planet until He should come again.

It is divided into four sequences. The first, the pronouncement of the curse; the second, with the Crusaders in the Holy Land; the third, when the Jew is a merchant in Italy; and fourth and best, the Jew as a doctor in Spain where he is taken before the inquisitors and condemned to be burnt, and where he finds the rest in death for which he has so passionately longed.

This final phase has a sense of spirituality which is absent in the others and the Inquisition is conducted in a sincere and convincing manner.

Conrad Veidt is good as the Jew, but somehow he failed to move one deeply; his accent militates to some extent against his full effectiveness.

Abraham Sofaer is very good as a fellow Jew who betrays his benefactor in the last phase, but otherwise the acting is not remarkable.

As a whole, the picture is depressing and lacking in full dramatic force and its leisurely treatment makes it boring without being dignified.

*THIS DAY AND AGE

Paramount. American. "A" certificate. Crook melodrama. Runs 81 minutes.

CHARLES BICKFORD Louis Garrett
RICHARD CROMWELL Steve Smith
JUDITH ALLEN Gay Merrick
HARRY GREEN Herman
BRADLEY PAGE Toledo
EDDIE NUGENT Don Merrick
BEN ALEXANDER Morry Dover
LESTER ARNOLD Sam Weber
MICHAEL STUART Billy Anderson
OSCAR RUDOLPH Gus Ruffo
MICKEY DANIELS Mosher
FUZZY KNIGHT Max
GEORGE BARBIER Judge Maguire
Directed by CECIL B. DE MILLE.

If this picture, in which a band of boys kidnap a gangster and

torture him into confessing to his crimes, is any reflection on American justice or American youth, there must be something rotten about both.

It is a highly coloured melodrama which strikes an unhealthy note, but there can be no doubt that Cecil B. de Mille has treated his sordid subject in a masterly manner—technically.

There is a wide sweep about the production, which apparently points the moral that it is up to youth to sweep away corruption, that is interesting, while the spectacular mob sequences are splendidly handled.

De Mille's attention to detail and continuity is also excellent, but in spite of all these good qualities I cannot recommend the picture to any extent, its brutality and artificiality are overwhelming.

Charles Bickford admirably represents a wholly conscience-less gangster, while the schoolboys who bring him to book are all well played by Richard Cromwell, Eddie Nugent, Ben Alexander and Lester Arnold. Judith Allen, a newcomer, shows excellent promise in the rôle of a schoolgirl who endangers her honour in order to trap the gangster.

The best acting comes from Bradley Page as the gangster's sinister bodyguard; a thoroughly evil but compelling characterisation.

*WALLS OF GOLD

Fox. American. "A" certificate. Sex drama. Runs 74 minutes.

SALLY EILERS Jeannie Satterlee
NORMAN FOSTER Barnes Ritchie
RALPH MORGAN Gordon Ritchie
ROSITA MORENO Carla Montez
ROCHELLE HUDSON Joan Street
FREDERIC SANTLEY Tony van Raalte
MARJORIE GATESON Cassy Street
MARY MASON Honey Satterlee
MARGARET SEDDON Mrs Satterlee
Directed by KENNETH MCKENNA.

A story dealing with the seamy side of society life which shows how Jeannie Satterlee, a young business girl, attracts a man who wants to marry her, but after a quarrel marries his uncle for his money and finds nothing but misery.

Of course, all comes out all right in the end. The characters are unsympathetic and the plot sexy but purposeless. Ralph Morgan gives a good, if unpleasant, study of the philandering uncle who upsets his nephew's romance.

*CROSS FIRE

Radio. American. "U" certificate. Western drama. Runs 55 minutes.

TOM KEENE Tom Allen
BETTY FURNESS Patricia Plummer
EDGAR KENNEDY Ed Wimpy
EDWARD PHILLIPS Bert King

LAFE MCKEE Daniel Plummer
CHARLES K. FRENCH Jonathan Wheeler
NICK COGLEY Doc Stiles
JULES COWLES Judge Wilson
TOM BROWER Charles Rudolph
MURDOCK MACQUARRIE Sheriff Wells
STANLEY BLYSTONE Krueger

Exhilarating quick-action Western with good small-town atmosphere, slick riding and well-timed fights.

Tom Keene is good as the hero and the familiar plot is well staged and put over.

Just the stuff for juveniles, this.

*THE TRAIL DRIVE

Universal. American. "U" certificate. Western drama. Runs 61 minutes.

KEN MAYNARD Ken
CECELIA PARKER Virginia
WILLIAM GOULD Honest John
FRANK RICE Thirsty
BOB KORTMAN Blake
FERN EMMETT Aunt Marthe
JACK ROCKWELL Marshal
LAFE MCKEE Jameson
Directed by ALAN JAMES.

A spectacular cattle stampede is the highlight in this typical Ken Maynard offering, which has the conventional Western situations enlivened by camp-fire songs and dances.

I SPY

Wardour. British. "U" certificate. Spy comedy. Runs 69 minutes.

SALLY EILERS Olga
BEN LYON Wally
HARRY TATE George
H. F. MALTSBY Herr Doktor
HAROLD WARRENDER Real N.B.G.
ANDREWS ENGLEMAN Commanding Officer
DENNIS HOEY M.N.T.
HENRY VICTOR K.P.O.
MARCELLE ROGEE The Vamp
Directed by ALLAN DWAN from a story by FRED THOMPSON and scenario by ARTHUR WOODS.

Very weak burlesque of an espionage theme which is deficient in humour, poor in construction and which, by asking you at times to take it seriously, defeats its own object.

Sally Eilers and Ben Lyon make their British début in this picture; it would probably be kinder to forget it.

TWO WIVES FOR HENRY

Fox. British. "A" certificate. Marital comedy. Runs 45 minutes.

GARRY MARSH Henry Stetson
DOROTHY BOYD Estelle Stetson
JACK RAINE Hugo Horsefall
MILICENT WOLF Vera
PAUL SHERIDAN Alphonse Pujol
MELINDRINO Gonzalez
Directed by ADRIAN BRUNEL.

Marital comedy of a business man who engages a second "wife" for business purposes and discovers she is a blackmailer.

Weak plot adequately handled and moderately well acted.



Frank Morgan, Alice Brady, Russell Hardie and Madge Evans in the back-stage picture, "Ring Up the Curtain."



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ICS 5-416



On the BRITISH SETS

by E. G. COUSINS

Gracie Fields prepares for the shooting of one of the scenes for her new film, "Love, Life and Laughter."

GRACIE'S FIELD DAY

Nell Gwyn Burlesque—Activity in the Thames Valley—Betty Stockfield's New Film—Re-creating the Old-time Music Hall—We Become "Stooge Conscious."

I BARGED fairly extensively round the Thames Valley this week, and found quite a little going on.

For instance, they were in the thick of things at Twickenham, where they are making a talkie of the old Edgar Wallace play *The Man Who Changed His Name*.

If I'm not mistaken A. V. Bramble directed a silent version of this five or six years ago, with Stewart Rome in the title role.

Now Lyn Harding is playing it—the man who has been acquitted some years before of a series of particularly brutal murders, and has changed his name in order to live it down.

In the true Wallace vein, the story is an exciting one, because a circumstance arises (to wit, a spot of philandering on the part of the ex-suspect's young wife with a much younger man than her husband) which makes it seem probable that all these murders may be repeated.

A Better Betty

Betty Stockfield is playing the young wife. Betty has developed surprisingly as an actress since the days of 77 Park Lane and *City of Song*. Also she has an extremely attractive voice, which appeals equally to me and to the microphone.

The young man who is trying to cut in on Lyn Harding's preserves (and, glancing at Betty, it's difficult to blame him) is Leslie Perrins, whom I last saw as the "menace" in *Lily of Killarney*, with a very creditable Irish accent which was entirely assumed.

Ben Welden (who is one of my favourite screen Americans) is embroiled, as is also Aubrey Mather and Richard Dolman.

You know Dolman? Played the young dancer, Jerry Jerminham, in *The Good Companions*. Lyn Harding's most successful recent screen appear-

ance is as Sanger in *The Constant Nymph*, but you may not have seen that yet.

Henry Edwards is directing. "Tedwards" was very much in evidence in this studio (in which he had an interest) some years ago; it's pleasant to see him back at the old spot.

Tangled—and How!

The unit which (pending the completion of the new sound stage) has overflowed from Twickenham to Merton Park to make *Tangled Evidence* is also going right ahead. After hearing a brief resume of the plot I am inclined to think the title is one of the most apt I have come across for some time.

There are a number of people who blackmail each other, and one of them murders another; but as to exactly *who*...

Anyway, Reginald Tate has now been added to the cast; and if you saw his performance as the Captain in the stage-play *Eight Bells* you will realise the importance of this screen debut.

I advised Tate some weeks ago to try his luck in films; I hope my advice will prove justified.

Monty's All Right

At Teddington Warner Bros. have got well under way with their new film *Father and Son*, the village drama which Monty Banks is somewhat unexpectedly directing.

Still, it's perfectly logical for a director of farce to undertake a drama, since farce and drama are closely allied. For instance, they are more conclusive than straight comedy, they deal more in sharp blacks and whites ("soot and whitewash," as they say in the theatre) than does comedy with its half-tones, and in tempo they are both quick, whereas comedy is leisured.

Having watched Monty at work on this picture, I feel fairly confident of the outcome.

It's a popular theme, of course, this relationship of parents and children. It was exploited with conspicuous success in *Sorrell and Son* and *Sarah and Son*.

This time we have the reactions of a very average young bank clerk to the fact that his father has come to live in the village after putting in a trifling matter of fourteen and a half years as a compulsory guest of His Majesty.

Gwenn, Jailbird

Also we have the reactions of the father to his son's embarrassment—and as the father is that fine actor Edmund Gwenn this is going to be pretty interesting.

Esmond Knight is the son. The sex-appeal is little Daphne Courtenay, who I believe is still under contract to B.I.P., and whom I last saw in *Bill, M.P.*, I think.

She's pretty and intelligent. All that is required in addition to that is the right director and the right cameraman; and lo! a star.

Farther up the Thames, they are making *By-Pass to Happiness*, which sounds encouragingly like the Road to Recovery we have all been searching for.

This By-Pass is being constructed at Sound City, and the chief travellers along it are Maurice Evans and Tamara Desni.

Evans you remember as the young man so completely led from the path of virtue and terribly forgetful of the Old School Tie in *White Cargo*.

He's a pretty useful actor, but until he went into *Ball at the Savoy* I had no idea he could sing.

A Bell is Rung

In this film he is a young man who starts a garage where a by-pass road is expected to be constructed, but finds himself "out in the blue."

(Continued on page 28)



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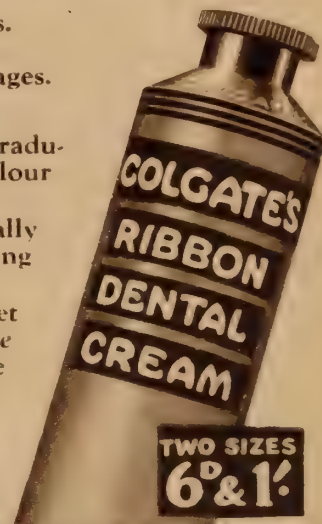
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5. Fruits.
6. Beverages.
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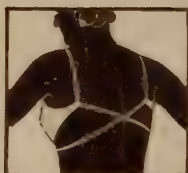
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ON THE BRITISH SETS—Cont.

That situation rings a bell—and a loud insistent bell at that. Now let me see. . . .

Yes, I know. In *The Millionaire*, George Arliss is in partnership with a young man who unwittingly buys a garage where a by-pass road (diverting the traffic from it) is constructed, and finds himself "out in the blue."

Really, this story problem is growing acute. You can seldom see a film nowadays without being vaguely reminded of one you have seen before. Sometimes, of course, it's the silent version. Sometimes it isn't.

For example, when I dropped in at the Gaumont-British plant at Shepherd's Bush this week I found they had just finished the Old Tivoli sequences in *Evergreen*, in which chorus ladies in pink tights performed the mildly indecorous evolutions which caused our fathers to sit up in their red-plush seats and cheer.

The More it Changes—

And at Elstree I found a very life-like representation of an old-time music-hall, in which chorus ladies in pink tights performed the mildly indecorous evolutions, etc. (as above).

This Elstree one (for British International's *The Magistrate*) goes back further than the Gaumont one—back to the days when beer and the chairman were frequently drunk together—back to such songs as "Don't Dilly-dally" and "A Little Bit Off the Top"; back to the heyday of Marie Lloyd and Little Tich, when the British music-hall was British and no error; before a single negro saxophonist or yellow crooner had seeped across the Atlantic.

It was all very noisy and beery and hearty in those days and the audience had a thoroughly good time, because they were being given exactly what they liked by people who had taken the trouble to find out what it was that they *did* like.

This, let me tell you, happens so seldom nowadays in the theatre that it's worth having a look at a reconstruction of the jolly days when it did, if only as a museum piece.

In other words, it's History Without Tears, and even with a few happy gurgles thrown in. But the belly-laughs of yesteryear died away in our music-halls the night the last bottle of beer was removed from the stalls, and don't we want them back . . . or don't we?

Marie is Barred

Anyway, the elders of us will have a lot of fun criticising the imitations of old music-hall favourites in this, done by such people as Jane Carr (I like Jane Carr), Lily Morris, Harry Bedford, Sam Curtis, and the Hartley Sisters.

Unfortunately, even if anyone *could* give an adequate imitation of Marie Lloyd at her fruitiest, the Censor wouldn't allow it, so what's the use?

There are three productions under the B.I.P. roof-tree at the moment—*The Magistrate*, *Over the Garden Wall*, in which John Daumery is directing Bobby Howes and Marian Marsh, and a new one called *Freedom of the Seas*, in which Clifford Mollison will play the lead.

This will be directed by Marcel Varnel.

Gracie Gwyn

At last, it's happened. They have cast Gracie Fields as Nell Gwyn. However, reserve your judgment for a moment. It's all right, it's only as a burlesque.

It occurs in *Love, Life, and Laughter* which Maurice Elvey is directing at Ealing Green. The action calls for the filming of a scene from "Nell Gwyn," in which Gracie plays Nell to John Loder's King Charles.

We are to be treated in this scene to a film studio's notion of what film production is really like—and if a film studio doesn't know, who should? I don't suppose Shakespeare was the first to exploit the "play within a play" wheeze when he wrote *Hamlet*; I wonder who will be the last to feature the "film within a film" idea? And when?

The publicity-line about Gracie getting "£2 a minute" for her work in this film has produced a great many headaches among people who try to work out how much she is receiving for the picture; but it has had one good effect—the somewhat leisurely-minded youth whose job it is to inform the players in their dressing-rooms that they are wanted on the set has now developed a habit of *running* to summon Miss Fields, lest a



Will Hay, the "schoolmaster comedian," is appearing as the "beak" in his first British film, *The Magistrate*. Here he is seen submitting to beauty treatment on the Elstree bench.

delay of twenty seconds should cost the studio an extra 13s. 4d.!

Gracie is really having a field-day in this production. She becomes in turn a defendant in a police-court, a debutante at a royal reception, the proprietress of a "Chelsea Inn de Luxe" (whatever that may be, if anything), canvasser in a London Hospital fund procession, singer, dancer, and broadcaster.

Who Threw—?

I regret to report that "ower Graacie" has been guilty of conduct to the prejudice of good order and military discipline in this film.

At least, that's how we used to put it when the world was young and I was a bold soldier-lad. Actually she is charged with "Throwing a missile, to wit, an over-ripe orange, with intent to a breach of the peace."

They are certainly going all out to hand you a laugh in this one. I have it on my list of "films of which I haven't seen enough in the making to satisfy me."

By the way, some time ago I told you about a promising beginner in this studio, one Elizabeth Jenns. She is in *Love, Life, and Laughter*, and in the "Nell Gwyn" sequence she plays the Duchess of Portsmouth.

A little while ago a Hollywood company was nibbling at her, but I don't know whether it came to anything. If she does go, she will be taking a long way round to success, because Elizabeth lived in Hollywood before coming to England to begin her screen career.

What is All This?

What the dickens are Stooges? Have you ever seen a Stoooge? Tasted one? Trodden on one?

I'm told there are three of them featured in British Lion's *Safety First*, in which Henry Kendall is playing the part of a young man who is trying to convince his wealthy aunt that he is taking life seriously by running a mental home.

He collects a number of pseudo patients, among whom are Wally Patch and Herschel Henlere, the famous pianist . . . and the three Stooges.

There are also, for extra value, Alexander Field, Nancy O'Neil, Helen Haye, Vera Bogetti, Hal Walters, and Kenneth Kove, any of whom I would go a long distance to see.

But it will take those confounded Stooges to drag me to Beaconsfield.

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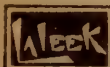
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What Do You Think? Letters from our Readers

DEBUNKING the DIRECTOR

"Box-Office must be combined with artistry."

WITH so much de-bunking of stars going on, the legend of 'the great director' might also be exposed. The industry and public would benefit equally if the genius behind the megaphone were brought into perspective.

"For too long there has been a tendency to hail the films made by certain well-publicised directors, as works of unparalleled genius. In many cases the less reverent public reverses this judgment, but it seems that box-office disasters have little effect on some directorial reputations.

"As films are made with the sole object of separating the public from their shillings, the director whose film loses money is incompetent. The plea that a picture is too artistic for popular consumption, does not bear examination. The director who cannot combine artistry with entertainment does not know his job.

"The great directors, such as Lubitsch and Milestone, succeed with genuine art. Those whose masterpieces nobody wants to see are 'phoney' geniuses."—L. E. Holland, Clifford House, Boundary Road, Worthing, Sussex.

[I agree that there are many inflated directorial reputations, but I would hesitate to say that at the present time artistry can be combined with "box-office." At any rate very few "artistic" films, even by Lubitsch, have made money.]



Ernst Lubitsch

then proceeds to administer some drops. Surely, the President's physician might be expected to have a hypodermic syringe near at hand!

"In *The Doss House*, an old man falls in a heap, but continues to converse placidly; the doctor pronounces the attack to be 'angina pectoris'—which is, perhaps, the most exquisitely agonising affliction that flesh is heir to.

"I am sure I voice the feelings of my medical colleagues when I protest against this slipshod treatment of medical matters in films."—V. R. Kamath, M.B.B.S., 59 Forrest Road, Edinburgh.

Benita and The Bath Tub

"I was amused to read Malcolm Phillips's open letter to Claudette Colbert entitled 'Come Out of the Bath Tub.' I wonder what Benita Hume thought about it all?

"By a curious coincidence, you published a scene from *Jew Süss* in the same issue of PICTUREGOER which depicts Miss Hume, once again in the bath tub.

"I wonder why it is, that as soon as Benita enters a British studio, they start to get out the bathroom fittings? If I remember rightly, Miss Hume spent some of the footage of *Service for Ladies* in sitting in the bath tub, and before that, in *High Treason*.

"Benita of the Bathroom is surely an easy winner of the bath tub queen title. Incidentally, Hollywood preferred to exploit Miss Hume fully dressed. I am a great admirer of the actress, but I do wish that she, too, would come out of the bath tub.

"However, before Miss Hume does that, I think it's only fair that she should take part in a 'de Mille' epic. With the experience of Miss Hume and Mr. de Mille combined, surely it would be the bath tub film, to end bath tub films."—L. Scrimshire, 9 George Street, Hertford, Herts, winner of the second prize of half a guinea.

In Defence of Westerns

Much being said against Western dramas these days, I feel it only right to say a little for the other side. Judging from personal experience, and I can safely say I am a frequent picturegoer, and from comments overheard in and out of cinemas, there are still many who, now and again, honestly enjoy a good Western picture, which, to myself, would seem to break the chain of murders, marriages, mix-ups, etc., which form the main part of other films, and which, eventually, seems to become rather boring.

"Nevertheless, I do agree that they need brightening up.

If the heroine wouldn't get carried away in the almost proverbial buggy, and if the hero would get killed for a change, it might give to this comparatively sound type of film a further lease of life.

"My letter, I know, seems two-sided, but I know that many will agree with me that these spectacular and still entertaining movies should not be stamped out entirely. Good luck to them."—(Mr.) T. Sagin, 8 Lanark Mansions, Pennard Road, Shepherd's Bush, London, W.12.

[I, too, think that there is still room for good Westerns on the screen.]

Kinema's Threatened Popularity

"Is the kinema losing its popularity? Undoubtedly, the keenness of many regular kinema-goers is approaching saturation point. A film that will grip the imagination of these regular patrons must be original and an absolutely first class production, as they have, by now, become thoroughly acquainted with most variations of the 'eternal triangle,' murder plots, and such like.

"Plain commonsense should tell the film producers that public taste will inevitably sicken if they continue to present a succession of films of the same, monotonous type.

"Radio, the stage, dancing, greyhound and dirt-track racing, all these and many other forms of public entertainment are now seriously competing for the enormous popularity enjoyed by the screen.

"Bright, sensible, logical and, above all, original film stories aided by first class acting and photography, this is what the public really desires and must have—otherwise the pendulum of public entertainment will swing in another direction."—L. Rosslyn, 36 Eileen Road, Sparkhill, Birmingham, winner of this week's guinea prize.

[PICTUREGOER has, for months, been warning the movie moguls that this situation is arising. There will be no substantial remedy, however, until the output is reduced and kinema classification is instituted.]

Those Screen Doctors

"More often than not, I have observed an absolute ignorance displayed by 'doctors' in film stories as regards the elementary rules of diagnosis or treatment. I can give only one or two examples:

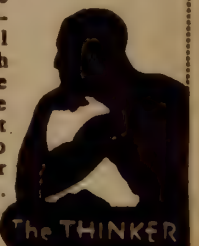
"In *Gabriel Over the White House*, the President collapses, and his doctor complacently allows him to be propped up with his head above the level of his body, while he diagnoses a 'heart-attack.' He

YOUR VIEWS WANTED

What you think about the stars and films?

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"George" and "Anne" are your enquiry departments. The former will be happy to answer any query regarding films, the latter anything connected with household or beauty hints. Write to them both c/o THE PICTUREGOER WEEKLY. When a reply by post is desired a stamped, addressed envelope must be enclosed.

E. B. (Brighton).—Casts as required: (1) *The Last Parade*: Cookie Leonard—Jack Holt; Mike O'Dowd—Tom Moore; Molly Pearson—Constance Cummings; Larry Pearson—Gaylord Pendleton; Marino—Robert Ellis; Lefty—Earle D. Bunn; Vivi—Vivi Rosenberg; Jess de Vorska; Chief of Police—Ed Le Saint; City Editor—Edmund Brees; Alabam—Clarence Muse; Joe—Gino Corrado; Danny Murphy—Robert Graham. (2) *Soldiers of the Storm*: Brad Aderton—Regis Toomey; Natalie—Anita Page; Spanish Waitress—Barbara Weeks; Moran—Robert Ellis; George—Wheeler Oakman; Sonia—Barbara Barondess; Chuck Bailey—Dewey Robinson; Red—George Cooper.

INQUISITIVE FAN.—Kay Francis was born in 1903 on January 13; she married Kenneth McKenna in January, 1931.

R. L. (South East Ham).—(1) Write to Sally Eilers c/o Fox Studios, Beverly Hills, California, and to Richard Barthelmess, c/o Warners-First National Studio, Burbank, California. Sally Eilers' new pictures are *Made on Broadway*, *Walls of Gold*, and *Disillusion*. (2) Richard Barthelmess's new films are *Heroes for Sale*, *Massacre*, and *A Modern Hero*.

REGULAR READER (Middlesex).—(1) Herewith the cast of *The Circus Queen Murder*: Thatcher Colt—Adolphe Menjou; Josie La Tour—Greta Nissen; Kelly—Ruthelma Stevens; Flandrin—Dwight Frye; Sebastian—Donald Cook; Dugan—Harry Holman; Rainey—George Rosener. A criticism of this film appeared in the September 23 issue of this magazine. (2) Address Adolphe Menjou c/o Warner Bros., Burbank, California; latest films are *The Worst Woman in Paris*, *Convention City*, and *Easy to Love*. (3) Write to Claudette Colbert c/o Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon Street, Hollywood, California; latest films are *Three-Cornered Moon*, *Torch Singer*, *Four Frightened People*, and *Night Bus*. (4) Release dates as follows: *Private Life of Henry VIII*, February 19, 1934; and *Turkey Time*, April 16, 1934. (5) Gary Cooper will be 33 on May 7; he also works at the Paramount Studios, and is working in *The Man Who Broke His Heart*.

C. F. B. (Bromburn).—John Gielgud was born on April 14, 1904, in London, educated Westminster School and Royal Academy of Dramatic Art; 5 ft. 9 in. tall, brown hair and grey-blue eyes; hobbies, music and stage designing. He is not married. Films include *Insult* and *The Good Companions*.

M. H. (Falkirk) and JAN FAN (Littleboro').—Jan Kiepusa comes from Sosnowiak, Poland, and will be 32 this year. He has signed a contract to appear in films for Universal Studios, Universal City, California, and a letter addressed to that studio should reach him.

W. G. H. (Newbury).—(1) There is no W. H. Smith & Son bookstall on Paddington Station, but there is one in Craven Street close to the station. (2) Yes, Charles Laughton comes from Scarborough, England. He was born on January 1, 1899, educated Stonyhurst College and Royal Academy of Dramatic Art; served during the war. Married Elsa Lancaster; 5 ft. 10 in. tall, fair hair and blue eyes.

AN ADMIRER.—Frank Lawton was born on September 30, 1904, in London. Pictures include: *Young Woodley*, *Birds of Prey*, *After Office Hours*, *Michael and Mary*, *Cavalcade*, *Heads We Go*, and *Friday the 13th*. Address him c/o Gaumont British Studio, Lime Grove, Shepherd's Bush, London, W.12.

E. B. W. (Belvedere).—(1) David Manners' real name is Rauff Acklom. He was born on April 30, 1902, at Halifax, Nova Scotia; 6 ft. tall, brown hair and green eyes; educated University of Toronto, Canada. Married Suzanne Bushnell (marriage dissolved). (2) Addresses: David Manners, c/o United Artists Studios, 1041 Formosa Avenue, Hollywood, California; John Loder, c/o Gaumont British Studios, Lime Grove, Shepherd's Bush, London, W.12; and Charles Farrell, c/o Fox Studios, Beverly Hills, California.

FILM STRUCK (Darlington).—Mary Pickford will be 41 on April 8. She was born in Canada; 5 ft. tall, fair hair and blue eyes. Real name, Gladys Smith.

INTERESTED (Poplar).—Magda Schneider was born on May 17 at Auzsburg; entered films in 1931. Has just made *Liebeli*, a French film.

BILL (Balliol).—The actor who appeared

Let GEORGE

in *Adorable*, *International House*, *When Ladies Meet*, *Gold Diggers of 1933*, and *Imaginary Sweetheart* is Sterling Holloway.

OH, BOY.—Conrad Veidt was born on January 22, 1893, in Berlin; 6 ft. 2 in. tall, dark hair and eyes; married. Hobbies, motoring and sailing. His latest film is *Jew Suss*. Write to him c/o Gaumont-British Studios, Lime Grove, Shepherd's Bush, London, W.12. Your request has been passed on to the editor.

SCHOOLGIRL FAN (Cath).—Robert Young was born in 1907 at Chicago; 6 ft. tall, dark eyes and hair. Address him c/o Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, California. Entered pictures as an extra. Appeared in the following films: *Lullaby*, *The Wet Parade*, *New Morals for Old*, *Unashamed*, *The Kid from Spain*, *Men Hell Below*, *Tugboat Annie*, *Saturday's Millions*, *Beautiful, Right to Romance*, and *Trigger*. Married to Elizabeth Henderson.

A. J. (Penarth).—Anna Neagle went to Italy in September last year to make a film entitled *The Queen*.

M. W. (Northern Ireland).—(1) Write to Phil Harris of *Melody Cruise* fame, and Tom Keene, c/o Radio Pictures, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, California. (2) Tom Keene's pictures include: *The Saddle Buster*, *Sundown Trail*, *Freighters of Destiny*, *Land of the Six Shooter*, *Come on Danger*.

"13" (Baintree).—I have managed to find the replies to most of your inquiries. (1) The role of Schuyler Brooks in *The Keyhole* was played by Henry Kolker. (2) Frank Atkinson appeared as George O'Brien's buddy, Alf, in *Smoke Lightning* and as the Bathing-Pool Attendant in *Sailors' Luck*. (3) Maude Eburne, who you saw in *My Lips Betray*, is not related to George Marion, who played the role of the scientist, Prof. Otto Bauer, in *Six Hours to Live*. You are no trouble.

N. W. (Glasgow).—Henry Kendal was born on May 28, 1897, in London of stage parents. Educated City of London School; 6 ft. tall, brown hair and blue eyes; hobby, music. He had an extensive and successful stage career before he made his film debut in 1931. Served in the Royal Air Force and gained the Air Force Cross. His films, other than the ones you mention, are: *The Stickpin*, *The Iron Stair*, *Timbuctoo*, *Great Stuff*, *Rich and Strange*, *Watch Beverly*, *Imocents of Chicago*, *High Speed*, *Mr. Bill the Conqueror*, *King of the Ritz*, *This Week of Grace*, and *The Flame*.

FILM GOERS.—Herewith the cast of the *Sporting Widow*: The Countess—Alison Skipworth; Wilmer Hicks—Richard Bennett; Jack Houston—George Raft; David Butterworth—John Brendon; Alice Hicks—Evalyn Knapp; Patsy Hicks—Gertrude Messinger; James Butterworth—Robert McWade; John Adams—J. Farrell MacDonald.

LILIAN FAN (Oxford).—(1) Lilian Harvey uses her own name for screen purposes. She is a native of Muswell Hill and was born on January 19, 1907; 5 ft. 3 in. tall, blue eyes and fair hair. Engaged to marry Willie Fritsch. Films include: *Maysie*, *A Knight in London*, *The Temporary Widow*, *Her Dark Spot*, *Hocus Fucus*, *The Model from Montparnasse*, *The Love Waltz*, *Le Chemin du Paradis*, *Her Highest Commands*, *Congress Dances*, *Happy Ever After*, *My Lips Betray*, *My Weakness*, and *I Am Suzanne*. Address, c/o Fox Studios, Beverly Hills, California. (2) Robert Montgomery's pictures include: *So This is College*, *Their Own Desire*, *Free and Easy*, *The Divorcee*, *Big House*, *Richest Man in the World*, *Our Blushing Brides*, *Sin of the Children*, *Love in the Rough*, *War Nurse*, *Easiest Way*, *Strangers May Kiss*, *Inspiration*, *Shipmates*, *Man in Possession*, *But the Flesh is Weak*, *Private Lives*, *Lovers Courageous*, *Letty Lynton*, *Blondie of the Follies*, *Faithless*, *Hell Drivers*, *When Ladies Meet*, *Night Flight*, *Another Language*, *Fugitive Lovers* and *Rip Tide*. Robert Montgomery was born on May 21, 1904, at Beacon, New York; 6 ft. 1 in. tall, brown hair and blue eyes. Married Elizabeth Allen. Hobbies, polo, reading, tennis, travel and writing. Address him c/o Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, California. (3) Maureen O'Sullivan will be 23 on May 17. Latest pictures: *Tugboat Annie*, *Stage Mother*, and *Tarzan and His Mate*. (4) Herewith the cast of *Sunshine Susie*: Susie—Renate Muller; Arvey—Owen Nares; Herr Hasel—Jack Hulbert; Klapper—Morris Harvey. The theme song of this film is "To-day I Feel So Happy." (5) Fernand Graevy was born in England; he is the son of a Belgian refugee family. Has appeared with Anna Neagle in *Bitter Sweet*, which marks his first appearance in British films.

WORRIED (Wembley).—Herewith the players in *Merrily We Go To*: Sylvia Sidney, Fredric March, Adrienne Allen, Skeets Gallagher, Esther Howard, George

DO IT!

Irving, Florence Britton, Charles Coleman, Cary Grant, and Kent Taylor.

A NOVARRO FAN (Victoria).—(1) I expect Ramon Novarro will send you a photograph of himself if you ask him nicely. Write to him c/o Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, California. (2) He is still a bachelor. (3) Dorothy Jordan played opposite Ramon Novarro in *Gay Madrid*. (4) Novarro was born on February 6, 1899, at Durango, Mexico. Real name Ramon Gil Sameniagos. Black hair and brown eyes, 5 ft. 8 in. tall; hobby, music. Films: *The Prisoner of Zenda*, *Ben Hur*, *The Student Prince*, *Red Lily*, *The Midshipman*, *Devil May Care*, *Daybreak*, *Call of the Flesh*, *Son of India*, *Mata Hari*, *The Impossible Lover*, *Son-Daughter*, *The Barbarian*, and *The Cat and the Fiddle*. Thank you for your good wishes.

G. E. (Bristol).—If you will let me know the names of the film stars you wish to correspond with I will be pleased to let you have their addresses.

LYON HUNTER (Devon) and POST (Thorn-ton Heath).—(1) Diana Wynyard has returned to America where she is making *Declasse*. You can obtain a photograph of Diana Wynyard from the Picture Postcard Salon, 85 Long Acre, London, W.C.2. (2) Her films include *Cavalcade*, *Rasputin the Mad Monk*, *Born to Kill*, *Reunion in Vienna*, and *The Fountain*. She is a native of London and will be 25 this year. (3) You are correct in addressing a letter to Bebe Daniels c/o Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, California, but a letter to her husband, Ben Lyon, should be addressed to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Hollywood, California, although, I think, if you have already sent a letter to the Warner studios he will get it eventually. (5) Elizabeth Allan is also working at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, and her latest pictures are *No Marriage Ties* and *Solitaire Man*.

CURIOUS (Stanley).—Joan Marion's films include *Little Fella*, *River House Case*, and *Her Night Out*.

CURIOUS (Plymouth).—(1) Lyda Roberti is the daughter of a famous European clown, Roberti, and is a native of Warsaw, Poland. Her pictures include *Dancers in the Dark*, *Million Dollar Legs*, *The Kid from Spain*, *Broadway Singer*, and *Three-Cornered Moon*. Address her c/o Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon Street, Hollywood, California.

INQUISITIVE (Purley).—(1) Baby Leroy's real name is Leroy Winebrenner; his parents separated just before he was born on May 12, 1932. Pictures include *Bedtime Story*, *Tilly and Gus*, *Alice in Wonderland*, and *Miss Fane's Baby is Stolen*. (2) Helen Twelveteens is married to Frank Woody and has one baby son. (3) Joan Bennett has a daughter by her first marriage to J. Martin Fox in 1927. This marriage was dissolved and she is now the wife of Gene Markey. (4) You can write to Paramount Studios and inquire for a photograph of Baby Leroy. Their address is 5451 Marathon Street, Hollywood, California.

INTERESTED (Reading).—The songs sung in *Prince of Arcadia* are published by Chappell & Co., Ltd., Music Publishers, 50 New Bond Street, W.1.

THE JOLLY ADMIRER (W. Croydon).—(1) Colonel Tim McCoy was born on April 10, 1893, at Wyoming; 5 ft. 11 in. tall, brown hair and hazel eyes. Pictures include *War Paint*, *California*, *Foreign Devils*, *Bushranger*, *Masked Stranger*, *Morgan's Last Raid*, *Sioux Blood*, *A Night on the Range*, *The Indians Are Coming*, *Shotgun Pass*, *One Way Trail*, *Gambler's Guns*, *Corned*, *Texas Cyclone*, *Ranger Man*, and *Red Man*. (2) Ages this year: Gary Cooper, 33 on May 7; Robert Montgomery, 30 on May 21; Lionel Barrymore, 56 on April 28; and John Barrymore, 52 on February 15.

SCHOOLGIRL FAN.—Casts—(a) *Adorable*: The Girl—Janet Gaynor; The Young Man—Henry Garat; The Prime Minister—C. Aubrey Smith; The Detective—Herbert Mundin; The Countess—Blanche Frederici; The Prince—Hans Von Twardowski. (b) *Pier 13*: Dan Dolan—Spencer Tracy; Helen Reilly—Joan Bennett; Kate—Marion Burns; Duke—George Walsh; Pop—J. Farrell MacDonald; Baby Face—Noel Madison; Sarge—Henry B. Walthall; Jake—Bert Hanlon; Alian—Adrian Morris; Eddie—George Chandler; Hank—Hank Mann; Police Captain—Emmett Corrigan; Doctor—Lemist Ealer. (2) Jacquie Lyn played the part of the little girl in the Laurel and Hardy film, *Pack Up Your Troubles*.

R. W. (Taranaki, N.Z.).—I regret I cannot give you many details as most of the films you mention are very old indeed and some are shorts. Leo Maloney appeared in the *Trouble Buster*, which was a five-reel Pathe film, and Dorothy Dalton played in *Law of the Lawless*, which was a six-reel famous Lasky film.

J. S. (Walthamstow).—Claudette Colbert's



Katharine Hepburn was born at Hartford, Connecticut, U.S.A. She is 5 ft. 5 in. tall with dark hair and eyes. Educated at Bryn Mawr College. Has appeared on Broadway in "Ari and Mrs. Bottle" and "The Warrior's Husband." Pictures include: "A Bill of Divorcement," "Christopher Strong," "Morning Glory," "Little Women," and "Spitfire." Write to her c/o R.K.O.-Radio Studios, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.

real name is Claudette Cauchoin. Write to her c/o Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon Street, Hollywood, California. Latest films: *Torch Singer*, *Four Frightened People*, and *Night Bus*.

T. S. (Huddersfield).—(1) Charles Morton has not appeared in any films recently. (2) Clive Brook is married to Mildred Evelyn and has one son and one daughter. He has not been married before.

VEIDT FAN (Brockley).—You pronounce Conrad exactly as it is spelled, and Veidt as "Vyd."

MOLLY B. (Dorset).—Studio addresses as follows: Clark Gable, c/o Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, California; Phil Harris and Bruce Cabot, c/o RKO Radio Studios, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, California; and Janet Gaynor, c/o Fox Studios, Beverly Hills, California.

FILM FAN (D.E.15).—(1) The only film made in this country starring Richard Tauber was the *Right to Happiness*. (2) Nancy Carroll was born on November 19, 1906, at New York; 5 ft. 4 in. tall, red hair and blue eyes. Real name Nancy La Hiff; married Francis Bolton Mallory in July, 1931. Pictures include *Close Harmony*, *The Wolf of Wall Street*, *The Dance of Life*, *Illusion*, *Sweetie*, *Dangerous Paradise*, *Honey*, *The Devil's Holiday*, *Follow Thru*, *Laughter*, *Stolen Heaven*, *The Night Angel*, *Personal Maid*, *Wayward*, *Broken Lullaby*, *The Man I Killed*, *Hot Saturday*, *Under Cover Man*, *Child of Manhattan*, *Scarlet Dawn*, *The Kiss Before the Mirror*, and *I Love That Man*. Address her c/o Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon Street, Hollywood, California.

A GAYNOR AND FARRELL ADMIRER (South-sea).—(1) Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell are making a film together, *The Sun Shines Bright*. (2) Richard Cromwell is the leading man in Janet Gaynor's new film, *Carolina*.

INQUISITIVE JOYCE (Birmingham).—(1) Carl Brisson was born in Copenhagen on December 24, 1897. Real name Carl Pederson; 6 ft. 1 in. tall, brown hair and grey eyes, married. Hobbies, dogs, motor-riding, and boxing. Latest film, *Prince of Arcadia*. Address him c/o Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon Street, Hollywood. (2) Anne Grey was born in London in 1907. Real name Eileen Ewing; dark hair and eyes, 5 ft. 6 in. tall. Films include *The School for Scandal*, *The Faithful Heart*, *The Calendar*, *Lily Christine*, *The Old Man*, *Murder at Covent Garden*, No. 17, *A Happy Ending*, *Leap Year*, *Guilt*, *Man at Six Arms* and the *Man*, *The Blarney Stone*, *Just Smith*, *The Fire Raisers*, *The House of Trent*, *The Wandering Jew*, and *Colonel Blood*.

B. B. (Leeds 12).—(1) The part of the bachelor in *Wedding Rehearsal* was played by Roland Young. (2) Una Merkel took the part of Slim Summerville's screen sister, Hattie, in *Her First Mate*. (3) Hugh Wakefield appeared in *The Man They Couldn't Arrest*, not Roland Young.

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Dorothy Hyson	Ursula Jeans
Ruby Keeler	Jan Kiepura
Elissa Landi	Ida Lupino
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FIG. 24.2.34

Leave IT to ANNE

WHATEVER your query, whether it belongs to the beauty or the domestic category, I am delighted to answer it. Please enclose a stamped addressed envelope for a postal reply. I can give you more space in a letter than can be spared in this column.

DANDRUFF or scurf is a common affection of the scalp and a serious enemy of beautiful hair. Unfortunately, it is extremely obstinate, and to cure the condition the greatest patience and persistence must be shown. It cannot be cured in a week.

The trouble takes two forms, scurf that is dry and powdery, and the other type that is greasy and moist. Both kinds cause the hair to lose all bright lights, prevent growth, and ultimately make the hair fall. Dry scurf comes from deficient secretion of the sebaceous glands and in consequence the scalp is very irritable, and the hair brittle and poorly nourished. In the case of greasy scurf, the secretions are excessive, and the scalp often thickened and inflamed.

Both kinds are highly contagious because bacteria are invariably present, and therefore the greatest care should be taken to keep hair brushes and combs separate, so that healthy scalps may not become infected too. This is particularly true where children are concerned. They are liable to catch it very quickly.

It is important that the scalp should be treated when it shows the first signs of this trouble, for if left untreated the original patches tend to spread and join up, so that the complete area is affected.

The Treatment

The first essential in the treatment of the condition is scrupulous cleanliness by means of frequent washing. Many sufferers from the dry form refrain from frequent shampooing under the mistaken idea that the washing makes the condition worse. This is not so.

Many medicated soaps may be obtained for the purpose, or any chemist will make up a spirit soap lotion consisting of 3 oz. of soft soap and 3 oz. of methylated spirits. To this should be added 1 grain of bichloride of mercury.

This effects the temporary removal of the scurf, but it will not cure the trouble and the patches will return again. There are a number of lotions and pomades for attempting the cure of the trouble, but they need to be varied according to the particular type of dandruff and the state to which it has advanced. It is impossible to print them all here. But if sufferers are interested, they should write to me, enclosing a stamped addressed envelope, and describe the exact condition of their scalps. I shall be delighted to give them all the help possible.

Generally speaking, lotions are easier to use than ointments. It is difficult for the girl who goes out to earn her living to use an ointment, for it means that the scalp must be washed next morning before she can go to business. But the woman

who stays at home can try that form of cure.

Restoring the Hair

When the dandruff has been cleared up, it is necessary to undertake a course of treatment to nourish the hair and encourage new growth.

Until the hair is completely healthy again, it is better to use a shampoo made from pure Castile soap. The soap, which is very hard, should be grated up and brought to the boil with a pint of water. It may then be whipped up and will leather easily on the head. Take care to rinse away every trace of soap, add a tablespoonful of strained lemon juice to the last rinsing water, and if possible dry with towels. While the hair is in an unhealthy condition this is infinitely better than drying by heat.

Clean Brushes

Have two brushes in use so that you may take a clean brush every morning, and if you use the rubber cushioned type of brush, see that the bristles are not of wire. Have a good comb with blunt coarse teeth so that it does not scratch the scalp. And now, to take a tip from our grandmothers' days, have an old-fashioned brush and comb bag. It is not a good thing to leave brushes in a drawer mixed up with powder and possible dust.

Part the hair in sections and brush each section thoroughly. Brush it from underneath towards the ends. This allows the air to get to it, stimulates the scalp, removes dust and dead scales, and distributes the natural oil along the length of the hair.

It will not spoil the wave. Many girls neglect brushing their hair thoroughly under that mistaken impression. Brushing will improve and deepen the wave, and give the hair that glossy and well kept look that is so desirable. Moreover, it encourages the hair to lie smoothly in the desired position.

Then of course, there is the daily massage. Ten minutes will suffice, but practise daily all the year round will be of inestimable benefit to the hair and scalp. It stimulates the circulation and tones up the functioning of the sebaceous glands. This not only keeps the hair in healthy growth but goes a very long way towards preventing greyness.

Beauty from Within

At least fifty per cent. of the readers of this page who write to me for advice are suffering from skin blemishes. "Give me the name of a cream that will quickly rid my face of blackheads, open pores, and pimples," is the burden of their requests.

There are numbers of creams—many of them advertised weekly in this journal—which will help to improve the texture of the skin, but without the co-operation of the sufferer, the creams are not given an opportunity to perform the work they can do.

I have said before, and so essential



Irene Hervey demonstrates the correct way to brush hair—strand by strand the hair is brushed vigorously from roots to the ends.

a truth is worth repetition, that all skin beauty comes first of all from internal health and cleanliness.

Vitamin deficiency is one of the chief causes of imperfect skin and blotched complexions. The diet of the average adult is not so deficient that it causes serious illness, but it is continuously just short enough to prevent perfect health and clear skins. This is particularly true of vitamin C. Include sufficient vitamin C in your daily diet, and the troubles of which so many complain are halfway towards being cured.

Vitamin C

We find vitamin C most abundantly in orange juice, lemon juice, tomato juice, swedes, spinach, and in salads and watercress.

Vitamin C is present also, though not so abundantly in apples, carrots, onions, potatoes and cabbage, grapes and, in their various seasons, fresh cherries, pears, peaches and plums.

Conservative Cooking

Cooking in general has a damaging effect on vitamin C. For that reason many of the fruits and vegetables should be eaten raw. The shredded heart of raw cabbage can be added to a salad, and grated raw carrot is both refreshing and delightful. It goes specially well with a lettuce salad and cheese.

Steaming vegetables is to be preferred to boiling them. Cooking them in a casserole is better still, for in this way practically the whole vitamin content is preserved undamaged. If you must boil vegetables, neither common soda nor bicarbonate of soda should be added, and the boiling should be rapid. The longer the boiling process, the more destructive to the vitamins. Instead of throwing away the water in which the vegetables have been cooked, make your gravies from it and drink a cupful of it when it has cooled. In making the gravy, use also a yeast extract which you can buy ready for use. This is rich in vitamin B, which prevents anaemia.

Answers to Correspondents

DORIS (Bath).—"Sparva" would be excellent for your little girl's summer frocks. You can obtain this material in plain shades at 1s. per yard and in printed designs at 1s. 3d. per yard. I would recommend your sending to "Sparva," 74, Sparva House, York Street, Manchester, for a booklet.

MAMIE (Tottenham).—A blister on the heel should not be neglected or it may develop into a septic place. Use a footbath containing a mild antiseptic. Soak the foot for ten minutes, renewing the water as it cools. Apply an antiseptic dressing and bind in place. The blister needs care while it remains wet. As soon as it has dried up it will take care of itself.

PREMIER VINOLIA SOAP

SO VERY
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Premier 6¹/₂ Double Bath Size 10¹/₂
Baby Soap 7¹/₂

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STOP THAT SNEEZING & SNIFFLING WITH 'ASPRO'



Head colds with their attendant coughing, sneezing and dizziness are about. They can definitely be stopped quickly with 'ASPRO.' The reason is because 'ASPRO' reduces feverishness in a few minutes and has a soothing influence on the nerves. The attendant congestion is relieved—irritability soothed away—the temperature reduced. The result is that after one or two doses of 'ASPRO' you will be quite free from your cold. Definite relief follows the first dose. So you see there's no need to put up with colds. It costs little to try 'ASPRO,' so why not try it?

REMEMBER—FEVERISH COMPLAINTS YIELD TO 'ASPRO'

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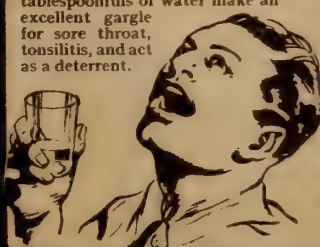
Loddiges Road, Mare Street,
Gentlemen, Hackney, E.9.
It is with the greatest pleasure that I write this letter to prove the genuine effect of your 'ASPRO' tablets. I sometimes have a headache which is unbearable, but a little while after I have taken two 'ASPRO' tablets it has gone. When I have felt a "flu" cold coming over me, I have gone to bed, drunk some hot lemon water with 2 'ASPRO' tablets, and the next morning I am as "fit as a fiddle." I am,
Yours gratefully, B. C. R.

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Dear Sir, Becontree, Essex.
I must write and let you know how thankful I am in taking 'ASPRO,' being a sufferer of rheumatism and neuralgia, and when I get acute pain I quickly fly to 'ASPRO' which I always have in the house.
My husband is also a believer in 'ASPRO' and would not be without them.
Wishing 'ASPRO' every possible success.
S. FORD (Mrs.)

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Two simple methods of giving 'ASPRO' to the kiddies are: (a) with a little milk; or (b) break the tablet up and administer in a teaspoonful of jam. The dose is: children 3 to 6 years, 1/2 tablet; 6 to 14 years, 1 tablet; 14 to 18 years, 1 1/2 tablets. 'ASPRO,' like any other medicine, should not be given to babies under 3 years of age without medical advice.

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EXTRA TABLETS FREE!

The cheapest way to buy 'ASPRO' is the 2 1/6 packet. It contains ten extra tablets, equivalent to 3 1/3 worth of 'ASPRO.' The next cheapest way is the 1 1/3 packet, which contains two extra tablets.

'ASPRO'
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LOVELY STARS

use this beauty soap

**"keeps skin
so smooth—" they say**

"No experiments," say the film stars. "We use Lux Toilet Soap, it keeps skin clear, smooth and youthfully attractive." The film stars discovered this simple complexion care and now declare it *essential*. Actually 705 out of the leading 713 screen and stage stars are using Lux Toilet Soap—*regularly*. In Hollywood and England it is —

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Such a simple, inexpensive beauty care . . . yet so very effective! Use Lux Toilet Soap—*regularly*. It will do for you what it has done for Jean Harlow and hundreds of other lovely stars. Hold youth and beauty in *your* skin . . . have a thrilling complexion that is always clear, smooth, and youthfully attractive.

Lux Toilet Soap costs no more than ordinary soap! Gives a rich, quick lather which thoroughly cleanses the pores of the skin . . . A lovely pure-white tablet delicately perfumed, daintily wrapped. Buy it from your grocer or dealer and use it *regularly* — for your bath and shampoo as well.

JEAN HARLOW (M.G.M.) says "I use Lux Toilet Soap faithfully, for it keeps my complexion exactly as I like it—velvety smooth, clear and always youthful."



Lesley Wareing ★ Enid Stamp Taylor ★ Jeanne Stuart ★ Wendy Barrie

LUX TOILET SOAP ★ 3^D A TABLET

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A LEVER PRODUCT

The Picturegoer Weekly.

No. 145 (New Series), Vol. 3

Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper

March 3, 1934

BRITAIN'S CHALLENGE TO HOLLYWOOD

PAGE
10

PICTUREGOER

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WEEKLY



ANNA
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Stop wasting money on cheap quack remedies and useless patent medicines and send for this absorbingly interesting book, which describes a simple, inexpensive, drugless home-treatment. A copy will be sent in a plain sealed envelope without charge or obligation. Write NOW and you will be delighted to learn how easily you can acquire strong nerves, robust health, and a happy, confident personality.

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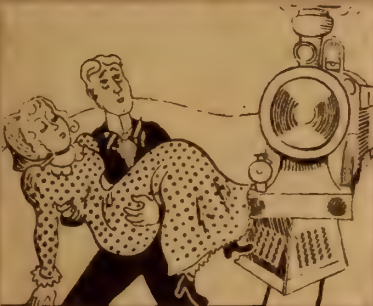
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New FACE POWDER SECRET

Gives "DULL FINISH" to Greasiest Skin

This new discovery will give you a fresh, girlish loveliness no man can resist. Absolutely no trace of shine all day long, whatever you are doing.

The secret is a new process, patented by Poudre Tokalon, by which "Mousse of Cream" is blended with the finest triple silk-sifted powder. That is what makes Poudre Tokalon cling five times as long as all other powders. Even after a long evening's dancing in a hot room your complexion is as fresh and lovely as when you began.

The "Mousse of Cream" in Poudre Tokalon prevents it from drying up the natural oils of the skin like ordinary powders do, causing it to become rough and dry.

Stays on
5 times
as long



If you would have a marvellous and fascinating complexion that will make you the admiration and envy of all your friends, get a box of Poudre Tokalon to-day. See for yourself how entirely different it is from all other powders, because "Mousse of Cream" is the exclusive secret of Tokalon.



A SLIM FORM

Do you wish to free yourself of unattractive 'extra' ounces? You can reduce 3 to 5 inches and have a lovely slim figure in a few weeks. Simply rub in SLIMCREAM, the remarkable Vegetable Reducing Cream, Guaranteed harmless. Wonderful testimonials. Month's supply, 3/9.—Write for Free Booklet, sent privately, SLIMCREAM, Dept. P.G., 28 Dean Road, LONDON, N.W.2.

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can't spare the
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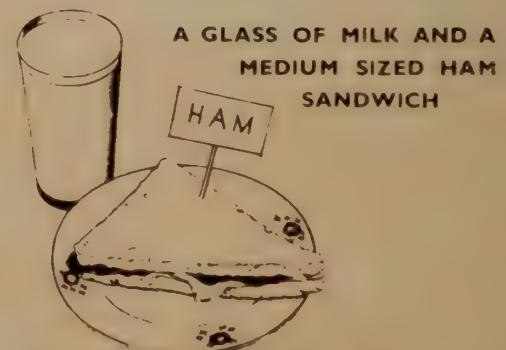
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Buy a $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. block of Cadburys Milk and get as much nourishment as

When you are hungry Cadburys Milk Chocolate gives you a comfortable feeling of satisfaction. That satisfaction is *real* satisfaction. Laboratory analyses show that the energy-giving power of a quarter of a pound of this chocolate is equal to that of a glass of milk and a medium sized ham sandwich.



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Picturegoer

A MAE WEST MYSTERY

THE SCREEN
news
MAGAZINE
de Luxe

No. 145 (New Series). Vol. 3.
March 3, 1934.

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W.C.2.

Advertisement Offices:
57 Long Acre, W.C.2.

Telephone: Temple Bar 2468.

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Southernwood, Rand,
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Age Controversy—Garbo's Supremacy Challenged—Meet Jean Muir—Barbara Bennett's Comeback—Dietrich Film on Fire—Lubitsch Condemns "All Star" Pictures.

HOW old is Mae West? The question of the age of the "Queen of Sex" is developing into one of filmland's major controversies.

Even the mystery of Joan Crawford's birthday date has faded into insignificance.

The query is usually met with a shocked silence within the precincts of the Paramount studio, while the star's personal entourage have been known to become aggressive when questioned.

Cary Grant was masterfully tactful on the subject during his recent visit to these shores, but some of Mae's friends have gone on record as saying that she is thirty-one.

On the other hand, it is well known that May (the Mae was a later development) was doing an adult act in American vaudeville "small time" before 1912.

Make your own guess.

Seniors Challenge to Garbo

The days of Garbo's supremacy are numbered, according to a Hollywood report.

No longer may Greta stand, literally and metaphorically, unchallenged.

Jean Muir, the new Warner "discovery," who plays her first lead in *As The Earth Turns*, and who according to people who should know is very beautiful, takes a number nine to accommodate her dainty little tootsies!

No Feminine Stars

The failure of the Warner studio to create a new feminine star has become almost a talkie tradition.

I wonder if Jean Muir will succeed in shattering it.

Joan Blondell has probably come nearer to breaking the spell than anybody, but ingratiating player though she is, Joan is no Garbo. The same might be said of Ruby Keeler.

Kay Francis, Barbara Stanwyck and Ruth Chatterton, the other big feminine names on the pay roll, were all established stars before they moved over to the Warner lot.

It appears probable now, too, that Chatterton

The Goldwyn Girls. One of the striking scenes in Eddie Cantor's "Roman Scandals."

(to whom, by the way, there is an Open Letter on page 8) will make *Journal of a Crime* her last picture for the firm.

More Film Feuds

Ruth's departure has left her luxurious bungalow dressing room, the most magnificent in filmland, vacant and after many executive head-aches over the rival claims of Kay Francis, Ruby Keeler and Barbara Stanwyck, the honour has been awarded to the last named.

The Burbank studio, incidentally, seems to be the storm centre of screenland at the moment.

Hollywood's most spectacular current feud is that between Joan Blondell and Genevieve Tobin, who since they appeared together in *Goodbye Again* are reported to be not too complimentary about one another.

And *Wonderbar*, on the same lot, is said to have produced a first class quarrel between Al Jolson and Ricardo Cortez.

Debut as Corpse

Jean Muir has only been in pictures for a little over six months.

She made a somewhat unusual screen debut as the corpse in *Bureau of Missing Persons*. Since then she has been in five pictures—something of a record for a new-comer.

Jean is from New York and has had two or three years on the stage.

She does not smoke, never drinks cocktails and takes a certain amount of pride in the fact that she has bigger feet than Garbo.

The Sheik's Steed

Many picturegoers over 25 may be interested to learn that Jadaan, the late Rudolph Valentino's Arabian horse, is returning to the screen. Jadaan carried Rudy through many of his greatest successes, including *The Sheik*.

For several years the horse, now the property of

(Continued on page 7)





PAT PATERSON

The Fox Company has high hopes of making a big star out of the young English girl who once ran away from school to go on the stage. Pat is making her Hollywood debut opposite John Boles and Spencer Tracy in one of the studio's biggest musicals of the season, at present untitled in this country.

(Continued from page 5)

the University of California, has been cared for on a large farm owned by a wealthy Californian, and it appeared that his kinema days were over.

However, the animal has been borrowed by the Radio studio, and will be ridden by Richard Dix in *Stingaree*.

Barbara Bennett for Films

Fans who remember the early talkies will be pleased to hear that Barbara Bennett, sister of Constance and Joan, is likely to return to the screen.

Barbara is married to Morton Downey, the stage star, and all previous efforts to lure her back to Hollywood have failed.

She is now in the screen colony, however, visiting her distinguished elder sister and the fact that she has engaged an agent, is regarded as a sure sign that there will soon be a fourth Bennett in pictures.

The Ten "Brainiest Stars"

One brave man has finally taken his courage—and his life—in his hands and named the ten brainiest women in movies.

He is Maxwell Arnold, a casting director and here, in tactful alphabetical order, are his selections:—

Mary Boland, Kay Francis, Ann Harding, Helen Hayes, Katharine Hepburn, Miriam Hopkins, Aline MacMahon, Karen Morley, Jean Muir, Diana Wynyard.

Mr. Arnold bases his choice on the consideration that the ten named "know what they want, know how to get it and know what to do with it once they have got it." Now a fugitive from the wrath of several women scorned he declares, "that's my story and I guess I'm stuck with it."

Dietrich Film Catches Fire

The publicity departments spend half their life times asking us to believe that the love scenes in certain pictures are so sensational that they had to be printed on asbestos.

I have been wondering if the theory will be advanced to explain the fact that Marlene Dietrich's new film *Scarlet Parade* actually did catch fire in the studio projection room the other day.

It occurred while the German star and her director Josef von Sternberg were watching a private showing. Von Sternberg was able to retrieve the situation and the rest of the film with a fire extinguisher.

One reel was destroyed, but the fire, of course, will not delay the picture. The negative was safe in the fire-proof vault.

Raft's 3-inch Heels

George Raft has, I hear, had his shoes built up several inches for his role in *Bolero* in order to overcome the handicap of his shortness of stature.

More than one screen "Great Lover" has had recourse to high heels to enable him to look more impressive in the clinches with the average leading lady.

Valentino, who was by no means undersized, wore them in some of his pictures. George has, however, created something of a record by a shoe "build up" of three inches.

Bolero seems likely to be Paramount's most determined effort to boost Raft into the major matinee idol class.

The highlight of the film is to be an interpretation of the Spanish "passion dance" that gives the film its name. It was the tango in *The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse* that really made Valentino's fame.

Leslie Howard as "Anthony Adverse."

Leslie Howard, I note, is being mentioned as a likely candidate for the star role in the film version of *Anthony Adverse*.

It will largely depend on whether he will be able to complete *Of Human Bondage* in time.

Also in the running for the part are Fredric March and Paul Muni, who was telling me at the preview of *Hi, Nellie* the other night that he hoped to tackle a costume drama in the near future.

In the meanwhile, filmland is expressing its sympathy for the adaptors who will have the task of compressing a 1,224-page novel into a movie script of reasonable length.

The Girl on the Cover

METEORIC CAREER OF ANNA NEAGLE

The career of Anna Neagle is one of the great romances of the British stage and screen.

Formerly a gymnasium mistress, she took up ball-room dancing with such success that she reached the final of the all England championship.

Determined to win fresh honours on the stage, she entered the profession via the chorus of Cochran and Charlot shows.

She went to America with Jack Buchanan's *Wake up and Dream* company, and so impressed that popular star that, on his return, he promoted her to the position of his leading lady in his next show, *Stand up and Sing*.

And when Buchanan decided to make a film of *Goodnight Vienna*, he again chose her to play opposite him.

Her screen success was as instantaneous as her triumph in *Stand up and Sing* was on the stage.

To-day she is among the most important stars in English films.

Anna's real name is Marjorie Robertson and she was born in Essex on October 20, 1908.

She is 5 ft. 4½ inches tall and has blonde hair and blue eyes.

Pictures of Anna Neagle's latest success, *The Queen*, will be found on pages 18 and 19:

Lubitsch Condemns All-Star Films

All star casts are out of favour at the moment. Ernst Lubitsch is, I note, the latest authority to enter the lists against them.

No picture, he declares, should carry more stars than can find a legitimate place in that picture—and by this I mean a legitimate place for the kind of performance that the public has a right to expect from them."

If, he adds, the industry has reached a point where a production, in order to sell itself, has to carry an array of distinguished performers simply because they have big names for the display on the marquee, then it is time that the industry woke up.

"I believe in stars," says the Herr Ernst. "But I believe in playing honest with both the public and the stars. And it is not honest to exploit a 'Multiple star' cast of big names, with nothing for the big names to give to the audience."

Kinema Couplets

The award of 10s. 6d. goes this week to Miss Violet M. Rees, Ward 4, Adelina Patti Hospital, Craig-y-nos, Penycae, Swansea, for:—

Cleopatra Roman Scandals

Prizes of 2s. 6d. each go to James A. King, 10, Burnham Gardens, Hounslow, Middlesex, for:—

An American Tragedy

The Crooner

To Miss M. Long, Deanwood, Pitville Circus Rd., Cheltenham, Glos., for:—

Pack Up Your Troubles Excess Baggage

To D. C. Crooke, 35, Glibe Road, Barnes, S.W.3, for:—

Murder in Covent Garden Say it With Flowers

And to Miss K. Stanley, 170, Stackpool Road, Southville, Bristol, for:—

Out All Night

The Man Who Dared

The only rule in this contest is that all attempts must be sent in on postcards—envelopes will not be opened. Address to me, c/o PICTUREGOER, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Short Shots

John Barrymore has practically decided to make a film *Hamlet—Prelude to Love*, a story based on the life of George Sand, has been purchased for Katharine Hepburn—Zasu Pitts recently revealed that she was secretly married in October to Edward Woodall, a broker—Edna May Oliver will support George Arliss in his next picture, tentatively titled, *Head of the Family*—It is now officially announced that Jeanette MacDonald is to be Maurice Chevalier's leading lady in *The Merry Widow*—simultaneous with the news that Buster Keaton is arriving back in two-reelers, comes the report that his sister Louise Keaton is embarking on a career as a screen comedienne—the role that Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., has in *Success Story* was created on the stage by Franchot Tone.

"Picturegoer" Gold Medal

Voting for THE PICTUREGOER Gold Medal Award is keeping my postman busy.

Have you recorded your vote yet?

Gold medals are awarded for the best performance by an actor and actress in 1933. Write on a post card the names of the two artistes and the pictures in which you consider they established their claims and address it to "Award of Merit," PICTUREGOER, Long Acre, W.C.2.

The most important stipulation to remember is that only films that were generally released in 1933 are to be considered.

MALCOLM D. PHILLIPS.



In silhouette. A novel behind-the-scenes shot that reveals, from left to right, Lew Ayres, June Knight, Edward Buzzell, the director, and John Fulton, cameraman, at work on a scene for "Cross-country Cruise."

A LITTLE Chat to CHATTERTON

MALCOLM D. PHILLIPS
addresses this week's Open Letter
to an actress who was "The First Lady
of the Screen," and whom he considers
has been apathetically dissipating her
talents in indifferent talkies.

A striking studio
portrait of Ruth
Chatterton.

Dear Ruth Chatterton,

REALLY, is it quite
naive? I mean that
new picture of yours,
Female.

If, incidentally,
someone had told me a year or so ago that we
should live to see the day when Ruth Chatterton,
the Ruth Chatterton of the New York
stage, would be starred in a picture called
Female, I might have saved myself—and a lot
of other people—a lot of trouble, sworn off
picturegoing for good and taken up cross-
word puzzles in the long winter evenings.

Nobody will quarrel with your desire to
play in something "light" after all the
screenic suffering you have been through in
the last few years.

All the best people have done it at one time
or another.

Where the Chatterton fans do have reason-
able grounds for objection, however, is in
your apparent acquiescence and, indeed,
co-operation, in what is understood to be the
studio policy of "building up Chatterton into
a queen of sex appeal."

Quite a great deal of the length of *Female* is
devoted to the exhibition of your physical charms.
They stop the action every few hundred feet or so
to show you partaking of your bath, stepping into
your step-ins or stepping out in your one-piece
bathing suit.

We are shown more of the Chatterton chassis
and the Chatterton chemises than we have seen
of Jean Harlow since *Hell's Angels*.

If you keep this sort of thing up, you know, they
will be calling Mae West the "First Lady of the
Screen" next.

I believe, by the way, that for many you still
hold the title even if you did commit a hitherto
unpardonable breach of Hollywood etiquette by
announcing your engagement to George Brent
before your divorce from Ralph Forbes had gone
through.

Among the few revelations which we were not
permitted in *Female*, however, were the flashes of
theatrical genius that made you the queen of the
early talkies.

Let us admit at once that the part was not
designed to give you many opportunities for
excursions into the higher flights of histrionics.
As always, you turned in a neatly efficient and
polished job of acting.

Nevertheless, there was a time when the
Chatterton name on a kinema marquee was
almost as good as a gilt-edged guarantee that we
were going to get the best show in town for our
money.

We were at least certain of seeing some of the
most distinguished acting the screen had to offer.

Would you mind, sometime, when you have a
minute, looking back and adding up the really
good pictures in which you have appeared in the
last eighteen months.

It may not be a pleasant task, but, after all, we
had to see the films.

The Crash? The Rich are Always with Us?
Frisco Jenny? Lilly Turner? Female? Well, it
does not demand the services of a chartered
accountant, does it?

They have all been reasonably agreeable
"stellar vehicles." Some of them might even have
"got by" as good entertainment had they come
from lesser actresses than Ruth Chatterton.

That, for some reason or other, they lacked the
production and story values of some of your
earlier pictures is a fault that cannot be charged
to you, although it is understood that under your
contract you do have a large say in the selection
of your pictures.

But how are we to regard the fact that they
have lacked also the histrionic inspiration of your
first talkie triumphs? Please do not misunderstand
me. Technically, all the characterisations con-

cerned were so flawless as to defy criticism. An
examiner at a dramatic academy must have
awarded them full marks.

I hope that I am not ungallant, however, and I
hope more still that I am mistaken, if I say that
while the Chatterton of *Lilly Turner* and *Female*
still has the power to charm us, she is in grave
danger of being no longer irresistible.

Perhaps the explanation may be found in what
a colleague who watched you at work on one of
your recent pictures told me once.

You were about to do a movingly dramatic
scene. As you waited on the set to go into action
you were pensively chewing gum. I believe, by
the way, if I may digress for a moment, that you
have given up the gum habit which put the
publicity boys to the trouble of thinking up that
explanation for a trusting public that it was good
for the chin line. Your own explanation now, in
eschewing it, I understand, is that you have given
up smoking and as you only "chewed" to take
away the taste of the tobacco the gum is no
longer necessary.

However, to return to that set. The camera
and lights "O.K.s" were given. The director
yelled out his "roll 'em." Ruth Chatterton
commenced to act—faultlessly. Anguish swept her
features, tears streamed down her cheeks, every
movement conveyed the tragedy of the scene.

"All right, cut," signalled the director. In less
than a split second the anguish was gone, the
tears had ceased and the only discernible move-
ment was the rhythmic champing of the Chatterton
jaws on the piece of gum that had not even been
removed from her mouth.

Perhaps it is very clever indeed to be able so
easily to turn the dramatics on and off, but
the incident coupled with the signs I have
indicated cannot but make one wonder if Chatterton
is relying too much on her mastery of the
technique of acting and too little on sincerity.

It is an error into which many artistes fall,
particularly when it is so easy to be superior
about the screen.

It has been recorded that on occasion you have
expressed the sentiment that you "hate the
talkies." But, really, have you any reason to?

You might like to cast your mind back a little
way into the past even if they nearly had to call
out the riot squad when some of the Hollywood
girls who were starting a club with a membership
confined to film stars who had once been "in the
chorus" invited you to be President!

It might remind you that you were, if not "all
washed up" on Broadway, at least no longer the
power on the Great White Way you once had been
when you packed your bags and trekked to
Hollywood.

Talkies have given you a new and greater
career, a larger fortune and wider fame and
prestige than you had ever before enjoyed—
scarcely valid reasons for "hating" them.

Neither, one imagines, is the loyalty with which
your public has supported you through the
past few months of indifferent Chatterton
pictures.

Perhaps this little sermon may be opportune
in view of the fact that with your contract
expiring, your future plans are at the moment, I
understand, uncertain.

I hope so.

MALCOLM PHILLIPS.

Through Our LENS



Shooting a scene from the new Universal picture, "Beloved" which represents another return to the romantically sentimental and was directed by Victor Schertzinger. Gloria Stuart is seen seated and John Boles facing her.



Isabel Jewell displays this sheer wool frock with new dolman sleeves and high draped neckline, which continues to form a cape at the back.

Elizabeth Allan, who is playing the dramatic role of Barbara in "Men In White," undergoes a voice test at the M.-G.-M. studios.



Diana Wynyard, the brilliant star of "Cavalcade" and "Reunion in Vienna," had much to say in the designing of her beautiful studio dressing-room, which is one of the finest on the M.-G.-M. lot.



Miss Wynyard's sitting-room, which adjoins the dressing-room, also displays the star's innate sense of taste. Here she spends her "between-scene" time resting.



HEADING for



The famous director with Charles Bickford and Raquel Torres whom he directed in B.I.P.'s "Red Wagon."

Paul Stein at work directing a scene for a recent picture.

The subject of this article with Bebe Daniels between scenes of "The Song You Gave me," at Elstree.

SOMETIMES in the career of a journalist there occur the strangest incidents. I went to Elstree recently to interview a friend of mine, a film star who had unexpectedly been called to England from Germany; but on arrival I discovered that just on that day my celebrity was not filming.

Disgruntled, I was just making my way to the British International canteen to get a cheering cup of hot tea when I felt a light but firm hand on my shoulder and heard a voice say: "Hallo, Mr. Witt, wie geht es Ihnen?"

It was my old friend Paul Ludwig Stein, the famous producer, who had recently finished work on his latest film, *Red Wagon*.

Five minutes of greeting gradually spun themselves out into an hour's conversation during which Stein gave me an account of his many experiences in the film world of England and America.

In the first place he told me how he himself had fared. How, many years ago he, the most successful actor in Vienna, suddenly and

without any real reason, gave up his work and turned his enthusiasm to films, which were then struggling against technical limitations, foreseeing the tremendous possibilities which the future held for this newly discovered sphere of art.

"With my modest savings, but without any contract or definite prospects, I bought a ticket to America one day, having then already worked in the Berlin studios for a year or two.

"For weeks I wandered about New York in search of an engagement. But without success. Until one day Warner Brothers entrusted a small film to me. 'Either you make a success of it, or you go,' was their hardly reassuring word of encouragement.

"Well, a success it was; and that was the beginning of seven busy years in Hollywood, years full of toil and joy and success, but not without the anxiety and setbacks which can be avoided as little in our profession as in others.

"For seven years I worked in Hollywood amongst the world's brightest stars, and at the time when this new art was going through a period of artistic development more spectacular and impressive, I suppose, than has ever been known anywhere.

"The zenith of my career there was reached when *Variety*, the most famous theatrical journal in America and, indeed, in the world, numbered me among the world's ten most successful producers.

"Of course," continued Stein with a smile, "I

was terribly proud. But a bit ashamed, too; for I felt that they were crediting me with too much.

"Then I suddenly realised that if one was to serve the art of the films as such, one could not do so by working exclusively from America, with its somewhat one-sided, stereotyped taste.

"One must not lose touch with Europe and its ideas on art, often so very different from those of America, of course, no less valuable.

"And so I suddenly decided, having arrived at the peak of my career, to turn my back on America with just as little provision as when I had originally set out thither.

I wanted to go back to Berlin. There where, in the film-city of Neubabelsberg and in the stalls of the German theatre, as one of the pupils of the unrivalled Max Reinhard, I had once learn something of his great artistry—there in Berlin I wanted to continue my film work and put to the test the wealth of experience that I had gathered in America.

"Just as a murderer is always magnetically drawn back to the scene of his crime," Stein continued laughingly, "so I too was drawn back to Berlin and to the places of my unforgettable years of apprenticeship.

"But there I was up against the trend of political events. German filmcraft, which has been completely shattered by political experiments, is hardly the basis on which I can work out my ideas.

"I came to England really on chance. But one day Mr. Maxwell, the General Manager of British International Films, asked me whether I would make two films for him here in Britain. I accepted, and one, *Red Wagon*, has already had a run in London.

"Yet what really makes my work here so particularly interesting is the fact that, just as in America some years ago, when I was caught up in the almost superhumanly rapid surge of pro-

BRITISH SUPREMACY

by Paul STEIN

FEW men are better able to assess the real strength of Britain's film challenge to Hollywood than the director of "Red Wagon," who achieved distinction during seven years in America before he came to our studios. In this special interview with Peter Witt he tells you his conclusions.



Right: Paul Stein has worked with some of the screen's biggest stars, including Constance Bennett in "Sun Takes a Holiday." Below: Richard Tauber whom Stein will direct in "The Life of Schubert."



gress, here in England I now find myself again in the midst of a film boom.

"For there can be no doubt that at present in England the film industry is making great strides, and in record time, so that she is now not only the second most important film-producing country in the world after Hollywood, but also a serious competitor to Hollywood itself.

"Apart from this, my work here gives me the opportunity of comparing the two countries and of drawing, from my own observations, conclusions which help me in the practice of my art.

"But work here in England is much, much harder than in Hollywood. First of all, the technique of the film has already been perfected there. While one is always hindered here and has still to overcome difficulties which cannot even be remembered any more in America, where the technical machine runs almost automatically.

"While the director in Hollywood has help on all sides and everything at his disposal to lighten his labour, here he is relied upon for everything. This, it is true, makes his work much more interesting and often more personal, but naturally it is much more exacting and nerve-racking.

"Of course the English companies know exactly where their weaknesses lie and value the work of their producers proportionately higher. And this too convinces me that when England has overcome her technical difficulties she will not only catch up with Hollywood, but will be able to compete with its productions.

"There is only one serious limitation, as I see it, to the scope for marketing English films in America. It is the tremendous difference between the mentality of producers and actors in England on the one hand and of America on the other.

"This does not apply so much to New York and other large cities in that continent, but to the small towns which, as is well known, form the majority of American film 'consumers.'

"In these little towns people often just don't understand English films. They laugh at the treatment of the story and indeed even at the accent of speech. The public is conscious of a foreign body with which it is not at ease.

"That West End dialect upsets them. And for this the English industry must find some remedy, sparing neither money nor trouble. It must, as it has, as a matter of fact, already done to some extent, bring over American actors; but at the same time in spite of this it must preserve a distinctively English character.

"A part from this, of course, I am well aware that films are produced here which are intended exclusively for the British Empire and which can therefore dispense with the need of flirting with the American film-market. This is what we call 'Heimatindustrie'—goods for home consumption.

"England stands at a turning point. In an ascending course which in my opinion neither can nor will be interrupted. I am lucky indeed to be able to play a part in this remarkable triumphal progress. I know that my work is still far from perfect. But it is already better than it was.

"I feel like a schoolboy who learns something fresh and something more in every form. In my case the film takes the place of the school. Until



the spring I shall continue to work in London. "Soon we shall be commencing a new film in which I am presenting Richard Tauber the famous tenor, one of the greatest of the present day.

"Tauber is considered the most perfect Schubert singer in the world and now in a film he will incarnate the composer whom he interprets so marvellously. But this Schubert film has nothing to do with *Lilac Time*; it is just a play set to Schubert's original music.

"When this work has been completed I shall go back to Hollywood, where I am still under contract; but I hope that my activities in England will be interrupted only and not finally terminated by this trip."

NEXT WEEK

"Who's Afraid of the Big, Bad West?"

"Picturegoer" writes an Open Letter to the star of the hour, Greta Garbo, whose big come-back gamble has been one of the major sensations of 1934.



THE NAME 'CRAVEN' ON
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IS A GUARANTEE OF QUALITY

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Barnet: the original letter can
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To Carreras, Ltd.

"May I say a little word of praise for Craven 'A'?"

I have smoked them for several years. Previous to
that, I dare not smoke more than one a day as other
Cigarettes used to make me cough so much and hurt
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Then I was recommended your wonderful Craven
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they do me no harm. I cannot praise them too highly."

CRAVEN "A"

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C.A. 78

PHIL LONERGAN SENDS IT HOT FROM HOLLYWOOD

SCREENLAND'S Latest SENSATION

Will Alice Faye be a Big Star?—Gloria Stuart on the Warpath—
A Boom in Crooners—Novarro's Sister Renounces Career

AT the Fox studio, the other day, I met Alice Faye, a little blonde who has become Hollywood's latest sensation. Publicity departments are wont to wax over-enthusiastic, but a quiet tour of the lots gives one an opportunity to "check up" on highly heralded discoveries.

Hollywood is "sold on" Alice Faye, and when *Scandals* is released she will, I think, be high in the film firmament. She was a singer in Rudy Vallee's radio hour, and soon reports were circulated that Rudy and Alice were contemplating matrimony as soon as the crooner could secure his freedom from Fay Webb.

Rudy was signed for a star role in George White's *Scandals* at the Fox studio, and brought Alice to Hollywood, where she was given a small part in the film.

Opportunity knocked when Lilian Harvey "walked out" on the picture. Alice took Miss Harvey's role, and studio employees who have seen the rushes are still raving about her acting, her singing and her charm.

Alice is a quiet little blonde, who is overwhelmed by her success. She told me that she hopes she will live up to the expectations of her film friends. She looks at Hollywood through rose-coloured glasses.

She certainly has reason to feel that way.

A Defiant Actress

Gloria Stuart is on the warpath, and she does not care who knows it.

The charming Universal player feels that she has been given minor roles, while other actresses have been presented with outstanding parts.

Gloria did not like the idea of Margaret Sullavan receiving the star role in *Only Yesterday*, and the last straw was when Constance Cummings was given the lead in *Glamour*.

The young actress would like a release from her Universal contract, which the studio will not grant. A close friend of Gloria tells me that she was offered \$3,500 per week to appear in British pictures, but that Universal does not want her to become accustomed to such a plethoric salary.

At last accounts, the affair was a deadlock.

Profitable Rivalry

Many clever girls are buried by their studios in unimportant roles until other companies try to borrow them. The home studios thereupon show interest in the neglected actresses.

RKO-Radio has a far higher opinion of Helen Mack and Julie Hayden since these young ladies scored acting successes away from RKO. So it is scarcely surprising that Kathryn Sergava, under contract to Warners, is highly popular at the Burbank plant since other producers began to battle for her services.

Although Kathryn has only appeared in minor roles for Warners, Columbia is trying to secure her services as John Barrymore's leading woman in *Twentieth Century*, one of the big specials of the year, while Fox would like to borrow her for the *Fox Follies* of 1934.

Crooners in Demand

Every studio in Hollywood is competing for the services of male radio singers, popularly known as "crooners."

Among those now under contract are Bing

Crosby, Rudy Vallee, Russ Columbo, Ben Bernie, Lanny Ross, and Jack Haley.

So movie-struck boys are doing their utmost to cultivate their voices and singing teachers are reaping a harvest.

Travelling in Style

Carl Brisson amazed Hollywood when he arrived from London with eighteen trunks and a huge, foreign automobile. Incidentally, I understand that Brisson and one other star are the only players permitted to drive their cars through the gates of the Paramount studio.

The actor's charming wife avoided the lime-light and quietly slipped off the train while Brisson was greeted by a waiting throng. Mrs. Brisson has no desire for a film career. She is quite satisfied to be Mrs. Brisson.

Brisson's first American film will be *Murder at the Vanities*, in which he will sing a number of songs.

All for Love

Carmen Samaniego, Ramon Novarro's sister, who has won considerable fame as a dancer, will abandon her career in June, when she will marry Carlos Novarro, studio technical advisor.

Carlos and Carmen have been devoted to each other since the days when they were children in Durango, Mexico. Both families were from Chihuahua, and moved to Durango when the children were young.

As we all know, Ramon Novarro's family name is Samaniego, the Latin star adopting the film appellation of Novarro after his success in *The Prisoner of Zenda*. It was a graceful compliment to old and loyal friends.

Spare the Rod

Richard Arlen and his wife, Jobyna Ralston, declare they will never spank their small son, Richard Ralston Arlen.

The child, according to Dick and Jobyna, is to be raised with love and kindness, and the inexperienced parents fondly believe that this method will be highly successful.

I sincerely hope that the Arlens will never have to use a hairbrush upon their offspring but, if he is like the average child, stern measures may be necessary.

A Boomerang

Lyle Talbot, Warner player, permitted a fan magazine to publish an article entitled, "Wanted—A Wife," wherein Lyle was quoted as yearning for a mate. Actor and writer believed that the story would bring Talbot plenty of publicity, and it did, but not in the way they had hoped.

From all over the U.S.A., and from foreign countries, came letters from women of all ages and sizes, ready to wed Lyle and settle down to life in Hollywood.



A new stellar sport. "Skataplaining," with its inventor, Adele Thomas, the Radio Pictures starlet. The "Skataplane" can achieve 40 miles an hour.

"Hell Hath No Fury Like a Woman Scorned," so the unfortunate Thespian, who is not matrimonially inclined at the moment, is in a quandary.

A Jealous "Tarzan"

When Ken Maynard's wife gave him a motor-cycle for a Christmas present, she gratified a wish he has had since he was a boy. What she did not anticipate was that the gift would change Tarzan, Ken's famous film horse, from a well-mannered and mild-tempered animal into a creature of temperament and fury.

The day that Maynard rode into Universal City on his motor-cycle, the office force lined up to admire the shiny new gift. But Tarzan, when he saw Ken riding along on the motor-cycle, started out after him, snorting and showing anything but pleasure.

It looked like a plain case of jealousy.

Hollywood Says That—

—Dolores Del Rio always gets out of bed on the left side because she never had any luck when she got out on the other.

—Sally Rand slept on a Central Park Bench in New York city after being ejected from a \$4 a week room.

They both bought expensive wool jumpers...

BUT *Oh*, THE DIFFERENCE IN THEIR WASHING...



ALL your garments will look and last better if all the dirt is *really* got out each washing.

Persil's mild soapsuds, made active with oxygen, make certain of that. Ordinary washing sometimes leaves dirt behind which gets hard and stubborn. But Persil alone—

without the addition of soap or anything else—ensures that every wash leaves your linen absolutely pure and white. And for silks and woollens Persil is just as good.



THE AMAZING OXYGEN WASHER

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Play The Beauty Game—

MRS. NEWLY-WED!

It is a wife's business to keep her home lovely and it is equally important that she should keep herself lovely, too. And it is so fatally easy to "let yourself go" when there is cooking and washing and cleaning to do. No young husband likes to see the pretty girl he fell in love with develop into a drab, unattractive wife—so play the beauty game, Mrs. Newly-Wed. Our Beauty Expert tells you below of the simplest and quickest beauty methods.

KEEP COMPLEXION LOVELINESS.—First of all, remember that a clear, unblemished complexion is the foundation of beauty. Housework plays havoc with sensitive skins unless you adopt modern beauty methods. If you would keep your skin pink-and-white and youthful, just get an ounce or two of Mercolized Wax from your chemist (this wax is only sold by registered chemists, so be on your guard against the many spurious imitations on the market). Smooth a little of this wax over face and neck (hands, too, if you would keep them smooth and unlined) at bedtime. While you sleep the wax will do its work, gently and imperceptibly removing the outworn skin with all its blemishes, keeping lines and wrinkles at bay, leaving your complexion fresh and flawless.

SHAMPOO LORE.—Though you may have neither time nor money for frequent visits to the hairdressers, there is no need to let your hair lose its loveliness. Frequent washing with the right shampoo will keep the scalp healthy and the hair glossy. If you have neglected your hair and find that it lacks lustre, and is dry and brittle in appearance, then you must revise your shampoo methods. Try a Stallax shampoo. Not only does Stallax make home-setting easy with permanent waves, but it encourages natural curls to ripple with new beauty and even induces the most obdurately straight hair to take on a hint of curl. Blondes, brunettes, and redheads can use it with equally satisfactory results and, as a teaspoonful of the little golden granules dissolved in a cup of hot water suffices for a shampoo, it is quite inexpensive.

PRESERVE YOUR CHARM.—If you would preserve your charm and daintiness, be on your guard against the disfiguring blemish of superfluous hair. Fear of drastic depilatories or the use of the toilet razor is no reason for neglect, for nowadays, Sipolite, the safe hair eraser, comes to the rescue. Sipolite can be used with confidence on the most sensitive skin for removing both facial and body growths, never leaving any trace of irritation. Just try it yourself—get half an ounce from your chemist and mix a little to a smooth paste with cold water. Apply this to the unwanted hairs, and, as the paste dries, they will shrivel off leaving the skin satin-smooth, unblemished.

Throat Sore ?

You need

Allenburys
Glycerine & Black Currant PASTILLES

Your Chemist stocks them

4d. per oz.

In tins: 2 ozs. 8d. 4 ozs. 1/3

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CHESTER MORRIS

Who is seen in "King for a Night," and "Golden Harvest." Morris, who comes from a theatrical family, was born in New York and achieved success on the stage before he entered films in 1928. Scored his first screen hit in "Alibi." Has been married for seven years to Sue Kilborn, has two children, and lives in Beverly Hills.



Allan Dinehart, Minna Gombell, Lew Ayres and Jane Knight in "Cross-country Cruise" which will be reviewed next week.



Verree Teasdale, who makes the most of her opportunities in "Fashion Follies of 1934."

PAUL MUNI has followed in the footsteps of his Warner colleague, Edward G. Robinson, in an essay into light comedy, *Hi! Nellie*, as a change from heavy drama, and it must be conceded that as in the case of *The Little Giant* the experiment is a success for everybody concerned.

Mr. Muni, indeed, when he sheds the bullet-proof vest of Scarface and the chains of the Georgia fugitive, stands revealed as one of the screen's most ingratiating, as well as one of its most skilled, actors. He carries through a characterisation that might easily have been boorish with something like the easy grace and charm that has hitherto been the monopoly of Ronald Colman.

I hope the fact that in certain respects it is similar in theme to the previously previewed *Advice to the Lovelorn* will not be allowed to prejudice the picturegoer against *Hi! Nellie*. Mervyn Le Roy, the director, is a master in this particular field and here he has, by extracting the most out of a colourful, well characterised and reasonably plausible story, given us the best newspaper picture we have had for a long time.

Muni appears in the managing editorial chair of a newspaper office which bears more resemblance to the newspaper offices I know than those in most screen journalistic epics. A banker and reform leader named Canfield has disappeared mysteriously and a big deficit has been discovered at the bank. Muni, who has faith in Canfield's integrity, refuses to "splash" the story as a "defaulting banker sensation" and he is apparently "scooped" by every other paper in town.

As a result he is demoted to the Nellie Nelson "Heart Throbs" column, a journalistic institution and punishment which I am particularly grateful has not yet invaded this country.



March 3, 1934

PRE-VIEWS OF THE LATEST FILMS

PAUL MUNI SHEDS the Chain Gang SHACKLES

He is unmercifully ragged by his colleagues whose ironic greetings of "Hi! Nellie," at every available opportunity, give the picture its somewhat unusual title, while the job drives him to desperation and drink until Jerry Krale (Glenda Farrell), a sob sister on whom the former managing editor has inflicted the same punishment, twits him with not being able to take his own medicine.

He settles down to make a good job of the column and subsequently an odd assignment connected with it leads him to a clue to the mystery of Canfield's disappearance, which he is able to clear up in an exciting last reel.

In the final shot we see Muni, Miss Farrell and the rest of the boys giving the "Hi! Nellie" greeting to Muni's hated rival for the managing editor's "desk."

Sound characterisation rare in a film of its speed and the well maintained atmosphere of the newspaper office give an air of conviction and with the ingenuity of Mr. Le Roy's direction help a familiar theme immensely.

The comedy relief is natural and unforced and is free both from vulgarity and *double entendre*—a fact so unique in these days as to deserve special mention.

A romance interest is merely hinted at, but Glenda Farrell in one of her best impersonations of hardboiled femininity with the heart of gold gives us the impression that she will get her man in the end.

Ned Sparks contributes a characteristically lugubrious cameo as Muni's faithful henchman and the rest of the cast is well up to standard.—M. D. P.

Fashion Follies of 1934

An ordinary member of the male species is likely to be flabbergasted by the magnificence of fashion display in this new Warner Brothers picture.

He will also learn many things about dress designing and Paris fashions of which he had hitherto been ignorant. Above all, he will enjoy this fast moving film in which the revue is incidental and is introduced quite naturally.

Sherwood Nash is a man who is always founding new "Enterprises." When I tell you that this "live-by-his-wits" fellow is played by William Powell, you will immediately range yourself on his side, no matter how cunningly he breaks the law.

With Snap, his assistant, and Lynn, an artist,

he establishes a designing shop. He bribes truck drivers to allow him to copy the exclusive Paris models before they are delivered to the rightful owners.

The importers discover their wonderful models are being copied and sold in the stores and they intend to put a stop to it. But Nash soon persuades them to send him to Paris to steal the designs for them.

The trio, Nash, Snap, and Lynn, arrive in Paris, and Lynn makes designs which Nash signs "Baroque" or some other famous artist. Things are pretty tough with them when Nash sees Baroque, King of Paris Fashion, with a beautiful woman masquerading as a Russian Grand Duchess. Nash recognises her as one of his old flames—a Hollywood small part actress.

At the same time, Nash meets Joe Ward, who has an ostrich farm, but cannot sell the feathers. Our lovable rogue soon has an idea. The Grand Duchess, Baroque, ostrich feathers—a revue to make the world ostrich feather conscious.

Baroque finances the show, it is an enormous success, and Baroque tries to double-cross Nash, whereupon this resourceful rascal establishes a rival house which draws all the fashionable people.

Meanwhile, Baroque has discovered that Nash has been selling designs to America with forged names and has him arrested the day Baroque and the Duchess are married.

Naturally it is quite simple for Nash to extricate himself from this trouble and we leave him with Lynn and Snap—and a big cheque—aboard a liner bound for America.

I should have mentioned that Lynn and Nash are in love with one another and that their love story runs a bright thread through the film.

The grand climax of the picture is the ostrich feather number in the revue. It is the last word in staging girls. Another fascinating number is the Mannequin Exhibition, showing how modern fashions are derived from old prints.

Through the film breezes our old friend, William Powell. He is as delightful as ever, which is maximum praise.

Our readers will remember that some time ago we told them to keep an eye on a newcomer, Verree Teasdale (wasn't it *Skyscraper Souls*?). Well, see her in this film. She is magnificent as the phoney Grand Duchess.

Bette Davies as Lynn is fine. She has a much surer touch now and should be headed for real stardom.

The comedy has been left to two of my favourites

Let Our Film Critics Who Really See The Pictures Guide You

Frank McHugh and Hugh Herbert. If you cannot laugh at them and with them, there's something wrong with you—or with me.

There are a few feet of film I would have cut out had I been Warner Bros. (or the Censor). It is a pity that one is forced to grimace even for a moment during this fine entertainment.—M. B. Y.

The Big Shakedown

America is determined, apparently, to stick to her racketeers. The beer racket is a thing of the past, but in this picture we are introduced to a new one—the drug racket.

This consists in making imitations of well known proprietary commodities and under-selling the genuine article. The racketeers, too, have the same pleasant little habit they had in the beer business of forcing chemists to buy large stocks.

How all this is possible I do not know; the law must be singularly lax, for I am assured that the game has been operated.

In this picture the drug racketeer is played by Ricardo Cortez, who gets a young chemist to fake various toothpaste and toilet commodities. But when he starts asking him to imitate a famous antiseptic, and digitalis, a powerful heart stimulant, the chemist rebels.

The racketeer thereupon frames him in the shooting of a rather unfortunate mistress who had been giving his game away.

The chemist is forced to go on with the fraud until at last his wife nearly dies in child-birth through being given the faked digitalis; as it is, the baby has to be sacrificed.

The chemist goes gunning for the racketeer, but finds another has been before him. So he throws the body into a convenient vat of sulphuric acid which dissolves it and eliminates all traces of the crime.

He then hands the rest of the gang over to the police and being freed himself starts again, as the synopsis somewhat naively puts it "with an honest drug store."

It is all rather tedious and slow in development and one is never really convinced by the characters or the plot. Continuity is scrappy.

The comedy moments are, however, good and there is a sprinkling of wisecracks which will give you a laugh now and then.

It is a pity to see an actor of Ricardo Cortez' ability being given such a thankless rôle as that of the racketeer, but he makes the most of it and displays that polish and easy naturalness which always distinguishes him.

Perhaps some company will give him another break like *The Melody of Life* one of these days.

Bette Davis has little to do but look attractive as an *ingénue*, the wife of the chemist, which latter rôle Charles Farrell plays competently but not remarkably.

Glenda Farrell is very good in the small rôle of the ex-mistress who is so unceremoniously "bumped off," while Allen Jenkins is excellent as the racketeer's lieutenant.—L. C.

I Am Suzanne

Since his declaration of independence something like a year ago, Mr. Jesse L. Lasky has become one of our most original and individualistic producers, and here again he turns in a picture that is charmingly "different."

I Am Suzanne possesses the merits of novelty, fine craftsmanship in construction, an agreeable, if leisurely, story and, by no means least important, a good Lilian Harvey rôle.

It is, moreover, a very pleasing antidote to the convention in plots which has in the past few months caused us to experience the symptoms of acute movie indigestion at the mere mention of the words "back stage."

Although the story is set in the theatre, no capering chorines blossom overnight into Broadway sensations, no pale young crooners turn up to "save the show" at the last minute, and no "spectacular" ensembles form themselves into flower patterns for the purpose of holding up the action interminably.

Novelty is provided by the introduction of the famous Piccoli Marionettes and the Yale Puppeteers in support of the human players.

"Suzanne," played by Miss Harvey, is a successful Parisian dancer who is managed by an engagingly unscrupulous bogus Baron and his mistress.

She meets Tony, a boy marionette impresario, and their friendship so disturbs the Baron that in order to preserve his "meal ticket" he proposes marriage to her and by skilfully arousing her sympathy wins her consent.

Then Suzanne crashes in her tight-rope act one night and breaks her leg. Forsaken by her manager who believes her career is over, she is nursed to health by Tony and his family.

Here we are initiated into the strange backstage life of the Marionette people and made to feel as if we know the members of this ancient and hereditary craft whose lives are bound up with their puppets intimately.

The exhibitions of the dolls, too, staged on an elaborate scale are always interesting, and almost overcome preconceived convictions that the movies are not a good medium for marionettes.

The effectiveness of the picture lies largely in the moderation with which all its points of appeal have been accomplished. Its delightful moments of phantasy are never overdone and the sentiment never overstressed.

Mr. Lasky and Director Rowland V. Lee have succeeded, too, where her other Hollywood directors have failed, in creating the right mood for the exploitation of Lilian Harvey's elfin personality and she is better here than in anything I have seen her since *Congress Dances*.

The rôle, of course, gives her scope to demonstrate her dancing ability and in one adagio number she takes a tossing that would horrify any other star in films to-day.

The acting honours, however, are all but stolen by Leslie Banks, who brilliantly contrives to make the Baron both the villain and the comedian of the piece, and certainly the most interesting character.

Another fine piece of acting comes from Georgia Caine, an artiste I cannot recall having seen on the screen before, in the rôle of the mistress. The photography is by Lee Garmes.—M. D. P.

Easy To Love

Here is a very good example of the way in which farce should be put over. There is not a great deal in the plot, but the director, William Keighley, has seen to it that the action keeps moving, and that there are no long dull patches of dialogue.

It might perhaps have avoided stage conventions a little more rigorously but generally the camera work is good and avoids giving a cramped theatrical effect.

The cast is an exceptionally strong one. While it does not contain names which scintillate in the big lights, the artistes are drawn from the ranks of those who really form the backbone of most screen entertainments.

There is Adolphe Menjou, as serene and debonair as ever in the rôle of a husband who neglects his wife for polo. At least that is what he says. "Polo" is actually a very attractive brunette equally attractively played by Mary Astor.

The wife, excellently presented by that brilliant artiste, Genevieve Tobin—who is another of those on whom the limelight does not shine sufficiently often—employs a detective to watch her husband. Hugh Herbert is the sleuth so you can imagine that the rôle has plenty of humour.

Having discovered the worst, the wife proceeds to pretend to be in love with her husband's best friend, Eric, who is none other than the inimitable Edward Everett Horton.

The hitherto happily married pair drift apart, much to the disappointment of the daughter, charmingly played by Patricia Ellis, who has always looked on their marriage as an ideal one and held it up as a pattern to her fiancé (Paul Kaye).

This pair shock the estranged couple into a reconciliation by running away to a hotel and telling them they are going to live together,



Paul Muni and Glenda Farrell both score in "Hi, Nellie!"

since marriage is obviously a disastrous affair.

They are followed by the outraged parents who find them in bed and insist on sending out at once for a justice of the peace to marry them.

(Our old friend Guy Kibbee makes of this small part a clever little character study.)

The runaway couple agree to marry if the parents will re-unite. A promise having been obtained, they disclose the fact that they were married the day before.

The dialogue is extremely witty and at times daring, but the thin ice is skilfully skated over and there are no offensive vulgarities.

The general atmosphere is sophisticated and piquant.—L. C.

Sleepers East

There is little left of the original story by Frederick Nebel in this adaptation of it, so if you have read the novel you must be prepared to be disappointed.

If you have not, you will find it quite good entertainment, rather slow in starting, but working up a soundly exciting climax.

The plot deals with a woman convict on parole who gets involved in a shooting affair and runs away.

A gangster is arrested for the crime, but actually it was committed by the son of the mayor. The gangster's attorney sets out to find the missing witness and bring her back, while the other side do all they can to prevent her getting into court.

A romantic note is introduced by the woman meeting her girlhood lover on the train which is taking her back as the all-important witness.

There is plenty of excitement since the train crashes and the lover is shot and wounded whilst attempting to escape with the woman.

Also the counter-intrigues between the gangster's attorney and a private detective in the pay of the mayor are ingeniously worked out.

The woman is finally brought to the trial—the court scenes, by the way, are some of the most convincing I have seen in American pictures—and forced to give evidence.

I will not spoil the denouement for you by telling what actually happens except that it provides a good, exciting climax.

Train sequences—quite a lot of footage is taken up by the transport of the witness to the court—are very well done, as is the actual smash in which the engine driver is killed.

He, by the way, is made quite a character and his little story is interesting in itself. He is doing his last run before retirement and has been given an old engine which he is determined to bring in on schedule or "bust" its boilers.

Actually in the book the latter is what does happen and I think it much more effective than the collision which takes place in the film.

Wynne Gibson gives a noteworthy study of the unfortunate woman who gets innocently involved in criminal proceedings. She has a wide range of expression and the power of making you believe in the character she is portraying as well as enlisting sympathy for it.

Preston Foster is very good as her lover and an excellent study of an unscrupulous private detective is given by J. Carrol Naish. Harvey Stephens is natural and engaging as the gangster's attorney.

Roger Imhof makes an interesting little character study of the old engine driver.—L. C.

The QUEEN'S



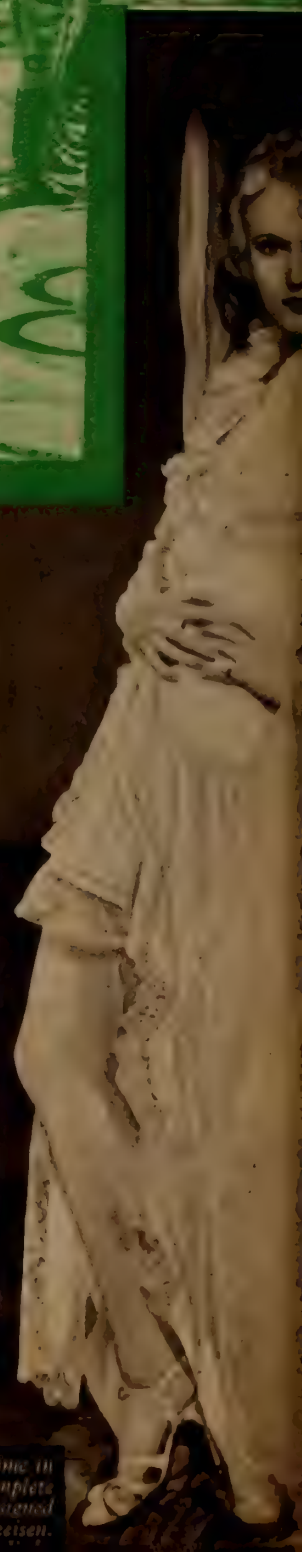
The revolutionary leader in a European kingdom (Fernand Graavey) finds himself in a tough spot while travelling in a lonely mountain resort.

The deposed Queen (Anna Neagle) and the revolutionary leader, now President, meet, without knowing each other's identity, in a small town where they have each gone to get a little peace.



An example of the pageantry in this light-hearted romance. The ex-shop girl Nadina (Anna Neagle) is brought from America and

Anna Neagle, for the first time in her screen career, wears a complete range of modern clothes designed especially by Doris Zinkeisen.



March 3, 1934

AFFAIR

IN contrast to the wistful romance of *Bitter Sweet*, Herbert Wilcox gives us in his new production a wealth of comedy and satire. The story concerns a young girl working in New York who is called to be Queen of a Ruritanian country, where she faces revolution and finds romance. The part is different from any that Anna Neagle has yet played. She is supported by a strong cast which includes Fernand Graavey and Miles Maleson.



A romance develops between the President and the ex-Queen, but when they discover each other's identity, hostilities commence and finally the Queen is recalled to the throne.



A deputation from the European kingdom arrives in a New York store to offer the



Freely based on the film, "One Sunday Afternoon," by permission of Paramount Film Corporation, Ltd., Wardour Street, London, W.1.

See "On the Screens Now" feature, page 23, for the full cast and Lionel Collier's criticism of this film.

Romance begun in the early nineteen hundreds.

"B IFF, you ought to have married Virginia."

Naturally, he ought. Moreover, Snappy Downer, of the fat, drooping curl and broad grin, wasn't the first man to appreciate, —if he was, to give tongue to—a fact that Biff Grimes had been resenting for twenty years.

Swaying slightly with the dentist's drill in an unsteady hand, Biff started to file the lower denture intended for Snappy's massive jaw.

"Amy's old-fashioned," he conceded as just criticism of the wife of his bosom and frowned through the consulting-room door to the hall, whence her admonition had proceeded:—

"Biff, Snappy—do stop! You're making a fearful noise."

Why should she complain because a couple of old friends thought to enliven an afternoon's work, in addition to the absence of the formal white coat and the consumption of much whisky, by vocal rendering of songs from the shows? Possibly because Amy disliked hearing songs of twenty years since—songs that excited Biff, making him reminiscent, sentimental, and bitter.

"I don't know why Virginia should have married Hugo Barnstead," Snappy mused. "The bottom teeth don't bite too well, Biff."

"H—m, they don't. Maybe I've given you another fellow's plate. Let me look."

Things were slightly hazy to Biff as he quitted the chair for a side-table. Suddenly the telephone bell rang.

"Answer, will you, Snappy?"

"It's a bloke wanting an appointment right now."

"Tell him I don't see patients on Sunday afternoon."

Snappy turned with his hand over the old-fashioned mouthpiece.

One Sunday Afternoon

THE STORY OF THE FILM by MARJORY WILLIAMS

"It's Hugo Barnstead. He wants a tooth pulled."

"Hugo—Virginia's husband. Tell him to come along."

This was adventure. Hugo Barnstead, object of Biff Grimes' most profound hate, would, by this trivial incident to a tooth, be for seconds, possibly for minutes, literally under his power. Amazing thought!

"Did you ever?" Snappy was commenting. "Wonder how much Hugo will soak this town for. They do say he cleared a million in Denver. 'I'm on business here,' he says, 'and got a raging toothache!'"

"Stop talking, Snappy. Listen. Am I all right?"

"So far as I know."

"Don't look as if I had been drinking, do I?"

"Not specially. Whatever's the matter?"

"Nothing. Hugo's coming here, isn't he? Well, I'm not going to let the miserable blighter look down on me. He and his millions."

"Quite so, Biff; then, I'd better be going."

"No. Stop right here. I'll fix you up later. Just a minute."

He disappeared into the cloak-room. A clean white drill coat was in the cupboard. Amy never let him down that way. Buttoning it, Biff surveyed his unruly hair. The

mirror showed him to be good-looking for his forty odd years, except for signs of dissipation about the mouth and eyes. Mastering the excitement that invaded every limb, he reappeared in the consulting-room.

Hugo Barnstead had arrived and was in the act of demonstrating to Snappy the exact tooth that had caused a sleepless night.

Chubby-faced, clean-shaven, smiling, "prosperous rogue" was written in every line of his face.

Tapping his mouth, he embarked on the details of prices paid in Chicago and New York for exclusive sets and professional services.

"How's Virginia?" Biff inquired and, hearing that she was well, installed Hugo in the chair and located the root of the trouble, a decayed molar in the upper jaw.

"I'm having gas," Hugo warned.

Could he have guessed the temptation that thereupon laid hold of Biff's imagination, he would never have yielded as complacently as he did.

Here was a chance of a lifetime. Hugo's weak heart, rendering an inquest innocuous, jostled in Biff's mind with the idea of prolonging the flow of gas until life ceased to be. He brought up the apparatus, operated levers.

Hugo started to go under. His eyelids drooped. He started to mumble. Queer that obviously he, too, was thinking of the past. Memories of twenty years since were brought back by his muttered phrases: "Fairground—swings—Virginia—you and I."

Biff, too, began to re-live the past. Events appeared before his mind, in sequence more orderly, in outline more sharp, than at the time of their happening.

Romance had begun in the early nineteen hundreds. Virginia and Amy were sitting in their high-waisted, high-necked summer muslins on a bench in Avery Park.

Biff and Hugo were workers in the same carriage factory; Biff nourishing the while, ambitions for a dentist's diploma; ambitions which, nevertheless, didn't prevent him from casting furtive glances at Virginia, tall and blonde and beautiful, beside her friend.

"What'll I say to her?" Biff wanted to know after Hugo with a practised eye, had noted a dropped handkerchief on Virginia's part, deeming it sufficient encouragement to conversation.

"Never mind. I'll do the talking."

Which Hugo did. There was a tree opposite the young women's bench, and Biff swung to and fro, holding the trunk and using one foot as a pivot, just to show how at ease he was. When he did speak it was to say with disconcerting frankness:

"Why, of course, I know you, Miss Amy. We met at school. Remember the red flannel stuff you used to wear?"

Virginia looked shocked, and Amy went one better in causing her to frown by admitting frankly:

"I always liked you, Biff."

Even after the ice was broken and the four agreed to go for a walk, things were not always plain sailing.

If Amy liked Biff, Virginia plainly showed her preference for Hugo. Try as he would to prevent it during their precious meetings Hugo and Virginia would pair off.

It spoiled the joys of the park fairground and rubbed the gilt off his victory in catching a baby porker which he won in competition with a dozen stalwarts.

Muddy and perspiring, Biff emerged from the trampled-down enclosure with the pig in his arms and a smile for Virginia, to find waiting for him, outside the circle of spectators—only Amy.

Her confiding "Virginia and Hugo have gone to the roundabouts. I thought I'd rather wait for you, Biff," expressed a devotion that did nothing to assuage its object's annoyance.

Desperately searching for a cause of Virginia's indifference, he revised his wardrobe. For a meeting on the Saturday following the fair, he attired himself in a new flannel suit with pin stripe, gaudy, ready-to-wear tie, and straw boater.

Over ices and lemonade he succeeded in getting a *l'le-to-l'le* with Virginia, when voices, loud-pitched, travelling from a nearby refreshment table, came disastrously to their ears.

"I wonder at a nice girl like that keeping company with a factory-hand. Easy to guess what Virginia is, if she goes with that type of fellow."

"Don't, Biff, please!" Virginia cried, rightly alarmed at the glare in her escort's eyes as he approached the slanderer's table.

"Take that!" he announced and

laid our spokesman low. A second landed Biff with as good as he gave. A general scuffle ensued. The beautiful boater, new for the occasion, became permanently dented before the proprietor of the booth intervened.

"Don't talk to me. I'll get myself out of here. I don't want no helping," Biff announced. His manner was awe-inspiring. He was allowed to go, but Virginia was angry.

"I'll never go out with you again, Biff Grimes, if you behave so."

"You're coming," he announced, "to meet me in the Park, same bench, eight o'clock, Friday."

At the appointed time he sat on hard wood, a bouquet stiffly wrapped in white paper. He sat, one, two hours. He talked upbraidingly to a non-existent Virginia. It was dark. Footsteps sounded on the gravel.

"Amy! Where's Virginia?"

"She—she's not coming, Biff. Couldn't—couldn't we walk a little so that you could pretend you weren't waiting for her?"

"Why ever should I?"

Mingled with the dull ache at his heart, Biff became aware of many footsteps, of a group of people—half the folk whom he knew, in fact—bursting in upon them with laughter.

"Biff, old fellow, you're properly cut out this time. Virginia's married Hugo Barnstead. They've just caught the train to Toledo."

Biff didn't know what he thought. His one instinct was to protect his acute sensitiveness from ridicule.

"Virginia—married—what's that to me? I didn't come to meet her."

Swift to parry disbelief on a dozen faces, Amy thrust in: "As a matter of fact, Biff was waiting for me. We—we're engaged."

Among others, Snappy's face was a study in amazement.

"I didn't know you and Amy —" he stammered.

"You didn't? Well, you know now."

Rash words, but they proved a solvent to the inquisitive group which, to Biff's relief, dispersed, leaving rice and confetti behind them. More dire than their company, however, was the fact of his being alone with Amy. She said nothing; just took his hand and wandered into the ornamental wood conveniently near. At long last, she began:

"Biff, I'm sorry I said that, but thought I had to do something. You needn't stay engaged to me, you know; not unless—"

"Huh?"

"Not unless you like."

"Unless I—that's an idea, Amy."

Pique, rebound, call the sentiment which overwhelmed him at that moment what you like, inasmuch as it carried him off his feet. "We will get married, see. We'll show folks Hugo's not the only man to get spliced. I can afford it. I've got a job and I'm going to be a dentist some day. Let's do it."

"To-night, d'you mean? Oh, Biff!"

"If it can be done, somehow—anyhow. Come on."

She held back, holding his restless eyes under the rising moon, with a tender, firm gaze. "You've forgotten something, Biff. Kiss me!"

He pecked her cheek and smiled, glad to have got it over.

He ought to have married Virginia. No doubt of that. During two years of wedded life, he never forgot her, never half-kissed Amy without thinking of her, never ceased inwardly to chafe.

Amy made him a good wife. He was vaguely grateful, though he could never bring himself to be properly gracious over the trifles she prepared for his comfort.

He would gladly have forgotten the second anniversary of their wedding if Amy had not remembered, by heaping on the table all his favourite dishes, then demanding to know what the day was.

"Blueberry pie, too; that has done me," he confessed. "Amy, you're a trump."

He put a finger in the pie's feather weight crust, drew up his chair, spread a napkin, when the doorbell rang. In walked Hugo and Virginia. "Cartwheel" hats were in that season. Contrasted with Amy's smooth dark head and polka-dot voile with riband sash, Virginia's plumes, nodding above a black velvet brim, her Empire gown, satin, trimmed with gold, appeared to Biff the height of magnificence.

"Like her dress?" Hugo, now manager of the carriage works and, incidentally, Biff's chief, inquired.

"Fine. I'm getting Amy one like it next spring," Biff riposted.

"We really came to ask if you'd join us in an anniversary dinner—ordered at the hotel already—you can't refuse."

Amy, aware that with the mention of foods unknown to her, as they were to Biff, the bloom had left the home-made scones and blueberry pie, prepared to obey his orders to go and dress with a shy: "I'm afraid I've nothing grand to change to."

"Doesn't matter. You'll do as you are," Hugo condescended. Left alone with Biff, Virginia having followed Amy, he became even more patronising.

"I've been wanting to talk to you, Biff. I've got a scheme for making you as big a man as myself. I just want you to come round and tell me what men you think I ought to fire."

"Some of the men who are a bit slow, or been there a long time; got a bit old-fashioned, maybe?"

"That's it. Those are the kind we want out. Find out their names, see."

"Doesn't sound right, kicking a man out who's been in his job twenty, p'raps thirty years. I can't get on that way, Hugo."

"Nonsense! You'll never succeed in business."

"Don't intend to in that line. I mean to be a dentist."

When Amy reappeared she found Biff in no mood to go out. Hugo and Virginia having gone to consume caviare alone, she watched Biff enjoy her dainties until he was in a sufficiently good temper to be enlisted as a washer-up.

"Mother's struck a patch of bad luck. I heard to-day she's had to sell up almost everything. I wonder if you'd mind her coming here for a little?" Amy said as they were wiping the dishes.

He acquiesced and promptly forgot the matter.

Next day he learned the folly of offending the man at the wheel, by receiving in his pay envelope a notice, signed by Hugo, to quit.

He passed Hugo in the lobby and was glad to shake the factory dust from his feet when, crossing the road, he ran into Amy and an elderly woman who smiled at him very pleasantly.

"It's extremely nice of you to offer me a home till I get settled. I hope I shan't be in the way," she said, shaking his hand.

(Continued on page 22)

PEGGY'S ROMANCE SAVED!



WEEKS LATER

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ONE SUNDAY AFTERNOON—Continued

He answered somehow, making tremendous efforts meanwhile at swallowing pride, and escaped, with one idea—that of getting quickly back to the factory, before he had time to change his mind.

"Mr. Barnstead's in his office," he was told by the doorman.

Biff knocked and went in. "Can I see you alone for a minute?" he inquired.

"Anything you have to say can be said before the Inspector," Hugo returned, indicating a prominent member of the local police to whom he had been talking.

Wringing his cap as though it were wet, Biff began:

"The fact is my mother-in-law—I wanted to ask you—Well, the old lady's been unlucky and—she's coming to live with us; so I thought

"If you want your job back you can have it. You'll have to brisk up a bit, that's all."

"Thank you, Hu—Mr. Barnstead."

"Listen to me," Hugo leaned confidentially over his desk. "Tell me the names of the chaps who need firing—you know them—right now."

"Can't do it, Hug—Mr. Barnstead."

"I'm judge of that."
"Not on your life. It's a dirty trick."

"Inspector, put this man out."

The touch of the official arm, the spoken command, were the last straws. Biff spun round and dealt out a straight right. The Inspector closed in. There was a sharp scuffle, in the middle of which Hugo, withdrawing an automatic from the desk, fired at the Inspector's leg.

As usual when his back was well against the wall, Biff was the prince of bluffers. He got away, walked home and, with certain co-operation from the friendly members of the force who arrived to take him in custody, bluffed Amy and her mother into believing he was being called away on a friendly errand.

All too soon Amy was destined to know that Biff was to serve two years in the State prison for assaulting an officer. None the less, she remained loyal, supported herself and her mother by taking in laundry, and even managing to send Biff correspondence courses in dentistry.

The day the prison gates shut behind him, Biff hung about till evening before sneaking into Avery Park and sitting on the bench where four years ago he had waited for Virginia.

As then, not Virginia, but Amy came to him. She hadn't altered in two years. In the half-light he fancied, for the first time, that she was pretty, though perhaps that was because he had lately seen so few women.

"I couldn't face the townsfolk seeing me again," he confessed.

"There's no need to, Biff. I'm ready to go anywhere with you."

Showing the first sign of weakness in front of her, he dropped his head down on her lap.

That was sixteen years ago, and his breath of affection for Amy had fluttered and died away under the drab, depressing influence of life in a small town.

True he had got his dentist's diploma. The illuminated scroll of honour, bearing his name on the consulting-room wall, was the first thing that came to him after his

period of reminiscence, jerking his thoughts back to the present.

He stared at Hugo Barnstead, unconscious in the dentist's chair, as though he expected him to be dead. He had, in fact, been under gas less than half a minute. There was still time for Biff to act, time to commit murder, to get level with a lifelong hate.

Above the horror-struck face of Snappy, who appreciated in some degree the conflict that threatened to turn the commonplace room into a lethal chamber, Biff saw the door open. He heard the tap of pointed heels, became aware of an exotic perfume, saw a woman wearing black with white face and pillar-box mouth. He didn't know her till she spoke.

"Hullo, Biff!"

"Virginia!"

Impossible! "That Hugo," she remarked. "Just gone under. Ridiculous old thing."

She sat down uninvited, crossing her legs so as to display them from knee to calf. An over-ornate bag dangled from its chain over the chair. Bird-of-paradise plumes thrust across an absurd hat, revealing a mass of peroxidized waves, tickled one eye.

"Your husband won't be long," Snappy promised nervously, one eye on Biff's set face.

"Thanks for the information. I wish Biff would put him out for good. He's no use to me."

Biff swung round towards the chair. The words that coincided so startlingly with his thoughts of twenty seconds earlier were nauseating. No, they were life-giving because they rid him of a delusion.

He seized a pair of forceps. In half a minute the job was over, the levers of the gas apparatus in position and Hugo was coming to. Thank God, he was coming to!

Biff handed him a mouth rinse. "All over now. Here's your wife come to take you home."

"Oh! Hullo, Virgie!" Once the ordeal was over, Hugo, Biff noted with gratitude, had no wish to prolong the visit.

"Say, what do I owe you?" he inquired.

"Nothing," Biff answered chokingly. "You don't owe me anything. Good-bye."

He didn't escape Virginia sidling up till her feathers brushed his jacket, overpowering him with "Lily of the Valley."

"Maybe you'll give me a consultation some time. So long, Biff!"

"Good-bye, Virginia!"

"I'll see you to the car," Snappy offered, experiencing a sudden desire for fresh air.

The door had hardly closed on the three when Amy came in.

"Biff, you and Snappy can't spend the whole of Sunday drinking. Have you finished the job?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Will you take me for a walk?"

"Yes, ma'am."

Looking into her eyes, he took her by the shoulders.

"Amy, do you know what you are? You're pretty, you're sweet, and I love you."

"Biff—Biff—I'm too heavy. You've never lifted me before, and do mind my skirt. It's up miles."

"Who cares when my wife's got the prettiest legs in town!" declared Biff, and carried the woman he ought not to have married off to dress.

On the Screens Now

by Lionel Collier



Benita Hume, the British actress who has done so well in American films, has an important rôle in "The Worst Woman in Paris."

ONE of the most interesting films I have seen for some time is *One Sunday Afternoon*; it establishes Gary Cooper as a first-rate actor and furthers the reputation of Frances Fuller, one of the young newcomers whose career is going to be interesting to watch.

*****ONE SUNDAY AFTERNOON**
Paramount. American. "A" certificate. Social psychological drama. Runs 77 minutes. For story freely based on the film by Marjory Williams, see page 20.

GARY COOPER.....Biff Grimes
FAY WRAY.....Virginia Brush
NEIL HAMILTON.....Hugo Barnstead
ROSCOE KARNES.....Snappy Downer
FRANCES FULLER.....Amy Lind
JANE DARWELL.....Mrs. Lind
HARRY SCHULTZ.....Schneider
Directed by STEPHEN ROBERTS from the play by JAMES HAGAN.

In this picture, which is, in essence, a very cleverly handled psychological study, Gary Cooper gives a performance which puts him in that class of actors who deserve serious consideration on their histrionic ability as distinct from their "name" value.

Frances Fuller, whom PICTUREGOER singled out some time ago, plays the rôle of a small-town girl who marries a man on the "rebound" from another love affair and sticks to him through thick and thin with a wealth of humanity and sincere naturalness.

The story is told in retrospect and the director has brought out the psychology of the characters extremely well, although at times he tends to spin out his situations beyond their dramatic holding power.

The only main criticism I have to make is that when Gary Cooper sees the woman he had wanted to marry and is disillusioned, it was a mistake to make her coarse, vulgar, and amorous; the right touch and a more convincing one would have been obtained by simply making her unattractively fat and nondescript.

The idea of telling the story in retrospect as it flashes through the mind of the dentist who has his enemy in his power under gas is ingenious and is carried out in a manner which gives it tenseness and unexpectedness.

Gary Cooper gives just the right value to the contrast he draws as the dentist between his wholly unsophisticated adoration of the girl whom he considers is stolen from him and the toleration of the girl whom he marries in a moment of pique, and whose value and love he finally realises at their true worth.

The PICTUREGOER'S quick reference index to films just released

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| *THIS IS THE LIFE | *AUNT SALLY |
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| *DANGEROUS AGE | *MIXED DOUBLES |

What the asterisks mean—**** An outstanding feature. *** Very good. ** Good. * Average entertainment. c Also suitable for children.

Fay Wray is quite good as the former and Frances Fuller gives a sensitive and thoroughly sympathetic portrayal of the latter, enthusiastic young girl who is unable to conceal her feelings about the man she worships, but who ignores her existence. Neil Hamilton is very good as the self-confident, conceited and overbearing Hugo, Gary Cooper's rival.

Detail work is excellent and light touches are introduced in a wholly natural and unforced manner.

****NIGHT FLIGHT**
M.-G.-M. American. "A" certificate. Spectacular civil aviation drama. Runs 86 minutes.

JOHN BARRYMORE.....Riviere
HELEN HAYES.....Madame Fabian
CLARK GABLE.....Fabian
LIONEL BARRYMORE.....Robineau
MYRNA LOY.....Pellerin
ROBERT MONTGOMERY.....Brazilian Pilot's Wife
WILLIAM GARGAN.....Brazilian Pilot
C. HENRY GORDON.....Daudet
LESLIE FENTON.....Radio Operator
HARRY BERSFORD.....Roblet
FRANK CONROY.....Radio Operator
RALF HAROLDE.....Pilot No. 5
Directed by CLARENCE BROWN from a story by ANTOINE DE SAINT-EXUPÉRY.

It seems to me that star artists have been bundled into this picture as a sort of make-weight. Actually, there is a very good idea behind it, and the spectacular flying sequences are wonderfully well done, but there is in evidence a very great waste of acting talent.

Its theme is the inauguration of the night aeroplane service in South America.

The picture consists chiefly of some really excellent flying sequences, which strive to emphasise the dangers encountered by civil pilots in trying to serve the public.

To give some sort of plot value, we are first shown a child dying of infantile paralysis and a doctor sending a hurry call across the South American continent for some serum to be delivered by plane. The ending shows the safe delivery of the serum in time to save the child.

As to acting, we have a glimpse of Robert Montgomery as a light-hearted pilot making a perilous crossing of the Andes. Clark Gable we see as a pilot who gets lost in a storm, makes a parachute descent over the sea, and is drowned; there is no chance for him to act.

Sentiment is introduced by showing his wife, Helen Hayes, waiting anxiously for him. William Gargan is depicted as the pilot who, through almost insuperable weather conditions, gets the serum through on the last stage.

Feminine interest is again introduced by Myrna Loy as his wife.

John Barrymore plays the rôle of the man who sponsored the night service, and he is at his most

mannerised and artificial, while Lionel as an aeroplane supervisor has nothing to do but scratch himself—he is depicted as having the itch—perhaps to give him something to do.

Small rôles are assigned to a number of well-known players, but the acting and the drama of the story is swamped by the mass of technical detail and the spectacle.

The plot is impersonal and lacking in incisiveness, but the picture is worth seeing for its aerial thrills alone.

****INTO THE BLUE**
Equity. French. "U" certificate. Romantic comedy with music. Runs 82 minutes.

ANNABELLA.....Jacqueline Pascaud
JEAN MURAT.....Lord Kingsdale
DUVALLES.....Anatole Biscotte
JOSE NOGUERO.....Mirasol
FLORENCIE.....Benoit
Directed by JOE MAY from the story of MARISCHKA MURIC by GRANICHTAETEN.

This is the anglicised version of that very delightful French film, *Paris-Méditerranée*, which I reviewed very fully in the issue of October 21.

The dubbed dialogue is very disconcerting and detracts a good deal from the charm of the original, but it cannot completely spoil the effect of the brilliant acting of the cast as a whole nor the originality of design and direction; it is one of the best "musicals" we have had on the screen.

The story, a modern version of the Cinderella theme, shows how Jacqueline Pascaud, a young saleswoman, arranges to meet Anatole Biscotte, a clerk, the winner of a car lottery, through the medium of the Press; the idea being that they should share the expenses of a tour to the Riviera.

By mistake, she meets Lord Harry Kingsdale, a wealthy Englishman, and he is so impressed that he decides to pretend to be poor and impersonate Biscotte, a deception that brings a lot of trouble in its train and a pleasing romance.

The whole thing is very lightly and humorously treated, and the acting is brilliant—in this version one has, as I have said, to make a big allowance for the doubled voices.

Annabella as Jacqueline is excellent, unsophisticated, charming, and wholly natural.

As Kingsdale, Jean Murat is exceedingly good and a piece of wholly delightful irresponsible clowning comes from Duvalles as Biscotte.

***THIS IS THE LIFE**
British Lion. British. "U" certificate. Social farce. Runs 78 minutes.

GORDON HARKER.....Albert Tuttle
BINNIE HALE.....Sarah Tuttle
BETTY ASTELL.....Edna Wynne
RAY MILLAND.....Bob Travers
CHARLES HESLOP.....Mr. Diggs



Myrna Loy plays the wife of one of the pilots in "Night Flight."

JACK BARTY.....Jim Scroggins
PERCY PARSONS.....Lefty Finn
BEN WELDON.....Two Gun Mullins
NORMA WHALLEY.....Miss Vavasour
BASIL HARVEY.....Count de Marsac
JULIAN ROYCE.....Bronson
PERCIVAL MACKAY and his Band.

Directed by ALBERT DE COURVILLE. Story and scenario by CLIFFORD GREY, R. P. WESTON and BERT LEE.

Brightly entertaining picture, scrappily developed, but proving that in Gordon Harker and Binnie Hale we have a first-class comedy team.

It is the old story of the poor couple who suddenly come into riches, launch into society, and find themselves broke again; but a touch of novelty is introduced by a couple of American gangsters who try to blackmail the pair.

Taken individually, some of the scenes are very funny, and give full scope to both the Harker and Hale brand of comedy.

***EVIDENCE IN CAMERA**
Radio. American. "A" certificate. Drama of a news-reel cameraman. Runs 60 minutes.

WILLIAM GARGAN.....Bill Allen
FRANCES DEE.....Jane Mallory
RALPH BELLAMY.....Hal Caldwell
JACK LA RUE.....Ricci
GREGORY RATOFF.....Gottlieb
WALLACE FORD.....Mike
HOBART CAVANAUGH.....Happy
JUNE BREWSTER.....Betty Kane
ROBERT BENCHLEY.....Radio Announcer
BETTY FURNESS.....Secretary
DOROTHY BURGESS.....Gangster's Girl
PURNELL PRATT.....City Editor
HENRY B. WALTHALL.....Judge Beacon
FRANKLIN PANGBORN.....Crocker
BILL HUDSON.....Ed.
Directed by OTTO BREWER.

There is quite a good deal of excitement in this story of a news-reel cameraman's love affairs, which ends with his rescuing his beloved from the hands of gangsters.

The excitement comes from the cameraman's activities, which include many dramatic happenings, such as the "shooting" of earthquakes, floods and fires, rather than from the story itself, which is none too strong and very highly coloured.

William Gargan is good as the hero and puts over a likeable, breezy personality, while Frances Dee makes an attractive heroine.

***DANGEROUS AGE**
First National. American. "A" certificate. Social drama. Runs 67 minutes.

FRANKIE DARRO.....Eddie Smith
DOROTHY COONAN.....Sally
EDWIN PHILIPS.....Tommy
ROCHELLE HUDSON.....Grace
Directed by WILLIAM WELLMAN.

In America a serious problem arose, consequent on the depression. Youths whose parents were out of work struck out for themselves, banded themselves into gangs, and caused a lot of trouble to the police.

(Continued on page 24)

LOVE IS *not* BLIND



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William Gargan and Frances Day in a scene from the
Radio Pictures Production "Evidence in Camera"

ON THE SCREENS NOW — Continued

This is a story of two such youths who, in company with a girl, come up against the authorities and are finally sent home by a kindly and understanding magistrate.

It is very slight in plot, rather unpleasant in theme, and a hundred per cent. American in the presentation of a problem which does not arise here, and is consequently of little vital interest.

Frankie Darro is emotionally sound as one of the youths and Edwin Philips is natural and sincere as the other. As the girl, Dorothy Coonan also gives a clever and well-balanced performance.

*LAUGHTER IN THE AIR

Universal. American. "A" certificate. Back-stage comedy drama. Runs 62 minutes.

MYRTLE VAIL.....Myrt Minter
DONNA DAMEREL.....Marge Spear
EDDIE FOY, JUN.....Eddie Hanley
TED HEALY.....Mullins
THOMAS JACKSON.....Jackson
RAY HEDGE.....Clarence
GRACE HAYES.....Grace
TRIXIE FRIGANZA.....Mrs. Minter
J. FARRELL MACDONALD.....Grady
HOWARD, FINE AND HOWARD.....Mullins' Helpers

BONNIE.....Bonnie
The COLINETTE BALLET
Directed by AL BOASBERG from the story by BEATRICE BANARD (Mrs. WILLARD MACK).

A back-stage story of a leading lady who takes over a show on a co-operative basis when the troupe she is in goes broke and, after facing innumerable troubles, finds the necessary backing for success.

It is very scrappy in continuity and thin in plot values, its redeeming quality being a good human insight into back-stage life.

Some good fooling comes from an original comedy team, Howard, Fine and Howard, and Ted Healy is also in the cast.

*BACHELOR MOTHER

British Lion. American. "A" certificate. Drama of "reckless youth." Runs 62 minutes.

EVALYN KNAPP.....Mary Somerset
JAMES MURRAY.....Joe Bigelow
MARGARET SEDDON.....Cynthia Wilson
PAUL PAGE.....Arthur Hall
ASTRID ALLWIN.....Lola Butler
HARRY HOLMAN.....Judge Yates
VIRGINIA SALE.....Mrs. Stone
EDDIE KANE.....District Attorney
JAMES AUBREY.....Lamkin
J. PAUL JONES.....Mr. Cameron
HENRY HALL.....Judge Boland
MARGARET MANN.....Mrs. Price
BESS STAFFORD.....Mrs. Waters
STELLA ADAMS.....Mrs. Smith

Directed by CHARLES HUTCHINSON.

Unsophisticated drama of a wealthy and reckless youth who is put on the right road by a woman whom he gets to pose as his aged mother in order to save himself from imprisonment for a motoring offence.

Acting is adequate, but there is little real dramatic force or strong emotional appeal.

*THE GIRL FROM MAXIM'S

United Artists (London Film Production). British (Made in France). "A" certificate. Marital farce with music. Runs 79 minutes.

FRANCES DAY.....La Mome
LESLIE HENSON.....Petypon
GEORGE GROSSMITH.....Le General
LADY TREE.....Mme. Petypon
STANLEY HOLLOWAY.....Mongicourt
EVAN THOMAS.....Corignon
DESMOND JEANS.....Etienne

Directed by ALEXANDER KORDA from GEORGES FEYDEAU's play "La Dame Chez Maxim." Scenario by HARRY GRAHAM.

The period in the gay 'nineties. The story is the old, old one of the much-married man who visits a night haunt and gets involved in an intrigue, which he has to use all his ingenuity to prevent coming to the ears of his wife.

It is put over brightly enough, although the humour is forced at times and the conventionality of the plot obtrudes itself.

The leading players in a strong cast are all good, but Frances Day as the "intrigue" does not wholly succeed in putting over the tuneful period song numbers entirely successfully.

Leslie Henson is in his element as the straight-laced doctor who "goes gay."

*AUNT SALLY

Gaumont-British (Gainsborough). British. "U" Gangster comedy with music. Runs 80 minutes. CICELY COURTNEIDGE

Sally Bird (Mademoiselle Zaza)
SAM HARDY.....Michael "King" Kelly
PHYLLIS CLARE.....Queenie
BILLY MILTON.....Billy
HARTLEY POWER....."Gloves" Clark
BEN WELDON.....Casino
ENRICO NALDI.....Little Joy
ANN HOPE.....Joan
IVOR McLAREN.....Madison
REX EVANS.....Percy
TUBBY CIPEN.....Tubby
Directed by TIM WHELAN from a story by GUY BOLTON, AUSTIN MELFORD AND A. D. RAWLINSON.

There is quite a lot to praise in the production of this boisterous farce, which is set against night-club backgrounds and introduces songs, dances by the Gainsborough girls, and the Debroy Somers band.

Unfortunately, the gangster plot—do not we get enough of them from America?—is very poor and does no more than form an excuse for introducing several Cicely Courtneidge "acts."

She is, of course, very good, but looks to me in danger of becoming dangerously over-mannerised.

Sam Hardy is good as an American ex-night-club king, while Hartley Power and Ben Weldon make sound if conventional gangsters.

*THE WORST WOMAN IN PARIS

Fox. American. "A" certificate. Romantic drama. Runs 77 minutes.

BENITA HUME.....Peggy Vane
ADOLPHE MENJOU.....Adolphe Ballou
HARVEY STEPHENS.....John Strong
HELEN CHANDLER.....Mary
ADEL ST. LAURE.....Jeanine
MAIDEL TURNER.....Mrs. Jensen
Directed by MONTA BELL from an original story by the director.

Novelettish story with an incongruous mixture of sophistication and sentiment which gives very few chances to the stars featured in it.

Benita Hume is far from at her best as the woman of the title role who, after a railway accident, wins an honest man's love, but gives it up for fear of jeopardising his future.

Adolphe Menjou has little to do in the part of her millionaire lover, while Harvey Stephens tries to cope with the heavy sentimentalities of the "good" man.

It is all very artless.

*MIXED DOUBLES

Paramount. British. "A" certificate. Society comedy. Runs 69 minutes.

JEANNE DE CASALIS.....Betty
FREDERICK LLOYD.....Sir John Drole
CYRIL RAYMOND.....Reggie Irvine
MOLLY JOHNSON.....Lady Audrey
GORDON MCLEOD.....Consul
QUINTON MCFHERSON.....Rev. Arthur Escott
GEORGE BELLAMY.....Barrett
RANI WALLER.....Rose
ATEOLL FLEMING.....Ian McConochie
Directed by SIDNEY MORGAN from the stage play by FRANK STAYTON.

Slowly developed marital mix-up comedy in which a divorced couple marry again and meet in the confined space of a country mansion with their new respected spouses.

It is all very complicated, and consequently overburdened with dialogue and lacking in action.

The acting generally is quite good, and there are some well-developed humorous situations and a song or two from Jeanne de Casalis, who is well cast as the remarried divorcee.

GERTRUDE — LAWRENCE — tells how she keeps her wardrobe fresh and lovely —

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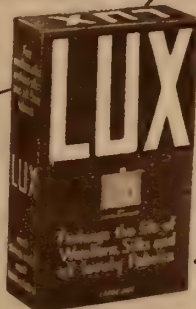
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— SAFE for colours and all lovely fabrics

Henry Kendall in a scene from his new picture "Safety First" with Vera Bogetti.

SEARCH — for a DUBARRY

SLEEPLESS nights for B.I.P. executives—veteran cars at Elstree—anybody here seen Kathleen Kelly?—Randall Ayrton comes back—Chu Chin Chow Casting

circular, if it comes to that) no springs, and no pedals. You paddled yourself along with your feet on the ground, and the police of that day were simply death on it for speeding.

This links up us very prettily with the "velocipede" and Johnny Walker clothes—curly-brimmed white topper and high boots. Life was simpler then—but some people were happier than we are to-day, and some unhappier. It all depends.

A Few K's

Now, for a change, let's turn from antiquities to novelties. In the British and Dominions studio, for instance, I found a new girl named Kathleen Kelly.

New to films, that is, having only figured very modestly in one before—a not-very-celebrated effort of Sound City. Some stage experience, a charming manner, ambition, a modesty unusual in this day and age, a pretty face, a lissom figure, a good voice, fair and wavy hair—yes, ladies

and gentlemen, boys and girls, I should confidently say that with ordinary luck Kathleen will be heard of again. Often.

She is playing in (or should it be on?) *Dangerous Ground*, a film which Norman Walker is directing for Paramount in the D. & D. studios. There is (prepare to be incredulous) a murder—and the murderer is Martin Lewis, a well-known stage actor whom I haven't seen in films for a long time—not since *Greek Street*, in fact.

Kathleen Kelly plays his daughter; and her step-mother is played by Joyce Kennedy.

On the British Sets

by E. G. COUSINS

HAND me down my trusty old dictionary—staunch companion in a hundred campaigns . . . Wardour Street, Wardour Street . . . Here we are! "A London street noted for antique furniture."

Well, that was yesterday. To-day (and for some to-days past, ever since the French officials of Pathé found that their favourite cooking could be obtained just round the corner in Old Compton Street) this narrow thoroughfare is devoted almost entirely to films.

Producers, distributors, renters, importers, agents—most of them have their offices here; and although there is frequently a genuinely antique flavour about their methods, the actual visible antiques have been crowded out, and have found shelter in the studios.

Consider, for instance, Percy the Peugeot.

Kick

When Percy was a smart young car, his owners got a terrific kick out of climbing away up on to him (you sat on, not in, a car when Percy was a pup), gripping the tiller firmly (oh, no, no steering-wheel; that's a new-fangled invention) and launching out on a mad career of sometimes 12 m.p.h.

His top speed (official) was 15 m.p.h., but makers were just as optimistic then as they are now in such matters; and as there were no speedometers in those days the Bench always took the constable's word for it.

They got a terrific kick, too, out of the starting handle, which was brought into play—if that isn't too flippant a word for such a solemn business—by unscrewing a cover at the back of the car.

Why at the back? Because that's where the engine was, stupid! That was the logical place for it, so that only a short length of chain was needed to attach it to the rear axle.

Why, even when my motoring career began (as passenger) you had to climb up into a car instead of climbing down into it, and a chain, exposed to all the mud and grease, was the medium of control and persuasion.

Almost B.C.

That was eight years after the birth of Percy—yes, Johnny Jones, you're quite right, the year the Boy Scout movement was inaugurated.

So by a process of lightning calculation we arrive at Percy's age, which is thirty-four.

The thing that most impressed me about Percy was his lamps—enormous things, much larger than the lamps on the biggest of modern cars, but not quite so illuminating, being lit by paraffin.

Percy, having kept himself free from the vulgarity of film-production for thirty-four years, has been pressed into service for *The Magistrate*, the Pinero farce which British International are filming at Elstree.

Oh, a gay old bird, in spite of a certain wheeziness in his vitals.

If one cylinder missed fire in Percy's childhood, you packed up and called it a day, for one cylinder was all he had.

Small Fry

But Percy is a gay young spark compared with the vehicles which Gaumont-British have resurrected for *Evergreen*. Two of them are "Penny-farthings" born in 1879 (you know—huge wheel in front, with pedals fixed at its centre, and a tiny wheel behind) and a "Boneshaker," which dates back to 1867—ten years after the Indian Mutiny!

A boneshaker was a fellow with his two wheels approximately the same size (and approximately

Grief and Payne

I chiefly remember Joyce in the stage production of *The Case of the Frightened Lady*, in which she played the Frightened One herself—the part that Belle Chrystall played in the film. But whereas Belle looked as though anything would have frightened her, Joyce is made of sterner stuff, and you realised that anything that frightened her must be pretty frightening.

This difference in approach rather aptly represents the difference between stage and screen.

Joyce was in *Say It With Music*, in which she was the wife of Percy Marmont. Remember it—the one featuring Jack Payne's band? Joyce had a spasm of that self-same "payne" when I mentioned it to her; she didn't please herself very much in that film.

However, she pleased me, and I venture to think she pleased you also. And I further venture to think you will be quite satisfied with her in this one—and Heaven knows you're difficult enough to please.

Malcolm Keen is in this too—either as the murderer or as a very effective red herring; I haven't quite made up my mind which. I saw him not so long ago working at Shepherd's Bush—in *Murder Party*, I think. He keeps mostly to his first love, the stage, however.

And there is Jack Raine, who in real life is married to Binnie Hale. Jack is the chap who.

(Continued on page 28)

Wears Lovely Dresses Now Since Losing 49 Pounds of Fat



YES, LUCKILY
YOU HAVE THE
FASHIONABLE
FIGURE

CHARMING!
AND IT FITS
PERFECTLY

"Dresses this year," says the fashion expert with advanced news from Paris, "will be specially designed to accentuate the waist." What does this mean to you? If you are one of those unlucky women who have "let their figures go," it means that the new, flattering styles are not for you. It means being content with out-of-date dresses—unless you decide to do something about that bulging fat above the waistline, and about those too-solidly upholstered hips.

There is a thing to do. There is a way to cast off those superfluous pounds, to lose those extra inches—without starving, too, and without loss of strength.

As a matter of fact, when you faithfully take your "little daily dose" of Kruschen first thing every morning in a glass of hot water, you gain in energy and vitality, you increase physical charm (skin clears, eyes grow bright), all while you're achieving your goal—a youthful, slender figure.

Mrs. D. S., of Woodhaven, writes:

"Only a few months ago I weighed 13st. 5lb., and never could get a nice dress to fit. Now from a 44 dress to a size 20—weight 9st. 12lb. Many thanks to Kruschen. I've recommended it to all my friends."

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Get a 1/9 bottle of KRUSCHEN SALTS at your chemist's (lasts four weeks) and take half a teaspoonful in a glass of hot water every morning.

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BECAUSE IT IS WORKED IN

WASHING and wearing won't lessen the beauty of this colorful embroidery. It is worked in the latest, smartest thread—"Anchor" SOFT Embroidery. It looks like wool—soft, fleecy wool; yet it's durable, fast and it *does not shrink*. And it's made in a vast range of fashionable shades.

The cushion shown here is made of soft green canvas material, embroidered in twelve gay shades of "Anchor" SOFT.

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A woman of 61 in a hospital at Vienna was treated daily for five minutes by a famous doctor. In six weeks all her wrinkles had completely disappeared. She had regained a fresh, girlish complexion. The test was repeated, says a Vienna Medical Journal, on other women of 60 to 70 years of age with the same astounding results.

Now the story of this miracle is published to the world. Any woman may do the same thing for herself. Prof. Dr. Stejskal, of the University of Vienna, found that wrinkles are caused by the loss of certain vital elements from the skin. After years of research he succeeded in extracting these precious elements from the skin of carefully selected young animals. This product he called Biocel. The sole rights to use this amazing discovery were bought at enormous cost by Tokalon. Biocel is now combined with other vital skin nourishing ingredients in Tokalon Biocel Skinfood. It rejuvenates the skin, removes wrinkles and tones up sagging facial muscles. Women of 50 and 60 may obtain a youthful beauty that many a young girl will envy. Successful results guaranteed with Tokalon Skinfoods or money refunded.



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6d

**VICK
LOZENGES**

ON THE BRITISH SETS—Cont.

staying not long ago at a country pub, was recognised by the landlord (a wireless fan) as Jack Payne. Nothing Raine could do would convince the landlord of his mistake, but fortunately the latter promised to respect his desire for privacy, and the incognito was preserved!

Of course, all Jack need have done was to begin to croon; but apparently he didn't think of this.

Gordon Begg completes the cast. 'Stordinary thing about Begg, simply 'stordinary!

Fourteen years ago, when Norman Walker first broke into the studios as Assistant Director, he was working as Second Assistant on a film called *The Door That Has No Key*. This was down at Twickenham, at what was then the Alliance Studio, and the First Assistant was Dion Titheradge the actor-playwright-scenarist.

And Gordon Begg played the butler.

Now Walker is directing a film which Titheradge has written (the fifth Titheradge story he has directed, by the way).

And Gordon Begg plays the butler—and not changed one iota.

Quiet

This is the only film in production in the B. & D. studios this week, though the spirit of Super-production broods over the place, owing to the impending start on the new Fairbanks Senior film—the one for which Merle Oberon's trip to Hollywood was cancelled.

At the B.I.P. studios next door they are rather slack, too, for there are only *The Magistrate* and *Over The Garden Wall* in production at the moment—though *Dubarry* and *The Life of Schubert* are threatening to burst into production any month now.

It's remarkable to see the change in Paul Stein (director of *The Red Wagon*) since he was taken off *Dubarry* and assigned to *The Life of Schubert*. He had begun to look positively haggard over the business of trying to find a woman who fulfilled all the conditions of a screen *Dubarry*. Now he has regained his customary equanimity, for he has no difficulty in finding a Schubert.

His Schubert's name is Richard Tauber, and they were at school together in Berlin.

Broody

However, Frederick Zelnik (who directed *Happy* for B.I.P.) is beginning to develop a brooding expression and gazes strangely at every woman he sees who might possibly represent *Dubarry*, for the job of directing this film has devolved upon him.

These two productions are scheduled to start together—when they start.

Meanwhile, an appropriate theme-song for Elstree would be a song which was rather popular during the War—"It's Quiet Down Here."

And, come to that, things are not really very much better anywhere. At Shepherd's Bush, certainly, they have two important films under the arcs—*Evergreen* and *Jew Süss*—but both fronts were a little quiet this week.

For *Jew Süss*, Gaumont-British have given a little order to the florist. I'll read out some of the items, and you tot up what they'll cost. Ready?

3,500 tulips, 12,000 harebells, 2,000 lilies-of-the-valley, 3,500 primulas, 750 wallflowers, 2,000 squares of turf—Got that?

Well, never mind about the silver-birch sprays and the crocuses, buttercups, irises, foxgloves, daffodils, daisy plants and rambles—but they're all in proportion.

Worse Than Death

About 26,000 blooms all told—and all to make a suitable hunting-lodge for *Jew Süss* in B Stage at Shepherd's Bush.

This lodge (called the Hirsau house) is the scene of the death of Naemi, *Jew Süss's* daughter, who prefers a somewhat sticky end to the dishonour which the Grand Duke offers her.

I must say she chose a lovely place for it. The garden was one of the most entrancing (and most convincing) I have seen even in these studios, where money is no (or hardly any) object to securing the desired effect.

I have seen very little of Pamela Ostrer, who plays Naemi. It is a very responsible rôle for so young and inexperienced an actress, but she looks



A pencil sketch of Paul Graetz, the German radio and stage star, who scored a hit in "*Red Wagon*." He is also in "*Jew Süss*."

the part so thoroughly that this may largely offset her inexperience. I hope so, anyway. A great deal depends upon it.

Most girls would wilt with stage-fright at appearing in the company of such players as Conrad Veidt, Frank Vosper, Cedric Hardwicke, Benita Hume, Gerald du Maurier, Mary Clare, Eva Moore, Francis Sullivan, Paul Graetz, George Merritt, Frank Cellier, Frank Stanmore, Randle Ayrton, Helena Pickard, Sam Livesey, and all the rest of them.

Well, maybe Pamela Ostrer has done a spot of wilting in privacy; but she certainly doesn't betray any nervousness.

Round One to Honig

I'm glad to see Randle Ayrton back in films. A fine actor.

I haven't seen him (as far as I can remember) since *The Two Worlds*, where he played an old and orthodox Jew superbly—which is probably the reason why he is in this one.

One Mr. Camille Honig has scored very neatly—and without meaning to.

Mr. Honig is one of the greatest living authorities on Jewish history and ritual, and was engaged to supervise the detail in the scene representing a Jewish Court-room, where *Süss* stands his trial.

One point rather bothered the studio authorities, and just to make doubly sure they applied to the British Museum for a decision—whereupon the Museum referred them back to Mr. Honig!

Herr Chow

They have got a step further with the casting of *Chu Chin Chow*, which Walter Forde is to direct at Islington.

The central figure, Hassan, the Robber Chief, who poses as the Chinese mandarin *Chu Chin Chow*, is to be played by Fritz Kortner.

Herr Kortner is one of the successful Shakespearean actors of the German stage.

George Robey is to play Ali Baba.

Zaharat, the Slave Girl, will be played by Anna May Wong, who first attracted attention on the screen by playing the Slave Girl in *The Thief of Bagdad*—with Doug. Fairbanks Senr., who is now to play at Elstree.

And the First Robber is to be played by a Gael with the fine fruity name of Malcolm McEachern.

What's in a Name?

Ever heard of McEachern? No? You surprise me! Well, perhaps you have heard of Flotsam and Jetsam?

All right, then, Malcolm McEachern is Jetsam.

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What Do You Think? Letters from our Readers

JACK and CICELY—Ahoy!

A Fan's Word of Warning to the Hulberts

IN the next three years the Hulberts are to make eighteen films. I wonder how much of their popularity they will have lost by then? In my opinion it will have waned immensely, unless they are careful in the choice of stories.

"Their type of comedy is not subtle and rather broad. And broad comedy is apt to run to duplicated situations or gags. In *Falling for You* we actually had duplication in the film itself in addition to the familiar Hulbert material.

"At a time when comedy wells are rather dry is it wise to go to the well too often? The producers and the Hulberts may think they have done a good stroke of business but they must give us new material instead of cashing in on Jack and Cicely's popularity. Cashing in on 'popularity' is apt to ruin stars."—*Edith Race*, 46, Southey Crescent, Sheffield, 5, who wins the second prize of 10/6.

[I cannot believe that the Hulberts are incapable of finding and importing enough material to keep them going at the top for many years yet. Nevertheless they would be well advised to take heed of the fact that the public will not always stand for the same "act" as they have given us in previous films.]



Cicely Courtneidge

Hollywood Opportunities—Oh, Yeah!

One is constantly reading that 'so-and-so, were she in Hollywood, would be given her opportunity.'

"Opportunity for what?

"Marlene Dietrich went to Hollywood. She has never been given the opportunity for real acting she had in *The Blue Angel*—A German film. Dorothea Wieck went to Hollywood, and had the priceless opportunity of being publicised as a 'cutie.'

"Brian Aherne had the opportunity of appearing in *The Song of Songs*. 'Don't hold that against him,' said the critics, 'See him in *The Constant Nymph*' (a British film).

"Dorothy Sebastian, one of America's few real actresses, was given no opportunity at all. Jameson Thomas was given the opportunity of playing the part of butlers etc., in 'quickies.'

"Betty Mack could become a great tragedienne, Edgar Kennedy a world-famous comedian, but not in Hollywood. There they have every opportunity—except that of doing good work."—*Alfred Johnson*, "Lorrimore," Station Road, Trimley, Ipswich, winner of this week's guinea prize.

All-Star Casts

There is an old proverb that says 'Too many cooks spoil the broth,' and I consider that too many famous stars in one picture spoil the effect. *Grand Hotel* and *Dinner at Eight* were waited for by the general public with eager anticipation, whilst *Dinner at Eight* was advertised as the film of the year.

"Maybe these pictures are released with the idea of advertising the various stars' acting ability, but each star seems dull because no one is allowed to stand out.

"*Grand Hotel* and *Dinner at Eight* have disappointed the public mainly because of the multiplication of stars, and also because they were boomed as extraordinary pictures, whereas they are just ordinary pictures, with a lot of star

names."—*Eric J. Spragg*, 115, Haslemere Road, Southsea, Hants.

[This week has brought many complaints against star films. Producers might think it worth while to consider if the public really does want these many-named casts.]

We read that *Wonder Bar* is to be another all-star film. This increasing propensity to make films with 'all-star' casts is significant. Surely one star in a film is enough (and more than enough, occasionally—sorry!) as a drawing factor?

"Team work is no good for a film star. This we leave to the 'featured' players (who have to act . . .) By 'all-star' casts, we are losing the individuality of our film stars. The essential of a star is individuality.

"The 'star system' is a direct contradiction to so-called 'all-star' films, which actually reduce the rank of a 'star' to that of a 'featured player'.—(Mr.) I. Ades, East Cliff Court, Grove Road, Bournemouth.

Vulgarity in "Symphonies"

I enjoy the simple fooling of Walt Disney's 'Silly Symphonies' as much as any mischief loving youngster.

"But oft-times the laugh has died on my face when an ill-conceived episode of blatant vulgarity has been interpolated obviously for the particular delectation of the adult audience; which has sobered me with an unwelcome suddenness.

"Now the chief reason, I think, for the universal appeal of this comic-strip of the talkie screen is its unpretentious childishness.

"Indecency, suggestiveness, and sordidness of such nature cannot possibly gladden the children's hearts. Please, Disney, continue writing your funny fairy-tales for the children—and the more childish, the more lovable!"—*Watson C. Whiteham*, 6, Cuedon Street, Burnley, Lancs.

[I have seldom noticed anything offensive in recent "Silly Symphonies."]

A Cheer for Chaplin

Why should Charlie Chaplin worry himself about making any more pictures? He is a rich man while still young enough to enjoy the golden results of strenuous years.

"It is attributed to Samuel Johnson (no fans, he was not in films) that a man who wrote for any other purpose but to get money was a fool.

"Mr. Chaplin is a business man and a long way from being a fool. But if he should wish to have a little flutter in films the odds are all in his favour especially if he has found his ideal in Paulette Goddard.

"He is probably big enough to succeed where a lesser man would fail. Even if his effort is not classed as a great film it will be a Charlie Chaplin film, which being interpreted means a good film.

"We shall all go to see it and that will be success for him and a pleasant change for us from some of the hokum and bellow for which producers now imagine there is a crying want."—*T. Jas. Hart*, 10, Churchways Avenue, Horfield, Bristol, 7.

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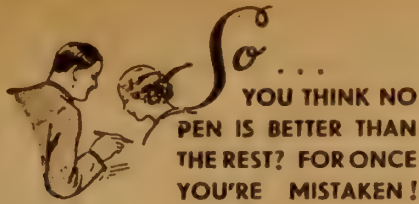
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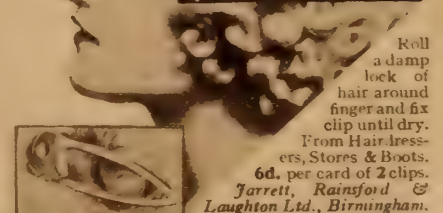
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From P.O. (and Co.) and make payable to "THE PICTUREGOER." Pte. 23.34

"George" and "Anne" are your enquiry departments. The former will be happy to answer any query regarding films, the latter anything connected with household or beauty hints. Write to them both c/o THE PICTUREGOER WEEKLY. When a reply by post is desired a stamped, addressed envelope must be enclosed.

DAVIDA (Chelsea).—(1) Ages this year as follows: Jack Holt, 46 on May 31; Marie Dressler, 63 on November 9; Richard Cromwell, 24 on January 8. (2) Bing Crosby is married to Dixie Lee and they have one baby son. He is 5 ft. 9 in. tall, brown hair and blue eyes. Address him c/o Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon Street, Hollywood, California, where he is making *We're Not Dressing*. (3) Richard Cromwell's real name is Roy Radabaugh; 5 ft. 10 in. tall, brown hair and grey eyes; hobbies, painting, swimming, riding, and tennis. Films include *Tol'able David*, *Fifty Fathoms Deep*, *Shanghai Love*, *Maker of Men*, *Emma*, *Strange Love of Molly Lowmain*, *Are These Our Children?* Tom Brown of Culver, *That's My Boy*, *This Day and Age*, *Above the Clouds*, *Hoop-la*, and *House of Connelly*. Address him c/o Fox Studios, Beverly Hills, California. (4) Jack Holt married Marguerite Wood (mar. dis.). He has three children. He is 6 ft. tall, brown hair and eyes. Latest films include *Tampico*, *The Wrecker*, and *Man of Steel*.

AN ADMIRER OF IDA LUPINO (Leicester).—(1) Ida Lupino will be 17 this year. She is the daughter of Stanley Lupino and Connie Emerald; 5 ft. 7 in. tall, fair hair and blue eyes. She has a contract with the Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon Street, Hollywood, California, and is working in *The Search for Beauty*. (2) Claire Trevor is 5 ft. 3 in. tall, blonde hair and hazel eyes. Her latest films are *Life in the Raw*, *The Mad Game*, and *Jimmy and Sally*.

MARS.—I regret it is impossible to let you have the details you require.

INQUISITIVE FAN (Penrith).—If you write to Joel McCrea, c/o Radio Studios, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, California, and to Gary Cooper, c/o Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon Street, Hollywood, California, asking them nicely for signed photographs, I expect they will send you one.

FILM CRAZY (Loose).—A picture of Jessie Matthews appears on my page in the February 3 issue of this magazine. Here with the cast of *There Goes the Bride*: Max—Owen Nares; Annette Marquand—Jessie Matthews; Cora—Carol Goodner; M. Marquand—Charles Carson; Mme. Marquand—Barbara Everest; Rudolph—Basil Radford; Housekeeper—Winifred Oughton; Clark—Jerry Verno; M. Duchaine—Gordon McLeod; Mme. Duchaine—Mignon O'Doherty; Chief of Police—Lawrence Hanray; Public Prosecutor—George Zucco. The story of this film was published in January 14, 1933, issue of PICTUREGOER, and a centre-spread of *The Midshipmaid* in the December 10, 1932, issue.

T. L. F. M. (Glasgow).—Leon E. Janney was born on April 1, 1917, at Ogden, Utah. He has fair hair. He made his first appearance in films in 1927, and his pictures include: *The Doorway to Hell*, *Father's Son*, *Children of Dreams*, *Old English*, *Penrod and Sam*, and *Their Mad Moment*. Richard Cromwell was born on January 8, 1910, at Los Angeles; he is 5 ft. 10 in. tall and has brown hair and grey eyes. His films include *Tol'able David*, *Fifty Fathoms Deep*, *Shanghai Love*, *Maker of Men*, *Emma*, *Strange Love of Molly Lowmain*, *Are These Our Children?* Tom Brown of Culver, *That's My Boy*, *This Day and Age*, *Above the Clouds*, *Hoop-la*, and *House of Connelly*. Address a letter to Richard Cromwell c/o Radio Pictures, Beverly Hills, California.

PICTUREGOER (Grimsby).—You can obtain photographs of Constance Bennett and John Boles from The PICTUREGOER Post Card Salon, 85 Long Acre, London, W.C.2, at 3d. each.

GARY FAN (Bath).—Gary Cooper was born in Helena, Montana, on May 7, 1901; he is 6 ft. 2½ in. tall and has light blue eyes and brown hair. Gary was in England in 1931. His latest films are *One Sunday Afternoon*, *Design for Living*, *Alice in Wonderland*, and *The Man Who Broke His Heart*. If you write to him c/o Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon Street, Hollywood, California, and ask him for an autograph, I expect he will send you one. A letter to Hollywood takes ten days and costs 1½d.

J. M. P. (Ewell).—Bebe Daniels was born on January 14, 1901, at Dallas, Texas; she is 5 ft. 3 in. tall and has brown hair and eyes. She is happily married to Ben Lyon and they have a baby daughter, Barbara. Bebe Daniels' latest films are *Cocktail Hour* and *Counselor-at-Law*. Write to Bebe Daniels c/o Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, California, and to her husband c/o Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, California.

Let GEORGE

D. B. (Wandsworth).—If you write to Douglas Fairbanks jr. nicely I expect he will send you a photograph. Address c/o London Film Productions, Twickenham, Middx.

GARY COOPER FAN (Norwich).—Gary Cooper was born in Helena, Montana, on May 7, 1901; he is 6 ft. 2½ in. tall and has light blue eyes and brown hair. Married to Sandra Shaw. He has appeared in the following films: *It*, *Children of Divorce*, *Nevada*, *The Legion of the Condemned*, *The First Kiss*, *The Shipwrecked Angel*, *Betrayed*, *Only the Brave*, *The Virginians*, *The Spoilers*, *Morocco*, *City Streets*, *I Take this Woman*, *His Woman*, *One Sunday Afternoon*, *Design for Living*, *Alice in Wonderland*, and *The Man Who Broke His Heart*. A letter to America costs only 1½d.

A. H. (London).—Mac Clarke was born on August 16, 1910, at Philadelphia; she is 5 ft. 4 in. tall and has brown hair and eyes. Married to Lew Brice (mar. dis.). Her latest films are *Turn Back the Clock*, *Crooks in Clover*, *Lady Killer*, and *Nana*. Address her c/o Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, California.

TWO YOUNG CHEVALIER FANS.—Maurice Chevalier was born on September 12, 1894, at Menilmontant, France. He is 5 ft. 11½ in. tall and has brown hair and blue eyes. His favourite sport is boxing. Maurice's father died when he was eleven and after trying his hand at carpentry and electrical work he obtained his first chance as a singer when he was fifteen, and failed. He finally became dancing partner to Mistinguette, but the War intervened. While imprisoned in a German military camp, Maurice met and became friends with an Englishman from whom he learnt to speak English. After the War he again appeared in musical revues before being discovered by Paramount. His latest films are *A Bedtime Story*, *The Way of Love*, and *The Merry Widow*.

CHATTERTON FAN.—Ruth Chatterton was born on December 24, 1893, at New York City. Her films include *Sins of the Fathers*, *The Doctor's Secret*, *Madame X*, *The Laughing Lady*, *Charming Sinners*, *Sarah and Son*, *The High Road*, *Anybody's Women*, *The Right to Love*, *Unfaithful*, *The Magnificent Lie*, *To-morrow and To-morrow*, *The Rich are Always With Us*, *Common Ground*, *Frisco Jenny*, *Lilly Turner*, and *Female*. If you address a letter to her c/o Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, California, asking for a photograph, I expect she will send you one.

JUST ANOTHER FAN.—Bruce Cabot was born in Carlsbad, New Mexico, on April 20 and is married to Adrienne Ames; his latest films are *Aggie Appleby*, *Maker of Men*, *Ann Vickers*, and *The Criminal Within*. Write to Joan Crawford c/o Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, California; Bruce Cabot c/o Radio Studios, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, California; Miriam Hopkins and Marlene Dietrich c/o Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon Street, Hollywood, California; and to Joan Bennett c/o 401 Taft Building, Hollywood. Joan Crawford's real name was Billy Cassin, which she changed to Lucille Le Sueur for screen purposes; she was afterwards allotted her present name by public vote.

PADDY (Grimsby).—You can obtain photographs of Janet Gaynor and Warner Baxter separately and together from The PICTUREGOER Post Card Salon, 85 Long Acre, London, W.C.2, at 3d. each.

GRACIE FIELDS FAN.—The release date of Gracie Fields' film, *Love, Life, and Laughter*, has been fixed for April 23, 1934.

D. PARKES (Rotherham).—Ida Lupino was born in 1917 and is 5 ft. 7 in. tall. She is now at Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon Street, Hollywood, California. Mary Carlisle is 5 ft. 4 in. tall; address her c/o Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City,

California. Dorothy Hyson was born in 1915; she is 5 ft. 5 in. tall, and you can write to her c/o Gaumont-British Studios, Lime Grove, Shepherd's Bush, London, W.12.

RANGER (Chiswick).—Marie Dressler was born at Coburg, Canada, on November 9, 1869. Her father was Alexander Koerber, last surviving officer of the Crimean War. She was christened Leila; married J. H. Dalton. Write to her c/o Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, California.

A PAUL SUPPORTER.—You can write to Paul Muni, c/o Warner-First National Studio, Burbank, California. His latest films are *The World Changes* and *Hi, Nellie*.

E. S. (Edinburgh).—Ruby Keeler is the wife of Al Jolson. She played in musical comedy before her marriage, and made her film debut in *42nd Street*. Write to her c/o Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, California.

J. K. (North).—Herewith the addresses you require: Maureen O'Sullivan, c/o Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, California; Nancy Burne and Stanley Lupino, c/o British International Pictures, Boreham Wood, Elstree, Herts.

BUNTY (Gainsborough).—(1) The most recent film version of *Charley's Aunt* was the American talkie starring Charlie Ruggles as the "Aunt." Other members of the cast were Flora Le Breton, Doris Lloyd, June Collyer, Hugh Williams, Flora Sheffield, Rodney McLennan, Halliwell Hobbes, Phillips Smalley, and Willson Bengie. (2) Richard Cromwell is not married. (3) Richard Arlen's new pictures include: *Three Corners Moon*, *Golden Harvest*, *Hell and High Water*, and *Alice in Wonderland*. Thank you for your good wishes.

BING CROSBY FAN (Isleworth).—(1) Bing Crosby's latest films include: *College Humour*, released January 1, 1934, *Too Much Harmony*, released April 9, 1934, *Going Hollywood*, released May 28, 1934, and *We're Not Dressing*, release date not fixed. (2) I would suggest you get in touch with Connie's Ltd., 92 Regent Street, London, W.1. (3) Write to the Douglas Fairbanks, father and son, c/o the London Film Studios, Twickenham, Middlesex. (4) Gertrude Lawrence was married to M. Francis Gordon-Howley, but the marriage has been dissolved.

BLONDIE (Tottenham, N.17).—Address Franchot Tone, c/o Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, California, U.S.A. His new pictures include: *Stage Mother*, *Blonde Bombshell*, *Dancing Lady* and *Moulin Rouge*.

INQUISITIVE (Treharris).—Ida Lupino is the daughter of Stanley Lupino. Lupino is her surname.

INTERESTED (Leeds).—Richard Cromwell was born on January 8, 1910, at Los Angeles. Real name Roy Radabaugh; 5 ft. 10 in. tall; brown hair; grey eyes. Films include: *Tol'able David*, *Fifty Fathoms Deep*, *Shanghai Love*, *Maker of Men*, *Emma*, *The Strange Love of Molly Lowmain*, *Are These Our Children?* Tom Brown of Culver, *That's My Boy*, *This Day and Age*, *Flying Devils*, *Hoop-la*, and *Carolina*. Address him c/o RKO-Radio Studio, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.

ROCK-A-NOR (Sutton).—Herewith the cast of *The Last of Mrs. Cheyne*: Mrs. Cheyne—Norma Shearer; Lord Arthur Dilling—Basil Rathbone; Charles—George Barrard; Lord Elton—Herbert Bunston; Lady Maria—Hedda Hopper; Joan—Moon Carroll; Mrs. Wynton—Madeline Seymour; Willie Wynton—Cyril Chadwick; George—George K. Arthur; William—Finch Smiles; Mrs. Webley—Maude Turner. I hope this will help you to settle your argument.

CLARVIO (Cardiff).—(1) Addresses as follows: Emil Jannings, c/o Ufa Studios, Berlin; Nancy Carroll, c/o Paramount-Public Studios, Hollywood, California; Glenda Farrell, c/o Warner Brothers Studios, Burbank, California. (2) Yes, Lili Damita is in England, she is appearing on the stage.

AN ADMIRER OF JOHN STUART (Brecon).—John Stuart was born on July 18, 1899 in Edinburgh; 5 ft. 11 in. tall; brown hair and eyes; educated at Eastbourne; married to Muriel Angelus. Pictures include *Her Son*, *Hindle Wakes*, *In a Monastery Garden*, *Number Seventeen*, *Mademoiselle From Armentieres*, *The Flight Commander*, *Smashing Through*.

MICKY (Ilford).—The Al Bowlly who was in the film *The Mayor's Nest* is the same as the Al Bowlly of *Low Stone's* band. A letter addressed to him c/o "The Melody Maker," 85 Long Acre, London, W.C.2, will be forwarded immediately upon receipt.

INQUISITIVE (Leeds, 7).—Richard Cromwell was born on January 8, 1910, at Los Angeles. Real name, Roy Radabaugh; 5 ft. 10 in. tall; brown hair; grey eyes. Hobbies: painting, swimming, riding, and tennis. His pictures include *Tol'able David*, *Fifty Fathoms Deep*, *Shanghai Love*, *Maker*

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DO IT!

of *Men, Emma, The Strange Love of Molly Louvain, Are These Our Children, Tom Brown of Culver, That's My Boy, This Day and Age, Above the Clouds, Hoop-La, and The House of Comedy*. Write to him c/o Columbia Studios, 1,438 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.

JANET GAYNOR FAN (Bradford).—Write to Janet Gaynor c/o Fox Studios, Movietone City, Westwood, California, U.S.A. Send an International Money Order for return postage only. If there is any charge for a signed photograph, you can send the balance when you hear from her, otherwise you will not know how much to send.

BUNTY (Gainsborough).—(1) Herewith the cast of the most recent screen version of *Charley's Aunt*: Lord Fancourt Babberly—Charles Ruggles; Ela Delahay—Flora Le Breton; Donna Lucia D'Alvadorez—Doris Lloyd; Charley Wykeham—Hugh Williams; Amy Spettigue—June Collyer; Kitty Verdun—Flora Sheffield; Jack Chesney—Rodney McLennan; Stephen Spettigue—Halliwell Hobbes; Sir Francis Chesney—Phillips Smalley; Brasset—Wilson Bengie. (2) Richard Cromwell is not married. (3) Richard Arlen's latest films include *Three-Cornered Moon, Golden Harvest, Hell and High Water*, and *Alice in Wonderland*. Thank you for your good wishes.

KATHLEEN ANN (Herefordshire).—You can obtain photographs of Ronald Colman and Rudolph Valentino from The PICTUREGOER Post Card Salon, 85 Long Acre, London, W.C.2. I am glad you enjoy PICTUREGOER so much.

D. B. (London).—Jan Kiepura was born in Poland in 1902. He is at present making a picture at the Universal Studios, Universal City, California, U.S.A. A letter addressed care of these studios should reach him.

A. M. G. (London).—(1) Address Clark Gable c/o Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, California, and James Cagney c/o Radio Studios, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, California. (2) The postage for a letter addressed to Hollywood is 1½d. (3) James Cagney will be 30 on July 17.

DOLLY (Kennington).—Boris Karloff did not play in *The Hounds of Zoroff*.

GWENDOLINE (London, W.).—(1) Birthdays as follows: (a) Ann Casson—November 6, 1915; (b) Gloria Stuart—July 4, 1910; (c) Adrienne Ames—August 3; (d) Miriam Hopkins—October 8, 1902. (2) Margaret Lindsay's films include *The All-American, The Fourth Horseman, Once in a Lifetime, Cavalcade, The Penalty of Fame, and Voltaire*.

ELISE MARIE (Bedford Park).—(1) Birthdays as follows: (a) Johnny Weissmuller—Chicago, June 2; (b) Lupe Velez—July 18, 1910, San Luis Potosi, Mexico; (c) Joel McCrea—Los Angeles, November 5, 1905; (d) Maureen O'Sullivan—Boyle, Ireland, May 17, 1911. (2) Herewith a list of Fay Wray's pictures: *The Wedding March, The Unholy Garden, The Finger Points, The Street of Sin, The Kiss, The Four Feathers, Thunderbolt, Dirigible, Doctor X, The Hounds of Zoroff, King Kong, One Sunday Afternoon, The Bowery, Master of Men, and Madame Spy*.

MOONSTRUCK (Huntington).—Write to Bing Crosby c/o Paramount-Public Studios, Hollywood, California. It costs 1½d. to send a letter to America and takes ten days for it to reach Hollywood and another ten days for a reply to reach England.

AUDREY (N.C.).—(1) Herbert Marshall was born on May 23, 1890 in London. Married to Edna Best, has one baby daughter. Address him c/o Paramount-Public Studios, Hollywood, California. (2) Write to both Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell c/o Fox Studios, Movietone City, Westwood, California. (3) Frank Lawton will be 30 on September 30 next. Write to him c/o Gaumont British Studios, Lime Grove, Shepherds Bush, London, W.12.

VEIDT FAN.—Conrad Veidt was born in Berlin on January 22, 1887. Pictures include: *The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari, Three Waxworks, Lady Hamilton, Lucrezia Borgia, Brothers Shillenburg, Prince Cuckoo, Henry IV, The Student of Prague, The Beloved Rogue, The Man Who Laughs, A Man's Past, Erik the Great, The Last Company, The Lottery Bride, Rasputin, Rome Express, and The Wandering Jew*.

TEDDY (Portsmouth).—(1) You can obtain pictures (price 3d.) of Douglas Fairbanks, jun., and Joel McCrea from The PICTUREGOER Post Card Salon, 85 Long Acre, London, W.C.2. I do not know where you can obtain photographs free of charge. (2) Birthdays as follows: (a) Douglas Fairbanks, jun.—New York, December 9, 1907; (b) Joel McCrea—Los Angeles, November 5, 1905; (c) John Wayne—Winterset, Idaho, 1908.

CURIOUS (Brentford).—Herewith the cast of *The Hate Ship*: Vernon Wolfe—Jamison Thomas; Sylvia Paget—Jean Colin; Count Boris Ivanoff—Henry Victor; Roger Peel—Jack Raine; Capt. McDonnell—Randle Ayrton; Lisette—Edna Davies; Colonel

Paget—Ivy Dawson; Countess Olga Karova—Maria Minetti; Arthur Wardell—Carl Harbord; Dr. Saunders—Allen Jeayes; Nigel Menzies—Charles Dormer; Rigby—Syd Crossley; Bullock—Charles Emerald.

JEANETTE MACDONALD AND JEAN HARLOW FAN (Ruthin).—(1) Jeanette MacDonald will be 27 on June 18 next. Her films include *The Love Parade, The Vagabond King, Let's Go Native, Monte Carlo, The Lottery Bride, Oh, for a Man, Amabile's Affairs, One Hour With You, Love Me To-night, Merry Widow (French version), The Cat and the Fiddle, and My Gal Sal*. Address her c/o Paramount-Public Studios, Hollywood, California. (2) The cast of *The Love Parade*: Count Alfred—Maurice Chevalier; Queen Louise—Jeanette MacDonald; The Valet—Lupino Lane; The Maid—Lillian Roth. (3) Write to Jean Harlow c/o Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, California. Jean was 22 on March 3 last. Her pictures are *The Saturday Night Kid, Hell's Angels, The Iron Man, The Secret Six, Enemies of the Public, Goldie, The Beast of the City, Platinum Blonde, The Red-haired Woman, Red Dust, Hold Your Man, Dinner at Eight, Blonde Bombshell, Hollywood Party, and Living in a Big Way* (4) See "D. B. (London)," on this page for particulars of Jan Kiepura.

H. D. G. (Hessle).—(1) Address Sydney Howard c/o The Stage Door, Aldwych Theatre, Aldwych, London, W.C.2, and Leslie Fuller c/o British International Studios, Boreham Wood, Elstree, Herts. (2) Bobbie Howes has appeared in the films *Third Time Lucky, Lord Babs, and For the Love of Mike*.

COWARD FAN (Leyland).—(1) Gertrude Lawrence married Francis Gordon-Howley (mar. dis.). Her pictures include *The Battle of Paris, Aren't We All, The Gay Lady, and Lord Camber's Ladies*. (2) Ida Lupino is 5 ft. 7 in. tall. Latest film is *The Search for Beauty*, made since she arrived in Hollywood. (3) Noel Coward was born at Teddington on December 16, 1899.

AN EDDIE CANTOR FAN (Church Gresley).—No, Ida Lupino did not appear in *The Kid from Spain*—herewith the full cast: Eddie—Eddie Cantor; Rosalie—Lyda Roberti; Ricardo—Robert Young; Anita—Ruth Hall; Pancho—John Miljan; Alonzo Gomez—Noah Beery; Pedro—J. Carol Nash; Crawford—Robert Emmet O'Connor; Jose—Stanley Fields; Gonzales—Paul Porcasi; Dalmores—Julian Rivero; Martha Oliver—Theresa Maxwell Conover; Dean—Walter Walker; Red—Ben Hendricks, jun.; Sidney Franklin—Sidney Franklin; Chief Dancer—Grace Poggi.

FILM STRUCK MARJORIE (Heysham).—(1) Tommy Conlon will be 16 this year and Tom Keene 30. (2) Herewith the cast of *I'll Stick to You*: Adam Tipper—Jay Laurier; Pauline Mason—Betty Astell; Mortimer Moody—Ernest Sefton; Wilkins—Hal Walters; Eve Ogletrope—Annie Esmond; Ronnie Matthews—Louis Hayward; Millie Wiggins—Mary Gaskell; Pilgrim—Charles Childerstone. (3) I should not advise you to send your autograph album through the post. You can write to Leon Janney c/o Warner Brothers Studios, Burbank, California and ask him if he would send you his autograph, then you could paste it in your book when you receive it.

A MADGE EVANS FAN (Fountains).—(1) Herewith a list of Madge Evans' pictures: *Sudden Riches, Classmates, Heartbreak, Sporting Blood, West of Broadway, Son of India, Guilty Hands, Lovers Courageous, The Impossible Lover, Are you Listening? The Greeks Had a Word for Them, Hell Below, Beauty for Sale, Ring up the Curtain, Dinner at Eight, and Fugitive Lovers*. (2) Herewith the casts you require: (a) *Are you Listening?*: Bill Grimes—William Haines; Laura—Madge Evans; Sally—Anita Page; Alice—Karen Morley; Clayton—Neil Hamilton; Larry—Wallace Ford; George Warner—Jean Hersholt; Honey—Joan Marsh; Russell—John Miljan; Carson—Murray Kinnell; Mrs. Peters—Ethel Griffies. (b) *Son of India*: Karim—Ramon Novarro; William Darsay—Conrad Nagel; Mrs. Darsay—Marjorie Rambeau; Janice—Madge Evans; Dr. Wallace—C. Aubrey Smith; Hamid—Mitchell Lewis; Jugat—John Miljan; Rao Rama—Nigel de Brulier. (c) *Beauty for Sale*: Letty—Madge Evans; Mrs. Sherwood—Alice Brady; Sherwood—Otto Kruger; Carol—Una Merkel; Mrs. Merrick—May Robson; Burt Barton—Phillips Holmes; Bill—Eddie Nugent; Madame Sonia—Hedla Hopper; Jane—Florine McKinney; Hortense—Isobel Jewell; Mrs. Lawson—Louise Carter; Robert Abbott—John Roche; Gordon—Charles Grapewin. (3) Madge Evans was born on July 1, 1909 in New York. Unmarried; golden hair; grey-blue eyes. Write to her c/o Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, California.

A PHIL HARRIS FAN.—Write to Phil Harris c/o Radio Studios, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, California. He has not appeared on the screen since *Melody Cruise*.

DVORAK FAN (Cornwall).—You will see Ann Dvorak again soon, for she appears opposite Maurice Chevalier in his new film *The Way to Love*. Other films include: *Scarface, Sky Devils, The Crowd Roars, Love is a Racket, The Strange Case of Molly Louvain, Stranger in Town, The Crooner, Three on a Match, College Coach, and Wonder Bar*.

ANXIOUS (Bombay 2).—No. Maurice Chevalier has not any children. Chevalier is a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer star now; his first film for this company will be *The Merry Widow*.

FILM FAN (Cheshire).—Constance Cummings was born on May 15, 1910, at Seattle, Washington; she is 5 ft. 4 in. tall and has blue eyes and brown hair. Her films include *The Criminal Code, The Last Parade, Lover Come Back, The Big Timer, Behind the Mask, The Guilty Generation, The Lost Man, Movie Crazy, Attorney for the Defence, Invisible Power, Broadway Thru a Keyhole, and Trouble Shooter*. Write to her c/o United Artists Studio, 1,041 N. Formosa Avenue, Hollywood, California.

A. V. (Cromer).—Paul Gregory took the part of Waniens in the film *Whoopie*. Your cinema couplet has been forwarded to the correct department.

A. M. N. (Staffs).—Herewith the cast of the silent version of *Sorrell and Son*: Stephen Sorrell—H. B. Warner; Dora Sorrell—Anna Q. Nilsson; Christopher Sorrell—Nils Asther; Christopher, as a child—Micky McBan; Fanny Garland—Alice Joyce; Florence Palfrey—Carmel Myers; Sgt. Major Buck—Louis Wolheim; Dr. Orange—Paul M. Allister; Molly Roland—Mary Nolan.



Adrienne Ames was born at Fort Worth, Texas. Birthday, August 3; 5 ft. 5 in. tall; dark brown hair; blue eyes; married (1) Stephen Ames, (2) Bruce Cabot. Pictures include "24 Hours," "The Road to Reno," "Two Kinds of Women," "Sinners in the Sun," "Guilty as Charged," "A Bedtime Story," "Disgraced," and "The Avenger." Address her c/o Paramount-Public Studios, Hollywood, California.

JOHN (Newcastle).—(1) Write to David Manners c/o United Artists Studios, 1041 North Formosa Avenue, Hollywood, California. New pictures include: *The Devil's in Love, Torch Singer, and Roman Scandals*. (2) Frank Lawton is not married. (3) John Wayne was born at Winterset, Idaho; 6 ft. 2 in. tall; dark brown hair; grey eyes. Films include: *The Big Trail, Girls Demand Excitement, Three Girls Lost, Arizona, Men Are Like That, Range Feud, Make of Men, Ride Him—Cowboy, Texas Cyclone, and The Big Stampede*. Address him c/o Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.

D. M. (Oldbury).—Ralph Forbes was born on September 30, 1905, in London; 5 ft. 11 in. tall; fair hair; blue eyes; married Ruth Chatterton (mar. dis.); educated Denstone College, Staffs. He appeared in both *Christopher Strong* and *Pleasure Cruise*, he is fair not dark.

A. M. E. (Liverpool 13).—(1) Gregory La Cava directed *Gabriel Over the White House*. (2) The role of "Inspector O'Brien" in *He Knew Too Much* was played by Preston Foster. (3) Louis Calhern took the part of "Dick Bolton" in George Raft's picture *Night After Night*.

INTERESTED (Birmingham).—Thank you for your good wishes. Robert Young is a native of Chicago and will be 27 this year. Married to Elizabeth Henderson; 6 ft. tall; dark eyes and hair. Pictures include: *Lullaby, The Wet Parade, New Merals for Old, The Kid from Spain, To-day We Live, Hell Below, Tugboat Annie, Saturday Millions, The Right to Romance, and Trigger*.

J. B. R. (London).—(1) Renate Muller has not appeared in any films recently. (2) Nancy Brown plays the part of "Lamentina" in the screen version of *Red Wagon*. (3) Addresses as follows: (a) Dorothy Hyson c/o Gaumont British Studios, Lime Grove, Shepherds Bush, London, W.12. (b) Anne Grey c/o Sound City Studios, Shepperton, Middlesex; (c) Joan Crawford c/o Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, California.

ENID (Fishponds).—Mickey McGuire's real name is Joe Yule, jun., he was born at Brooklyn on September 23, 1921. Black hair and blue eyes.

NORDIL.—Herewith the casts you require: (1) *Waltz Time*: Rosalinde—Evelyn Laye; Eisenstein—Fritz Schultz; Adele—Gina Malo; Froesch—Jay Laurier; Alfred—Parry Jones; Counsellor Falke, "The Bat!"—Ivor Barnard; Meyer—D. A. Clarke Smith; Judge Bauer—Edmund Breon; Orlovsky—George Baker; Fiacre Driver—Frank Titterton. (2) *The Only Girl*: The Empress—Mady Christians, The Duke—Charles Boyer; Juliette—Lillian Harvey; Didier—Maurice Evans; Arabella—Friedel Schuster;

The Chamberlain—Ernest Rhesiger; Offenbach—Julius Falkenstein; The Regimental Doctor—Huntley Wright; The Hospital Orderly—Reginald Smith; Marienne—Ruth Maitland; Etienne—O. B. Clarence.

LILLIAN HARVEY FAN (Paris).—I regret I do not know the general release dates for American films showing in France. Perhaps your local cinema manager will be able to give you the information you require.

MACKAILL FAN.—(1) Dorothy Mackaill was 29 on March 4. (2) Casts: (a) *This Reckless Age*: Bradley Ingels—Charles Rogers; Donald Ingels—Richard Bennett; Mary Burke—Peggy Shannon; Goliath Whitney—Charles Ruggles; Lois Ingels—Frances Dea; Eunice Ingels—Frances Starr; Rhoda—Maude Eburne; Pig Van Dyke—Allen Vincent; Matthew Daggett—David Landau; Lester Bell—Reginald Barlow. (b) *Their Mad Moment*: Estaban—Warner Baxter; Emily—Dorothy Mackaill; Miss Dibbs—Zasu Pitts; Suzanne—Nella Walker; Sir Harry—Lawrence Grant; La Mere—Nance O'Neill; Stancia—Mary Doran; Narcio—Leon Janney.

MAURICE CHEVALIER FAN (Folkestone).—(1) Write to Maurice Chevalier c/o Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, California. His two latest films are *The Way to Love* and *The Merry Widow*. I expect he will send you a signed photograph of himself if you ask him nicely, although there may be some small fee for the photograph and postage. (2) Herewith the cast of *A Bedtime Story*: Rene—Maurice Chevalier; Sally—Helen Twelvetrees; Victor—Edward Everett Horton; Paulette—Adrienne Ames; "Monsieur Baby"—Baby Le Roy; Max—Earle Fox; Gabrielle—Leah Ray; Suzanne—Betty Lorraine; Louise—Gertrude Michael; Robert—Ernest Wood; The General—Reginald Mason; Police Agent—Henry Kolker.

IRISH M.B.R. (Harpenden).—(1) Addresses as follows: Joan Crawford, c/o Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, California; Pat O'Brien, c/o Warner Brothers Studios, Burbank, California; Betty Stockfield, c/o Twickenham Studios, St. Margarets, Twickenham, Middlesex. (2) Lon Chaney is dead.

A LOVER OF HELEN HAYES (Essex).—(1) A centre spread of *The White Sister* appeared in the May 12, 1933, issue of THE PICTUREGOER. (2) Helen Hayes was born on October 10, 1902, at Washington, U.S.A.; 5 ft. 1 in. tall; fair hair; blue eyes; married to Charles MacArthur; one little daughter. Pictures include: *The Lullaby, Arrowsmith, Farewell to Arms, The White Sister, Son- Daughter, Night Flight, Another Language, and What Every Woman Knows*. We will be pleased to do our best to reply to your questions next time you write.

Long after midnight her skin still says "seven o'clock"



Dancing all the evening in warm, crowded ballrooms, your complexion will still bring you compliments if you use Icilma Vanishing Cream before you "make up." Not only does this cream make powder cling evenly, but the natural spring water—from the Icilma Spring—which it contains tones up the skin and keeps it smooth and healthy. Buy a jar of Icilma next time you are in the chemist's!

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For a complete trial Beauty Outfit containing tubes of Icilma Vanishing, Flesh-Tinted and Cold Creams, two boxes of Icilma Face Powder (Naturelle and Rachel), a full-size 3d. Icilma Shampoo, and a full-size 3d. Icilma Hair Powder for dry shampoo, send 6d. in stamps to Icilma (Dept. 29 F), 45 King's Road, London, N.W.1. Your envelope must be sealed and bear a 1d. stamp. This offer does not apply to the Irish Free State.

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6d. 1/- 1/9

Cold Cream

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ICC 1-143

Leave it to ANNE

WHATEVER your query, whether it belongs to the beauty or the domestic category, I am delighted to answer it. Please enclose a stamped addressed envelope for a postal reply. I can give you more space in a letter than can be spared in this column.

LAST week we talked about foods that contain a sufficiency of vitamin C, the most important of all the known vitamins if a beautiful clear complexion is to be achieved.

This week I want to write of a balanced diet—that is, a diet so well arranged and proportioned that it keeps you in good health and your brain functioning as brightly as can be. For, believe me, sluggish bodies result in slow mental powers and muddled thinking.

Under-eating is as bad as over-eating. To eat less than is actually required means that the body must draw on its reserves to maintain heat and energy and so you lose weight. To eat more than is necessary means that the excess must be stored up, and so you grow fat.

Meals should be balanced so that each day the body is supplied with just as much of the various elements as it actually needs and no more.

Proper Balance

First of all, you need proteins. They provide energy, growth, repair. These are contained in meat, milk, cheese, eggs, fish, of animal origin; in bread, potatoes, and cereals, of vegetable origin. Most women err in consuming far too much meat. The average girl or woman does not need more than four medium-sized meat meals per week. If she suffers from faulty elimination, she should cut it down to three. For the other meals a variety of dishes can be made from eggs, cheese, and fish.

Then you need starch, which you may take in the form of potatoes, macaroni, spaghetti, baked beans. You must have raw vegetables, such as lettuce, tomatoes, cucumber, celery, steamed green vegetables, and raw fruit, such as we talked about last week; and, lastly, milk, wholemeal bread, and butter.

It is not difficult to plan three meals a day from the foregoing, allowing one protein dish, one starchy dish, one of raw vegetables, and one of raw fruit. Add your bread and butter and, if you can take it, a pint of milk a day. If not a pint, then such quantity as you can conveniently consume.

Tea and coffee should be taken in strict moderation if you value your complexion. It is far better to quench thirst with copious draughts of water. Even though you may not feel thirsty, see that you take a sufficiency of cold water between meals. The best authorities have it that we need three pints a day, but certainly we should consume not less than two pints.

Not Too Much Sugar

Be sparing with sugar; if you have a sweet tooth, satisfy it with honey. Avoid fried foods, too many pastries, and highly seasoned dishes. Take vegetable soups, meat simply prepared, steamed and grilled fish, steamed vegetables, fruit, both raw and cooked,



The cold-cream brush for applying cleansing cream and stimulating the skin at the same time is part of Florine McKinney's make-up equipment.

though not too much sweetened, and preferably without pastry.

Take to this simple living for a few months, and you will be agreeably surprised at the clear skin, bright eyes, and glossy alive hair that will result.

Alcohol tends to coarsen the skin, and at risk of seeming a killjoy, I would say that cocktails are best avoided.

Faulty elimination is one of the chief enemies of a good complexion. But it is no way to a cure to dose yourself indiscriminately with drugs. They serve their purpose for a time, then cease to have any effect. After that you go through a similar routine with some other drug.

It is best overcome by dieting. Take foods containing plenty of roughage, such as wholemeal bread and flour, salads, and fruits. Take a good walk every day and practise some exercises which are designed to overcome this trouble. Sip a glass of hot water the first thing in the morning and the last thing at night.

Regular meals should be the order of the day. I know it is sometimes difficult for business girls and the busy mothers of families to take their meals by the clock. But it is so important that the whole of life should be a perfectly rhythmical round of eating, resting, and activity. Nothing is worse than irregularity in meal times.

Make a time-table and keep to it. But see that the last meal is taken at least two hours before going to bed.

Answers to Correspondents

SARAH.—A balanced diet, such as is described above, will help to improve your complexion. To gain weight, eat freely of butter, cheese, nuts, honey, eggs, herrings, salmon, sardines, and sprats. Drink plenty of milk.

KAY.—Send a stamped addressed envelope for the name of a special treatment.

LEAH CAREY.—It is impossible to tell you in so small a space "all I know about face lifting."

FAT BESS.—Your query is too long for reply in this column. A vinegar rinse is for brown hair.

B. GRAY (Carlisle).—Treat the red nose by rubbing in a little zinc ointment every night. In the morning mop it over with calamine lotion.



GREY HAIRS

ADD YEARS TO YOUR APPEARANCE.

Maybe your hair is faded—out of condition—possibly a few stray grey hairs mar the beauty of its youth. Call in the aid of **EVAN WILLIAMS' TUNISIAN HENNA**, it will overcome this handicap effectively and safely.

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WEAR this BELT and keep SLIM

AVOID doubtful medicines, pills, etc., for reducing weight. Wear the Beasley Reducing-Belt-Supporter, and get slim quickly and safely. Slips over hips, instantly adjusting itself to your figure. No straps, lacing or fasteners. Excellent as a general purpose belt for MEN OR WOMEN.

this garment is made from strong woven Elastic webbing. Women's model has four suspenders. 9 ins. 4/11 11 ins. 5/11 deep Add 2/- for sizes 38 ins. to 44 ins. waist. Super Quality 8/11d. Fine Silk Elastic 14 ins. deep, 12/11d. O.S. 3/- extra. Postage on all models 3d. extra. Belt exchanged or money refunded if not approved. Send P. O. to.

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What Made His Hair Grow?

Read His Letter for the Answer



"Two years ago I was bald all over the top of my head."

"I felt ashamed for people to see my head. I tried different preparations, but they did no good. I remained bald, until I used Kotalko."

"New hair came almost immediately and kept on growing. In a short time I had a splendid head of hair, which has been perfect ever since—and no return of baldness."

This verified statement is by Mr. H. A. Wild. He is but one of the big legion of users of

KOTALKO who voluntarily attest it has stopped falling hair, eliminated dandruff, or aided new, luxuriant hair growth.

Kotalko is supplied by Boots, Timothy Whites, Taylors and all Chemists and Stores: per box 5/- and 12/6d. Kotalko Soap 1/6d.

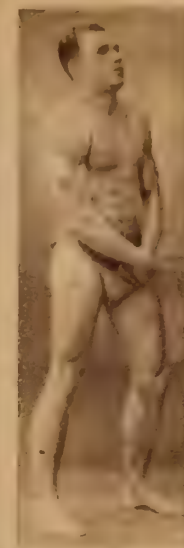
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To JOHN HART BRITAIN, Ltd.
9 Percy Street, (104AE) London, W.1.

Please send me, post paid, Testing Package of KOTALKO and KOTALKO Soap, with directions, for which I enclose 3d. in stamps.

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ADDRESS.....

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Mr. A. J. Witt is a young Englishman who began Maxalding as a youth. He is not yet 21 years of age but has already passed the 45-inch expanded chest measurement, and is still improving. The accompanying illustration is from an unretouched photograph taken at the end of December 1933.

A YOUTH, aged 16 years 9 months, wrote on January 30, 1934:

"Dear Mr. Saldo,

"I have mastered all the exercises of my first lesson. There are noticeable increases of muscle on the back and arms. The neck seems thicker and stronger."

"MY HEIGHT HAS INCREASED ABOUT 1½ INCHES."

Testimonial guaranteed unsolicited and verbatim under forfeit of £50 to this paper.

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Every inquirer for details of Maxalding is responded to personally in a plain, closed cover. The postage requested is used for this purpose and not for sending out a series of stereotyped letters. No "follow-on" letters of any kind are used, for, wonderful as Maxalding is, the real value of the treatment lies in its application to individual requirements. A little indulgence is, therefore, requested to my response, which will be personal and sent under conditions of strict privacy.

December 6, 1933.

A. M. Saldo.

A 20,000-words Illustrated Treatise explanatory of Maxalding will be sent on receipt of your name, address, age, and occupation. You will learn why you can cure yourself of any functional disorder and secure a physique comparable to the many thousands of Maxaldites all over the world.

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Miss D.C. HYDE of LEAMINGTON SPA



YOU may win next week's Prize

in the Colrex Fascination Contest for attractive girls. Send us your photo together with a seal from a tablet of Colrex Beauty Soap. Weekly prize is handsome mounted enlargement of photo submitted and right to enter for Grand Final Prize to be announced shortly. Entry implies permission to reproduce winner's name and photograph in PICTUREGOER and other journals. Watch *Daily Sketch* each Friday for winners.

THE secret of Colrex Beauty Soap is Activated Colloidal Sulphur ("Sulfhaze") which is 1,200 times finer than ordinary sulphur, but there is no secret of what Colrex does for your complexion. The extremely fine active particles penetrate the skin, preventing the formation of blackheads, pimples, or other skin blemishes. Scores of girls are "discovering" this new Beauty Soap each week.

Delicately perfumed, 8d. per tablet.

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3 FREE GIFTS

FOR ALL WHO DESIRE

Beautiful Hair

SPECIAL OFFER TO TEST THE WONDERFUL

Hair Growing—Hair Restoring—Hair Beautifying

“Harlene - Hair - Drill”

“I am always being complimented on my beautiful hair,” writes Miss Rosalind Snow, the beautiful model of the Famous Hairdressing Expert, Renato. “My secret is ‘Harlene’ and the regular practice of ‘Harlene-Hair-Drill.’”

Every lady reader of this paper to-day is fortunate in learning the Hair Beauty Secret of Miss Rosalind Snow. They are doubly fortunate in being invited to test the wonderful powers of “Harlene-Hair-Drill” Free of Charge. Just choose which 3 “Harlene” Preparations you would like from the list below and send the Coupon without delay. Then you can test how, in just 2 minutes a day, your hair can be made Thickly Luxuriant and of a Beautiful Texture.

(1) ‘HARLENE’ HAIR GROWER AND TONIC

For nearly 50 years “Harlene” has held pride of place as the greatest Hair Grower and Hair Beauty Promoter. To-day it is more popular than ever.

“Harlene” is the true liquid food for the hair—the “champagne-like” reviver of every hair shaft. Every hair root, every tiny hair follicle, comes under its restoring, revivifying power.

Lank, Lifeless, Lustreless Hair becomes Virile and Lustrous.

Brittle, splitting, “Rough” Hair takes on a glorious soft and silken texture.

Hair stops Falling and Thin, Straggly Locks grow thickly luxuriant and unbelievably attractive.

Take care of your children's Hair! “Harlene” preserves, strengthens, and invigorates it.

TO MEN

Baldness, Thinning at the Temples, Impoverished Hair, etc., make you look Old and Careworn. Massage “Harlene” into your scalp for TWO MINUTES a day—the difference in seven days will amaze you! All Chemists, price 1/1 1/2, 2/9, and 4/9 per bottle.



(2) ‘CREMEX’ SHAMPOO

Your first shampoo with CREMEX is an experience to be remembered. Its generous dainty perfumed creamy lather is delightfully refreshing and super-cleansing. It frees the hair from every trace of Scurf and Dandruff and is most beneficial to the scalp. A FREE Burnishing Rinse is included with each sachet. Price 1/6 per box of 7 shampoos. (Single sachets 3d. each).

(3) ‘UZON’ BRILLIANTINE

“Uzon” gives just that final touch of distinction to the coiffure. It's dainty and discreet perfume is subtly alluring. This highly refined brilliantine gives a glossy appearance to the hair, and is equally suitable for both ladies and gentlemen. Invaluable to those with over-dry scalp. In Liquid or Solidified form, 1/1 1/2 and 2/9 per bottle, or 1/3 per tin.

(4) ‘HARLENE’ WAVE -SETTING LOTION

Keeps the Hair in wave for long periods, and makes the waves deep and entrancingly beautiful. Saves £££'s on Hair Waving Bills! Price 1/3 per bottle. POPULAR SIZE 7 1/2 d.

(5) ‘HARLENE’ CAMOMILE GOLDEN HAIR WASH

Every lady with fair hair should try the Beautifying power of “HARLENE” Camomile Golden Hair Wash. It develops and revives the beauty of Blonde Hair and imparts a Glorious Light-Gold “Sunshine” Touch to Hair that has become dull and lost its tone. Price 1/3, 3/- and 5/- per bottle.

(6) ‘ASTOL’ HAIR COLOUR RESTORER

If your Hair is Grey, going Grey, or discoloured you should use “Astol,” which will quickly restore it to a Youthful Colour—making you look years younger. Price 3/- and 5/- per bottle. POPULAR SIZE 1/9.

(7) ‘HARLENE’ HAIR CREAM

Something new for MEN. A combined Dressing and Tonic. Improves the condition and appearance of the hair, keeps it well groomed and in position all day. Every man should try it at once. 1/1 1/2 and 2/- per bottle. POPULAR SIZE 7 1/2 d.

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On receipt of this Coupon (Postage 1 1/2 d.) and fourpence in stamps to cover postage and packing, a set of any 3 “Harlene-Hair-Drill” Samples and a Manual of Instructions will be sent to any address in the United Kingdom. Attach Coupon to a plain sheet of paper bearing your name and address and state which numbers required.

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No. 146 (New Series), Vol. 3

March 10, 1934

GARBO'S GREAT GAMBLE

PAGE
10

PICTUREGOER

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WEEKLY



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Razors only make the hair grow faster. The old-fashioned depilatories are evil-smelling and dangerous. This new beauty cream, called New Veet, makes the hair simply fall away. You just apply it from the tube and then wash off with water. Leaves the skin soft, smooth and white without a trace of hair. No ugly dark patch like the razor leaves because the hair is removed below the skin surface.

New Veet is just like a sweet scented face cream, and as easy and pleasant to use. At all chemists and hairdressers, 6d. and 1/6.

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Cured by Hospital Formula

For eighteen months this man was a martyr to acid stomach—suffered such violent pain that his poor stomach seemed distorted. Even six months' hospital treatment failed to cure him and he lost weight rapidly. He says:—

"For the past eighteen months I have been a martyr to acid stomach. My stomach seemed distorted. When I ate I suffered violent pain and I was losing weight. As a last resource I decided to give your Maclean Brand Stomach Powder a trial. I intend now to keep it always handy, as I am convinced it neutralises excess acid. I have gained 9 lbs. in weight since taking your powder."

Mr. C. G. S., St. Neots.

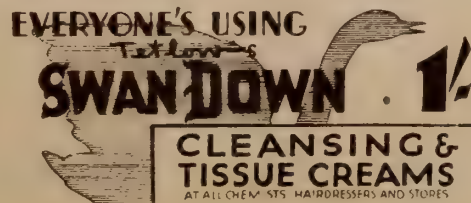
If you suffer from acid stomach go to your chemist and get a bottle of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. It is made from the famous hospital formula which is used by doctors everywhere. But be sure to ask your chemist for the genuine Maclean Brand Stomach Powder, with the signature "ALEX. C. MACLEAN." It is not sold loose, but only in 1/3, 2/-, and 5/- bottles in cartons, of Powder or Tablets.



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other preparations. Brings alluring, upcurling lashes in a month. Complete outfit, 3/6. Includes FREE, my famous Beauty Eye-drill Movement—sold at 3/6, adopted by famous film stars. Write—Mrs. Lionel Stebbing: Dept. P.G., 28 Dean Road, London, N.W.2.

Magnetic, Alluring EYES



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Select your style and colour from this booklet and mark all your linen with your name—tastefully woven on fine cambric tape that will not harm the most delicate fabric. Cash's Names lessen the risk of loss and confusion. There are many styles and colours from which to choose. Send coupon below.

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From all Drapers and Outfitters.

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To J. & J. CASH, Ltd. (Dept. N.K.9), Coventry
Please send me FREE COPY of your booklet
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LOOK at your fingers
and think of your throat



This filter tip

traps
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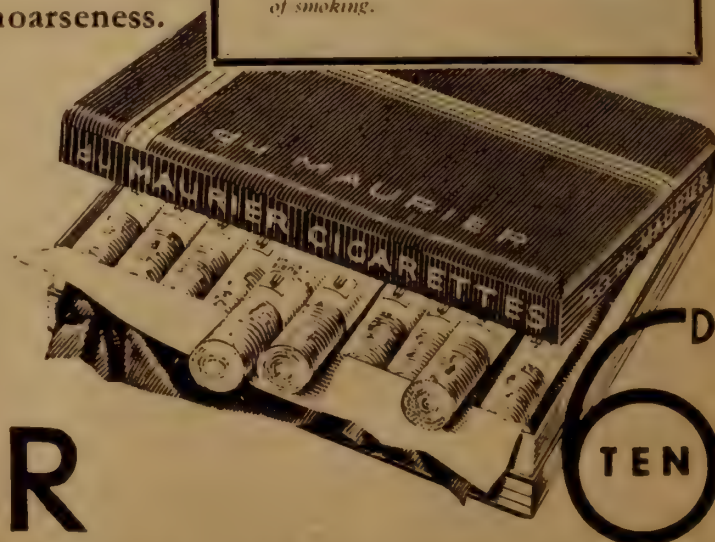
When even the choicest tobacco is burned, tobacco tar is formed. It is tobacco tar, not nicotine, which stains the fingers and irritates the throat.

Nicotine is colourless, volatile, non-irritant — but tobacco tar is dark brown, semi-solid, hot and acrid.

The filter tip is so constructed that it traps tobacco tar and other irritants, and so increases the pleasure and charm of smoking.

The cause of that stain is the cause of your cough—*tobacco tar*! Protect your fingers and you protect your throat. The filter tip of a du Maurier traps tobacco tar—traps the one cause of burning, of dryness and of hoarseness. You enjoy the true Virginia flavour—cool and full and fragrant. *Nicotine, the charmer* . . yes. *Rich, round flavour* . . yes. But a stain for your fingers, an irritant for your sensitive throat—*definitely no*.

Have you tasted rare Virginia as it really should be—*free from tobacco tar*?



du MAURIER

cigarettes with the exclusive filter tip

TEN

JEANETTE
MACDONALD

Who, after all, has won the rôle opposite Maurice Chevalier in "The Merry Widow." Jeanette started in the chorus of revue and graduated to films via musical comedy. Born in Philadelphia, June 18, 1907; fair hair, blue-green eyes. Miss MacDonald is one of the most familiar on the Beverly Hills bridle paths—and she rides side-saddle. She is seen here with Ghibot Chief, her £7,000 horse.

DRINK BETTER CHOCOLATE

In less than five minutes you can make yourself a brew of Cadburys 'Cup' Chocolate — the same brew that made chocolate-drinking fashionable in this country! And as you enjoy its bland and heartening goodness, you will say that here, made by your own hands, is a cup of chocolate as good as any you have ever drunk on the Continent.



CADBURYS
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CHOCOLATE

In ½lb. and 1lb. tins. 9½d. and 1/6

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Special Cup Chocolate Services in the famous Spode Blue Italian Ware (as illustrated) can be obtained from all china stores

Picturegoer

The SCREEN NEWS
Magazine de Luxe

AFTER the FANCY-DRESS BALL . . .

A headache for somebody—The boosting of Brisson—How Mae West helps—Laughton's "Scarlet Pimpernel"—and his disputed claim to genius—Lee Tracy signed up again.

THE costume boom is fast developing into the greatest cycle in screen history, and unless producers are careful, filmland's big fancy-dress ball will leave the industry with the biggest headache it has had since the "musical" market collapsed in the early days of sound.

I seriously doubt even now if the vogue will survive the number of films already scheduled. Almost every other major production announced falls into the categories of historical drama, period drama, or biography.

Somebody is going to be left holding a nice antique bag.

Mae gives Brisson a Boost

When the Paramount publicity department quotes Mae West as describing Carl Brisson as her "ideal man," the studio's announced intention to make the Danish matinee idol a major star must be regarded seriously.

Seemingly gratuitous, but much ballyhooed bouquets to her young actors from the queen of the same lot are always an infallible sign that the movie overlords are about to "build up" a new masculine screen "rage."

It is one of the best known tricks of Hollywood's glamourising trade.

Joan Crawford, you may recall, performed the same service in the interests of Clark Gable when his possibilities as a Great Lover were first spotted.

In the meanwhile, it appears extremely likely that Brisson will be Mae West's next leading man.

"I'll come up and see you sometime"

However, I hear that, quite apart from the activities of the Press boys, Carl and Mae have become firm friends.

They have one important interest in common—boxing.

Brisson achieved some success as a pugilist before he went on the stage, while Miss West herself the daughter of a well-known boxer is a keen ring fan.

She managed a Los Angeles "pug" as a matter

of fact until recently when the studio authorities decided that it might be bad publicity.

Brisson had been on the lot only two hours when he located the gymnasium and boxed four rounds with the studio trainer.

He intends to have a training round or so every day. And when he told Mae West of this, she said, "Fine. . . . I must come up and see you sometime!"

Big Colour Films

The 1934 production season, as I have previously predicted here, will be marked by a big bid to establish the all-colour talkie.

Now the Radio studio announces ambitious plans to film *Cynano de Bergerac* and the *The Last Days of Pompeii* by the new Technicolour process which Walt Disney has pioneered in the "Silly Symphonies."

Since the arrival of the official information of the production of these two pictures, incidentally, I have had private information from Hollywood that an experiment will first be made with a picture based on the legend of Rip Van Winkle, with Lionel Barrymore as the star.

Solved the Problem

The making of the films will be supervised by the studio head, Merian C. Cooper, who was responsible for that remarkable mechanical feat *King Kong*.

Of the three offerings, *The Last Days of Pompeii* will probably be the most spectacular and pretentious.

The famous Bulwer Lytton novel was made into a sensationally successful "silent" some 15 years ago, but hitherto the technical difficulties it presents, have always been regarded as too severe for talkies.

For some months, however, Mr. Cooper has been secretly working on processes by which the eruption of Vesuvius and the destruction of Pompeii might be shown with realism.



"Marlegs" Dietrich will have to look to her laurels judging by this "still" of Muriel Evans.

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57 Long Acre, W.C.2.

Telephone: Temple Bar 2468.

Telegrams:
Southernwood, Rand,
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Producing the picture in colour will make the task more difficult, but he believes he has solved the problem.

It is to be made as an all-star production.

Laughton as "Scarlet Pimpernel"

So Charles Laughton is to be "the Scarlet Pimpernel" in his next British picture.

A note from London Films announces that he is to appear in a film made round the famous figure of fiction.

Physically, Laughton upsets preconceived ideas of the Orczy hero, who, if memory serves me right, was very tall, but he should at least make the character interesting.

It is also announced that Maurice Chevalier's first English film for the Alexander Korda organisation is to be *The Marshal* and that Leslie Howard, now in Hollywood, is to star in *Kongo Raid*, exteriors for which have been completed in Africa.

Is he a Genius?

Laughton's claim to genius has now, incidentally, undergone the test of the general showing of his most acclaimed success and judging by my mail, the public has not yet quite made up its mind. The question appears likely to become a major controversy.

Ecstatic eulogies and feelingly expressed condemnations have arrived in large numbers, in the last few weeks, and about equal proportions.

(Continued on page 8)



Preston Foster, Victor McLaglen and Dorothy Dell in a scene from "The Man Who Broke His Heart."

(Continued from page 7)

Personally, I find myself increasingly inclined to accept my first impression of the star's screen work that he is an entertaining caricaturist rather than a great actor.

Well, that's my story, and now I am prepared to be torn limb from limb by the Laughton fans.

New Charlie Chan

A new Charlie Chan is about to make his appearance on the screen. Our own Sherlock Holmes has been kinematically represented—and sometimes misrepresented—by actors as far apart as Clive Brook and Arthur Wontner (best of them all), but through the years, filmgoers have become accustomed to seeing Warner Oland as the alert, philosophical Chinese detective of the Earl Der Biggers stories.

But Mr. Oland and Charlie have now parted because the Fox company cannot see eye to eye with the actor on the question of salary. The studio owns the screen rights to the character.

The new Chan in *Charlie Chan's Challenge* will be Walter Connolly whose first rôle at Movietone City was as Janet Gaynor's father in *Paddy the Next Best Thing*.

In the meanwhile, we are to have two "Bulldog Drummonds." Ronald Colman is now at work on one at Twentieth Century and now B.I.P. announce that *The Return of Bulldog Drummond* is to be made by Walter Summers. An actor for the title rôle has not been found at the time of writing.

Harlow Revolt Over

Our well-known modesty precludes us from going further than drawing attention to the coincidence, but many picturegoers will be pleased to hear that following the appearance of our recent Open Letter, the difficulties between Jean Harlow and her studio have been straightened out and the Platinum Blonde has emerged from the dog house and returned to the pay roll.

While it is understood that all her demands have not been met, her revolt has resulted in a substantial increase.

Living In My Big Way in which Jean was to have been co-starred with Marie Dressler when the controversy started, however, has been temporarily shelved and she will, instead, be put into *Repeal*, a story which is to have "many of the elements" of *Red Headed Woman*.

"David Copperfield" Casting

Another item of good news from the Culver City studio is the report that in order that it

may see what interest the world has in *David Copperfield*, as well as to get ideas of the public's conceptions of the characters, the studio is to launch a campaign for suggestions on casting.

There are some 5,000,000 members of Dickens societies throughout the world, and these will be approached.

It was understood that Jackie Cooper was a certainty for the film and it is therefore interesting to learn that David as a boy and in later years are characters the studio is particularly keen to get fair reactions on.

This method was followed with conspicuous success in the case of *Little Women*.

There will be sixty-one speaking parts in *David Copperfield*, according to the script being prepared by Howard Estabrook.

Charlotte Henry as "Cinderella"

We have for so long been clamouring for screen pantomimes that the subject has become a hardy annual and it is difficult to believe that at last we may really have them, as a regular feature.

Paramount, encouraged by the reception given to *Alice in Wonderland*, is now making plans for a "similar Christmas gift picture."

It will probably be *Cinderella*, with Charlotte Henry in the title rôle and Larry Ross, a new-cover of whom the studio has great hopes, as Prince Charming.

Miss Henry, by the way, has just been rewarded for her success as "Alice" with a new contract.

Lee Tracy at Work

My prediction of Lee Tracy's early return to work has quickly materialised.

Lee is to be starred in *I'll Tell The World*, which Edward Sedgwick is to direct for Universal.

It is, I understand, a one-picture contract.

I wonder, by the way, if Lee Tracy's famous

contract is to be preserved for posterity. It marked the first occasion on which a film agreement contained a television clause.

First Talkie "Museum Piece"

Which reminds me that the first talkie "museum piece" is now on public exhibition. This is the original RCA Photophone apparatus that was employed to record England's first talking picture *Blackmail*, produced by British International Pictures in 1928, and it is now on view in the Science Museum, South Kensington.

It will be remembered that *Blackmail* was directed by Alfred Hitchcock, starring Anny Ondra, John Longden and Donald Calthorp. Since talking picture technique was at that time more or less experimental, both a silent and a synchronised version were made. The sound film was, however, so successful that *Blackmail* came to be recognised as an example of this innovation in pictures at its best.

The apparatus on view consists of the original recorder, amplifier and microphone, and it is interesting to compare it with the modern up-to-date and highly efficient recording system of today.

Another Cave-Man Cagney

I suppose it was inevitable. William Cagney is to be a heroine-punching hero in his first picture.

"William is making his film debut in typical Cagney fashion," according to the official blurb. His first day on the Joe Palooka set, he took a "sock" at Stuart Erwin, and got socked in return. On succeeding days he punched various members of the cast, as part of the story action, and knocked Lupe Velez about.

"He wasn't required to push her in the face with a grapefruit, but he did something just as effective. Jimmy's 'kid brother,' who is taller and heavier than the better known Cagney, is otherwise a replica of the scrappy actor who hard-boiled himself to stardom.

"He knows the public will compare him to Jimmy," the bulletin continues, "and he knows he'll be expected to behave like a Cagney and treat 'em all rough."

Who told him?

This Week's Great Thoughts

I have no plans for the immediate future; I am for a little space of time, living in a vacuum where nothing apparently happens.—*Mary Pickford*.

I wanted to become a nun. I have become a film actress. There is a wide channel separating the two.—*Constance Bennett*.

Love's an act. But a lot of girls forget their lines at the wrong time.—*Alice White*.

There is more sex in the advertising of pictures, than there is in pictures themselves.—*Jean Harlow*.

Perhaps I'll get used to all the bizarre, elaborate theatricalism called Hollywood, but I cannot guarantee it.—*Margaret Sullivan*.

Hollywood is like an octopus, always reaching out, always absorbing; it knows no pity and it takes more than it gives.—*Kay Francis*.

Short Shots

Edna Best may do a picture in Hollywood shortly—The Bing Crosby's are expecting a blessed event—*Treasure Island* is finally to be made by M.-G.-M. and W.S. Van Dyke is going to Tahiti for exteriors—George Bancroft will probably return to Paramount—Franchot Tone will again play opposite Joan Crawford in *Sadie McKee*—Madeline Carroll's first Hollywood film is to be *The World Moves On*—Verree Teasdale sends a note that the Verree is pronounced with the second syllable stressed—Richard Dix and Irene Dunne are to be teamed in *Stingaree* for the first time since *Cimarron*—and Dolores del Rio and Joel McCrea are together again in *Green Mansions*—Sylvia Sydney will play her first dual rôle in *Thirty Day Princess*—Sally Eilers is to be seen next in *She Made Her Bed*—Warners are already preparing for another big musical to follow *Wonder Bar*; it is tentatively titled *Dames*—Francis Lederer may be starred in *The Count of*

The Girl on the Cover

WHEN GARBO WAS A HAT "ADVERT"

GRETA GARBO, the Bernhardt of the screen, was born in Stockholm, Sweden, September 18, 1906.

She is the daughter of Sven Gustafson, a small business man of Stockholm, who died when she was fourteen.

She worked for a while as clerk in the hat department of the Bergstrom department store and her first screen appearance was in a film advertisement.

Eric Petschler, a Swedish comedy director, saw it and gave her a test.

Her first picture was *Erik, the Tramp*, a comedy. It brought her to the attention of Mauritz Stiller, the greatest director in Sweden, and from that moment her feet were on the road to fame.

It was Stiller, incidentally, who changed her name to Garbo. She made *The Atone-ment of Gosta Berling* for him and the combination was so successful that the picture won Hollywood contracts for both of them.

Greta scored a sensational success in her first American film, *The Torrent*, and now for eight years has held undisputed the queenship of the screen.

Garbo is 5 ft. 6 in. tall, weighs 125 lbs., has blonde hair and green eyes.

Favourite foods: corned beef, cabbage, caviare and spaghetti.

Invariably wears a beret when not in evening clothes and likes to whistle when she feels pleased.

Reads incessantly (some say it is the fan magazines) when not working and has a large library of Swedish literature.

Is stated to have an aversion to publicity.

Monte Cristo—It is now reported that Charlie Chaplin will sing one number in his new picture—Ann Ronnell, the young song-writer who turned out the rollicking lines in *Three Little Pigs*, has been signed to write the songs for a new Radio musical *Down To Their Last Yacht*.

Mamoulian Discusses Garbo

Rouben Mamoulian has, I see, been revealing his reactions to his screen association with Garbo.

"Directing Miss Garbo," he says, "is like playing a fine musical instrument. She is extremely sensitive to fine shadings.

"I did not find her in the least temperamental. Her insistence on quitting the set at 5 o'clock is not a whim or a caprice. She simply gets tired.

"Miss Garbo gave her part a nobility and lift. That was in her; without it a director is helpless.

"The best he can do is light up an actor's character, accent it and predominate certain qualities. But the material must be there to work with."

Mr. Mamoulian's favourite bit in the picture is the scene in the inn where the camera follows Greta as she walks pensively about the room, expressing a mysterious and profound affection for the various appointments.

He considers that scene the finest he has ever done.

More Theme Songs

I came across a very unexpected and interesting commentary on the practice of composing songs whose titles are taken for those of successful film productions the other day.

A woman who does not frequently go to the cinema now, I'm afraid, read the fan press very regularly, wanted to go to a film and chose *Dinner at Eight*.

Her disappointment on returning was great. She had paid her 2s 4d. in the hope of seeing a light "musical."

"Why they did not even sing the theme song," she lamented, while her chagrin at not seeing a dinner party with "gardenias by the plate" was even more intense.

Sweet are the lures of advertisement!



One of the striking dance numbers in the new Warner musical film, "Wonder Bar."

Many Silent Kinemas Still

It comes as something of a surprise to learn that in this year of grace, 1934, a third of the world's kinemas are still silent.

A recent statistical analysis reveals that out of 60,347 picture theatres throughout the globe, 42,000 are equipped for talkies.

Europe possesses 29,693, of which 20,933 are equipped for sound.

America has 4,000 silent kinemas out of a total of 19,000.

Soviet Russia appears to be the best provided for. All its 200 film houses are "talkie."

£100,000 Gramophone Record

Twenty-four film stars contribute to a new gramophone record that must be unique.

They include George Arliss, Katharine Hepburn, Wallace Beery, Laurel and Hardy, Leslie Henson, Stanley Lupino, Marie Dressler, Evelyn Laye, Gracie Fields, Janet Gaynor, Jack Buchanan, Norma Shearer, Fredric March, Charles Laughton, Jack Hulbert, Jean Harlow, Jackie Cooper and Diana Wynyard.

If these artistes had been paid according to the rates stipulated by their contracts, they would have received jointly something like £100,000. However, they have given their voices free in aid of a very deserving cause, the Cinematograph Benevolent Fund.

You will find particulars of this novelty on another page.

Kinema Couplets

The winner of this week's prize of 10s. 6d. is Charles Causley, 23 Tredydan Road, Launceston, Cornwall, for a topicality in brief:—

**Disorderly Conduct
Good Night, Vienna**

Awards of 2s. 6d. each go to Miss Maisie Hutchens, 50 Clifford St., Bellahouston, Glasgow, S.W.1., for a piece of feminine psychology:—

**When Blonde Meets Blonde
Bring 'em Back Alive**

To James A. King, 10 Burnham Gardens, Hounslow, Middlesex, for writing a fiercely contested truth:—

**An American Tragedy
The Crooner**

To G. Caird, 51 Hamilton Avenue, Chapelton Road, Leeds, for another aspect of big business:—

**High Finance
Crooks in Clover**

And to William Futter, 6 Shakespeare Terrace, Great Yarmouth, for this cynical observation:—

**Careless Lady
Almost a Divorce**

For the benefit of new readers, I would reiterate that there are no rules to this contest except that all attempts must be submitted on postcards and addressed to me c/o PICTUREGOER WEEKLY, 93

Long Acre, London, W.C.2. and marked "Couplets."

Envelopes will not be opened.

MALCOLM D. PHILLIPS.

FREE to "PICTUREGOER" READERS

A Magazine within a Magazine

PICTUREGOER again takes the lead in British film journalism by providing an amazing new service for the filmgoer.

Given free with next week's issue will be the first of **PICTUREGOER's Famous Films Supplements**—a magnificent sixteen-page magazine in itself, which provides an enthralling and comprehensive souvenir of one of the great pictures of the year, "Lady for a Day."

The supplement, printed in photogravure and brilliantly and fully illustrated, forms a complete record of the film that will not only add to your enjoyment in seeing it on the screen, but will be valuable for reference afterwards.

Its many features include:—

The full story of the film.

A double-page article on the romance of the screen's youngest and oldest players—Jean Parker and May Robson.

Biographies of the other stars.

The behind-the-scenes story of the making of the film.

The romance of the Columbia studio and the men behind the picture.

The life story of Frank Capra, the director.

Profuse illustrations.

The "Lady for a Day" Supplement will be given away with next week's **PICTUREGOER**. Order your copy early and make sure of it.





The Garbo in many moods,
a series of impressions from
"Anna Christie."

Dear Greta Garbo :

WELL, once again the whole film world is grovelling at your feet. Pardon me. Perhaps it was tactless to mention feet, and the whole film world is a lot of territory.

However, you know what I mean.

And may I hasten to add that nothing has afforded me greater pleasure than your triumphal return to the screen in *Queen Christina*, after a year in which what the publicity boys are pleased to call the "Garbo thrill" has been lacking in our lives.

It is in the opinion of the faithful, the most important event since the kinema hoardings announced "The voice the world has waited for" and we discovered, went, looked, listened and learned with relief that the screen's greatest feminine personality had emerged with undimmed brilliance from the devastating upheaval of the talkies.

There are very few stars, however great, who could come back to huzzahs and box-office queues, after a year's virtual retirement from films.

New idols and new types, moreover, had risen in your absence.

And America, at that time going through a period of intense national consciousness, sang the Star Spangled Banner, welcomed them with open arms and was quite prepared to accept that "Continental glamour is out, and the Continental exotics are through."

The meteoric and spectacular success of Mae West and Katharine Hepburn had fired the patriotism of the rustics.

An extensive campaign of petty, but damaging attacks on you was launched in the Press. There were little gibes about your alleged frugality, unflattering comparisons with the generosity of the newcomers, criticisms of your attitude to your public; little things like that which when given wide and sustained publicity, can do more harm to a star than anything else.

One national paper had a Mae West cover with you in the background saying "I tank, I go 'ome."

And talking of bad pictures, your last three or four films before your departure were hardly calculated to be helpful as a means of paving the way for a welcome on your return.

Who's AFRAID of the BIG BAD WEST?

MALCOLM D. PHILLIPS writes an
open letter to Garbo and welcomes
Queen Greta back to her throne.

At any rate the stage was all set for the official installation of Mae West on your throne when you quietly stepped through the gates of Culver City and went to work on *Queen Christina*.

Your acceptance of the film was one of the big gambles of talkie history with the most illustrious career in films as the stakes. Your decision was made long before the costume play boom set in—enough of a gamble in itself.

You were prepared to risk everything, too in your choice of a director who had just completed, without particular distinction, the latest film of your closest rival.

Hardly less a gamble was your insistence on John Gilbert as your leading man, when one considers how much was dependent on the complete success of your "come back" picture.

But, perhaps, the greatest gamble of all was represented by your faith in yourself—your refusal to be stampeded by the Hollywood mob into trying to make sensational changes in the Garbo personality and the Garbo method.

You were prepared to stand or fall by your sincerity of approach to the kinema and thereby, incidentally, must have convinced many of the sceptics of that sincerity.

And now once again the judgment of the Swedish girl, whose detractors have declared that her silence is merely a cloak for dumbness, has

confounded the critics and Garbo has the last laugh and a new lease of the highest throne in filmland.

I can understand that quite apart from the vital considerations I have mentioned the making of the film must have given you a great deal of pleasure and, perhaps, a little sadness.

Its setting and background in the history of your own Sweden must have made the subject one close to your heart. People who worked with you on the film have told us of how your earlier enthusiasm for pictures seemed to have been rekindled by *Queen Christina* and of the intense interest you showed in all phases of its production, even to supervision of the detail.

The character, too, must have appealed to you, perhaps, more than any other you have created for us.

After all, is there so much difference between that queen of old Sweden who wanted to be a woman as well as a queen, isolated and imprisoned by her official position, the servant of her subjects, unable to live her own life and the screen Queen Greta of to-day who can never escape from her success, who is spied on in her own home and cannot take a walk without being followed by a battalion of reporters?

And how that incident in the film when Queen Christina, dressed in male attire, visited a humble inn in her kingdom incognito must have appeared to the pawky sense of humour of the Queen Greta who "did" London in the disguise of a brunette wig and stepped on board a cargo boat on her return to America disguised in masculine clothes!

I have referred to the fact that *Christina* may have had its tender memories for you too.

There has long been a legend in filmland that Mauritz Stiller, the director who discovered you and took you to America was the one great love of your life. It has frequently been advanced as a reason why you have never married.

Stiller died, as Antonio did, leaving you to face the stormy voyage of your Hollywood career—alone. He never lived to see you achieve the high destiny which you had planned together.

The allegory is so striking that the continued persistency of rumours that Queen Greta is seriously contemplating abdication are disturbing. In closing this letter, may I express the wish that you will continue to reign over us for many years to come.



Clark Gable and Elizabeth Allan, who appear as doctor and nurse in "Men in White," relax between scenes.

After seeing the rushes of this picture M.G.M. have given the brilliant little English artiste a new contract. Elizabeth seems headed for certain stardom.



Zinnia red, green, maize, white and brown wool are combined in this hand-knit sports dress worn by dainty Dorothy Lee, who is appearing in "Hips Hips Hooray." Dorothy designed the frock and made it herself with her own little knitting needles. It is trimmed with touch wood buttons from India, which are believed to bring good luck.



THROUGH Our LENS



Madge Evans and Una Merkel are firm friends. Above they are seen studying their lines in the former's dressing-room. The lower picture shows Una's own attractive make-up table.



The simple life. Joan Blondell rushed off for a camping holiday immediately after the completion of her last picture. Here she is with her husband, George Barnes, the famous cameraman, and their dog.

HANDS OFF MY

Hollywood stars may favour party orgies, but Jessie Matthews and Sonnie Hale seem to be happy enough here with a couple of cycles and a good road.



Love among the ducks. Yes, Mr. and Mrs. (Jessie Matthews to you) Sonnie Hale are very domesticated.



Jessie and her husband are not armchair gardeners. "My garden appeals more to me than outside interests," says Mrs. Hale.



Another happy informal shot of the Hales at home. Right: Dinner time for the stars' dogs.



JESSIE MATTHEWS the famous screen and stage star has very definite views on the subject of Mrs. Sonnie Hale. They are two separate entities, each being absolutely distinct from the other, Jessie Matthews and Mrs. Hale.

I was tremendously interested, when I was talking to Jessie Matthews the other day at the Gaumont-British Studios (during a lull of having "stills" taken) to hear what she had to say on the subject of Mrs. Sonnie Hale.

We were discussing the question of stars, who are married (whether a man or a woman) to a star, so that the name of the star, either as "Mrs. So-and-so," or "Mr. So-and-so" is equally well known as their stage or screen name.

"I think that—speaking as a woman—if a star is married, that her married life should not be publicised," said Jessie Matthews very definitely.

"For instance; in my case. I cannot see why people should be interested in Mrs. Hale? She is an entirely separate individual from Jessie Matthews. Why, therefore, try to link the two and make them one?

"Mrs. Hale should be allowed—if she chooses—to be just a wife—just a housewife, without having (in the literal sense) any connection with Jessie Matthews the screen star.

"She should have as little of the limelight of publicity as if she happened to be plain Mrs. Jones, or Mrs. Smith or Mrs. Robinson, the private life of whom has not even a tiny interest for the public, except, perhaps, their own immediate circle of friends or acquaintances.

"Why, therefore, all this interest in Mrs. Hale's home affairs and home life? Why cannot she be allowed to work out her own destiny, in whatever way she desires?

PRIVATE LIFE

says
JESSIE
MATTHEWS

WHO, in this interview, vigorously defends her rights to privacy when she is away from the studios and reveals her reasons.



A famous screen star and her husband at their own fireside. Mr. and Mrs. Sonnie Hale go through their mail together.

This greenhouse glimpse pays testimony to the expertness of the Hales' horticultural activities.

other self—Mrs. Hale," she said simply. There was not the slightest hint of affectation about her as she spoke. For Jessie Matthews, the star, hates affectation in any one, as she has absolutely none, herself.

She is so absolutely sincere in her views regarding the right of the star to be allowed to have some privacy at home, that one must respect her for voicing those views in no uncertain manner.

"Supposing," she continued, "that Mrs. A or Mrs. B, living in some little house in some suburb, was asked by some person to disclose details of her private life for publication in the Press, do you think she would consent? Most certainly not, I believe.

"In fact, I should not be surprised if either Mrs. A or Mrs. B refused point blank to supply the information desired about her home affair. And nobody could blame her, or blame them, for refusing.

"Ask any private individual to put herself in Mrs. A's shoes and, no doubt, that individual would feel just as ill-inclined to seek publicity.

"Well, I myself, as Mrs. Hale, feel much in the same position as that mythical Mrs. A or Mrs. B, whose private life cannot interest the public in the least," Jessie Matthews went on.

"If I ceased to be a star all that interest in my home life would evaporate I believe. Perhaps it is part of the price one has to pay for being a star!

"But, seriously, why cannot Mrs. Hale be left alone?" she pleaded. For the moment she became "just Mrs. Hale," in the intensity of her plea for privacy.

As a star she is only too delighted to please the public, and to answer her fan mail letters assiduously. She values very highly her popularity on screen and stage. And to please her public she will do anything (within reason) she is asked to do.

But those who see her at home, during week-ends, at her lovely house near the Thames, know how simple she is in her wifely and housewifely role.

Her home, her garden, her dogs, all these appeal much more to Mrs. Hale than outside interests. She is passionately fond of her home, which is run on simple lines, with none of the film-star atmosphere.

"Just because she happens to be Jessie Matthews on the stage and the screen she is not allowed for one moment to be herself—just Mrs. Hale!" said Jessie Matthews rather plaintively.

"I have no ambition for any limelight for myself in my dual personality as Sonnie Hale's wife. But I do ask to be allowed to do my best to be a wife, who is proud of her home, and who treasures highly every moment she is allowed to spend there quietly, as Mrs. Hale.

"If, as I said just now, I did not happen to be a star no one would be interested in the least what Mrs. Hale thinks on any subject whatsoever. But, because I am a star, I think quite a fictitious value is attached to the opinion of myself as my



*'I like their size, I like their price, I like
their heavenly flavour —*



*'And incidentally I got this packet free,
because Jim bet me his would contain a
higher card than mine, and I won!'*

**And yet
another
reason why
'Mine's
a
Minor'**

★ There are two playing-cards, with patterned
backs, in every packet of 20 D.R. Minors.
Collect them until you get a complete
pack. Ideal for patience or for the children.

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De Reszke MINORS

5 FOR 2d. + 10 FOR 4d. + 20 FOR 8d.

Plain, Cork or 'Ivory' tipped

Sole Distributors: Godfrey Phillips Ltd.

Lionel COLLIER says

There is REAL TALENT AMONGST the AMATEURS

THE author of this article, who acted as a judge in a recent amateur film competition organised by the British Association of Amateur Cinematographers, suggests that producers would do well to explore this avenue for new material in all branches of kinematography.

THE habit of trying to find stellar material by the pernicious method of beauty contests still persists and how our studios strive to find new directorial or technical talent I do not pretend to know.

There is, however, a breeding ground—if that does not sound too disrespectful a phrase—where it seems to me a very profitable search might well be made.

I had not realised until I was honoured by being asked to act as one of the judges in an amateur film contest sponsored by a Sunday newspaper, just how much keenness and how much ability there was amongst amateurs.

It was a revelation and I felt then that studio executives could do much worse than spend a day or two looking through the ambitious efforts submitted by people whose heart is very obviously in their work and whose ingenuity is taxed by the obvious limitations put on their endeavours by such considerations as the size of stock and financial matters.

The growth of amateur kinematography has been very rapid in the last few years and to-day, I understand, there are at least 250,000 owners of movie cameras of various makes.

The particular contest in which I helped to adjudicate attracted ninety entrants, representing 140 reels of film, and it was divided into three classes.

Class A, story films by clubs; Class B1, holiday films, including travel and scenic; Class B2, interest films, including industrial and advertising.

With the exception of one story film, *Hair*, which was on 35-m.m. standard stock, all the winning entries were on 16-m.m.

No story entered for the contest cost more than £40 and the majority were made for considerably less.

The first prize in Class A was won by a very cleverly directed story of a woman of easy virtue who is involved in a murder charge, and on coming out of prison starts her old life all over again. It was called *Driftwood* and was reminiscent in construction of that very famous old silent, *The Street*, with which Karl Grune caused a sensation.

It showed a good sense of dramatic values and was excellently cut and edited. The camera work, too, was imaginative; there were no sub-titles at all. There was, I think, a great deal of promise in the acting of Phyllis Robertson, who played the leading rôle. While performances which had no trace of amateurishness about them were given by Ben Carlton as the murdered man and Frank Briggs as the woman's evil genius.

It was produced by Ace Movies, of Streatham,

directed by Cliff West and photographed by Eric G. Notley.

It was made in a cellar studio, 30 ft. by 17 ft. Meteor Films, of Glasgow, were responsible for the second prize-winner, *Hair*, a horror story which is told as a dream; an unsatisfactory dramatic method. Nevertheless, it led well up to its climax and was excellently photographed. The director was Stanley Russell.

The third prize was gained by the Brondesbury Cine Society for a clever little comedy drama, *All Is Not Gold*, which was notable for its good narration and intelligent editing.

The cameraman was A. D. Frischmann and I will let him tell in his own words how the picture was made as it gives a very good idea of the way the majority of amateur clubs work and of their difficulties.

"Shooting on this, our first full-length production, was commenced on January 5, 1933, in St. Anne's Hall, Salusbury Road, N.W.6, which was then the society's headquarters.

"Funds only permitted us to rent the hall one evening a week and consequently members had to spend half their time erecting and dismantling sets.

"Nevertheless, a thorough camera script and careful preparation permitted rapid work and assisted by two fine week-ends for exterior shots around Salusbury Road and along the Regent Canal towpath in Maida Vale, shooting was completed within six weeks, a little under 400 ft. of film having been exposed.

"Technical particulars of our interiors at St. Anne's Hall may be of interest. For the 'pub' set (the action opens and closes in a public house) we utilised an actual corner of the church hall, complete with door, disguising the walls with beer and cigarette advertisements, etc. Bill's (the leading character's) kitchen was created in another corner of the hall by leaning two flats against the walls each side of the door.

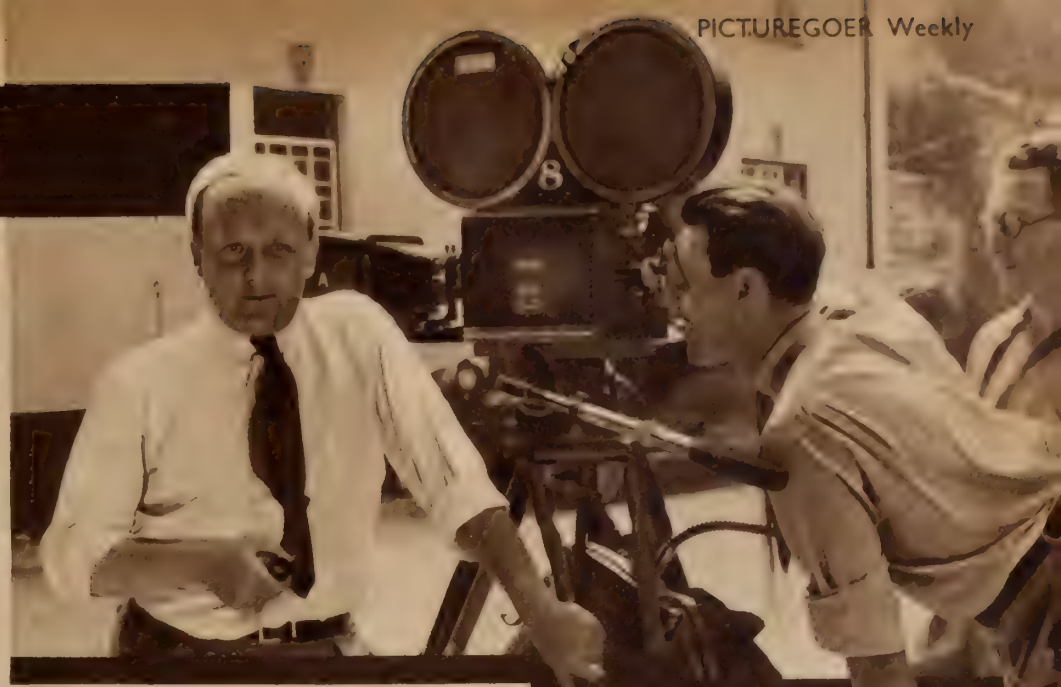
"Illumination totalled only about 3,500 watts, our camera being a Patheoscope de Luxe fitted with an f/2.5 Hermagis lens. Pathe direct reversal film was used throughout."

THIS picture, by the way, was directed by A. B. C. Denman, who also wrote the scenario, and a clever performance in the leading rôle—that of the treasurer of a slate club who had a penchant for backing horses and was really forced to suicide because of it—was given by J. H. Young.

Turning to Class B1 and Class B2 of the contest, we find a series of extremely good individual efforts. The cameraman comes into his own in these, but there is also construction to be taken into account.

I should say there are a number of embryo camera aces here.

In Class B2 the award of the first prize caused the judges some concern. There were two really excellent entries, each in a separate vein. In a *Valley in the Border Hills*, an interest film showing the whole process of the manufacture of tweeds, which would stand very favourable comparison with any commercial interest short, made by



Sinclair Hill, the well-known British director, who acted as chairman of the panel of judges.

Arthur Greaves of Newcastle, and *Symphony of Nature*, made by Paul Burnford of London.

The difficulty was settled by combining the first and second prizes and dividing them between the two competitors.

Symphony of Nature sought to express a mood. It started by showing such objects as still waters, trees, the sea, corn, etc., and then gradually worked up the tempo to storm pitch. Its fault was an excessive footage of seascape and a lack of motif continuity, but set to music it would be a picture ready for comparison with many more ambitious efforts.

It was made by Paul Burnford, who is only nineteen years of age and, to my mind, a youth who ought to be using his talents in British pictures.

THE third award was gained by a film entitled *Saturday Afternoon*, produced for the Bolton Amateur Cinematographers' Association by George N. Booth and P. C. Smethurst.

It was an ingenious film on the lines of *Berlin*, the famous German impressionistic picture and depicted in a series of pictorial impressions the general spirit of a half-holiday in Bolton.

Atmospherically extremely good, it showed a very good sense of pictorial expressionism.

A diploma of merit was awarded in this class to another film depicting a mood of nature, *Symphonic Pastorale*, made by F. P. Barnitt, of Tunbridge Wells.

A very intelligent effort this in pictorial tone values with, if anything, rather more rhythmic continuity than had *Symphony of Nature*, but not quite such fine composition.

In Class B1, Ian S. Ross, of Meteor Films, deservedly won the first award for the vivid depiction of a man and a girl's day out, starting with a motor run and ending with a dance, entitled *All On a Summer's Day*.

It was very well edited and again showed a good sense of the importance of rhythm.

Excellent camera work and pictorial composition secured the second award for J. Basset Lowke's *Cruising in the Norwegian Fjords*, while the third went to W. H. George, of Chesterfield, for a vivid pictorial scenic of the Hebrides, entitled *The Outer Isles*. Also, a diploma of merit was given to Ian Gray McLeod, of Glasgow, for an impression of a small yachting holiday entitled *Maritime Moments*.

These pictures all show a very high standard of merit and deserve every encouragement, for amongst their producers may be some of the embryo aces of British production—that is if some of our movie moguls would look seriously into their activities.

JANET GAYNOR'S Southern Romance



Janet Gaynor as she appears in her new film
"The House of Connelly."

ADAPTED from a novel, *The House of Connelly*, by Paul Green, this romantic drama of Southern America has been very skilfully adapted for the screen by Reginald Berkeley, the British playwright and author.

It is notable more particularly for its well drawn characters; there is very little plot value but the detail work leads to strongly dramatic situations and all through Henry King, the director, displays the human touch which avoids both theatricality and false sentiment.

The picture has a foreword which gives a good idea of the atmosphere you are to expect in the play. Here it is.

In 1861, the home of the Connellys in Carolina was rich with great plantations worked by slaves. From such institutions the aristocrats of the South sent their sons to battle, confident that they were soon to establish a new American nation.

Forty years after the civil war the House of Connelly is nothing but a crumbling shell, enclosing the family pride but little more.

With their causes lost, their future gone, the Connellys live in the past, resent the present and fear the future.

And the people who live in this atmosphere? There is first of all Mrs. Connelly, widow of a gallant soldier who plans a wealthy marriage for her son, Will, who is content to let life glide by without attempting to rebuild the family fortunes. Henrietta Crosman gives a very convincing rendering of this familiar character, while Robert Young is natural and sincere as Will.

Then there is Geraldine Connelly, the daughter, a hard-faced woman to whom her mother's word and wish is law. Almeda Fowler is effective in this part.

The only other member of the household is

Bob Connelly, an old man, Mrs. Connelly's brother-in-law. He is penniless but proud and lives so much in the past—particularly in a past romance—that he is slightly mad.

The romance which took place with a governess years ago in the Civil War was broken by Mrs. Connelly who looked on it as an insult to the family.

This is the character that dominates the picture and in his rendering of it, Lionel Barrymore gives one of his finest pieces of acting. He sheds his mannerisms and brings conviction and a full measure of sympathetic understanding to the part. The scene in which, having heard that it was Mrs. Connelly who prevented his sweetheart of years ago meeting him again, he commits suicide, is the most moving and dramatic of the production.

The girl who galvanises this household into action is Joanna, a poor orphan who farms some of the Connelly land and with whom Will falls in love, entirely regardless of Virginia, the rich bride of his mother's choice.

It is Joanna who fights against prejudices and measuring her love against Mrs. Connelly's tradition is nearly beaten but in the end revives the fortunes of the house of Connelly.

She persuades them finally to grow tobacco and she and Will make a success of it.

I have rarely seen Janet Gaynor to better advantage. She puts a lot of character into her part and is devoid of that simpering affectation which threatened at one time to become an irritating mannerism.

The picture is picturesquely set in the country of Carolina and is artistically photographed.

The romance between the pair is pleasingly worked out and the tobacco interest adds to the conviction of the picture as a whole.

The main criticism I have to make is that there is a tendency for the action to drag at times—a tendency which is increased by a flash-back interpolation showing the Connellys at the height of their glory when they were visited by General E. Lee—and also that the revival of the family's fortunes through the cultivation of tobacco could have been made more prominent and vital.

The supporting cast is good. Virginia is very effectively presented by Mona Barrie, Richard Cromwell is good in the small rôle of a village shop assistant and Stepin Fetchit provides most amusing "nigger" humour.—L. C.

Flying Down to Rio

If you want something different in "musicals," here it is in this new Radio film.

One number—if that is the correct term for it—is actually staged in the clouds on the wings of aeroplanes. We've had the girls in the water, now we have them in the air. What next?

Let me first tell you the story briefly.

Roger Bond and his band are a very good bunch of entertainers, but they are continually looking for new jobs because Roger has a flair for pretty girls.

In Miami, he spots Belinha, a Brazilian beauty, which terminates the band's engagement in Miami. However, Roger has an offer from Rio, and by a strange coincidence Belinha must fly to Rio because her father is ill.

Next scene, Roger and the lady flying to Rio make a forced landing on a "desert island." There is a "strange interlude" here done by duplicate pictures instead of duplicate voices. I won't describe it in detail. See it and you will enjoy something out of the ordinary.

Arrived at Rio, Roger discovers his band is for a new hotel owned by Belinha's father and that the girl herself is engaged to his old friend, Julio.

Complications ensue. A crooked syndicate, anxious for the hotel to fail, prevent the granting of a music licence to the hotel and in addition, the course of their love doesn't run very smoothly.

But everything turns out right. The hotel opens and there is a show with dance ensembles in the air on the wings of 'planes, and Roger and Belinha marry in the air.

So much for the story. A trifle conventional perhaps, but the treatment takes it out of the ordinary run.

The music by Vincent Youmans is tuneful; there are some excellent numbers, and the dancing and staging of the Carioca—a special dance—is as good as anything we have had.

The principal parts are played by Dolores del Rio as the Brazilian Beauty and Gene Raymond as Roger. They are extremely good, but many may think them eclipsed by Fred Astaire (Roger's friend) and Ginger Rogers (the vocal part of the band). These two provide the comedy and much else. If I were a producer I would team these two. They're a grand pair.

Raul Roulien gives an excellent performance as Julio. His rendering of "Moonlight and Orchids" is particularly effective.

All the minor parts are played by those competent artistes we see so often and who deserve our thanks.

And just one bouquet for Thornton Freeland, the director.—M. B. Y.

Jack Abey

Jack Hulbert is seen at his best in this riotous comedy which is easily the funniest in which he has appeared. As usual he holds the centre of the stage all the time, but the material he has been given is good and he puts it over extremely well.

Walter Forde, the director, has, except for a tendency here and there to over-prolong a comic situation kept the action moving all the time and given the plot reasonable continuity.

It is, of course, all perfectly nonsensical and shows how an A.B., descendant of a long line of naval ancestors manages to save the Admiral and his daughter as well as a captured submarine from Chinese bandits.

The opening sequences forms a sort of prologue where Jack Hulbert, clad in all the glory of an Admiral in Nelson's day, waxes comically heroic at the battle of Trafalgar.

Later, as the A.B., he has a very amusing scene where he meets the Admiral's daughter and declares his love to the middle deck, which gives him the clue for song and dance—both of which are put over in a lively manner.

Other sequences which particularly tickle the risible faculties in a provocative manner are those in which he takes the place of the barber and goes to shave the admiral, who takes him for a lunatic when actually he wants to tell him that he loves his daughter, and another aboard the captured submarine with the rescued Admiral and his daughter.

As they are escaping they are taken for bandits and bombed, shelled and depth-charged by the combined fleet with aeroplanes.

This is very well done, but it does not say much for the marksmanship of the Navy since they remain unscathed!

The Chaplin influence, which is seldom lacking in a British comedy, is manifested here by a dream sequence in which Jack is drugged and indulges in a nightmare ballet.

This, too, is very well put over.

The dialogue is quite bright, sometimes rather reminiscent, but well suited to the broadness of the comedy as a whole.

Nancy O'Neil is attractive, but has not a lot to do as the Admiral's daughter, while the Admiral himself is well characterised by Alfred Drayton.

Tamara Desni appears briefly but passionately as a vamp who tried her wiles, on Jack, while Sam Wilkinson provides a good "stooge" for the star.

As the leader of the bandits, Henry Peterson is good and seems to have possibilities above the rôle he is called upon to enact here.

Hulbert fans are going to be very pleased with this picture and those who are not will find quite a lot at which to laugh.—L. C.

Goodbye, Love

Charlie Ruggles does his best with a comedy that is often not very funny and frequently

excessively vulgar in its bids for cheap laughs.

How the Board of Censors came to pass some of its gags is beyond my simple comprehension.

Goodbye Love which is primarily concerned with the alimony racket in America starts off quite brightly, and had it been kept on a plane of piquancy, might have been made really amusing. Director Bruce Humberstone, however, never seems to be sure of his treatment, and as a result, the film soon revolves itself into an unconvincing muddle of sophistication and naivety, realistic staging and impossible situations, with the blanks filled up with much irrelevant and familiar padding.

Ruggles appears as Groggs, valet to Chester Hamilton (Sidney Blackmer). Both master and servant have been "gypped" for heavy alimony by their wives and find themselves in the palatial prison for alimony defaulters, when they refuse to pay.

Groggs celebrates his release through the financial assistance of his master, by a visit to the seaside. Here, while masquerading as "Sir Oswald Groggs," a famous English big-game hunter, he meets and falls in love with Phyllis, a gold digger, who has previously hooked the wealthy Hamilton and is to marry him as soon as his divorce is made final.

Groggs is instrumental in exposing Phyllis immediately after the wedding has taken place and Hamilton has to stage a fake finance crash in order to secure his freedom again.

Phyllis thereupon turns her attention to the wealthy and aristocratic "Sir Oswald Groggs," who is, in turn, exposed as an imposter, this time before the wedding service is completed.

However, there is a marriage in the end, when Hamilton as we expected all along, weds his silently adoring secretary, played by Phyllis Barry.

Mr. Ruggles sees to it that *Goodbye Love* has its moments and the resourcefulness of his comedy work does much to off-set the shortcomings of an indifferent production. The rôle of Phyllis is excellently played by that increasingly busy young actress, Verree Teasdale.—M. D. P.

Four Frightened People

Take four characters, assorted, set them loose in a Malayan jungle, let them meet hostile natives and various denizens of the forest, flavour with romance, serve the whole with a liberal helping of incredulity and you have Cecil B. De Mille's latest production.

It is one of those weird conglomerations in which the drama is often as amusing as the comedy, since you hardly know whether you are intended to take it seriously or not; the characters, while well portrayed, are never plausible.

But in spite of all this there is a certain fascination about the picture—I think it resolves itself into a sense of anticipation at what in heaven's

Herbert Marshall and Claudette Colbert, who with Mary Boland and William Gargan make "The Four Frightened People."

name Cecil B. de Mille will think of doing next.

Also the settings are remarkably good and give an authentic jungle atmosphere, while the camera work is noteworthy.

The people concerned in this story—they have run away from a plague-stricken ship cruising in Malayan waters—are Judith, an unattractive school teacher, Ainger, an insignificant chemist, Stewart Corder, a famous journalist and radio star, and Mrs. Marsdick, a society woman interested in birth control. Well enough assorted you must allow.

Their problem is to cross the jungle and reach a port and for this purpose we are introduced to a half-caste, who wears his old school tie round his neck and claims to be a white, who promises to act as guide.

They get lost. Would it surprise you to learn that the unattractive school teacher turns out to be beautiful and the two men fight for her favours? Cecil B. de Mille makes certain that you realise just how beautiful she is by putting her naked under a waterfall—the nearest thing to a bath tub in the locality.

Well to cut a long story short, I'll give you a brief disconnected synopsis of events. Mrs. Marsdick is held hostage by a tribe to be ransomed by a present of rice. Judith falls for the "insignificant Ainger," who is wounded by an arrow, instead of for the bumptious journalist. After many hardships, they reach civilisation, where Ainger's wife divorces him—I forgot to tell you that his "insignificance" was largely due to his wife—and he seeks out Judith who is back again in school asking a little pupil what the principal exports of Malay are. He reels off a list ending with nuts. Quite so.

Under trying circumstances, Herbert Marshall is as natural as possible as Ainger, while Claudette Colbert's artistry and versatility cannot be hidden by a rôle which is intrinsically unconvincing.

Mary Boland is most amusing. She billows through the comedy situations with a verve and sense of the ridiculous which is thoroughly entertaining.

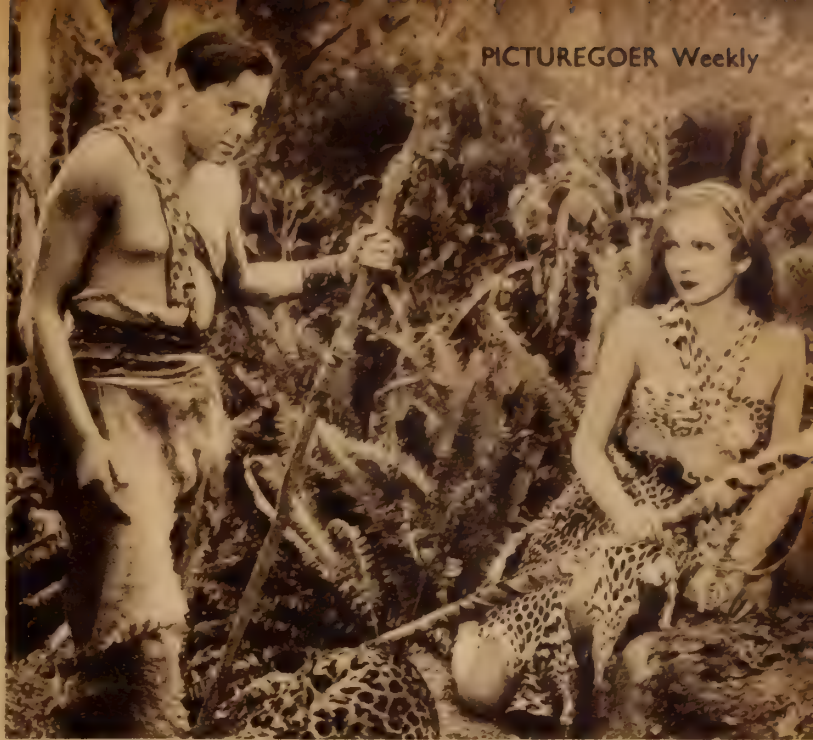
William Gargan is quite good as the bombastic journalist, while Leo Carillo makes the one really convincing character study of the piece with his interpretation of the half-caste native.—L. C.

Cross Country Cruises

Hollywood seems to be determined to take us for a ride. This is the second of the forthcoming series of transcontinental bus stories and I cannot say that it does much to remove my previous prejudices against screen cycles generally.

Our passenger list, this time consists of such interesting travellers as Lew Ayres, June Knight, Alice White, Alan Dinehart and Minna Gombell. Miss Knight appears as Sue, a mannequin, who has arrived at the bus station to elope with Steve (Mr. Dinehart) a romantic adventure which is nipped in the bud owing to the inconsiderate behaviour of the latter's wife (played by Minna Gombell), in insisting on accompanying him on the trip. Lew Ayres is Norman, a wealthy "play boy" who has impulsively followed Sue on to the charabanc as a result of a chance meeting in the street. The wife is obviously suspicious of Sue from the start. Steve, in reality a crook, tries the dangerous expedient of trying to continue the intrigue without further arousing the suspicions of his wife, while Norman does his best to attract the interest of the girl.

The drama, such as it is, arising



out of this situation, is played out as the bus roams on across the continent, culminating in a highly improbable murder and a melodramatic final chase.

I found it difficult to believe, too, in the sudden transformation of Mr. Ayres from an engaging but quite irresponsible young man about town, to a particularly keen-brained detective.

However, Director Eddie Buzzell has done the best that could be expected with an imperfect script. The characters usually grip one's attention and the "padding," of which there is a great deal, including Alice White as a gold digger "working her passage" by tactful attention to the drivers, and Eugene Pallette as one of those travel-pests who quote from the guide books at the slightest provocation, is in the main interesting enough to compensate for the shortcomings of the plot.—M. D. P.

NEXT WEEK

FAMOUS FILMS SUPPLEMENT

PICTUREGOER institutes something new in films journalism next week in an artistic, full photogravure sixteen-page supplement, it gives its readers a comprehensive survey and souvenir of Columbia's outstanding production *Lady for a Day*.

Here in a comprehensive form is a complete souvenir of this finely directed and acted picture in which age and youth as represented by May Robson and Jean Parker vie with each other for acting honours.

This magnificently produced supplement is full of information and contains all you want to know about the artistes appearing in the picture as well as incidents in its production; where it was made and the romance of the company which made it; a romance that deserves a place in the annals of screen history.

In addition there is a story of the film especially written for the PICTUREGOER, which, in a colourful manner tells the tale of the old apple woman who became "lady for a day" for the sake of her daughter.

This supplement goes well beneath the superficial details of the picture as a whole and brings to you in a vivid manner the thought, detail and construction which went to the making of a film which will appeal strongly to all.

Do you know how May Robson started a career, at what age Jean Parker first trod the boards of a theatre, what Warren William did before he became a screen star, the nationality and career of Barry Norton?

All these questions and many more are answered in the lavishly illustrated and artistically designed supplement which is given to our readers next week.

The demand is bound to be enormous. To avoid disappointment place your order early.



Jack Hulbert and Alfred Drayton in a sequence from the new British comedy "Jack Ahoy."



JOHNNY WEISSMULLER
and
LUPE VELEZ

This picture, taken when Johnny flew out to the Arizona desert where Lupe was on location, is particularly interesting in view of recent reports of a reconciliation between the stars, who, after a few months of marriage, announced that they were parting. Weissmuller will soon be seen in "Tarzan and His Mate," and Lupe's next will be "Laughing Boy," with Ramon Novarro.

Phil Lonergan Sends It Hot From Hollywood

CHEVALIER'S DANCING LESSONS

For "Merry Widow" Role—Harry Wilcoxon Settles Down—Gloria Stuart's Revolt—Epidemic of Rebellions—Corinne Griffith Speaks Out—Elizabeth Allan's Success.

IT seems incredible, but it is a fact. Maurice Chevalier is taking dancing lessons. He is studying under the tutelage of Mme. Albertina Rasch, the famous danseuse.

Chevalier's next film is to be *The Merry Widow* and he desires to do full justice to the famous waltz which is the most important incident in this celebrated play.

Hollywood had always believed that Chevalier was an expert dancer. However, he told me that, while he had danced on the stage as a boy, he discovered that there were many better dancers than he, so devoted his talents to singing and pantomime. He believes that careful instruction and constant practice will enable him to perform properly the intricate waltz in *The Merry Widow*.

Fortune Smiles

Helen Mack, the little girl who did such excellent work in *All of Me* with George Raft, has another opportunity to win film fame.

Paramount likes this young actress so much that it bought her contract from R.K.O.-Radio. She is to play the leading feminine role in *Honour Bright*, which Claudette Colbert decided was not sufficiently important. Later Helen and George Raft will play opposite each other in *It's a Pleasure to Lose*.

A Future Star

I dropped around the other day to the Paramount studio to meet Harry Wilcoxon, the young British actor, who has been given the coveted role of Marc Antony in Cecil B. De Mille's *Cleopatra*.

Wilcoxon had been in Hollywood only a few days when I interviewed him, but he told me that he felt thoroughly at home, as everyone had been most kind to him. He trains daily in the studio gymnasium, so as to be thoroughly fit for a "he-man" role.

Sollicitous friends, Wilcoxon told me, urged him to read everything he could concerning Marc Antony, but he disregarded their advice, feeling that De Mille has definite ideas as to the interpretation of the part, hence he wishes to have an open mind when the picture goes into production.

Wilcoxon told me he believes that De Mille is the ideal choice for "Julius Caesar," and so informed the great director, but did not believe that his suggestion would be accepted. He feels that De Mille's mind, like Caesar's, is concerned with thoughts of fame rather than with the elemental affairs of life.

Nearly every interviewer has asked Wilcoxon if he is married, and they appeared relieved when he told them he was not. However, this stalwart, good-looking Englishman will have his troubles avoiding the attentions of Hollywood's beauties.

Back to Journalism

Gloria Stuart is fighting mad and declares that if the Universal studio does not release her from her contract, she will return to a journalistic career with the "North China News."

So the lady declares she will sail for China within the next fortnight if Universal does not permit her to work on the stage or for other studios.

These arguments are often adjusted amicably, however.

The Lady Says "No"

Corinne Griffith has declined to play the feminine lead in *The Crime Doctor* at the R.K.O.-Radio studio, and Karen Morley has taken her place.

Miss Griffith does not mince words. She declares that she was asked to play many of her scenes with her back to the camera, while Otto

Kruger, who had the leading male role, secured the advantage of the close-ups. She did not like her part, and thought it would do her great harm as she has been absent from Hollywood films for several years.

The actress, I understand, has promised to appear in another film for Radio.

A Little Rebel

Mitzi Green, who scored such a great success as a child actress, has been absent from the screen for some time. She recently secured a role in *Finishing School* and then walked out, she and her mother declaring that the part was too small.

Rebellion seems to be in the air in Hollywood.

A Reward of Merit

Elizabeth Allan and Benita Hume were brought from England a year ago to appear in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's *Looking Forward*. After a brief experience in the film colony, Benita returned to London, but Elizabeth remained. Several of the parts to which she was assigned did not afford her much opportunity, and then she was assigned to the feminine lead in *Men in White* at M.-G.-M., playing opposite Clark Gable.

This charming young actress gave a splendid performance, and was immediately signed to a new contract. The chances are that she will play opposite Gable in future productions.

So William O'Brien, Elizabeth's devoted husband, will have to continue commuting from London to Hollywood.

The Storm Abates

Lupe Velez and her husband, Johnny Weissmuller, are living together in their home, and there is reason for believing that Johnny never left it.

The pretty Latin star, living up to her well-known changeable temperament, says that while she and her husband might "keel" each other, they never will be divorced.

One reason for the rift, I hear, was that Lupe liked to stay up late, while Johnny prefers to arise about 6 a.m. So the combination of a night owl and an early bird caused much recrimination.

Former Stars

William Farnum and Alice Lake will be recalled as stars of many years ago. Julianne Johnston was leading woman with Douglas Fairbanks, sen., in *The Thief of Bagdad* and a star of British films.

To-day Farnum plays character roles, while Alice Lake and Julianne Johnston appear in bits and atmosphere. They are cheerful and apparently happy, content to wait for opportunity to knock at their doors again.

A Heated Argument

Constance Cummings declares that it is exceedingly difficult to be married and happy when appearing in Hollywood films. She declares it is impossible to lead a normal married life, pointing out the lack of privacy, late working hours and other elements which preclude the companionship desired by all happily married couples.



Pat Paterson, one of the latest British exports to the American film city, poses for the Hollywood cameraman.

And we know Connie and her husband have entered into an agreement whereby they are to spend six months of each year in Hollywood and six months in London.

Corinne Griffith, on the other hand, believes that Hollywood is conducive to happy married life. In view of the numerous film divorces it is hard to understand how Corinne can be so optimistic.

Hollywood Says That—

— Polly Moran will not enter a dressing-room where anyone is whistling.

— Wallace Beery is a lieutenant-commander in the United States Naval Reserve.

— Richard Cromwell was a wage earner at the age of eight, when his father died, leaving him the main support of his family.

— Corinne Griffith declares she has had only three facial massages in her life, and hates exercise.

— Wallace Ford was born in Bolton, Lancashire, England. His real name is Samuel Jones.

— Johnny Weissmuller took up swimming to fight off a serious illness.

— Cary Grant ran away from school to join a theatrical troupe.

An impression of Constance Bennett as Helen, the former vaudeville star whose tragedy is that her song-writer husband will not believe that she can act.

Moulin Rouge

THIS piquant comedy provides Constance Bennett with the part she has had for a long time under the new banner of Twentieth Century Fox. She appears as Helen, a former vaudeville star, a successful song-writer, refused to marry her husband because he has a poor opinion of her. In the connivance of Raquel, her vaudeville partner, Helen keeps up the masquerade so that she can make ardent love to his own wife. And there is a "ha-



The theatrical sequences are spectacular and well produced—

On DUCKIE

with a theatrical background who has a dual rôle, with the best and most auspiciously marks her debut with Century Pictures. The star is Helen Dugge, whose husband, Hall, allows her to return to the stage and her talent. They quarrel and with the result of his new production, formerly personates her on the stage and finally, fully that the unsuspecting Hall. It's all straightened out finally after "curtain."



Another striking example of the spectacular quality of the theatre presentations.

Helen successfully masquerades on the stage as Raquel, "the sensational new star."



The husband (Franchot Tone) makes love to his own wife under the impression that she is the great Raquel.

do you like
a brunette?
gives you an
to judge.

The BOWERY

THE STORY OF THE
FILM

by Marjory WILLIAMS

Freely based on the film, "The Bowery," by permission of United Artists Film Corporation, Film House, Wardour Street, London, W.1.

See "On the Screens Now" feature, page 28, for the full cast and Lionel Collier's criticism of this film.

Lucy feared the advances of the smooth-haired adventurer at first.

"YOU don't want to go round with other kids trading pictures of women. 'Skoits' is nutty, like fruit cake. 'Skoits' is no good. You can't trust 'em. The world was made for men. See."

Thus Chuck Connors, saloon proprietor and "big shot" of New York's Bowery in the naughty 'nineties, delivered himself to Swipes, newsvendor, protégé, and ex-guttersnipe.

The child thrust his spoils in an inner pocket and looked quizzically at the big man with double-breasted coat and pearl buttons.

He knew that, after he was in bed, Chuck, sipping brandy in a huge glass at one of the best tables in the saloon, would be turning appreciative eyes towards the short "skoited" and befrilled chorus, who, behind the footlights, kicked legs to the tune of "Ta-ra-ra Boomdeay."

All the same, Chuck was right when he said that "skoits" didn't interest him "poisonally." He had almost a whole-time job in keeping up his end against the increasingly popular Steve Brodie. Steve, slick-haired gambler, treated his rival with the contemptuous familiarity with which Chuck found it harder to cope than open enmity.

Carrie Nation, leader of the anti-drink campaign and her tribe of bottle-smashing Amazons, must be mentioned as occupying in Chuck's mind the chinks left by Steve.

The kid Swipes, moreover, must not be forgotten, seeing that he was the secret of Chuck's ambitions to better himself.

"Be off," he bade him now. "It's bedtime. Mind you clean up the joint before you turn in. Place was full of crumbs this morning."

"Can't I throw one stone at the Chink's laundry, Chuck?"

"What did I tell you? Windows is windows. You'll have the police after you."

"Just one, Chuck."

"Well. Careful how you land it, that's all. Be off."

With which Chuck applied himself to his dinner, criticised a song-and-dance turn that had just come on, and made a mental note that the two men with moustaches at a certain table were white-slavers and needed watching accordingly.

Steve, who, mainly to copy Chuck, ran a voluntary fire-brigade, drifted in and concluded a friendly bet with his host by offering a cigar with his favourite complimentary formula.

"Don't say I never give you anything."

Chuck beamed, lit the cigar, which went off with a bang, and was about to administer summary justice when the warning fire-bell rang lustily behind the bar.

"Bet you a hundred dollars I get to the hydrant first," bawled Chuck, and dashed behind the counter for his helmet and bugle.

"Bet a hundred dollars you don't," countered Steve, and dispatched a crony for similar insignia of his profession.

The saloon became a seething mob, from which Chuck eventually merged with a string of supporters on their way to get out engine and fire escape.

He was on the scene of disaster, which he noted with misgiving to be the Chink's laundry, referred to by Swipes, a minute later than Steve, who was already on his feet hunting to locate the hydrant.

Swipes, poised on an apple barrel in mid-street, was frowning over Chuck's non-arrival by the time that gentleman appeared out of the crowd and flung him off his perch.

"Thought I told you to go to bed!" Chuck roared and, removing the barrel, revealed the hydrant

underneath. He was fixing the hose when one of Steve's supporters dealt him one to the point. The assailant went down under a similar blow from Chuck's fist. Members of the rival brigades swarmed about their leaders, looking for handy things to throw. The cobbled street became pandemonium, while above the hecklers the laundry blazed.

Thus the Bowery of the naughty 'nineties and incidentally one up to Chuck. Steve, not intending to let that pass, was quick to tempt Chuck with a second and bigger bet regarding the latter's favourite prize-fighter, "Bloody Butch." A fight was staged for him in the saloon against a masked boxer, whose identity was none other than that of John L. Sullivan, well known as the "Boston Strong Boy." "Butch" took the count in the first round, which, seeing that a thousand dollars was the stake, was decidedly one up to Steve.

Next night Chuck figured in an argument with the white-slavers, who were occupying their usual table. Sight of their companion—a girl, unfashionably dressed, with shiny straw hat perched on a chirrus of fair curls, and a timid expression—caused him to investigate.

"What are you doing with a girl like that?" he demanded.

"Lay off, Chuck. No harm intended. We're only putting her in the way of a job."

"Keep quiet, then. Miss, you'd better get going. This ain't no place for you."

Half-amused at her frightened withdrawal and thanks uttered in countrified speech, he nevertheless was as good as his word. Lost in an argument with Steve, he forgot her until, going home to bed, he ran into her in the shadow of his stairway.

"I—I'm sorry. I didn't know you lived here. I only wanted to thank you for keeping off those men."

You see, I didn't know. They promised me a job and—"

"Ain't you got any place to flop?" he inquired.

"Why, no. I slept last night in Union Park."

"Better come with me, then. Poisonally, I don't trust skoits. But it looks to me as if you might be on the up and up." He escorted her in, lighted a living-room gas-bracket, and pointed to a door.

"Me best boodoir's in there. You'll find blankets in the chest of drawers. Make yourself at home. Good-night!"

He tucked the eiderdown round Swipes in the next room and extracted a cat with kitten from the tumbledown bed before turning in.

Next morning he was awakened by a violent pomelling in the back.

"Chuck, there's a woman in there! What's she doing? Thought you didn't like skoits."

"Gee, Swipes! I forgot. Wait a minute."

Hoisting himself from the sheets, Chuck went to the living-room. The smell of coffee was no less enticing than the appearance in daylight of his visitor in puff-sleeved blouse and no hat.

"You've been so kind, I thought I'd get breakfast ready."

"That's mighty nice of you. Gee—the place looks different—you have smartened it up!"

"I liked it better as it was," announced Swipes and received explicit instructions to get dressed, while, oblivious of his own shortcomings in that direction, Chuck remained to admire.

"You will get rid of her. You know you hate women. You've told me dozens of times," Swipes pleaded in private.

Chuck promised, but Swipes' anxieties proved fully justified.

In vain did Swipes protest openly

(Continued on page 24)



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C.F.H. 357

THE BOWERY—Continued from page 22

and in secret. Chuck would concede nothing to his childish jealousy. For the boy's crowning iniquity, that of shutting Lucy in the broom cupboard for the morning, he administered condign punishment.

Disregarding Lucy's cries of "Please don't, Mr. Connors! All kids love jokes like that—please—please!" Chuck whipped Swipes across his knee and administered a tanning.

Five minutes later the street door banged. From the window Swipes was seen mooching along the street with bent head and a kitten under each arm.

"Never mind. He'll come back," Chuck philosophised.

This time he didn't, and Chuck brooded over his absence; more, when he found the boy had deserted him for Steve. Steve had always liked Swipes and was glad of his company.

Steve visited Lucy too, and made love to her. Unsuccessfully at first, it is true, for Lucy was dressing at the time of his unheralded arrival in Chuck's apartment. But, though modesty forbade her to accept his advances, it was plain that she liked the smooth-haired man of fortune.

"You do love me?" he asked anxiously, for his feeling for her had made the great Steve Brodie strangely humble.

"I love you, Steve," came her answer, "but two things worry me. I do wonder, sometimes, what you do for a living—whether it's honest, like Chuck's—and then, Chuck has been so kind, I worry because he doesn't know."

It may or may not have been this conversation that urged Steve to fasten with limpet hold on to a proposition put up to him by two master brewers whom he met and interviewed on a dock in sight of the Brooklyn Bridge.

The result of this interview he made known to Chuck the same evening in the crowded saloon.

"See here, Chuck, I'm thinking of quitting gambling. I been talking to Messrs. Herman & Co., and they think I could run a saloon round here if I could do something sensational. Something that would make my popularity with the boys go up like a flag on its pole. They offered to put me in business, in fact. I told them I'd jump off the Brooklyn Bridge."

"You what? Madness, Steve. Besides, the police won't let you."

"Maybe not. They can be dodged, can't they?"

"You can't do it, though. Bet you—bet you this saloon you can't."

"Mean it? I take over this joint lock, stock and barrel, if I do."

"If you do. But you won't."

"Done," observed Steve, and furnished his rival with a cigar and matches with the customary results.

Preparations for his leap to fame and fortune, however, were steadily put forward. Knowing that a funeral procession, due to cross Brooklyn Bridge, was timed to leave the Bowery at a certain hour, it was thought Steve should get past the police stationed at the foot of the bridge by following the cortege.

Bitter disappointment awaited Chuck, who yearned for the moment of witnessing Steve's discomfiture in full view of the local population who were to turn out for the occasion. Thoughts of Steve's demise never entered Chuck's head, his expectations being entirely taken up with a mental picture of Steve,

mounting the bridge railing and refusing to jump.

"Carrie Nation and her crowd are coming down this way. Better get to the saloon and protect your beer barrels," was the information which awaited Chuck from a friend on the sidewalk at the time crowds were foregathering en route for funeral and bridge.

"Just my darn luck!" mumbled Chuck. Not even on this stupendous occasion dared he leave the saloon to the mercy of Carrie Nation and her destructive Amazons.

He hurried off, and so missed much that Swipes and Lucy, from separate viewpoints well to the fore, witnessed.

He missed the passing of the funeral procession, the wreathed hearse and one, two three, four carriages, followed by the brougham containing Steve, his face thrust forward and buried in a large handkerchief.

Most of all, he missed the poise of the single human figure on the bridge rail, the leap, the swift descent, the closing of the ripples about the head, then, after a pause, seeming to one feminine watcher to last years, the reappearance of that head above the body of a sure swimmer.

What Chuck, watching warily outside his saloon, did not miss was the news of Steve's victory, carried to him, not by Lucy, who was embracing the victor with tears on her cheeks, but by an informant in a brown derby who brought double tidings.

"Look out, Chuck. Carrie Nation and her gang are sure coming down the street."

She arrived, a masculine-looking creature, whose very spectacles threatened defiance of the comfortable form of Chuck, ensconced on the pavement watching beer barrels being lowered into his cellars.

"Disgrace to humanity," she vociferated. "Poisoner of the nation. We demand that you should close your doors and try to make an honest living."

Chuck smiled grimly. If Steve was to take over the saloon, its present proprietor would ensure its being a place for heroes to live in.

"Perhaps you're right, ladies," he conceded. "Come in and settle the thing for yourselves. It's up to you to do any blamed thing."

Flushed with victory, they came in. In years the Bowery had seen no stranger sight than the demolition of the Connor saloon by a handful of umbrella-armed anti-drink enthusiasts. Beer ran in the street that night and the number of bottles smashed by steel ferrules would have delighted the head of a glass factory.

Chuck may have been resigned to fate, but actually it broke him.

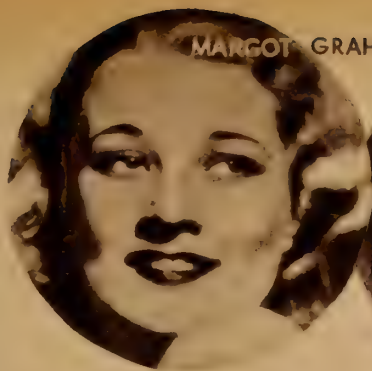
With the saloon went ambition. He hadn't the heart to accept the offer made by a second-rate brewer's firm to start again. He lost pride in himself. The square-breasted, well-cut coats, the diamond tie-pin, in time the gay ties, found their way to the pawnshop.

Dispirited, wretched and feeling old, he had to eat; so tramped, one day, up the steps of a newly opened recruiting office. Consequent on the blowing up of U.S. battleship *Maine* in Havana, volunteers were being called up for service in Cuba.

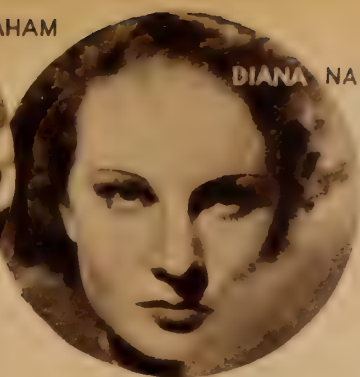
Chuck had no more notion than the man in the moon whom he was

(Continued on page 26)

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846



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THE BOWERY—Continued from page 24

to fight, but he affixed the sign that served for his signature in the space provided on the recruiting form; and left the office, with orders to report later.

Now that he had decided to leave the Bowery, he didn't want to quit, so that with no lighter heart he went up the steps to his new dilapidated quarters. Lucy had left him some weeks to marry Steve.

Before he saw who it was, Chuck knew someone was before him. The someone, crouched behind the door, was raised up by Chuck, whose surprise gripped him by the throat.

"Swipes!"

Tears stood in Chuck's eyes. He couldn't say another word, while Swipes, clinging to his neck, faltered out.

"It didn't seem right my being away, leaving you when times are bad. So I've come back."

The untidy room was full of hope. Never had Chuck realised what the boy meant to him until this moment, when ambition that so long had been dead, was renewed.

"We can't stop like this, Swipes. You've got to grow up, be a man, do things, amount to somebody. Wait till I'm on my feet. You and I'll start right over again."

As a preliminary, he felt in his pockets to find out if the money therein amounted to the price of a meal, when his fingers made contact with a piece of paper.

"Holy smoke! I've forgotten. I'm in the Army," he ejaculated, adding a swift: "Never mind. I'll get out, somehow. Wait here while I get supper."

The couple of white-slavers who had all but ensnared Lucy were hanging about, ready to attract his notice as soon as he reached the street.

"Listen, Chuck! We got news for you. You think Steve Brodie jumped off Brooklyn Bridge, don't you? All the Bowery thinks so, but he didn't. Come along with us and we'll give you proof."

Unwilling at first, knowing the reputation of the men, Chuck finally consented to viewing the evidence, armed with which and in the company of his moustached informants, he took a cab.

The Connor saloon was much as he had known it before the onslaught of Carrie Nation and her tribe, except that it was smarter and the splendid sign back of the bar, bore the inscription, "Steve Brodie."

Steve, who had been leading the feminine chorus in a stage turn, twirling a silver-topped ebony cane in the manner of the true comedian, came in front of the footlights, prepared to be genial. Prosperity had altered neither him nor his manner to his rival.

"Cut the cackle," Chuck told him when he offered a drink. "You didn't win this place on the level. You never jumped off Brooklyn Bridge, and here's the reason."

Seizing his erstwhile burden from the floor, Chuck threw off the covers and displayed a full-size dummy, the features and slicked-back hair of which were a creditable likeness of Steve.

"Honest, Chuck, you're wrong. That dummy was made for me by some fellows and kept under lock and key by Midas the Mute. He mislaid it—Heaven knows why or how. The fact that he couldn't talk, cut both ways, I assure you. Never a sign could I get out of him on the morning it vamoosed. I

took the jump. Everyone knows it."

"Take that, you dirty swine! No, wait a bit"—Chuck paused with bare forearm—"I'll fight you proper any place you like to name."

"Right. How about Scuffly's barge, to-night, eight o'clock?"

Chuck withdrew to take Swipes to supper. At seven-fifty he and Steve pushed off from the dock and landed on the deck of the deserted anchored barge.

The dock was packed with interested spectators who peered into the darkness and rising fog, straining their ears for sounds of scuffle and betting on the unseen.

Half an hour had passed before the splash of oars was heard, followed by the vague outline of the dinghy, seen to contain a single figure. Whose?

Suppositions alternated between shouts of "Steve," "Chuck," until the figure scrambled up the landing steps, blood dripping from a series of face cuts.

"If you want to know the toughest man on the Bowery, tell yourselves it's Chuck Connors," announced the victor.

Next day, attired in soldier's uniform, accompanied by Swipes, rigged out in redeemed double-breasted suit with pearl buttons, Chuck held a lunch party in the saloon, occupying the seat of honour at the long table.

Laughter from everyone but Chuck had hardly died down when suddenly his arm was seized from behind. Two police officers and a plain-clothesman had forced an entrance.

"Chuck Connors, you're under arrest for assaulting Steve Brodie, now in hospital. You're wanted for identification."

Swipes, refusing to be parted from his idol, was also conveyed to the private ward where Steve, swathed in bandages, but very much himself, was smoking a cigarette lighted for him by Lucy, who had only retired by request of a nurse.

"You identify this man as being your assailant?" inquired the hawk-nosed plain-clothes-man, indicating Chuck with a wave of the thumb.

"Never seen him in my life," declared Steve. He stuck to the decision until the somewhat disgruntled members of the law took themselves off, unable to make a charge.

"Thanks a lot, Steve! All the same, I licked you pretty well."

"You didn't. I'd have done you in if I hadn't slipped."

"You wouldn't have."

"I would."

"Don't quarrel. Can't you be friends and shake hands?" entreated Swipes. "Remember you're in the Army, ain't you. Chuck and me's leaving for Cuba," he added proudly.

"Darned if I'd almost forgotten." Chuck thrust out a great fist which the other gripped. Memories of the good days of their early rivalry stirred Chuck. He left the ward, but had to come back to say "Gee, I wish you were coming with me, Steve. Why don't you?"

"You bet I will."

Side by side with rifles and packs, having said "Good-bye" to Lucy, who had kissed them both, and with the knowledge that Swipes, for good or ill, had stowed himself away in the nearest Army wagon, Chuck Connors and Steve Brodie left the Bowery to carry friendship to the great unknown.

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Ann Dvorak, who plays opposite Maurice Chevalier in the romantic comedy, "The Way to Love."

On the Screens Now by Lionel Collier

The PICTUREGOER'S quick reference index to films just released

- | | |
|-------------------|-------------------------|
| ***THE BOWERY | *LADIES MUST LOVE |
| **BEAUTY | *THE MAD GAME |
| **S.O.S. ICEBERG | *THE PRIDE OF THE FORCE |
| **THE WAY TO LOVE | *THE SHIP OF WANTED MEN |
| **DOUBLE HARNESS | ENEMY OF THE POLICE |
| *EVER IN MY HEART | |

What the asterisks mean—**** An outstanding feature. *** Very good.
** Good. * Average entertainment. c Also suitable for children.



Claire Trevor makes a very attractive heroine for Spencer Tracy in "The Mad Game."

If you like your entertainment on the rough and tough side, you will thoroughly enjoy *Bowery*, which depicts that famous district of New York in the 'nineties. Wallace Beery gives one of his best characterisations in it, and I have not seen George Raft to better advantage. Its main weakness is an excess of sentiment towards the end, centred round Jackie Cooper, who fails to be convincing.

This is easily the best picture of the week.

***THE BOWERY

United Artists. American. "A" certificate. Period comedy-drama. Runs 83 minutes. For story freely based on the film, by Marjory Williams. see page 22.

WALLACE BEERY.....Chuck Connors
GEORGE RAFT.....Steve Brodie
JACKIE COOPER.....Swipes
FAY WRAY.....Lucy Calhoun
PERT KELTON.....Trixie
GEORGE WALSH.....John L. Sullivan
OSCAR APPEL.....Mr. Rummel
FERDINAND MUNIER.....Jumbo
HERMAN BING.....Mr. Herman
HAROLD HUBER.....Slick
FLETCHER NORTON.....Googy
LILLIAN HARMER.....Carrie Nation
TAMMANY YOUNG.....Carrie Nation
ESTHER MUIR....."The Tart"
JOHN BLEIFER....."The Mute"
JOHN KELLY.....Lumpy Hogan
Directed by RAUL WALSH from the novel by MICHAEL L. SIMMONS and BESSIE R. SOLOMON adopted by HOWARD ESATBROOK and JAMES GLEASON.

A wonderfully vigorous and virile portrayal of life in the Bowery in the 'nineties, with Wallace Beery giving another fine characterisation as a prominent saloon proprietor who is ousted from popularity by a rival who jumps off Brooklyn Bridge to gain notoriety.

This latter role is excellently played by George Raft, who affords a strong contrast to Beery in type and methods.

The film is pretty rough stuff, put over in a Rabelasian atmosphere, and it has action, action all the way, and a wealth of boisterous humour.

Its weakness lies in its sentimental moments, which are introduced by Beery's affection for a little waif, played in a stereotyped manner by Jackie Cooper, whose mannerisms are becoming far too pronounced these days.

The ending accentuates this sob angle; it slows up in speed, and loses much of its early conviction and virility.

There is a good romantic element introduced by both the rival saloon proprietors falling in love with a girl—a role attractively played by Fay Wray.

Pert Kelton still continues her starward course in a clever character

performance of a hard-boiled cabaret singer, and the supporting cast is well chosen, each giving full value to the role he or she sustains.

**BEAUTY

M.-G.-M. American. "A" certificate. Working girl comedy-drama. Runs 80 minutes.

MADGE EVANS.....Letty
UNA MERKEL.....Carol
FLORINE MCKINNEY.....Jane
PHILLIPS HOLMES.....Jane's lover
OTTO KRUGER.....Sherwood
ALICE BRADY.....Mrs. Sherwood
EDDIE NUGENT.....Carol's brother
ISOBELL JEWELL.....Reception Clerk
Directed by RICHARD BOLES LAVSKY.

Back again among the gold-diggers. It is the old, old story of girls out for a good time with a heroine, who, warned by the fate of the others, is able to find a husband who loves her.

But it is not the plot that counts in this picture; it is the excellent characterisations given by the cast, the well handled situations, both dramatic and comedy, and the piquancy and wit of the dialogue.

There is a vein of satire on beauty parlours and the foibles of the wealthy, but not too beautiful society women who frequent them, which runs amusingly through the whole production.

I have not seen Madge Evans to better advantage than here, as a beauty parlour assistant, Letty, who falls in love with a married man and turns him down because of the tragedies that befell two of her friends in similar circumstances.

The man in her case is played by

Otto Kruger, and extremely well played, too; his love-making is done with sincerity and requisite lightness of touch.

His wife, whom he eventually manages to divorce and so bring his romance with Letty to a happy conclusion, is excellently portrayed by Alice Brady. Her characterisation of a neurotic society lady, immersed in fads, is full of humour and another milestone along the road of her triumphant comeback.

The two "tragedies" which influence Letty's life are represented by Una Merkel, who presents with her accustomed brilliance an embittered gold-digger who lives on an elderly protector, and Florine McKinney as a girl who lives with the son of the proprietress of the beauty shop, and commits suicide when she finds that she is to have a child and that her lover will not marry her. It is a pathetic little study, intensely moving and dramatic.

Phillips Holmes is good as the lover, while Hedda Hopper is effective as his mother.

Letty has another admirer in Bill, an insufferable wise-cracker, which is interestingly played by Eddie Nugent.

May Robson is very good as the raw youth's mother and a reception clerk is most amusingly rendered by Isobell Jewell.

See this film for the excellence of the above characterisations.



Ann Harding and William Powell, who form a very talented team in "Double Harness."

**S.O.S. ICEBERG

Universal. American. "A" certificate. Spectacular drama. Runs 77 minutes.

ROD LA ROCQUE.....Dr. Carl Lawrence
LENI RIEFENSTAL.....Ellen Lawrence
SEPP RIST.....Dr. Johannes Brand
GIBSON GOWLAND.....John Dragan
DR. MAX HOLTSBOER.....Dr. Jan Matushek
WALTER RIML.....Fritz Kumm
ERNEST UDET.....Himself
Directed by TAY GARNETT. Produced on the West Coast of Greenland under the auspices of the Danish Government. Expedition led by DR. ARNOLD FANCK.

It took a year to make this picture in the frozen fastness of the North, and the camera work and scenic qualities are outstanding.

One sequence, which depicts the birth of an iceberg, is remarkably fine and was obviously secured with great personal risk; the phenomenon has never been photographed before.

Unfortunately, the drama for which all this spectacular magnificence forms a background is very weak and lacking in human interest.

One feels that it would have been better to concentrate on the scientific aspect of the expedition, for as it is the picture falls between two stools.

The artistes have little chance, and Leni Riefenstahl is further handicapped by a doubled voice.

**THE WAY TO LOVE

Paramount. American. "A" certificate. Light drama. Runs 85 minutes.

MAURICE CHEVALIER.....Francois
ANN DVORAK.....Madeleine
EDWARD EVERETT HORTON.....Bibi
MYDIA WESTMAN.....Annette
JOHN MILJAN.....Marco
MINNA GOMBELL.....Suzanne
BLANCHE FREDERICI.....Mme. Bibi
ARTHUR PIERSO.....Joe
GEORGE RIGAS.....Pedro
SIDNEY TOLER.....Pierre
GRACE BRADLEY.....A Sunburned Lady
ARTHUR HOUSEFMAN.....The Drunkard
BILLY BEVAN.....Monsieur Prias
DOUGLAS DUMBRILLE.....Agent Chapusard
Directed by NORMAN TAUROG from the story and scenario by GENE FOWLER and BENJAMIN GLAZER. Music and lyrics by RALPH RAINGER and LEO ROBIN.

Against a synthetic Parisian background, Maurice Chevalier puts over a very slight romance with a circus girl whom he protects from her guardian, a very ferocious knife-throwing expert.

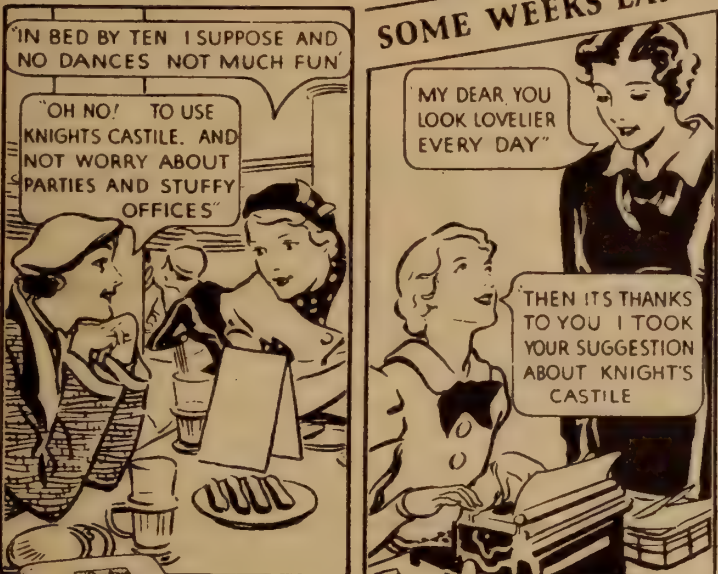
It is all very laboured and artificial, but Chevalier's personality manages to come smiling through, and he has some really amusing scenes in a shop where advice and help is given to people in their love affairs. He also sings a song or two very well.

Edward Everett Horton is amusing as a cheap-jack professor, but his material is very limited.

Ann Dvorak, in the role of heroine, has a thankless task and does not show to advantage.

(Continued on page 30)

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ON THE SCREENS NOW—Continued

**DOUBLE HARNESS

Radio. American. "A" certificate. Marital drama. Runs 70 minutes.

ANN HARDING.....Joan Colby
WILLIAM POWELL.....John Fletcher
HENRY STEPHENSON.....Colonel Colby
LILIAN BOND.....Monica Page
GEORGE MEEKER.....Dennis
REGINALD OWEN.....Butler
LUCILE BROWNE.....Valerie Colby
KAY HAMMOND.....Eleanor Weston
LEIGH ALLEN.....Leonard Weston
HUGH HUNTLEY.....Farley Drake
WALLIS CLARK.....Postmaster General
Directed by JOHN CROMWELL from the play by EDWARD P. MONTGOMERY. Adapted by JANE MURFIN.

While not very original in story, this picture has a lot to recommend it. The situations, for instance, in the old tale of the woman who makes marriage a business, but who, in danger of losing her man to another, discovers real romance, is full of well-handled situations. The direction is polished, the dialogue bright, and Ann Harding puts into the leading rôle all that intense feeling and understanding of which she is so eminently capable.

It is one of her more notable performances, and she is ably seconded by William Powell as the husband she beguiles into matrimony and finally learns to love.

There is not a great deal of scope for dramatic acting, but there is a polish about the treatment.

*EVER IN MY HEART

Warner. American. "A" certificate. Mixed marriage drama. Runs 69 minutes.

BARBARA STANWYCK.....Mary Otto Kruger.....Hugo
RALPH BELLAMY.....Jeff
LIZIE LAURA HOPE CREWS.....Grandma Archer
FRANK ALBERTSON.....Sam
DONALD MEEK.....Storekeeper
CLARA BALDICK.....Anna
Directed by ARCHIE MAYO.

A somewhat melancholy affair, in which the heroine, an American girl who has married a German and been separated from him through the outbreak of war, finds her husband a spy in France and kills him and herself, so that they should never be separated again.

There is a certain amount of tenderness and sincerity about the opening love-making scenes, while the gradual growth of racial hatred is convincingly depicted.

The war scenes are artificial and somewhat fantastic.

Barbara Stanwyck and Otto Kruger give full value to the leading rôles.

*LADIES MUST LOVE

Universal. American. "A" certificate. Romantic comedy with music. Runs 69 minutes.

JUNE KNIGHT.....Jeannie
NEIL HAMILTON.....Bill
SALLY O'NEAL.....Dot
DOROTHY BURGESS.....Peggy
MARY CARLISLE.....Sally Lou
GEORGE E. STONE.....Joey
MAUDE EMBURNE.....Madama Fifi
OSCAR APPEL.....Naussbauer
EDMUND BRESEE.....Van Dyne
RICHARD CARLE.....Wilbur Muller
BERTON CHURCHILL.....Gaskins
VIRGINIA CHURCHILL.....Society Girl
Directed by E. A. DUPONT.

Conventional story of the gold-digger who, with three others, plans to exploit a young man about town, but falls in love with her intended victim.

It is presented quite brightly with song and dance interpolations and contains some smart dialogue and sound acting. It passes an hour pleasantly enough.

June Knight is efficient in the lead and Sally O'Neil shows signs of a promising come-back as one of the quartet of gold-diggers.

*THE MAD GAME

Fox. American. "A" certificate. Gangster melodrama. Runs 73 mins.

SPENCER TRACY.....Edward Carson
CLAIRE TREVOR.....Jane Lee
RALPH MORGAN.....Judge Penfield

HOWARD LALLY.....Thomas Penfield
J. CARROL NASH.....Chopper Allen
JOHN MILJAN.....William Bennett
MATT McHUGH.....Butts McGee
KATHLEEN BURKE.....Marilyn Kirk
MARY MASON.....Lila Penfield
WILLARD ROBERTSON.....Warden
JOHN DAVIDSON.....Doctor
PAUL FIX.....Lou
JERRY DEVINE.....Mike
Directed by IRVING CUMMINGS from a story by WILLIAM CONSELMAN.

Now that the Will Hayes' ban has been lifted from kidnapping films, we shall probably get a lot of them—especially as the "booze" racket is also a thing of the past.

Here is depicted the manner in which a reformed boot-legger who has his features changed by plastic surgery, sets out to bring his old gang, who have broken into the kidnapping racket, to book.

There is a love interest between him and a woman newspaper reporter who aids him and, for a change, an unhappy ending, for the ex-convict is mortally wounded.

It is all rather fantastic, but put over with some well-timed suspense.

Spencer Tracy is good as the gangster and his make-up exceedingly effective.

Claire Trevor is attractive as the heroine.

*THE PRIDE OF THE FORCE

Wardour. British. "U" certificate. Slapstick comedy. Runs 75 minutes.

LESLIE FULLER.....Bill and Bob
FAITH BENNETT.....Peggy
NANCY BATES.....Sheila
HAL GORDON.....Dick
ALF GODDARD.....Sergeant Brown
FRANK PERFIT.....Inspector
BEN WELDEN.....Tony Carliotti
PAT AHERNE.....Max Heinrich
ROSIE HOWARD.....Gertie
"ROUGH-HOUSE" KING CURTIS.....Big Steve
Directed by NORMAN LEE.

Leslie Fuller plays the dual rôle of twins, one a policeman who wants to join a circus and the other a farm hand who wants to be a policeman, in this hectic comedy.

He contrasts the athleticism of the one with the fatuousness of the other well, and his lively, if artless, knockabout humour gets full scope.

The circus atmosphere is convincing, and there are sequences in all-in wrestling ring and a lion's cage which are very well staged.

The supporting cast lives up to the liveliness of the unsophisticated entertainment as a whole.

*THE SHIP OF WANTED MEN

Butcher. American. "A" certificate. Melodrama of the sea. Runs 66 minutes.

DOROTHY SEBASTIAN.....Irene Reynolds
FRED KOHLER.....Chuck Young
LEON WAYCOFF.....Captain John Holden
GERTRUDE ASTOR.....Vera
MAURICE BLACK.....Spinoli
JASON ROBARDS.....Craig
JAMES FLAVIN.....Busch
Directed by LEW COLLINS from an original story by ETHEL HILL.

Vigorous melodrama, all the action of which takes place on a schooner at sea. It is rather obvious in development and "rough house" in treatment, but characters are quite well drawn.

ENEMY OF THE POLICE

Warner. British. "A" certificate. Comedy. Runs 51 minutes.

JOHN STUART.....John Meakin
A. BROMLEY DAVENPORT.....Sir Lemuel Tapleigh
MARGARET YARDE.....Lady Tapleigh
VIOLA KEATS.....Preston
VIOLET FAIRBROTHER.....Lady Salterton
ERNEST SKPTON.....Slingsby
WINIFRED OUGHTON.....Marthe Teavie
ALF GODDARD.....Galacher
MOLLY KISHER.....Ann
HAL WATERS.....Bagshaw
NORA BRENON.....Lobelia
Directed by GEORGE KING.

Very thin plot, dealing with the secretary of a social reform society who gets thoroughly mixed up with crooks and is taken for one himself.

It is all very ingenious.



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The eternal triangle as depicted in "The Man who Changed His Name." Left to right: Betty Stockfeld, Lyn Harding and Leslie Perrins.

On the British Sets

by
E. G. COUSINS

MYSTERY of a NEW STAR

An Unspoiled Child-Actress—Gordon Harker as a Lighthouse Keeper—
Sound City's New Musical—New Directors—Edmund
Gwenn Employs no "Doubles"

EVER see *Juno and the Paycock*? It was probably Sean O'Casey's most successful play, and made into a very good film. The *Paycock*, one Captain Boyle (who had gained his honourable rank by working before the mast—on coastal steamers), was a philosopher; and in his moments of deepest philosophising, he would gaze up at the moon and say "Phwat is the moon?" and then he would gaze up at the stars and say "Phwat is the stars?"

Well, I'm no sea-captain (though "I was a Major wanst" as Private Mulvaney might have said but didn't); but I do claim to be something of a philosopher.

And at this very moment I find myself gazing at the stars and saying "Phwat is the stars?"

The stars are so very mysterious.

Pleased to Meteor

Take for instance, the new star that the British Lion (of Beaconsfield, Bucks) has just seen through his telescope. Her name is Aileen Marson, she is beautiful and young (they tell me) and she has had a meteoric rise to fame.

So as well as being a star, she is a meteor.

Oh, and she is talented. And she won a scholarship at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art five years ago. And she has played in many important stage plays.

And (now we're getting warm) her films include

No Funny Business and *The Big Sweep*. Blowed if I can remember her in *No Funny Business*. Can you remember her in *The Big Sweep*?

But she must have had important parts, because she's a star! You know what a star is? A player who is accorded more publicity than the name of the film.

Something funny here...

Ah! Wait a bit! She speaks French, German, and Rumanian fluently, and also has a good smattering of Italian, Greek, and Arabic.

But does that make her a film star? And if not, what does?

I Hail 'Em!

A knowledge of Rumanian is useful if she is going to Rumania; but if (pardon me) she is going to remain 'ere in our studios, it will be more useful to know how to act before the camera.

You faithful little company of half a million or so readers who optimistically scan these columns year in and year out will admit that I am rather more ready than most cynical old-timers to welcome the beginner into the studios; but when that beginner is hurled at my head as a star before she has played her first important screen-rôle, all my well-known sweetness of disposition just oozes away and I become Old Man Grumpy himself.

You see, I have rather a long memory; and I remember the fanfare of penny whistles that greeted Betty Astell's being put on long contract at these same British Lion studios.

I have still to see Betty in an adequate part in a film, which will give her a chance to distinguish

herself as I have seen and heard her distinguishing herself on the stage and "on the air."

The dear old British Lion must get busy and think up some decent parts for Aileen Marson to play—and then let us judge of her star value for ourselves.

A Non-star

That is what Gaumont-British are doing with Nova Pilbeam. Nova is not a star; but she has (so far) a full measure of that rare and precious thing, childlike simplicity. If she can retain it for the whole duration of the production of *Little Friend*, we shall see on the screen something we hardly ever see in American films, never in British, and only now and again in Continental—a little girl who really might be somebody's kid sister instead of a spoiled and precocious little brat of a child-actress.

Gosh, I'm looking forward to that! It's almost too good to be true.

Interesting, this *Little Friend*. Instead of looking at the child as though she were something odd preserved in a bottle (a trick too many adults have), this film looks at the adults through the eyes of a child, and is making a sporting effort to discover, and portray on the screen, what is really going on in the child's mind.

Everyday

The story itself is the kind that you can read in almost any issue of your morning paper; a father who is too preoccupied with business interests to spend much time with his wife and daughter; a mother who seeks consolation with an actor lover; a quarrel; the Divorce Court... it's all painfully familiar.

But this time we are to see it as the child sees it; and I, for one, say "Hurrah!"

Berthold Viertel is directing it. Matheson Lang is the father.

Lydia Sherwood is the mother. I've only seen her in one film—*Don Quixote*—and she was lovely; she is a distinguished stage player. Jean Cadell (a fine actress) plays the nurse; Arthur Margetson is the actor lover.

Good cast.

Creeps

And now prepare for a spot of shuddering. You remember *The Ghost Train*—a creepy-crawler in which Jack Hulbert was a silly-ass who was really a detective... yes, I see you do. It endeavoured to reproduce the success of a very effective stage-play of the same name, and didn't quite come off.

However, Gaumont-British are having another shot at it. This time it is labelled *The Haunted Light*, and instead of the protagonists (or, if you are fussy, participants) being gathered in a country station waiting-room, they meet in a lighthouse on the rugged Welsh Coast.

Gordon Harker (who is by way of being a dab at spinal chills when he is in form) is to play the lighthouse-keeper. Those who approve, kindly signify in the usual manner. Thank you. On the contrary?

Carried unanimously.

Sound City Sings

Two new things—a new departure by Sound City, which is making its first "musical," and a new studio added to the ring of production-centres which encircles London.

To be fair to Sound City, it has been threatening us with this "single" for some time—but under the title of *His Excellency, Mr. Cupid*.

Fortunately, however, someone in authority has realised just how dire that title is, and the opus is to break upon a grateful world as *A Friend Like You*.

Tamara Desni plays the lead, opposite Harold French. Well, I was considerably impressed by La Desni in *Falling for You*, although she had very little to do in that except look fetching, and I have been rooting for Harold French for years past, because he seems to me to have a singularly attractive screen personality; but I never envisaged these two carrying the weight of a musical show on their own four shoulders. I hope the experiment will be a great success.

Weighty

Talking about weight, Davy Burnaby is in this film (taking a little change from Beaconsfield

and the B.B.C.), and Gibb McLaughlin, and Morton Selten (who I hope will be spared to us for many years—he's only 74), and Percy Walsh.

And a bunch of girls. Is it my notorious ignorance, or has any of these girls made a name for herself in films? Peggy Novak, Carol Rees Marjorie Corbett, Pearl Rivers, Kay Walsh. . .

Well, I dunno. But anyway, the studio doesn't claim they are stars.

This film is about one of those mythical European kingdoms—so I was quite wrong in my guess that Amnesia might be the last of them for a while. Harold French is a young British diplomat with a leaning towards women. (Ah, you think you know the plot now, but let me remind you this isn't a Chevalier film).

Tamara Desni is a ballerina who, having no boy friend of her own, tells her friends she is engaged to the young man. Complications, which are smoothed out just in time for the picture to finish to schedule.

A Hammersmith Hollywood

I've seen very little of the Sound City product.

Now for the new studio. It's at Hammersmith, and I've seen hearing whispers and rumours about it for some time; but now I have actually been officially informed that the Mayor of Hammersmith had officially opened the building; so now the whole thing is very official and in order, and I suppose I shall have to trot along and have a look at the new joint one of these days.

It belongs to the Triumph Film Company, and I hope that is an indication of the kind of films they are going to make there. I hope so. . .

These films are intended for P.D.C. (which stands for Producer's Distributing Company) to distribute. Up to the present this company (except, I think, for a short period of production some years ago) has been in the habit of buying pictures made by small independent companies to satisfy its quota requirements.

Experiment

Now Triumph are going to turn out no fewer than eighteen full-length pictures this year, all for P.D.C. They are trying an experiment, to begin with, by turning a radio play into a movie.

The Path of Glory made quite a splash "on the air"; the talkie features several well-known stage names—Felix Aylmer, Athole Stewart, Stafford Hilliard, Maurice Evans, John Devereil—all of whom, I think, have also appeared in films.

Dallas Bower is directing this one; and I'm afraid that's all I know about Dallas Bower. That fatal ignorance again.

But new directors are springing up all over the shop. At Teddington, for instance, the new Warner Brothers First National production is being directed by Ralph Dawson. Now who in Teddington is Ralph Dawson? Must certainly go down next week and find out.

Naughty

You remember our old friend *Twin Beds*? I saw it as a stage play many years ago—in New Zealand, I think. It was considered delightfully risqué and near the knuckle in those days—but our ideas have all gone west since Mae arrived on the screen.

I don't remember whether it was ever filmed; anyway, it is now being produced as a talkie—by the Teddington stalwarts, who have rechristened it *Life of the Party*. It sounds an intimate kind of party to me.

Following this, the chair still left warm by Mr. Dawson will be filled by Monty Banks, who will direct *Church Mouse*. This was shown on the West End stage some time ago. Monty Banks is a peach of a director.

Say, though, talking about peaches, who's this playing the lead? None other than my very favourite comedienne of silent days—Laura La Plante.

She Got Away

I met Laura down at this Thames-side studio some months ago, when she was playing with Percy Marmont, Lady Tree, and Emily Fitzroy. I didn't see the film they were making, and somehow Laura gave me the slip and beetled back to the States before I had time for more than about

five minutes' conversation with her; but she won't get off so easily this time.

Ian Hunter is to play opposite her in *Church Mouse*; it ought to be a pretty good team.

And, while I think of it, Ralph Ince, who was playing for B.I.P. the other day, is to direct and play at Teddington. He's a real old timer, having started with Vitagraph in New York in the early days.

I've always thought him one of the most effective players of "abysmal brute" parts on the American screen.

Strenuous

Father and Son finished up really strenuously at Teddington last week, with Edmund Gwenn



A clever pencil impression of the British stage and screen artiste, Dennis Hoey, in character.

plunging into the Thames to rescue a drowning boy (mercury almost dropping out of the bottom of the thermometer and cameramen stamping about on the bank to keep warm), and a fight between Edmund Gwenn and Roland Culver.

Gwenn takes his work more seriously and systematically than almost any other actor I know; and consequently Roland Culver was quite well pleased when that fight (which for the purposes of the story he had to lose anyway) came to an end.

Meanwhile, *Night Club Queen* has got well under way at Twickenham, with Mary Clare, Lewis Casson, Jane Carr, George Carney, Merle Tottenham, and Lewis Shaw.

This film employs the well-worn method of "flash-backs"; the opening scene is a court where Mrs. Brown (Mary Clare) is being tried for murder and defended by Mr. Brown, a crippled barrister, played by Lewis Casson.

To explain the causes leading up to the killing, Mr. Brown narrates the story of their married life—and you see it taking place.

Well, if anyone can get away with this, I think Bernard Vorhaus can; he's just naturally busting his way into the front rank of directors; and there's plenty of room in the front rank, let me mention.

NEXT WEEK

A sixteen-page supplement which deals fully with Columbia's brilliantly characterised picture, "Lady for a Day," in every aspect will be included in every issue.

It is lavishly illustrated and contains interesting facts about all the players, and a full story of the picture.

It forms a souvenir which will be of permanent interest to all kinemagoers.

The demand is bound to be enormous so do not neglect to place your order now in order not to be disappointed.



...comfort them back to beauty with GLYMIEL JELLY

Poor hands! Sensitive from chaps and cracks; hating the touch of water. How gratefully they absorb comforting Glymiel Jelly. Rub in a little Glymiel Jelly at bedtime. Overnight Glymiel Jelly feeds underlying tissues, soothes chaps, closes up horrid little criss-cross cracks. Every time you wash, rub in Glymiel Jelly. Soon your hands are supple again, and deliciously white. No other preparation can do what Glymiel Jelly does. Glymiel Jelly contains special softening and beautifying ingredients and is made by a private process that cannot be copied. And you can test wonder-working Glymiel Jelly for as little as 3d.

Just as Glymiel Jelly gives your hands charm and beauty, so Glymiel Face Cream gives charm and beauty to your complexion. Buy a tube to-day, 6d.

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HAIR that
John fell for"**

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Every Amami Shampoo you buy contains 47 ingredients. 26 of these are just to make your hair lovely. The other 21 are tonic ingredients, to nourish, feed every starved hair-root, banish hair-troubles, bring healthy hair, that lasts! Buy AMAMI to-day!

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AMAMI No. 1. With Henna. For dark hair. 3d. and 6d.

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What Do You Think? Letters from our Readers

MALE READERS RALLY

Yes, They Have Something to Say to Miss Hilda Humphries

PERHAPS Miss Hilda Humphries, who wishes to know why men do not absorb the 'technique' of the talkies, is aware of the vast upheaval of all the rights of women since the time of 'wigs and things,' of the demand for equality, of the adoption of masculine airs, and of the undertaking of masculine feats, and successfully, too.

"If so, she will also be aware of the only possible reactions that a man can have to this attitude; either he endeavours to treat the woman as his equal in feats of strength and endurance, and this, I assure her, is the greatest 'respect' any man can pay to a woman, or else he passes off the attempts with a sarcastic comment and a shrug of the shoulders, which is, sometimes, justly warranted.

"Even her own 'gallant gentleman,' Leslie Howard himself, cannot give his courteous manners full play unless backed up by the sweetness and demure charm of Heather Angel and the appropriate old-world settings of Berkeley Square.

"How on earth, then, are we to preserve a gallant bearing when all and sundry seek to create the equality of Katharine Hepburn or the familiarity of Mae West, and the woman says, 'Oh, I'll shake a leg with you,' when the man says, 'May I have the pleasure of the next dance?'" —A. Fenby, 8 Scarborough Road, Driffield, E. Yorks, who wins the first prize of £1. 1s.



Leslie Howard

Silly Posturings

Miss Humphries, I sympathise with you. After having sedulously cultivated the correct Garbo—or is it Hepburn?—manner, it must be indeed provoking to find that the boy-friend has failed to imbibe his screen lessons; thus depriving one of the opportunity of exercising the *sangfroid* one has gained.

"Fortunately, we men are less gifted with the ability of self-deception." Whilst appreciating the technique of the great screen personalities, we hesitate to exchange our genuine individualities for but a poor imitation. If the silly posturings and ogings of movie-struck girls are the result of screen 'education,' then we men prefer to resist it.

"Also, you sigh that we lack respect for the female sex. Really, Miss Humphries, would you not have us regard you as human beings, rather than, as did those gallant gentlemen of yore, a 'cross between an angel and an idiot.' Come, Miss Humphries, be yourself!" —Edward Hilton, 7 Filey Street, Sheffield, who is awarded the second prize of 10s. 6d.

Not Milkshops

"Yes, Miss Humphries, the films do fail entirely to make milkshops of men; neither do they, through the childish jaw-punching technique of one 'Cagney,' make them brutes.

"Gallant" and "Gentleman" did not go out with 'powdered wigs'; they were shocked into disuse by the advent of the cigarette-sucking, painted, under-dressed and pathetically 'foolish' females known as Miss Modern.

"Novarro's 'respect' is but the reflection of the producer's respect for the box-office. Knowing the surface saccharine sentimentality of Miss Modern, these shrewd business men tell their screen heroes to exploit it." —L. Jennings, 84 Old Lodge Lane, Purley, Surrey.

Gallantry Out of Date

In an age of sophisticated womanhood, gallantry is an anachronism. So long as the modern girl continues to 'type' herself in a grotesque caricature of Garbo, Shearer, Crawford, and the rest, so long will the modern young man cease to regard her with that air of respectful adoration depicted by Leslie Howard.

"He knows that 'respect' to a girl in the evening excites ridicule when she meets her office friends in the morning. She prefers the Chevalier portrayal.

"The over-rated importance of the talkies to young women illustrates the utter lack of all sense of proportion of the latter.

"Whereas a man leaves the shadowy heroine to continue her amorous episodes in the half-light of the kinema, a woman endeavours to carry them into her private life—with disappointing results." —J. F. Stevens, 132 Brettle Lane, Sloughbridge.

Miss 1934 Does Not Inspire Romance

Hark to the modern miss bewailing the lack of gallantry and romance among the males of this hard-boiled world, when, all the time, she herself is responsible for their absence!

"The modern girl does not inspire romance or sentiment, and, in my turn, I might just as well blame that on the movies.

"Truly, she has studied her screen lessons well—Norma Shearer has taught her how to be a 'free soul,' Garbo to be aloof and independent, and Mae West to be hard-boiled.

"When she becomes natural and feminine again, she will find that the qualities which now appear to be missing in the mere male will re-appear."

—Ernest H. Jakins, 230 Hertford Road, Waltham Cross, Herts.

[Thinker says: Miss Hilda Humphries' ears must have been burning during the last week or so. Never before have I had such an avalanche of letters from male readers. I have only been able to publish a few, but to a mere male they appear to build up a pretty formidable case for the feminine fans to answer. Haven't the women anything to say?]

Unofficial Press Agents

Does the average film patron realise that indirectly he is responsible for the booming of certain films. As an illustration: We will assume that a person obtains rather scanty information regarding a film; perhaps it may be the cast and just a glimpse of the action culled from photographic illustration; and at the first opportunity tells a friend or neighbour what a wonderful picture this particular one is.

"The listener is often under the impression that the narrator has first-hand information; such as the reading of the book or a film critic's report. The former passes on the information and so on and the boom is prevalent.

"The point, however is, that the persons to whom I refer are the first to decry a film if it is not up to the visualised standard." —Frederick Evers, 65, Hughes Avenue, Wolverhampton.

YOUR VIEWS WANTED

What you think about the stars and films?

Let us have your opinion, briefly.

£1 1s. and 10s. 6d. will be paid for the two most interesting, and 5s. for all other letters published each week. Letters should be written on one side of the paper only and should not exceed 150 words. Address to "Thinker," The "Picturegoer Weekly," Long Acre, W.C.2.





'LIBERTY' SLIP-ON CORSELETTE

The perfect garment for sports and everyday wear. It is snug-fitting yet freedom-giving. On in a jiffy and worn next the skin, is a sure protection against chills. Washes splendidly because of the exclusive two-way stretch 'Liberty' fabric. Tea Rose and White—Small, Medium or Large sizes, 3/6.

Youthful lines can be retained and unruly curves can be coaxed by these flexible feather-weight foundations. They have no bones, are seamless, and so soft worn next the skin. Made of the exclusive 'Liberty' Wonderweave elastic fabric. Corselettes and girdles from 5/6 up. Youthiform Brassieres from 2/11½ up.

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OFFER A COMPLETE CORSETRY SERVICE FOR CHILDHOOD AND WOMANHOOD

Ask your Draper for them

If unable to obtain, write direct to 'Liberty' Products, Libertyland, Market Harborough, for catalogue and name of nearest stockist.



Yet She Had a Shiny Nose!

A little perspiration from dancing and she found her complexion ruined. Her powder would not stay on. Her nose shone and her skin looked greasy. Frequent use of the puff seemed of no avail. She did not know that just a little Mousse of Cream in her powder would have made a world of difference. Mousse of Cream is an exclusive Tokalon patent process. It makes the powder stay on in spite of wind, rain, or perspiration from dancing in overheated rooms, or playing tennis. It prevents your nose from getting shiny and makes your skin as smooth as satin. Mousse of Cream is the reason Poudre Tokalon is the most popular and widely used face powder. Try it to-day and see how different it is from ordinary powders. 6d. and 1/- a box.

Poudre Tokalon
Mousse of Cream Face Powder.

DO YOU KNOW WHY YOUR TEETH ARE NEVER CLEAN?... YOU NEVER GET ALL THE STAINS OFF THEM



Girl: You are very rude, Toothbrush. I can't help it if my teeth are naturally dull and grey.

Toothbrush: That's just the trouble—they're not really. They're only stained.

Girl: Impossible. I brush them twice a day.

Toothbrush: Of course you do, but with a dentifrice that does only half the job.

Girl: What do you mean by "only half the job?"

Toothbrush: Listen—Your dentifrice has one cleansing action only, and all stains won't yield to any one action. It takes two! So your teeth get duller and duller. It's gradual discolouration.

Girl: What can I do about it?

Toothbrush: Simple. Just get Colgate's.

Girl: Has Colgate's two cleansing actions?

Toothbrush: Certainly. An emulsive action that dissolves some stains and washes them away—and a fine polishing action that gets rid of the rest of them.

Girl: Will I notice any difference if I use Colgate's regularly?

Toothbrush: Honestly, I think you'll discover a lustre and beauty you never knew your teeth had.

Girl: That settles it. I'll buy a tube of Colgate's to-day.

MADE IN ENGLAND



TWO SIZES
6" & 1"

THE 7 CAUSES OF STAINS THAT DISCOLOUR TEETH

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|---------------------------|-----------------|
| 1. Starchy foods. | 4. Fatty foods. |
| 2. Sugar foods. | 5. Minerals. |
| 3. Protein foods. | 6. Fruits. |
| 7. Beverages—and tobacco. | |



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Greta Garbo

One in a Thousand

The cameraman might snap the Garbo a thousand times without getting a more lovely photograph than the one which has captured you now! That's the beauty of "Picturegoer" Postcards—they reveal your favourites in their most captivating moods—exquisite and lasting souvenirs of happy hours spent at the talkies. Get some of these sepia glossy postcards to-day and put Greta Garbo at the top of your list.

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Join "The Picturegoer" Postcard Club and we will present you free with a 5/- Album, handsomely bound in Art. Leather to hold 300 cards. To join, simply send an order for not less than one doz. new sepia glossy postcards at the regular price of 2/6 dozen. On subsequent orders you will receive substantial discounts as well as many Club privileges.

Choose your Cards from list below; rich sepia glossy, 3d. each—2/6 doz. On sale to members and non-members alike. Full list on request.



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Lionel Atwill
Binnie Barnes
Tala Birell
John Boles
Lillian Bond
Carl Brisson
Bruce Cabot

Tamara Dami
Clark Gable
Henry Garat
Greta Garbo
John Gielgud
Mary Glynn
Lillian Harvey
Katharine Hepburn
Edward E. Horton
Jack Hulbert
Dorothy Hyson
Ursula Jeans
Ruby Keeler
Jan Kiepura
Elissa Landi
Eda Lupino
Francis Lederer
Fredric March
Herbert Marshall
George Raft
Norma Shearer
Sylvia Sydney
C. Aubrey Smith
Randolph Scott
Lyle Talbot
John Wayne
Mae West
Blana Wynyard
Roland Young

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Please enrol me as a member of the "Picturegoer" Postcard Club, and send me Membership Card and full particulars of discounts, etc., on future orders. I enclose order for not less than one dozen Postcards, new series, sepia glossy finish, price 2s. 6d. dozen. Please include with my order your 5s. Free Postcard Album. I enclose* 1s. extra to cover cost of postage and packing on my gift.

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*Overseas readers should enclose 2s. extra to cover packing and postage.
Cross P.O. (and Co.) and make payable to "THE PICTUREGOER".
Pic. 10.3.34

Let GEORGE DO IT!

"George" and "Anne" are your enquiry departments. The former will be happy to answer any query regarding films, the latter anything connected with household or beauty hints. Write to them both c/o THE PICTUREGOER WEEKLY. When a reply by post is desired a stamped, addressed envelope must be enclosed.

ANON.—Two Hearts in Waltz Time will be generally released on May 7, 1934 and By Candlelight on June 25, 1934.

G. M. (Folkestone).—Yes, Richard Dix appeared in the film *Nothing But the Truth*.

FRANK LAWTON FAN (Manchester).—Frank Lawton was born on September 30, 1904 in London. Educated, Langley Hall; 5 ft. 9 in. tall; dark hair and eyes; unmarried. Son of Frank Lawton, the well-known stage artist. Address him c/o Gaumont British Studios, Lime Grove, Shepherd's Bush, London, W.12.

V. C. A. (S.E.6.).—Write to Richard Arlen c/o Paramount-Publix Studios, Hollywood, California.

BOBBIE (Fulham).—The picture you sent to us is one of Jean Harlow. As you did not enclose an address, we are unable to return it to you.

WALTER HUSTON FAN (Glasgow).—Walter Huston's films since *Storm at Daybreak* include: *Ann Vickers*, *Every Woman's Man* and *Rodney*. I regret the release dates of these have not been fixed at the time of going to press and would suggest your watching "On the Screens Now," feature for these.

B.D.V. (Leith).—J. Farrell MacDonald is a character actor of many years' standing. He was born in 1875 at Waterbury, Conn; U.S.A.

PRISCILLA (S.W.18).—Herewith the cast of *From Hell to Heaven*: Colly Tanner—Carole Lombard; Charlie Bayne—Jack Oakie; Wesley Burt—David Manners; Sunny Lockwood—Verna Hillie; Joan Burt—Adrienne Ames; Cuff Billings—Sydney Blackmer; Tommy Tucker—James C. Eagles; Winnie Lloyd—Shirley Grey; Jack Ruby—Bradley Page; Pop Lockwood—Walter Walker; Toledo Jones—Berton Churchill; Steve Wells—Donald Kerr; Sue Wells—Nydia Westman; Mrs. Chadman—Cecil Cunningham; Lynch—Thomas Jackson; Pepper Murphy—Allen Wood; Elsie—Rita La Roy; Sam—Clarence Muse. (2) I cannot trace a picture entitled *Lion Man* and suggest the film you mean is *King of the Jungle* and give the cast: Kasper—Buster Crabbe; Ann Rogers—Frances Dee; Neil Forbes—Sidney Toler; Sue—Nydia Westman; Joe Nolan—Robert Barrat; Corey—Irving Pichel; Ed. Petew—Douglas Dumbulle; Guana—Sam Baker; Kitty—Patricia Failey; Kasper (age 3)—Ronnie Cosbey.

GOUGE AND OLIA (Billerica).—John Gielgud was born on April 14, 1904, in London. Son of Frank Gielgud and Kate Terry Lewis; educated Westminster School and Royal Academy of Dramatic Art; 5 ft. 9 in. tall; brown hair; grey blue eyes; unmarried. Films include: *The Clue of the New Pin*, *Insult and The Good Companions*. If you write to him c/o THE PICTUREGOER, the letter will be forwarded immediately upon receipt. You can obtain a picture of him price 3d. from the Picture Post Card Salon, 85, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

PICTUREDOME (Maghessa).—Herewith the cast of *Justice for Sale*: Judge Moffett—Walter Huston; Mike Thomas—Phillips Holmes; Mary Thomas—Anita Page; Judge Osgood—Lewis Stone; Elizabeth Osgood—Mary Carlisle; Crawford—John Miligan; Janitor—Jean Hersholt; Grogan—Tully Marshall; Lil Baker—Noel Francis.

FILM FAN (Mitcham).—Ivor Novello was born on January 15, 1893 at Cardiff. Real name, Ivor Davies; black hair; brown eyes; 5 ft. 11 in. tall; educated Magdalen College School, Oxford. Write to him c/o this magazine. Films include: *Call of the Flesh*, *The White Rose*, *The Triumph of the Rat*, *Downhill*, *The Romantic Prince*, *The Constant Nymph*, *The Return of the Rat*, *The South Sea Bubble*, *A Symphony in Two Flats*, *The Lodger*, *Love and Let Love*, *Sleeping Car*, (generally released October 1933), *I Lived with You* (generally released March, 1934) and *Autumn Crocus*.

H. A. P. (Birmingham).—Address Anna Neagle, c/o British and Dominion Studios, Elstree, Herts. I expect she will send you a signed photograph of herself if you ask her nicely.

JOY (Manchester).—(1) The cast of *Britannia of Billingsgate*: Mrs. Bolton—Violet Lorraine; Bolton—Gordon Harker; Pearl—Kay Hammond; Fred—John Mills; Mrs. Wigglesworth—Druscilla Wills; Westbrook—Gibb McLaughlin; Garibaldi—Anthony Holas; Hogarth—Walter Sol-des; Maud—Glennis Lorriner; Joan—Joyce Kirby; Gwenn—Grethe Hanson; Fay—Jane Cornell; Bolton's Pal—George Turner; Publicity Man—Ernest Sefton; Market Inspector—Jack Spree; Harry—Wally Patch; Producer—Cecil Ramage, Hogarth's Butler—Eliot Makeham. (2) So far as I know, Gene Raymond "crooned" himself in *Ann Carver's Profession*.

CURIOUS (Rugby).—Binnie Barnes has appeared in the following films: *Love Lies*, *Partner's Pleasure*, *Toreadors Don't Care*, *The Last Coupon*, *His Night Out*, *Counsel's Opinion*, *The Silver Spoon*, *Heads We Go*, *The Private Life of Henry VIII*, and *The Lady is Willing*. (2) The cast of *To-morrow at Seven*: Neil Broderick—Chester Morris; Martha—Winters—Vivienne Osborne; Clancy—Frank McHugh; Dugan—Allen Jenkins; Drake—Henry Stephenson; Winters—Grant Mitchell; Simons—Charles Middleton; Marsden—Oscar Apfel; Mrs. Quincy—Virginia Howell; Henderson—Cornelius Keefe; Coroner—Edward Le Saint; Pompey—Gus Robinson. (3) Joan Blondell's pictures include: *Illicit*, *The Office Wife*, *Night Nurse*, *Enemies of the Public*, *My Past*, *Blonde Crazy*, *Larceny Lane*, *Gentleman for a Day*, *The Famous Ferguson Case*, *The Crowd Roars*, *The Greeks Had a Word for Them*, *Make Me a Star*, *Miss Pinkerton*, *The Lawyer Man*, *Big City Blues*, *Central Park*, *Blondie Johnson*, *Footlight Parade*, *Havana Widos*, *Convention City*, and *I've Got Your Number*.

OAKIE FAN (Huddersfield).—(1) Write to Jack Oakie, Lillian Tashman, c/o Paramount-Publix Studios, Hollywood, California, and to Elissa Landi, c/o Columbia Studios, 1438, Gower Street, Hollywood, California. (2) Ten cents is the equivalent of fivepence in English money.

RONNIE (Belfast).—(1) Jan Kiepura made his talkie film debut in *The City of Song*. (2) Gene Gerrard's latest film is *The Love Nest*. (3) Stanley Lupino's most recent pictures are *You Made Me Love You and Happy*. (4) Renate Muller made two British films *Sunshine Susie* and *Marry Me*. She returned to Germany and has made several pictures there with Ufa among them *The Waltz Vendeha*.

DOROTHY (Finchley).—(1) An art plate of Warner Baxter appeared in the January 30, 1934 issue of PICTUREGOER. (2) I will carry out your other requests in due course. (3) A picture of Leslie Howard is printed on page 34 of this issue. (4) The three chief roles in *Fast Lyme* were played by Ann Harding, Clive Brook and Conrad Nagel. (5) Patricia Ellis was George Arliss' screen daughter in *The King's Vacation*.

ME (Edinburgh).—Erich von Stroheim's last picture—at the time of going to press—was *As you Desire Me*.

BUNTY (Islington).—(1) George Arliss is married to Florence Montgomery. Mrs. Arliss has appeared in several films with her husband including *The Millionaire*, *Disraeli*, and *The King's Vacation*. (2) Anthony Bushell's new pictures are *I Was a Spy*.

NEXT WEEK

ALWAYS in the vanguard of journalistic endeavour, PICTUREGOER gives its readers next week a superbly illustrated and graphically written supplement of that outstanding picture, "Lady for a Day."

Its sixteen pages are full of the information which you all want about the stars and personnel of the production. To avoid disappointment, order early.



Elizabeth Allan and Junior. Elizabeth was born on April 9, 1910, at Skegness. Married W. J. O'Brien; 5 ft. 6-in. tall; brown hair; blue eyes. Pictures include: "Alibi," "The Rosary," "Black Coffee," "Rodney Steps In," "Chin-Chin-China man," "Michael and Mary," "Nine Till Six," "Many Waters," "The Chinese Puzzle," "Service for Ladies," "Down our Street," "Insult," "The Lodger," "Service," "No Marriage," "Ties," and "Solitaire Man." Address her c/o Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, California.

Chamel Crossing, *Crime on the Hill*, and *Red Wagon*. Married to Zelma O'Neal.

FRIENDSHIP (Edinburgh).—You can address a letter to Flora Robson care of the PICTUREGOER. It will be forwarded immediately upon receipt.

A CRAWFORD-LOMBARD FAN.—(1) Joan Crawford will be 28 on March 23. She is 5 ft. 4 in. tall and has red-brown hair and dark brown eyes. Address her c/o Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, California. (2) Carole Lombard's real name is Carole June Peters and she will be 25 on October 6 this year. 5 ft. 6 in. tall; fair hair; blue eyes. Write to her c/o Paramount-Publix Studios, Hollywood, California.

D. M. B. (Darlington).—(1) Herewith the cast of *Sally in Our Alley*: Sally Winch—Gracie Fields; George Miles—Ian Hunter; Florrie Small—Florence Desmond; Alf Cope—Fred Groves; Jim Seam—Gibb McLaughlin; Sam Bilson—Ben Field; Tod Small—Ivor Barnard; Lady Daphne—Renee Macready; Mrs. Pool—Barbara Gott; Mrs. Kemp—Florence Harwood; Duchess of Wexford—Helen Ferrers. (2) Kay Hammond is married to Ronald George Leon. Her pictures include: *Fascination*, *Out of the Blue*, *Carnival*, *A Night in Montmartre*, *Almost a Divorce*, *A Night Like This*, *The Third String*, *Nine Till Six*, *Sally Bishop*, *Love and Let Love*, *Bitter Sweet* and *By-Pass to Happiness*.

RENEE L'ANXIOUS (Sheffield).—Dennis King was born on November 2, 1897 at Coventry, England. 5 ft. 11 in. tall; brown hair; blue eyes; educated at Birmingham; married Edith Wright. Hobbies: swimming, polo, tennis, fencing. Films include: *The Vagabond King*, *Paramount on Parade*, and *Fra Diavolo*. You can obtain a picture of him, price 3d., from the Picture Post Card Salon, 85, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

BLONDIE OF THE POLY (Glasgow).—The cast of *The Trespasser* is as follows: Marion Donnell—Gloria Swanson; Jack Merrick—Robert Ames; Hector Ferguson—Purnell Pratt; Fuller—Henry B. Walthall; Jackie Wally Albright; John Merrick Sr.—William Holden; Miss Potter—Blanche Friderici; Catherine "Flip" Merrick—Kay Hammond; Mrs. Ferguson—Mary Forbes; Blanche—Marcella Corday.

CHERIE (Moston).—(1) Gary Cooper will be 33 on May 7, 6 ft. 2½ in. tall; light blue eyes; brown hair. (2) Garbo is a blonde.

WHY RICH MAN CHOSE THIS GIRL To Be His Wife



Typist tells story of her Amazing Romance

Mrs. B. . . of Hammersmith has recently married the son of an enormously rich manufacturer. When interviewed she said: "You ask why did my husband choose me? Well, I used to be a typist in his father's office. I could not afford expensive frocks like all the other girls he used to go about with, but I always took the greatest care of my skin. My husband has since told me it was my wonderful complexion that first made him notice me. I always use Tokalon Skinfoods—the white one during the day and the rose colour at night. It is simply astonishing what a tremendous improvement it makes to one's looks in only a few days. I shall never use any other creams."

Tokalon Vanishing Skinfood (Non-Greasy) contains pure olive oil and dairy cream. These penetrate deep into the pores and remove impurities which soap and water can never reach. Blackheads, enlarged pores, and skin blemishes rapidly disappear. The skin becomes fresh, smooth and clear. To get rid of wrinkles use Tokalon 'Biocel' Skinfood—the amazing discovery of Prof. Dr. Stejskal of the University of Vienna.

The manufacturers guarantee that any woman who uses Tokalon Skinfoods as directed will get a new and beautiful complexion in 28 days or her money will be refunded in full. Tubes 6d. Jars 1/- and 1/3.

Fashion's Latest Craze

GOWNS TO MATCH YOUR COMPLEXION

Winifred Mitchell—the famous Beauty Specialist—offers to you a very beautiful Floral Gown to match your new and fresh complexion and soft glistening hair. Winifred Mitchell will suggest the shade most suitable for your complexion, eyes and hair, if you state full particulars and give Bust, Hips and Length measurements. Made of a new Unrubbable Crepe in glorious colours, these lovely gowns are worth 32/6, but are offered for 21/-. Post free to all, to draw attention to my Winifred Series of Beauty Products. SEND NOW to:—

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No Electricity Greater Safety

Gone the fear of electricity, the discomfort of being strung up to a machine—instead, absolute comfort, complete freedom, and a more lasting wave.

Superma Machineless ensures deep, lustrous and lasting waves, and the tightest of curls—for hair of every shade and texture—including white, over-bleached, dyed, coarse or fine—the result will always be perfection. It cannot harm the most delicate hair.

SEE YOUR HAIRDRESSER NOW!

ASK YOUR HAIRDRESSER TO-DAY

Write for free pamphlet "About your hair" to:
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OTHER blemishes can be concealed, but you cannot hide your hands. That is why it is so important to keep them beautiful.

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"KRASKA" LIQUID POLISH. The ideal polish for all occasions. Gives a perfect brilliance, lasting a full week.

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Naturelle, Rosée, Double Rosée, Quadruple Rosée, Chinese Lake (Red), Orange, Blue, Black, Ruby, Deep Ruby, Green, Coral, Deep Coral, Etc. Prices 1/-, 1/6, 2/6

Gold, Silver and Pearl. Prices 1/6 and 2/6

"KRASKA" CUTICLE REMOVER. Supplied with patent cuticle extractor. Prices 1/- and 1/9.

Obtainable from all Hairdressers, Chemists and Stores, and all branches of Boots, the Chemists.

Kraska

Hoarse?

You need

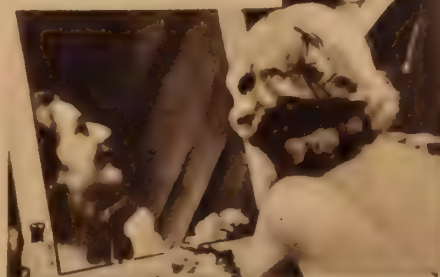
**Allenburys
PASTILLES**
Glycerine & Black Current

Your Chemist
stocks them
4d. per oz.

In Tins

2-ozs. 8d. 4-ozs. 1/3

"I can't do anything
to keep my hair
Blonde"



"Oh Yes, YOU CAN!"

This might have been true a year ago, but to-day you have at your disposal Stablond, the wonderful new secret formula shampoo, which will not only prevent your hair from darkening, but if it has already darkened and faded, due to depigmentation (colour pigment elimination) will bring back that golden beauty of childhood. Depigmentation is caused by coal dust, gases in the atmosphere, and faulty diet. Stablond corrects this. It is also known in many other countries as Blondex and Nurblood, and is the largest selling shampoo in the world. Makes the permanent wave last longer. Even with one shampoo your hair is lighter, silkier, and more beautiful. Wonderful for children. Not for women who wish to bleach their hair. Stablond contains no henna, camomile, dyes, or injurious bleaches. Made in England. Sold everywhere at 6d. Stablond Laboratories, Ltd., Acton Lane, N.W.10.

Sole Distributors: Fassett & Johnson, Ltd.

STAB-LOND
THE FAIR HAIR SHAMPOO

HEADACHE "LINES" FACES

Frequent headaches make the face careworn and add unwanted years to one's appearance. But why put up with headaches? In ZOX you have a well-proved remedy—simple, safe, quick, convenient, inexpensive. Zox is in powder form for better and quicker action. Sufferers say "it acts like magic." Take advantage of the

FREE ZOX OFFER

Zox powders 2d. each or 1s. 6d. and 3s. per box. Send 1½d. stamp (cost of postage) for 2 free powders now. The Zox Mfg. Co. (Dept. 6), 11, Hatton Garden, London, E.C.1.

HEAD WON'T ACHE IF ZOX YOU TAKE

CILOREAL

THE PERMANENT TINT FOR EYEBROWS & EYELASHES

Guaranteed harmless, tinting takes but a few minutes and it is not affected by Sun, Rain, or even Sea Bathing.

Descriptive folder sent on request to C. Nestle & Co. Ltd., 2 Ciloreal House, 40 South Molton Street, W.1.

CILOREAL complete with Eye Palette and full instructions. 4/- POST FREE or from high-class Chemists and Hairdressers.

EMBROIDERY IS EASY

with

Clark's



Stranded Cotton

IN 350
GUARANTEED FAST SHADES

Clark's Anchor
FILOSHEEN
for mending Stockings
LET'S YOU LAUGH
AT LADDERS...



She
need
never
doubt—

for KHASANA Blush Cream will always bring out that natural colouring which is just right for her, so discreetly alluring, so unobtrusively correct.

By using KHASANA Blush Cream you too can be sure that your own individual colouring is absolutely right. For KHASANA is no ordinary rouge, it is made so that the colour changes on your cheeks to the exact shade which suits your complexion.

KHASANA Lipstick has a similar effect on the lips, giving them a most natural rosy glow, which is kiss-and water-proof and non-detectable.

Be a KHASANA Girl and always look your best.

KHASANA

Blush Cream 1/6.
Trial Size 9d.

Lipstick 1/6 & 2/6.
Trial Size 6d.

NERVOUSNESS

A REMARKABLY INTERESTING BOOK ON NERVOUS DISORDERS GIVEN FREE TO ALL SUFFERERS!

There is no greater obstacle to health, success, and happiness than a nervous disposition created by morbid fears. Nervous fears deprive you of the ability to reveal your real self; to develop your talents and make a headway in the battle of life. Fear ruins your health, robs you of the joy of living, and causes more misery and suffering than many acute physical disorders. If you are suffering from any of the following nervous symptoms send at once for this book and learn how to conquer your weakness instead of letting it conquer you.

DEPRESSION	"INFERIORITY COMPLEX"	GROUNDLESS FEARS
LASSITUDE	SELF-CONSCIOUSNESS	MORBID THOUGHTS
INSOMNIA	WEAK NERVES	WORRY, ETC.

Stop wasting money on cheap quack remedies and useless patent medicines and send for this absorbingly interesting book, which describes a simple, inexpensive, drugless home-treatment. A copy will be sent in a plain sealed envelope without charge or obligation. Write NOW and you will be delighted to learn how easily you can acquire strong nerves, robust health, and a happy, confident personality.

HENRY J. RIVERS (Dept. P.G. 31) 40, Lambs Conduit St., London. W.C.1



Has stood the test for over fifty years and is today one of the best known and largest selling medicinal and toilet soaps on the market. Made of the purest materials, chosen for their emollient and cleansing properties, Cuticura Soap is delicately medicated, and perfumed with natural flower odours. Ideal for daily use.

Price 1s. Sold at all chemists
Cuticura Shaving Cream 1s. 6d.

Leave IT to ANNE

SEIZE your pen without further delay, pass that puzzling point on to me. I shall be delighted to help you, but enclose a stamped-addressed envelope if you wish for a reply by post.

HAVE you noticed how few women, or young girls possess an unlined forehead? It is not always age that puts lines on the brow. Our cute little hats are not without blame. They afford no protection to the eyes, and consequently we're all frowning when seen in a very strong light.

Habit accounts for a few more lines. We wrinkle our foreheads when deep in thought, when we are cross, when we are surprised and when we are puzzled.

Heavy lines should be dealt with, but in aiming at a smooth forehead, we should not seek to erase all the lighter ones and so wipe off the intelligence too. For undoubtedly there are certain lines that give character and intelligence to the face. These lines are generally the horizontal ones.

The really ugly line is the frowning line. Bad temper deepens it and weak eyes make it very obvious. If you suffer from either complaint, attend to it, before you can hope to eradicate the line entirely by cream and massage.

The Value of Massage

Pay as much general attention to your forehead as you do to the rest of the face. I wonder how many of you cream your faces religiously every night, yet stop short at the forehead. This is the reason that so many brows are of a sallow, unhealthy tint compared with the rest of the face. If your forehead can be described like that give it a special cleansing for a while. Massage well with a cleansing cream, wipe off the cream with a tissue and then treat the forehead with a bleaching mixture made from glycerine and lemon juice.

The lines you wish to disappear should be treated by placing cream along their length. Leave it to soak in for a few minutes, then gently massage with the finger tips, smoothing the brow from temple to temple. Using the second and third fingers place them against the bridge of the nose. Press firmly and then give a downward pull. Repeat this movement, raising the fingers a little each time of repetition till you have covered the brow to the line of the hair.

Special Treatment

Still using the finger tips anointed with cream give the forehead circular massage, moving from right to left. When the entire brow has been treated, remove any surplus cream and treat the forehead to an astringent bandage. Take a length of butter muslin, soak it in witch hazel and place it across the forehead. Tie in position with an old silk scarf or handkerchief. Then lie down and relax for fifteen minutes. Relax every muscle and clear your mind of every thought. Be as near nothing as is possible for a human being. This will not only improve your forehead but refresh the entire body.



Madame Sylvia, physical culture authority, who has conditioned many of the screen's most famous stars, demonstrates an effective method of banishing fat, with Mariha LaVentre, of the "Flying Down to Rio" cast, as her subject.

If the lines are very deep seated, you may need a little more drastic treatment to remove them. Wrinkle shields are worth trying and are specially useful for the busy woman since they may be worn during sleep. They are made in the form of small plasters. These are applied to the line, left on overnight and washed off in the morning.

Herbal astringent paste is used in very much the same way but left on for a shorter period. This is specially useful where the forehead tends to greasiness. After washing the herbal powder is made into a thin paste and spread on the skin.

Improving the Shape

The shape of the forehead (in the case of older woman), has sometimes been spoiled by a childhood fashion of brushing the hair back from the brows. Hair that has been treated like this in youth never falls softly round the face. Where the hair seems to recede above the temples, nightly massage should be given with a stimulating hair tonic.

A too wide forehead may be appreciably narrowed by dressing the hair in soft curls and waves from ear to ear. Another "narrowing" tip is to brush the hair from a side parting straight across to the opposite temple and then have it waved from this point.

On the other hand, the forehead that is too narrow needs the hair brushed well back. The "Alice in Wonderland" headdress that is so much worn now, comes to the aid of the girl with a narrow forehead and generally suits her very well.

Answers to Correspondents

MASHURINA.—Milk is a beautifier for the skin. Dip a wad of cotton wool into a small quantity of milk and apply to the skin of the face and neck. Allow it to dry on.

CORRECT IT.—The unequal development is by no means unusual. Leave matters alone. The coming event will probably help to put things right. If you feel nervous about it, consult your doctor and he will reassure you.

ZITHA (Westcliff).—As your mouth is rather large never carry the lipstick to the extreme corners. Apply in the centre of both lips and shade it off to the sides with the finger tips.

THE HAPPY ENDING



Enjoy your evening at the pictures free from huskiness or throat irritation caused by tobacco smoke. Zubes will safeguard your throat and chest the best way of all . . .

Go...
Suck a **ZUBE**

2¹⁰ OUNCE 3¹⁰ & 6¹⁰ IN FLAT TINS

ALL LEADING CINEMAS SELL THEM

The FAMOUS PERFUME "My Secret" FREE



Messrs. Lesourd Pivert, Perfumers of Paris, through their London Factory, make this remarkable offer to those who have not yet tried their famous products. . . . After sixty years' experience and success, it is their privilege now to offer to everybody their high-quality beauty aids at the most popular prices.

MAKE "MY SECRET" YOUR SECRET OF BEAUTY AND LOVELINESS.

1/- Free Bottle of Perfume, Large size Box of Matt Powder and Permanent Lipstick in dainty nicked case. The Complete Set for **1/6**

Powder (lt. or dk. Rachel, Natural, Flesh, Suntan). Lipsticks (Orange, Light, Medium, Dark). Rouges, Eye Cosmetic, etc., at 6d. and 1/- Perfume 1/-, 2/6 and 5/-

Obtainable through Boots', Chemists and from most Stores, Hairdressers, etc., or send P.O. to:—
Lesourd Pivert, Perfumer, Dept. A, Clapham Park Road, S.W.4

They live next door to each other

(but OH, the difference in their washing)



SHE just "washed"
and thought at first that she was getting true whiteness; but a little more dirt got left behind—and ironed in—each time. Finally, the superior whiteness of her neighbour's washing led her to discover Persil; and now all her washing troubles are over.

SHE made sure
of perfect washing from the day she was married. She's always used Persil. Her lincens have kept white—and new—thanks to Persil's oxygen-charged soapsuds.

Most washers leave a little dirt behind, deep down in the fabric—but Persil never. It's been definitely proved that Persil's amazing action alone—without soap or anything else added—gets perfect whiteness *every time*, because Persil contains the two things necessary—good soap made active with oxygen.

Just the same with coloured things, dainty woollens and silks; better washing in the gentle Persil suds is going to give them longer life and better looks all the time. Are you using Persil yet?



THE AMAZING OXYGEN WASHER

PER 456-107

JOSEPH CROSFIELD & SONS LTD., WARRINGTON

A GOOD CIRCULATION MEANS SOUND HEALTH

AS THE WATERS FLOW
SO SHOULD THE BLOOD!

*Unchecked
Unhindered!
Irresistible!!*

Elasto
Regd. The GREAT NATURAL REMEDY
for DISEASES of the
VEINS and ARTERIES
& All Ailments Arising Therefrom

Stagnation Means Decay

Some of the most painful and distressing ailments that afflict mankind are the direct results of poor or sluggish circulation of the blood. Take for example that very common disability, varicose veins. Here we have one of the physical consequences of cell-starvation, a weakening of the vein walls and of the surrounding tissues due to an impoverished blood supply brought about by a stagnating blood stream, or, in other words, bad circulation. In all diseased conditions, no matter what the ailment may be, the blood stream is at fault and no treatment can give lasting results if this all-important fact is overlooked. Keep the blood free-running like a deep, fast-flowing river, enrich it with the necessary elements for cell building and for the removal of toxic and acid waste materials, and health MUST result. That means take Elasto, for this is precisely what Elasto is designed to do; it is actually what Elasto does, surely and effectively, by a method new to curative science.



Not
Magic
But
Acts
Like
It!

Beware of Imitations!

Here is Your Great Opportunity!

FREE

A Generous Sample of this Wonder Treatment

Simply fill in the Coupon for a Free Sample and a Special Free Booklet fully explaining Elasto, the New Biological Treatment. These, together with copies of recent testimonials, we will gladly send privately, post free. Don't lose another moment! Write for these to-day—NOW, while you think of it! Or send 5s. for a full month's treatment (in plain wrapper) and see for yourself what a wonderful difference Elasto Blood Treatment makes!!

THE NEW ERA TREATMENT CO., LTD.,
(Dept. 191.A.), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

ELASTO, the wonderful blood substance, which positively must be present in the blood to ensure complete health, is now known to be the active principle which controls the healing properties of the blood.

Such troubles as varicose veins, varicose ulcers, eczema, psoriasis, swollen legs, inflamed wounds, phlebitis, thrombosis, piles, prolapsus, varicocele, rheumatism, hardened arteries, and relaxed conditions in any part of the body are directly traceable to degeneration of tissue-cells resulting from a deficiency of this vitalising principle in the blood. These ailments will not respond to ordinary treatment; to effect a cure it is essential to remove the cause of the weakness, whether local or general, and this can only be done by making good the deficiency in the blood. Elasto, the great blood revitaliser, does this, surely and effectively, with results that often appear miraculous.

You Naturally Ask—What Is Elasto?

This question is fully answered in an interesting booklet which explains in simple language the Elasto method of curing through the blood. Your copy is free, see coupon below. Suffice it to say here that Elasto restores to the blood the vital elements which combine with albumin to form elastic tissue and thus enables Nature to restore contractility to the broken-down and devitalised fabric of veins and arteries and so to re-establish normal circulation; the real basis of sound health!

Every sufferer should know of this wonderful new biological treatment which quickly brings ease and comfort and creates within the system a new health force; overcoming diseased conditions, increasing vitality and bringing into full activity Nature's own laws of healing. Elasto is prepared in tiny tablets to be dissolved on the tongue, and is the pleasantest, the cheapest, and the most effective treatment ever devised. For the outlay of a few shillings you can now enjoy the tremendous advantages of this modern scientific treatment which has cost thousands of pounds to perfect. Elasto saves you time, worry, suffering, and expense.

What Users Of Elasto Say—

"No sign of varicose veins now."
"Elasto put new life into me."
"Wonderfully active at 80."
"My Doctor highly praises Elasto."
"Now walk long distances with ease."
"Elasto has cured my bad legs."
"Worked wonders; legs quite clear."
"Cured my rheumatism and neuritis."
"Now free from piles."
"I feel 10 years younger."
"It put me on my feet."
"Varicose veins completely gone."
"All signs of phlebitis gone."
"Completely cured my varicose ulcers."
"I am now free from pain."
"My skin is as soft as velvet."
"Elasto tones up the system and cures depression."

"Rheumatoid arthritis gone; I have never felt better."
"Lumbago cured after 3 years of suffering. Age 66."
"Elasto has saved me pounds."
"Elasto should be more widely known to the public."
"Had rheumatism so badly I could hardly walk, but Elasto cured me."
"Cured my sciatica 12 months ago; still quite fit."
"As soon as I started taking Elasto I could go about my work in comfort, no pain whatever."
"Varicose veins quickly cured after 12 years of useless bandaging."
"I would like to recommend Elasto to all sufferers."
"Cured my swollen legs, although I had been suffering for years."

These extracts are taken from letters received from grateful people who KNOW, who have tested and proved for themselves, the extraordinary health-restoring powers of this wonderful new blood treatment—Elasto. We guarantee the authenticity of every extract quoted.

COUPON

for Trial Sample of Elasto
The Great Blood Revitaliser.
THE NEW ERA TREATMENT Co. Ltd.
(Dept. 191.A.), Cecil House,
Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

Please send me Free Sample and Special Free Booklet fully explaining how Elasto Treatment cures through the blood.

(Please Print in Capital Letters.)

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

My Ailment is
"Picturegoer," 10-3-34.

Don't long for relief—get Elasto and be sure of it!

MARY PICKFORD ON DOUG. EXCLUSIVE PAGE 10

PICTUREGOER

2^d.
WEEKLY



Jean Parker

Free INSIDE *this* ISSUE
16 PAGE SOUVENIR
SUPPLEMENT
"LADY FOR A DAY"

Still another reason why 'Mine's a Minor'



I can now get 30
De Reszke Minors
in an oval
decorated tin for 1/-



In quality and packing the equal
of much dearer cigarettes, but
not quite so large — big enough,
however, to last a full 10 minutes.

5 FOR 2d. + 10 FOR 4d.

20 FOR 8d.

Plain, Cork or 'Ivory' tipped



De Reszke MINORS

Sole Distributors : Godfrey Phillips Ltd.

AND IN TINS • 30 FOR 1/- • 60 FOR 2/-

The freely-lathering— Cuticura Soap SHAVING STICK



leaves the skin cool and refreshed

It produces a rich, creamy, lasting lather that holds its moisture, is delicately medicated and contains soothing properties. It gives you a clean, smooth shave without the slightest irritation and leaves the skin in good condition.

Price 1s. 3d. Sold at all chemists.

NERVOUSNESS

A REMARKABLY INTERESTING BOOK ON NERVOUS DISORDERS GIVEN FREE TO ALL SUFFERERS!

There is no greater obstacle to health, success, and happiness than a nervous disposition created by morbid fears. Nervous fears deprive you of the ability to reveal your real self; to develop your talents and make a headway in the battle of life. Fear ruins your health, robs you of the joy of living, and causes more misery and suffering than many acute physical disorders. If you are suffering from any of the following nervous symptoms send at once for this book and learn how to conquer your weakness instead of letting it conquer you.

DEPRESSION	"INFERIORITY COMPLEX"	GROUNDLESS FEARS
LASSITUDE	SELF-CONSCIOUSNESS	MORBID THOUGHTS
INSOMNIA	WEAK NERVES	WORRY, ETC.

Stop wasting money on cheap quack remedies and useless patent medicines and send for this absorbingly interesting book, which describes a simple, inexpensive, drugless home-treatment. A copy will be sent in a plain sealed envelope without charge or obligation. Write NOW and you will be delighted to learn how easily you can acquire strong nerves, robust health, and a happy, confident personality.

HENRY J. RIVERS (Dept. P.G. 31) 40, Lambs Conduit St., London, W.C.1



Norman Foster and Ginger Rogers in Radio's "Raffler Romance."

The loveliness of a skin cared for by Snowfire Cream enchants every man. For who could resist the charm of the velvety smoothness, and flower-like texture that fragrant, non-greasy Snowfire Cream gives? From to-day let Snowfire Cream begin beautifying your skin—let it keep you radiant always.

Snowfire Vanishing Cream

Dainty Handbag Containers 3d. Tubes 6d. Opal Jars 1/3
British Made.

Beautiful down to her finger-tips



HOW frequently it is said, "Yes, she's very beautiful, but—" It is the attention to the minute details which count, and a girl's hands are an infallible guide. You must be beautiful—right down to your finger-tips—and there is no better way to ensure this than by the use of the famous "Kraska" Nail Polish, which is used by Royalty. "Kraska" is easily and instantly applied, withstands the action of soap and water, yet is speedily removed by "Kraska" Polish Remover. It is most economical and by far the best polish for the nails. Every bottle includes brush for application.



"KRASKA" POLISH REMOVER instantly removes polish. Just a touch and then wipe off. 1/-

"KRASKA" CUTICLE REMOVER. Supplied with patent cuticle extractor. 1/- and 1/6

"KRASKA" NAIL POLISH

is made in 25 fascinating colours.

Blanche, Naturelle, Rosee, Double Rosee, Quadruple Rosee, Deep Quadruple Rosee, Coral, Deep Coral, Chinese Lake, Deep Chinese Lake, Orange, *Pearl, *Rose Pearl, *Gold *Silver, Ruby, Deep Ruby, Black, Blue, Green, Tango-Coral, Deep Tango-Coral, etc.

Prices 1/-, 1/6, and 2/6 per bottle.

*In 1/6 and 2/6 sizes only.



Kraska

Obtainable from all Chemists, Hairdressers and Stores and Branches of Boots the Chemists.

"KRASKOL" for under-arm hygiene. Odourless, safe, antiseptic; a preventive of perspiration evils.
"KRASKA" Nicotine and Ink Stain Remover, for keeping the hands

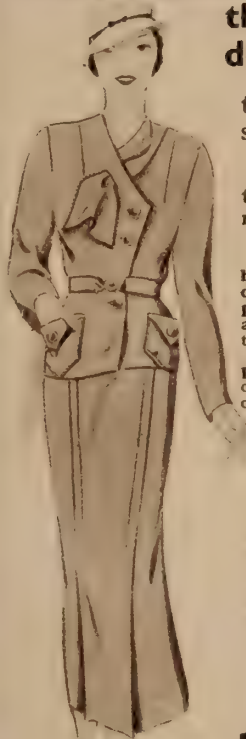
the woman who dresses at corot
deserves admiration...and gets it.

to know that one is perfectly dressed is the surest way of attracting admiration from man and woman alike.

that is why the best dressed man has his clothes made in Savile Row. that is why the wise woman comes to corot... to Bond Street.

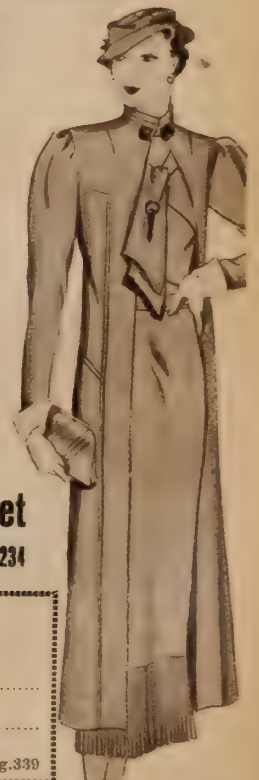
here, fashion is tempered with discrimination to achieve the perfect result, at prices we can afford, and on an instalment plan that takes any strain off the bank balance.

post the coupon below for the corot fashion guide and particulars of instalments, or call at the show-rooms and choose a model.



"last minute" a smartly tailored cardigan suit in a novelty weave woollen jacket has scarf and pockets. cash 9/- 3 gns.

"seats for a matinee" two piece of frock and matching unlined coat in a soft woollen weave. frock trimmed pleated edging of self. cash 13/6 4 1/2 gns.



(dept. p.g.339)
corot 33 old bond street
london, w.1 regent 0234

post this coupon to corot to-day
corot Ltd., 33 old bond street, london, w.1.
free please send corot spring fashion guide and full details.

name

address

p.g.339

Madeleine Carroll says:—

"This is the way I care for lovely clothes"

"It is natural and human to want to make the most of one's appearance," says lovely Miss Madeleine Carroll, Gaumont-British star. "It is an added pleasure in every woman's life to know she is looking beautiful.

"Clothes, of course, are one of the essential features—and that is why it is important to take great care, even over such apparent details as the freshness and smartness of one's stockings and undies. My maid would tell you that all my precious undies and cobwebby stockings are washed in Lux after every wearing. What a blessing to find anything so safe even for the most delicate fabrics."

* * *

Don't your lovely things deserve the safe gentle care Madeleine Carroll gives hers? With Lux there's no rubbing. Colours safe in water alone are safe in Lux too—and so are the most delicate fabrics. There's no soda in Lux. Ask your grocer or dealer for Lux. A BIG packet costs only 6d. Also 2d and 4d sizes.



WALTER PLUNKETT, wardrobe director of the R.K.O. Radio Studio (seen with Gladys Baxter), says: "We are really grateful for the way Lux saves us money. It's impossible to get new costumes for every film—but nobody could ever tell that they weren't new. Things washed in Lux stay lovely and fresh so very much longer."



A LEVER
PRODUCT

Safe for colours and all lovely fabrics —

Picturegoer

The SCREEN NEWS
Magazine de Luxe

No. 147 (New Series)
Vol. 3. March 17,
1934.
Editorial Offices : 93
Long Acre, W.C.2.
Advertisement
Offices : 57 Long
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Telephone : Temple
Bar 2468.
Southernwood,
Telegrams :
Picturegoer,
Southernwood,
Rand, London.
ON SALE EVERY
THURSDAY, 2d.

Or so Will Hays says—
New Purity Push—
Screen Czar's twelve
commandments —
Greta Nissen should be
more careful—Rend-
ing the Garbo veil—
Tallulah Bankhead to
come back.



You may not see
any more "stills"
like this of Adele
Thomas if Czar
Will Hays en-
forces his new
"Thou Shalt
Not."

PASSIONATE PUBLICITY is OUT

THE British Board of Film Censors' latest contribution to the cause of a nobler and cleaner screen is the banning of the use of the phrase "sex appeal" in pictures.

In the meanwhile I note with satisfaction a professed Hollywood campaign to "clean up" film publicity.

So far the application of the mops and brooms has been seen directed mainly to indecent stills and misleading advertising—two departments which have long stood in need of their attention.

A censorship authority has been set up to deal with publicity photographs and many have had to be rejected.

Judging by those that got through, they must have been pretty bad.

The Twelve Commandments

Czar Will Hays recently formulated twelve new commandments for the industry, amid headlines such as "Hays two up on Moses" from a ribald trade press.

Seven of these commandments are Must-Nots regarding the type of publicity pictures sent out; five are Must-Nots about the type of advertising copy.

In substance, they are as follows :

1. Thou must not pose girls in lingerie, panties or less.
2. Thou must not show girls lifting skirts to

reveal legs, garters or "gussets." (Please, Mr. Hays, what is a gusset?)

3. Thou must not take pictures of girls in suggestive positions, showing legs above knee or "sections of the thigh."

4. Thou must not take fan-dance photographs, in which certain parts of the anatomy are covered only by fans, feathers, lace or transparent material.

5. Thou must not take photographs of chorus girls in silhouette, showing outlines of figures through filmy garments.

6. Thou must not take bawdy photographs appealing to the salacious-minded.

7. Thou must not make "stills" of horizontal love scenes.

8. Thou must not write advertising that misrepresents pictures.

9. Thou must not use the word "courtesan" or any synonym in advertising copy.

10. Thou must not reprint dialogue from pictures in advertising to make pictures seem something else besides what they are

11. Thou must not appeal in advertising copy to persons seeking the unclean in pictures.

12. Thou must not use adjectives in advertising that suggest that a character in a picture is base, dishonest, unholy, profane or "otherwise a low person."

Naughty Nouns

Then, perhaps, green-eyed with envy about Mr. Shortt's "sex appeal" decision, Mr. Hays has further decreed that the word "Hell" is to be deleted from title-writers' vocabularies.

Most filmgoers, however, will have no regrets if most of the proposed restrictions are enforced.

Advertising which misrepresents the facts in order to appeal to people seeking the unclean in pictures has done the screen more harm than anything and by recalling the naughty nouns and purple phrases from publicity copy the industry could do a lot to restore the confidence and respect of audiences.

I have said they *could*. Mr. Will Hays' cleanliness crusades have an unfortunate habit of never quite reaching their goal.

A Word to Greta Nissen

Miss Greta Nissen, a guest within our gates and, may I assure her, a very welcome one, might be well advised to see that her private correspondence or what is alleged to be her private correspondence, is not exhibited in the public press on the other side of the Atlantic.

This paragraph, which with its typically ill-mannered and ignorant American comment, appears in the current issue of *Photoplay*, is not exactly calculated to endear Greta to her British public :—

What does an American movie star do when she is presented to the Prince of Wales?

What would you do?

If you didn't do just the approved thing, very probably you would stir up no end of commotion and comment, just as Greta Nissen did recently.

We're going to let you in on an interesting letter written by Greta to a friend in Hollywood.

"It was all a very stiff and formal affair," says Greta, "and the English ladies curtsied deeply upon the arrival of the Prince. I, for one, did not curtsy; being a foreigner, I did not feel I had to—but as I was the only one in the whole room who did not, it stirred up quite a commotion."

So we gather from Greta's letter that the best thing to do when you meet a prince is to say, "How do you do?" Leaving the nip-ups to the home talent.

(Continued on page 7)



CLAIRE TREVOR

When Sally Eilers staged her recent revolt and, dissolved screen partnership with James Dunn by "walking out" on "Jimmy and Sally," Claire Trevor was rushed into the rôle. She made such a good job that she has again been "teamed" with Dunn in "Hold that Girl." Claire was born and educated in New York. Studied at the American Academy of Dramatic Art and Columbia University. Served apprenticeship acting in stock. Broadway success in "Whistling in the Dark" led to film engagement. Blonde and 5 ft. 3 in. tall.

(Continued from page 5)

The Best Film of 1933

This week the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences announces its choice of the best picture made in 1933 and for the first time a British picture—*The Private Life of Henry VIII*—will be in the final list from which selection is made.

When last I heard the entries had been narrowed down to nine. The other "finalists" are:—

Cavalcade
Forty Second Street
I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang
Lady for a Day
She Done Him Wrong
Smilin' Through
State Fair
A Farewell to Arms

Which reminds me. Have you voted in the PICTUREGOER Gold Medal Award for the two best acting performances in films released in 1933?

Write the names of the actor and actress on a postcard and the films in which you consider they excelled and address it to "Award of Merit," PICTUREGOER.

Stars of To-morrow!

From the Fox Studio comes a list of ten new personalities who are being "groomed for stardom."

Their names should prove interesting to British filmgoers. They are: Hugh Williams, Steppin Fetchit, Ketti Gallian, Mona Barrie, Alice Faye (for whom, it is reported, Rudy Vallee reserves his best crooning), Peggy Fears, Pat Paterson, Rosemary Ames, Nick Foran and Shirley Temple.

I am particularly intrigued to see what Hollywood will do to Hugh Williams, whom I long considered one of our most promising leading men and expressed the opinion so often here that our movie moguls have no excuse this time for letting America "discover" him.

Ketti Gallian, whom Winfield Sheehan found on the London stage, will be seen first in *Marie Galante*, while Pat Paterson makes her debut in a musical, the title of which is so unlikely to be used here that I shall not bother to mention it.

Mona Barrie, an Australian, impressed me favourably in *The House of Connelly*.

Nick Foran is 6 ft. 3 in., red-haired, former University football player.

Steppin Fetchit's Come-back

The news that Steppin Fetchit is again headed for the big money is also interesting.

The ebony-hued comedian is something of a philosopher. His spectacular extravaganzas during his previous tenure of film fame have for long been held up by the film world as a horrible example to successful newcomers who show signs of indulging in the belief that £1,000-a-week movie pay cheques go on for ever.

Steppin, however, is satisfied that he has the last laugh. He had a good time with his money while it lasted, he points out. Most of those who saved theirs lost it in the recent bank and stock-market crashes.

He has the first big rôle in his come-back campaign in *The House of Connelly* and, personally, I found him as amusing—and unintelligible—as ever.

"Exposing" Garbo

Garbo's veil of mystery is gradually being rent to shreds by the reporter.

Previous employees have of late been prevailed

upon to tell the story of how Greta lives in Hollywood and now a writer has gone to the lengths of tracking down the facts of the star's early life in Sweden.

One paper even prints a photograph of the pre-screen Garbo standing in the doorway of the Stockholm barber's shop where she was once employed and of the dining-room in the Gustafson home.

The owner of the barber's shop, incidentally is quoted as revealing that Greta was very popular with the customers and gave them beautifully smooth shaves.

Greta "Steps Out"

In the meanwhile, Greta herself has been startling the Hollywood rustics by "stepping out" frequently in the film city.

The other day she turned up at one of Hollywood's busiest beauty parlours and announced that she wanted her hair "dressed for evening."

She arrived at the rush hour and without an appointment, but calmly declared that she did not mind waiting.

And some support is lent to the legend that she surreptitiously buys all the movie magazines by the fact that she read one until there was a vacant chair.

Her arrival for lunch at the Hotel Ambassador, accompanied by Rouben Mamoulian, created an even greater sensation.

Tallulah to Return?

An intriguing report has arrived this week that Tallulah Bankhead will essay another attempt at talkies.

The proposal is that she will co-star with Helen Morgan in *Frankie and Johnny*.

The production interests me for another reason. It will mark the reopening of the old Biograph studio in New York's famous Bronx.

Biograph was the studio in which many of the film-famous began their careers.

D. W. Griffith wielded his megaphone there fifteen years ago and Mary Pickford, Mabel Normand and the Gishes were among the celebrities who first faced a camera on the old lot.

Leslie Howard's Next

Bette Davis has, it is reported, been cast opposite Leslie Howard in *Of Human Bondage*.

Mr. Howard, meanwhile, has some interesting things to say regarding his recent visit to England.

"I simply cannot understand what has happened to the theatre over there lately," he states, according to his latest American interview.

"They absolutely refuse to patronise anything

that is serious. Revue, musical comedies, thrillers and, above all, farces, seem to flourish like nothing you have ever seen. But when it comes as a drama of genuine merit—they just don't want to see it."

Leslie, apparently, is still feeling bitter about the comparative failure of his play, *This Side Idolatry*.

The Guilty Party

Now, at last, we know where to apportion the blame for that much-played song hit, "Have You Ever Seen a Dream Walking?"

As most readers are aware, it was sung by Ginger Rogers in one of the romantic interludes of *Sitting Pretty*.

It is not generally known, however, that it was Miss Rogers who "discovered" the song.

She was to have sung a song called "Gypsy Lover" during that sequence, but she had heard a new little ditty "something about a dream," fresh off the piano of a composer and had set her heart on singing it.

After much trouble the executives gave in. And now it has become one of the hits of the season.

This Casting Business

The news that Alexander Korda is casting Charles Laughton as Lord Percy in *The Scarlet Pimpernel* raises the whole question of casting in British studios. What the public thinks about it can be seen on page 34.

It seems to me that not nearly enough attention is paid to the part stars and even bit players are called upon to enact. Not everyone, after all, is as versatile as Cedric Hardwicke or Walter Huston.

This week, for instance, there is a bad case of mis-casting in Alfred Hitchcock's picture, *Waltzes from Vienna*, which is fully criticised on page 18.

Fay Compton as a countess of amorous disposition never gets under the skin of the part, and Jessie Matthews should never have been called on to play the romantic ingénue.

They do this so much better in France; indeed, I think a course of French pictures for British directors would be an admirable idea.

Making the Human Background Live

Practically every French picture we are privileged to see over here, whether good, bad or indifferent, has this in common—the casting down to the smallest bit player is perfect.

Atmosphere induced by settings is important
(Continued on page 8)

A Striking scene from Maureen O'Sullivan's latest picture, "Stage Mother."



(Continued from page 7)

enough, but atmosphere created by the verisimilitude of the types selected is more important still.

In fact, in the majority of cases it is safe to say that the players should be selected to suit the story and not just chosen on their drawing power and popularity and forced into roles to which they are totally unsuited.

Dull Spring Fashion Season

One result of the historical boom which is already making itself felt is a dearth of new fashion hints from the screen.

Stars like Marlene Dietrich, Carole Lombard, Claudette Colbert and Greta Garbo, from whom up till now feminine filmgoers have always had dress inspiration, are all disporting themselves in the impracticable furbelows of past generations.

"It looks like a dull spring in the ready-to-wear trade marts," according to my latest advice from the "style" departments of the big studios.

"Manufacturers of medium-priced lines, many of whom depend upon still pictures from new motion pictures to provide 'inspiration' for their designers, are being handicapped no end by the current trend towards period pictures," writes the Paramount one.

Makers of women's dresses are having to turn elsewhere for ideas to provide a sufficient number of new styles to meet the demands for their retail outlets.

Film musicals at the moment are providing the bulk of new fads and fancies in fashions, to be copied, machine cut, machine sewn and rushed to the shops.

"It has long been no secret that early stills from new pictures are at a premium in the manufacturing district," the writer points out. "The various studios have not been particularly happy to discover that a design created at considerable cost for a particular star makes its appearance in the so-called speciality shops as quickly, and often more quickly, than the picture can be edited and released."

"Picturegoer's" Scoop

Norma Shearer has twenty changes of costume in her new picture *Rip Tide*, and all her gowns and even her hairdress are being kept secret until the picture is released, so that they shall not be copied.

PICTUREGOER, however, has been able to obtain advance news and stills of all that is latest and best in the new film fashions.

These are to be incorporated in a special Fashion Number of the paper next week. As a special tip of my own, I should advise you to make sure of getting your copy early.

Baby Le Roy's Earnings

The indications that Baby Le Roy is "growing out" of his film sphere of usefulness is not so unfortunate for the infant star as it might appear.

In the nine months in which he has been in pictures, he has practically provided for his future.

To-day he owns a ranch, twenty-five miles from Hollywood, where he lives with his mother. With his screen earnings he could already retire as a "gentleman farmer."

But his mother and the Paramount executives are interested in his future, and most of his screen dollars are being turned into insurance.

One of the policies assures him of a college education and is written in such a way that he cannot touch the returns unless he attends a university. It will provide a steady income for the four years' schooling.

Another policy will pay him nearly £500 when he graduates.

Those Divorces

In view of the fact that 1933 has already come to be regarded as something of a boom year in film colony domestic disruptions, the official statistics, just to hand, contain some surprises.

They reveal that the year produced twenty-five divorces and thirty-one marriages.

In 1932 there were thirty-seven Hollywood divorces, compared to thirty-two marriages.

The conclusion is, I suppose, that 1933 divorces involved more important names.

The Battle of the Century

Filmland's most embattled picture has reached London and was privately shown the other night.

Probably no other picture in the history of Hollywood has been produced in the atmosphere which permeated the *Wonder Bar* set. All through the making of the film, according to my Hollywood reports, the artistes stood around in sullen groups airing their real or fancied grievances and periodically rushing off to the front office to ask to be taken out of the film.

Practically nobody wanted to play in the picture. "It was the grandest little shanghaiing act ever staged in Hollywood," according to one writer.

Kay's Complaint

Warren William, when approached, raised his eyebrows and nimbly stepped on a train to New York, but the others were not in a position to refuse.



Two laughter-makers in serious mood. Edna May Oliver and Edward Everett Horton, as they appear in "The Poor Rich."

The general complaint, of course, was the alleged smallness of the parts.

Kay Francis, the best of good troupers, was quoted as complaining that she was given only a "bit." "I told them that I didn't want to do it, but they insisted—and I had to play it."

"If *Wonder Bar* were being made by an all-star cast from this studio, I wouldn't object to doing a minor part. But this is different. Not only was I cast in a role in a picture I did not want any part of, but I was put in a picture in which the male lead is not a recognised star and the girl with the only feminine part that can be called a part is borrowed from another studio."

Them's fighting words, as they say in the Westerns.

And Kibbee

Even the genial Guy Kibbee went about his spot of picture-stealing with a grievance. "It's no fun wearing the uniform if the other fellow's the whole band," he is reported to have stated.

That trouble soon developed between Ricardo Cortez and Al Jolson is well known. "Ricardo battled it out," another of the cast, Dick Powell, reported. "Anybody who hogs a scene with him will have to step lively, but I'm new in pictures and I couldn't do the same."

"I had to go through with it and take the crumbs that fell my way. A singer who appears in support of a star who is also a singer has a thin time."

Now it will be interesting to see if Dick is again teamed with Ruby Keeler—Mrs. Al Jolson.

However, these competitive conditions do produce good films.

Short Shots

"It's a girl at Joan Bennett's"—Gary Cooper has signed a new long-term contract with Para-

mount—M.-G.-M. is experimenting with a new sound invention for the recording of the music in *The Merry Widow*—Joan Crawford has developed a craze for metallic gowns—Katharine Hepburn's favourite indoor sport is walking on her hands—Ginger Rogers' own choice in the campaign to find a new first name for her is Gloria—Mrs. Patrick Campbell has been smashing stellar egos in Hollywood and is credited with more direct hits than George Bernard Shaw—Mae West has refused to follow the example of other Hollywood stars by engaging a bodyguard, but announces that she now "packs a gun"—Joan Marsh claims to have the smallest feet in Hollywood—The dialogue for *Cleopatra* will, it is stated, be in modern English; oh, yeah!—Miss Penelope Dudley Ward, a society beauty, has been launched amid much ballyhoo as a film star and will make her debut in Emil Jannings' English film.

U.S. Likes "Catherine"

Catherine the Great has, I see, had an excellent press in America and some of the New York critics are hailing it as a worthy successor to *The Private Life of Henry VIII*.

The *New York Sun* declares that "England, which got into its stride with the earlier Korda picture, again contributes what bids fair to be the most important picture of this season."

The conservative *New York Herald Tribune* describes it as one of the most distinguished dramas of the year, "the production of which takes the British kinema another notable step forward."

Beauty Shortage in Hollywood

And now comes the staggering pronouncement that there aren't eleven beautiful girls in Hollywood.

After interviewing more than 750 applicants for show-girl parts in *Murder at the Vanities*, Earl Carroll, the famous New York impresario, could find only seven girls whom he considered beautiful enough to be chosen.

The seven lucky girls will join the eleven beauties Carroll took from New York as show girls for the picture.

"The selections," Carroll said, "followed my usual formula with but a single addition. I always judge the girls on beauty of face, beauty of figure, gracefulness and personality. In this case I added photographic possibilities."

"There were many lovely girls in the group, but only the seven selected fulfilled my requirements exactly."

The film, of course, marks the Hollywood debut of Carl Brisson.

Kinema Couplets

The first prize of 10s. 6d. is awarded to Miss E. Cuthbert, 38 Kenton Road, South Hackney, for a curt commentary on the quality of the B.B.C. programmes:—

The Big Broadcast Early to Bed

Four awards of 2s. 6d. each go to the following:—

W. E. Classey, 28 High Street, Collin Wood, Merton, S.W.19, for an appropriate epitaph for a gangster.

He Knew Too Much Say It With Flowers

To Miss L. Mills, 23 Fairfield Road, Derby, for the somewhat cynical couplet:—

Smoky The Torch Singer

To Norma Hoggard, Neville Avenue, Beverley, East Yorks, for a lightening expression of the Englishman's half-holiday:—

Saturday's Millions The Sports Parade

To Miss M. Conway, 332 Gallowgate, Glasgow, for a piece of advice to Continental travellers:—

Channel Crossing Hold Everything

And to E. C. James, 45 The Grove, Gravesend, Kent, for this sales slogan:—

Streets of Women The Bargain

There are no rules to this contest except that all entries must be sent in on postcards marked "Kinema Couplets," and addressed to me, c/o PICTUREGOER, 93 Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

MALCOLM D. PHILLIPS.



All of one accord-a! (Sorry!) Mrs. Vincent Korda, her son Michael aged three months, her husband, Zoltan Korda, and Joan Gardner at Croydon Aerodrome to welcome the latter's return from filming "Kongo Raid" in Africa

Through Our LENS



Barry Gargan's ambition is to be the best dressed youngster in Hollywood, and Father William has to use a lot of tact when he takes his young Beau Brummel out shopping.



Fay Wray and Paul Lukas while away the time between scenes in "Monte Cristo," capping each other's stories of adventure.



Two famous stars who will appear together for the first time on the screen in "Rip Tide." Lionel Barrymore and our great stage actress, Mrs. Patrick Campbell.



Myrna Loy strikes a distinctive fashion note in this full length coat with slippered shoulders and high collar. It is a white clove design on black velvet and is completed with a black suede beret.



EXCLUSIVE!

MARY PICKFORD'S OWN STORY

by Gladys HALL



MARY PICKFORD said to me, "Sometimes, to hold a person is to interfere with his development. I did not interfere . . . I have never discussed this situation before. I shall never discuss it again. From this day forth and from this story forth, a door is closed. But it hurts me, even now, when unkind criticisms are made of Douglas. They are unjustified, unwarranted. He has worked hard all of his life. He should be able now to live and to work where he pleases—and it is my pleasure to have him do so."

"When I make this statement, I am not speaking for publication only, Gladys, but between you and me, *honestly*, from the bottom of my heart."

Mary had suggested lunch in Douglas' room, where a fire blazed on the man-sized hearth. Douglas' pipes were on their pipe rack, his pictures of his travels, his scrap-books and trophies were as they had been when he went away. Nothing had been moved in that room. Nothing had been changed. From the wide window where we sat at table, we could see the lawn of Pickfair with the swimming pool in the distance and the far-off horizon wrapped in mists. What lies beyond the horizon—for Mary?

I wondered. I wondered as all the world has wondered, what she is thinking, what she is feeling and planning, now that the old order has definitely passed away. In the confusion of reports, rumours and conjectures that have buzzed around Mary's head since the news of her separation from Douglas Fairbanks first broke and astounded the world, she has preserved the dignity of an utter silence on the subject. She is breaking that silence now for the first time and the last.

As we talked, the happy sound of young voices came from the guest house below us. Gwynne, daughter of her sister, Lottie, adopted by Mary and loved as her very own; Letitia and Lucille Fairbanks, daughters of Douglas' brother, Robert; and six or seven other youngsters were making merry at Pickfair. Gloom has not settled down over the house that once was called "the happiest in Hollywood."

Mary sat there, young and golden, wearing turquoise-blue corduroy lounging pyjamas. She looked very young and very, very wise—with the wisdom of one who has grown, through work and love and success and defeat, beyond the ordinary human limitations, beyond the petty human passions and demands. You know this as you look at her closely, listen to the tone of her voice, and become aware of the tranquillity, the breath-catching peace in her eyes. You know that there

Happier days. When Doug. and Mary celebrated their "wooden" wedding—planting a tree at Pickfair.

is, and has been, a change at Pickfair. But it is less the sailing away of Douglas, this change, than it is the sailing into harbour of Mary. "She has come safely into port." She is happy with the hard-won happiness of one who waits and does not ask, who releases because she, herself, is free. Somehow, you know that Mary has found sanctuary, a retreat, where the noise of love coming or going, careers failing or returning on flood tide, cannot matter. Mary, in her retreat, sees now with a clarity of which the physical eye alone is incapable.

She said to me, "The linnet is blinded before he can sing—"

But to start at the beginning. I said to Mary, "Couldn't you tell me something about your present emotions, your future plans—for the first time? It is hard for me to ask this. It is hard for you, I know, to answer me. But the world is interested because, after all, the world is your friend. Friends have a little right, I think—"

Mary replied slowly, feeling her way out of the silence that she has preserved intact from the first, "I can't analyse my feelings for you. I can't dissect them, take them apart, tag and label them. If I could place my feelings in a test-tube or even in words, I wouldn't have felt very deeply. I only know that you *cannot* lose anything or anyone who has been near to you. Not really. No matter what happens."

"I am beyond insisting that others conform to my formula for happiness which, contrary to statements that have been made and beliefs that seem to be held, does *not* necessarily entail the making of pictures or residence in Hollywood alone."

"But Pickfair is NOT for sale. I could not bear the thought of other people living in it—other families, who might not know and might not care about all the love and thought and tenderness and dreaming that have gone into the making of it. Perhaps, some day, I should like it to be used as a place for people to come and study, as a sort of a small museum, as a place that might, in some form or fashion, mean beauty to others as it has meant beauty to—to us."

"Of course, having Pickfair makes it easier for me. It is ridiculous to say that there is anything consolatory or glorious about poverty. It is harder to keep happiness where there is fame and wealth and world-attention, but it is also easier to bear unhappiness. I get a thrill out of all of it. I'd be false and silly to deny it."

"I love my lovely things, my china and glass

and books, my lovely lingerie and perfumes and fresh flowers, the sun flooding in at my windows, the white walls and green carpets, the gay spirit that is Pickfair. I love the happy hours that walk, still, in these rooms. There isn't one tiny object anywhere that doesn't speak to me with a tender little tongue of its own."

"I know all about the reports, rumours and talk of a possible reconciliation between Douglas and myself, supposed to take place in New York as soon as I get there. I can certainly say that those rumours were—rumours unfounded in fact. Douglas has begun production on his picture, *Adios Don Juan*. He will be in Spain for a great many of his locations. Naturally, he couldn't have been planning to come to New York. There was never any talk of it between us. I have no idea when he is returning to America. I think he has no idea, either."

"I do want to say this—and even this phase of it I have never discussed before—I cannot understand the criticism of the Press because Douglas is making, one, two or more pictures in England. Why NOT? Haven't a great many actors and actresses made pictures, done plays abroad? There has never been any particular comment about it. It has been accepted as a perfectly normal procedure. When English actors come to us here—Clive Brook, Leslie Howard, Ronald Colman and others—we are glad to have them. We love them. There are no if's, and's or but's about it."

"Douglas is not taking American dollars out of America. He is being paid with English money. And that money is being spent right here in America, as well as in England. He is releasing through United Artists and because he is making a picture in England, he is helping America's quota by making it possible for this country to export to England one more picture, too. It figures something like that. His releasing through United Artists means money in the exchanges both here and abroad. It also means employment for a great many people."

"I do not believe that Douglas has, or ever has had, any intention of becoming an English citizen. He is too worldly-wise for that. The English would resent it quite as thoroughly as the Americans



THIS is the one and only interview that Mary has given about the end of her great romance with Douglas Fairbanks.

"Pickfair is not for sale. I could not bear the thought of other people living in it . . . Douglas has earned the right to live and work where he chooses . . . Life will go on for me again. I am more at peace than ever before . . . I am glad that the storm has passed. I have found myself . . . You cannot lose any one you really love. They can't take themselves away from you. And I am happy because I know this."

would. He has, undoubtedly, been misquoted on far more than one occasion.

"You know Douglas and his penchant for foreign places. He has always had exciting ideas and desires to live first here, then there. At one time it was Ceylon. He extolled the glories of Ceylon. It was the one place in the world to live. It was Paradise. At another time it was Peking. Now it is England. Douglas lives on a Magic Carpet all of the time—not only on the screen. This time his magic carpet has taken him to England. And anyway, as I have said, he has worked hard all of his life and he has earned the right to live and work where he chooses. No one should attempt to gainsay him that.

"I have no plans for the immediate future. I am, for a little space of time, living in a vacuum where nothing, apparently, happens. Just as in Nature a fallow period, a time of quiescence follows after a storm, such a space of time has come to me. Haven't you ever noticed how, after a storm, there seems to be no development, no change, no progress? Just a stillness. There come such periods in human lives, too. A period in which, after years of hard labour, after stress and strain and readjustment, we find that we are not striving any more. We are growing inward. The roots are striking in. Development is taking place, but it is in the heart, the mind, the spirit. This is how it seems to be with me.

"My mother used to say to me, 'Mary, you wouldn't drive a little mule the way you drive yourself! Can't you stop?' There was a time when I couldn't. Now, if I choose, I can. At the moment I am waiting. Life will go on for me again. There will come new interests, new activities, new friends along with the old.

"I should like, of course, to find the supremely right story for myself and for the screen. I believe that I shall. But material has always been difficult to get, ever since the very inception of pictures—"

I mentioned that I would have liked to see her do *Only Yesterday*—a story of a great love, a sacrificial love.

"I wish I had known about it. I haven't seen it yet, but I understand that Margaret Sullavan gave a poignantly beautiful performance . . . My problem is to find THE story for me, certainly. If I cannot find the right vehicle, then I might want to direct. I've had offers for the stage." (She has recently accepted one.—Ed.) "I've had some very flattering offers from the radio. I am interested in writing. But I think I am not ready yet. I know that I'm not ready for the terrific burden of production. I would need more concentration than I have been able to know recently. I am enjoying life right now, in a new way, in a very simple way. For the moment, it suffices—"

"I am more at peace with myself than I have ever

been in my life before. I have been through a great deal. I believe that I have come through. I am glad that the storm is past. There is relief. I can't say that I haven't known loneliness. That wouldn't be true. I have never been alone before, you see. I went from my first marriage to my second marriage and even through my marriages my mother was with me. And so, it has been a strangeness I have had to get used to. But mine has been a loneliness in which I have found myself. I know where I am going. I am un-confused now.

"And I have learned, through my mother's passing and my brother's, how brief the little lives of humans are. How relatively unimportant it is where we take or what we do with this sixty-seven cents' worth of chemical compound our physical selves consist of. Whether I am here or Douglas is there, physically, is trivial. Separation is not separation until it affects the spirits of us.

"I have come to realise how inescapable are pain and suffering. But I haven't one ounce of resentment toward any human creature. Not toward anyone. We do not own other human beings. We are not controllers of the destinies of others. Because they have crossed our paths or walked for a while along the way with us does not give us the sovereign power of dictatorship. You release your child, don't you, when he wants to go? You want him to be happy in his own way, not in yours. You want him to be happy, above all, more than you want anything else.

"I believe that a great deal of love, so-called, is selfishness. Mere possessiveness. It is the ME and not the YOU that matters. I think we do not learn this philosophy—this acceptance of life as it is and not as we would like to have it, childishly petulant, while we are very young.

"More and more, I think of life as a school through which we pass, if we work hard and grow in understanding, from one classroom to another higher up. As we go on, we grow better. We put away our toys. We may put them away with a sigh and a tear, but we do put them away and turn toward other things. More vital things. More adult things. We must have suffered and lost much and found ourselves richer, not poorer for the losing . . . as the linnets are blinded before he can sing . . ."

"All of which means that Douglas is a child-spirit. He is perpetually young, you know. His eager enthusiasms, his abounding vitality, his interests that fly the world around are young. The very pictures he makes are indicative of the boy in him. He wouldn't, instinctively, turn to problem plays for his stories. He would, instinctively, turn to Magic Carpets and Thieves of Bagdad and all the gallant, adventurous things that have stirred the hearts of boys and made middle-aged men feel young again . . ."

And there, right in these words of Mary's, lies the kernel of the complete explanation of the separation of the House of Pickfair. Douglas, the adventurous athlete, the eternal youth, the little-boy-longing-for-adventure, the child who throws off the old orders and familiar things—mated with Mary, the eternally wise, the profoundly sweet and sane and still woman who keeps things as they are, unchanged and indestructible; though the one she loves comes or goes, is with her or away from her. A woman wise enough



The writing of the script of "The Three Musketeers" was begun on the spacious lawn at Pickfair with characteristic Fairbanksian energy.

to give freedom. The child-mother of a little boy who sailed away on a Magic Carpet and said, "I don't want to come home!"

There are old souls on this earth and there are souls who have never been here before. So Mary believes. As a child clings to its mother through his early years, so may an older child cling to his spiritual mother for a period of time. And then there develops the phase where the child whether still a child or now a man, grows impatient, balks at restraint, wants to throw off order and routine, wants to try his wings afresh, in foreign lands, among foreign people and new adventure. . . . So it has been with Mary and with Douglas. This is the basic motivation of this broken idyll. All of the rest is subsidiary.

Mary said, poking at the embers of the dying fire, her grave, sweet face very intent, very serious, "You cannot lose anyone you really love. They can't take themselves away from you. You can only send them away from you by not thinking of them. And I am happy because I know this.

"The world is too wide, there are too many fine people in it for anyone to be crushed by any one person or any one circumstance. Besides, martyrs are revolting. Any person who sits in the glorious sunlight and wraps a black cloth over his eyes and enjoys being morbid is revolting. I have no black cloth over my eyes.

"I took the final step between Douglas and myself because I believe it to be for the good of both of us. I wanted to set him free, not only for myself, but for him. It will define our positions clearly. It will put an end to speculations, rumours, innuendoes, hints of this and that. It will give Douglas the unequivocal right to live where he pleases and to go about with whom he pleases, without constraint or criticism.

"It is too bad to destroy a beautiful thing. It didn't come easily or at once. But isn't it impossible to say which is most beautiful—the Past, the Present or the Future?"

NEXT WEEK

FILMLAND is becoming increasingly a dictator of fashion. PICTUREGOER has secured the latest news and views from the studio style departments and the stars' own designers, and they will appear in a special Fashion Number next week. Make sure of your copy.

"The World's Sweetheart," with Adolph Zukor, the Paramount Chief, signing an agreement to play on the New York stage—her first theatre appearance for 20 years.



DONALD COOK

Who has in the last year or so developed into one of the screen's most interesting leading men. Once, like Fredric March, a bank clerk and subsequently ran a business college before he went on the stage. Donald made a modest entry into films in a "short," but was put under contract and had his first important rôle opposite Ruth Chatterton in "Unfaithful." His recent successes include "Brief Moment," "Fog" and "The World Changes."

The STAR they STOPPED from ACTING

IF Nancy O'Neil had listened to the doctors she would never have been Jack Hulbert's leading lady. A serious illness laid her low, but will-power and concentration won the day and now all she asks is—a difficult acting role.

by Vivien
NORTH

I KNOW her too well to call this an interview.

And I can tell you that no one will ever be able to interview Nancy O'Neil successfully. They'll want to because she's Jack Hulbert's new leading lady. They'll want to because she's heading for the highlights of stardom anyway—wait until you see *Jack Ahoy!* and the new film she is making for British Lion. But no stranger will succeed in "getting at" the Nancy O'Neil that lies behind the Nancy O'Neil she shows to a casual acquaintance.

She'll talk with you, she'll laugh with you—she'll be sweet to you. But there's so much of herself she can't help holding back until she knows you well. It's due to a thing called reserve.

Apart from watching her at work in the studios, I have seen Nancy with many backgrounds. Cocktail parties, dances, restaurants, cinemas—but it is only at home in her own flat that she sheds this reserve.

"I can't," she said once, when we were trying to fathom why it is she is sometimes thought high hat at the studios, "rush up to strange people, fling my arms round their necks and call them darling! I couldn't do it to anyone, unless I knew them very well."

She's got it in her all right. But the answer is that she happens, as well, to be sincere.

Since leaving school, Nancy O'Neil has been round the world, back to Australia twice, spent one and a half years at the Academy of Dramatic Art, ploughed her way through repertory playing juvenile leads, toured England playing Peggy Ashcroft's part in *The Breadwinner*, and had a very serious illness lasting over a year. She has understudied Helen Spencer in *The Rats of Norway*, played with Owen Nares in the West End and played the lead in her very first picture *Jack Ahoy!* She is now starring in a film with Henry Kendall and Helen Haye and is still only twenty-two, so you can judge for yourself that she must be able to put across a good line in acting.

Five feet high, and almost pathetically shy under an exterior of supreme poise, Nancy went down to Shepherd's Bush last August with a letter of introduction from Cyril Maude. She had never been in a studio before. Walter Forde gave her a test for Jack Hulbert's new film. He said: "But I don't want you to have any ideas about playing this part—you are much too short to act with Mr. Hulbert." However, when he and Jack Hulbert

saw the test they forgot about this and, six weeks later, she was given the lead opposite Jack.

Yet if Nancy had listened to the doctors she would never have got beyond touring in *The Breadwinner*. It was then that the serious illness I spoke of began. "It was the touring that did it," she says, "and the doctors all said that the irregular life and the irregular meals would kill me. Oh, it was all very spectacular. I was in bed for ages. I was all alone in London. My mother came the thirteen thousand miles from Australia and fetched me back to Sydney. I was told by the doctors that I must never act again. Or smoke. Or eat all the things I liked best. In short, life was not going to be worth living!"

But, luckily for her, her father is a doctor too. Which is only another way of saying she was not encouraged, at home, to be an invalid. "And there's something," Nancy remarked, "in exercising a little steady concentration—in really making up your mind about a thing!"

After seven months, she started going about again. She was determined to get back to the stage. She played tennis and went riding and sunbathing once more. Friends and relations raised their eyebrows and exclaimed in the way friends and relations do exclaim: "Ought you to be doing this? You've been most terribly ill, you



Nancy O'Neil and Jack Hulbert in the latter's new naval comedy "*Jack Ahoy!*"



A charming new studio portrait of the subject of this article.

know!" She went flying with Kingsford-Smith, the Australian record-breaker who, she says, is one of the few people who agrees with her about the "little steady concentration." After some time she got her father's permission to appear in a play that was being put on in Melbourne. And after

that she brought her younger sister to study in London, and got herself a job at the same time.

Nancy O'Neil suffers from the most painful sort of shyness there is. Her's is that kind of shyness that can only be described, paradoxically, as "brazen." You know it? Always self-possessed. Always in command of the situation. Would never let you guess what she was going through if she could help it. It was this acute shyness that made her behave in such an absurd way at the first presentation of *Jack Ahoy!*

Nobody knew she was there!

She arrived after the programme had begun, driving straight from British Lion, after a hard day's work with very little in the way of a meal. "Sitting in a Rolls Royce," said her sister, who recounted the story to me, "and eating a cold sausage! She made us leave just before the end, because she said she couldn't face everyone!"

Phillip and Aimée Stuart, who wrote *Nine Till Six*, want her for one of their new plays. After seeing her with Owen Nares, Mrs. Stuart told me, "What I liked about Nancy O'Neil's acting was the 'clear-cut' feeling with which it left us. There was nothing misty about it. And she has a rare quality of emotional restraint and of depth behind that restraint. She won't be able to help becoming a big star!"

There's only one thing Nancy O'Neil wants at the moment. What she describes as "a really difficult part—one where I get a chance to do a bit of acting!"



Over the Teacups

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A WORD of ADVICE to JACK BUCHANAN

This week's open letter to the popular musical comedy star raises the pertinent question whether actors should direct their own films.

Dear Jack Buchanan,

SO there is a possibility that under the stellar exchange system shortly to be inaugurated by the United Artists' units you may go to Hollywood to do a picture.

Your public here will miss you, but, after all, it is not as if it is another permanent American "capture," and I am not at all sure that a Hollywood picture at this juncture would not be a very good thing for you.

The projected exchange method, as a matter of fact, is one that must commend itself to the attention of anyone who is seriously interested in the development of British films.

I am not of the school of thought that blindly accept, because the Hollywood glamour factories have, by every artifice of bunk and ballyhoo, brought the production of "million-dollar movie personalities" to an unapproached point of efficiency and effectiveness, that the Coast film capital necessarily improves the performers it imports from this and other countries.

We have seen the Dietrich developed into a Queen of Glamour. We have seen our Herbert Marshalls disporting themselves in the Cecil B. de Mille-ion-dollars jungles and some of our most sensitive artistes given "sex appeal" and turned into Hollywood hacks.

Nevertheless, the Hollywood system not only discovered Laughton for us, but paved the way for the success of *The Private Life of Henry VIII* in the very important American market.

A one-Hollywood-picture contract could at the worst do you very little harm as an artiste, but the international "build-up" it would involve might easily be of enormous help to you and to the British screen by increasing the value of one of its biggest assets.

It might be pointed out that your previous American talkies failed to do for Buchanan what *Devil and the Deep* did for Laughton, but they were, I think, made at an inopportune time, before the sound upheaval had subsided.

Moreover, if I may be permitted to say so, you have since improved considerably in adapting yourself as an actor to the needs of screen technique.

A Hollywood visit at present, too—and again I hope you will pardon me—might be beneficial in the lessons in kinemacraft it offers to so keen and intelligent a student of film production as yourself.

Not only would you, doubtless, capitalise for

the glory of yourself and British films, the new knowledge you would gain, but it would by no means, I think, be harmful if you were temporarily, at any rate, to absent yourself from the influence of the dreadful convention that has grown up in British studios—that the best producer of a film is the principal actor, provided, of course, that he has a big stage reputation.

These one-man shows may be excellent in theory, but take a look at the pictures.

The producing companies have, in the main, in the exploitation of stage stars, been satisfied to do a quick "cash in" deal on the local theatre-won popularity of the player, pocket a profit and call it a day—except for popping into Fleet Street on the way home to complain that a wicked transcontinental conspiracy is in existence to prevent British pictures getting a world market.

But why a successful stage career and acting experience in one or two pictures should immediately qualify a star as heaven's gift to the art of film production is one of those many mysteries of British studios that are inexplicable.

So far there has been little in the whole history of films seriously to upset that ancient wisecrack about the cobbler sticking to his last.

There is another old wisecrack, perhaps even more apt in at least one respect, about Jacks of all trades, but I refrain from the obvious comment, chiefly because its application would in your case be neither fair nor true.

You have proved your mastery of the trade for which you were trained, but Buchanan's talent deserves the best possible direction.

That it had that advantage in *Yes, Mr. Brown*, your first directorial effort, or in your last picture, *That's a Good Girl*, in which you were not only star, director and producer, but part author as well, I very much question. In the latter, quite incidentally, you were only away from the centre of the screen once.

They were treated with loving kindness by the West End critics on strength of your own excellent performances, but as pictures they were not likely to keep Lubitsch, Clair, Mamoulian and Co. awake o' nights worrying about their thrones.

Jack Buchanan—and (above) the star confers with the camera-man while directing one of his pictures.

All the great directors learned their job from the ground up.

Charles Chaplin and Lowell Sherman, the only two players who have directed their own pictures with success, had been in films for years before they took up the megaphone.

Quite apart from any lack of brilliant artistic qualities in production, your insistence on directing yourself has, in the opinion of many sound critics, detracted from your own brilliance in the acting department.

Britain's most ingratiating light comedian should not try to make his appeal to audiences in the slapstick that was a feature of those two films.

And it is a dangerous policy for any artiste, however scintillating, to be in the spotlight from the beginning to the end of a production.

I hope you will understand that if I feel and have expressed myself somewhat strongly on these points it is because I am an admirer and well-wisher of Jack Buchanan.

I hope that in your next picture, whether it is here or in Hollywood, you will have the services of a producer and a director worthy of your undoubted screen acting talents.

Jack Buchanan at his best is a first-class performer. We need first-class performers—and we already have a superfluity of indifferent directors.

MALCOLM PHILLIPS.



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Phil Lonergan Sends It Hot From Hollywood

MADELEINE in MOVIELAND

English Star Impresses Film City—So Does "Catherine the Great"—Garbo's Holiday—Dietrich Moves into New Home

I CALLED on Madeleine Carroll at her hotel in Beverly Hills a few days after her arrival.

This young actress' charming personality has already impressed itself on Hollywood. From time to time English actresses, who adopted a "Ritzy" attitude, found Hollywood far from enjoyable, and soon returned to England.

Elizabeth Allan, Diana Wynyard, Heather Angel and Madeleine Carroll, however, are pleasing examples of the type of English stars whom Hollywood likes and respects.

Madeleine tells me that Hollywood surprised her because she had imagined it to be entirely more bizarre. She feels quite at home, as the film colony is filled with English players whom she knew in London.

She says she supposes that whenever she is seen chatting with a male friend that the "chatter" writers will hint a romance, but, as we know, she is happily married and her husband is with her in California.

She is a Helen Hayes enthusiast and considers Miss Hayes to be one of the finest stage and screen actresses she has ever seen.

Her first Hollywood picture is to be *The World Moves On*, an epic story of the *Cavalcade* type. Franchot Tone, Joan Crawford's Franchot, plays opposite Miss Carroll.

Hollywood Likes "Catherine"

Catherine the Great has won the favour of the film capital's critics. I saw this picture at a recent press preview at the United Artists' studio and word passed around the assemblage of jaded journalists—"England has done it again!" There were a few dissenting voices—Hollywood has its pessimists—but the overwhelming majority of the writers praised the picture.

Elizabeth Bergner did not impress the audience with her beauty—she is, of course, rather plain—but everyone raved about her acting.

Douglas Fairbanks, jun., came in for his share of the bouquets. It was generally agreed that his acting in this film far surpassed anything he has done in Hollywood.

Flora Robson, as the Empress Elizabeth, won the favour of the writers.

The critics are waiting to see whether the English *Catherine* will surpass Marlene Dietrich in *Scarlet Empress*, which deals with the same historic character. It is entirely possible that the two pictures will not conflict and, in fact, may aid each other, for the Dietrich opus deals with hectic episodes in Catherine's life, while Miss Bergner's film shows the Empress as a "one-man woman"!

It has certainly given new interest to Miss Dietrich's picture.

A Mysterious Trip

Greta Garbo and her director, Rouben Mamoulian, departed for New York but on separate trains.

Speculation is rife and one theory is that they desired to have a quiet marriage, which they may attempt to keep secret indefinitely.

This may be exceedingly difficult to achieve, as reporters all over the United States will watch the couple like hawks.

A Glittering Premiere

Queen Christina had a most impressive opening at Grauman's Chinese Theatre.

Adoring fans by the thousands gave the police plenty to do and frequently broke through the

ropes which guarded the entrance to the theatre. Who could blame them, for practically every star in Hollywood was entering the playhouse!

Among those I saw were Jean Harlow, Diana Wynyard, Lupe Velez, Jeannette MacDonald, Maureen O'Sullivan, Elizabeth Allan, Alice Brady, Esther Ralston, Gary Cooper, Leo Carillo, Stuart Erwin and Robert Montgomery.

The Feminine Touch

George O'Brien's dressing-room at the Fox Hollywood studio is being made very pretty, so that any lady who enters the place will utter cries of ecstasy.

Gone are his chaps, his boots, guns, gun-belt and other he-man gear with which George won fame in the movies. The place is being redecorated in blue and white, with drapes and other tasteful furnishings.

No, George hasn't developed an art complex. The reason for the renovation is that "George doesn't live there any more."

Heather Angel is moving into Mr. O'Brien's former dressing quarters.

A Star's Son

Harold Lloyd, jun., age 3, may make his film debut in his father's picture *The Cat's Paw*.

The hero is first shown as a small boy, and the Lloyd executives believe that Harold, jun., would be just the one to play the part.

Marlene Dietrich used her daughter in *Scarlet Empress*, while Jack Holt is considering placing his boy in his next picture, so the idea of utilising the family appears to be contagious.

A New Tenant

Colleen Moore has leased her handsome home in Bel Air to Marlene Dietrich, who has moved in with her little daughter, a retinue of servants and a small army of armed guards.

Marlene, following her usual custom, will undoubtedly have bars placed on the windows of the nursery to protect her child from kidnappers. Meanwhile, the guards will maintain vigilant watch.

Her Old Posi

It will be more than acting when Sidney Fox plays the role of a hat check girl in *Down to Their Last Yacht*, the story of a wealthy family's financial losses and their subsequent menial positions, which will be produced as a musical at RKO-Radio.

When Sidney was 12 years old her family lost their money and she secured employment as a hat check girl in a New York restaurant.

The picture will be Miss Fox's first role in a year. She has been in New York, studying and preparing for her return to Hollywood.

The Manly Art

Our film heroes keep in splendid condition. At the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios, Mike Cantwell, famous trainer of Max Baer, Max Schmelling's conqueror, is giving daily work-outs and boxing lessons to Ramon Novarro, Clark Gable, Robert Montgomery, and, last but not least, Jackie Cooper.

Genuine Sympathy

Frances Dee and members of the cast of the film in which she is appearing, including many extra girls, called at a hospital to see Ruth Starrett, a little extra girl who was injured in an automobile accident. A poignant touch was given



Alice White wearing shorts and jacket in linen with a blouse of broadcloth with woven stripes—the latest thing in sports wear.

the event when it was learned that Miss Starrett had no parents or friends and was entirely alone in the world.

Frances, who has one of the biggest hearts in the film colony, took the injured extra, under her wing, and defrayed all medical expenses necessary to aid the girl to recovery, including the services of a face specialist who guarantees to remove cuts which otherwise would terminate Ruth's film career.

Burglar Proof

Warner Baxter desires it to be known that he is installing photo-electric burglar alarms throughout his spacious new home at Bel Air.

The electric cell, using a "black" light, can detect the presence of a shadow.

Baxter believes in electrical "servants." His garage doors swing open automatically upon approach and his heat ranges are all operated by "juice."

But the burglar alarm is his pride.

A Russian Refugee

Kathryn Sergava, who Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer once held in reserve, pending Garbo's return, intending, if necessary, to use her as Greta's successor, is rapidly coming to the front at Warner's, where she is now under contract. Several studios have tried to borrow her for leading roles, and her future is assured.

Miss Sergava, when a child, fled from Russia with her parents at the outbreak of the revolution.

A STAR and a PICTURE



PRE-VIEWS OF THE LATEST FILMS

UNFINISHED SYMPHONY is the "unusual" film chosen for the opening of London's "unusual" kinema, The Curzon. Let me say straight away that there is nothing "unusual" about the film, unless every good film must be so labelled.

I have now and again warned my readers that although I have enjoyed a picture immensely, they may not find it as entertaining. I repeat the warning with regard to *Unfinished Symphony*, although I can give you no adequate reason why anybody should not find the picture a lovely entertainment. Maybe the German speech may not be helpful (I should have told you the film was made in Vienna), but the English sub-titles make it easy to follow the story.

As I watched this picture my mind went back to a film made in this country last year, which was unsuccessful. It was *Where is the Lady?* and the principal artiste was Martha Eggerth.

It seems inconceivable, watching *Unfinished Symphony*, that this girl could so have escaped the attention of our producers or that any director could, or should, fail to turn out a worth-while picture with so fine an artiste as Martha Eggerth.

Here are some particulars about her. She was born in Budapest, April 17, 1912. She spent her early childhood in America, and at the age of nine she made her operatic debut as the Doll in *Tales of Hoffman* at the Royal Opera House, Budapest.

Until the age of fifteen she remained "the little prima donna" of this theatre. Before the end of her apprenticeship she appeared as the soloist in over fifty philharmonic concerts. She has created the star parts in many operettas and

musical plays, and has gained a reputation in many Continental capitals.

You may ask why I give you these details. Because I want PICTUREGOER readers to know something of an artiste who will, in the normal course of events, undoubtedly reach universal stardom.

And now let me tell you the story of *Unfinished Symphony*. It is supposed to be an episode in the life of Franz Schubert, and tells how and why his famous Symphony in B Minor came to be unfinished.

The authors have in their imaginative manner introduced true biography where possible. Thus we see young Schubert pay frequent visits to the pawnbroker to make ends meet. We see him as a schoolmaster changing a dreary lesson in arithmetic into a joyous music class.

Then comes his great chance to play his music at an "at home" given by Vienna's great hostess. His future seems assured. He selects the theme of his Symphony in B Minor and at the moment of his great inspiration he is interrupted by a woman's loud laughter. He slams down the piano lid and makes his exit.

This exhibition of manners, however justified, bars him from doing anything in Vienna. He has tried to finish his symphony, but every time at the same part comes to him the memory of that laughter.

When all seems hopeless there is an invitation to him to be the music master of Count Esterhazy's daughters in Budapest. Arrived there he discovers that the elder daughter is the beautiful young woman who so shattered his inspiration by her laughter. This is her manner of apologising and making amends.

In "Son of Kong," the sequel to "King Kong," Helen Mack follows Robert Armstrong into a lost world, teeming with pre-historic monsters

Teacher and pupil fall in love—some exquisite scenes—and they want to marry. But stern father has Schubert sent back to Vienna heart-broken. Three months later he receives a message to return and arrives on the day when his loved one is marrying another man. The younger sister had sent for him, hoping he would arrive in time. She now persuades him to forgive. He appears at the wedding reception and offers as his gift to the bride his now finished symphony.

He plays it. Just at the same vital moment she is reminded that this is where she laughed. She becomes hysterical and faints. The music stops. Schubert tears out and destroys the additional pages he has written, and thus the symphony remains for ever unfinished.

That is the simple story of this picture, but it has been superbly produced. Willy Forst, the director, has refrained from staging any enormous scenes, and when you realise that he had at his command the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra, the Vienna Opera Choir, the Vienna Boys' Choir, and the Horvath Guyla's Tzigane Orchestra, you will appreciate his strength in making a simple picture.

The philharmonic orchestra is only heard and not seen. There may be some who will find a better ending for the picture where Schubert tears the pages from his book. But it may have been a popular concession to introduce and finish on the famous Ave Maria.

The director and the cameraman have used their imagination to bring some lovely pictures to the screen.

Of Martha Eggerth I have already written. It is worth seeing the film if only to hear her sing the Serenade or for her scene with Schubert in the inn, where love follows her wild gipsy dance.

Hans Jaray is splendid as Schubert and Louise Ullrich is fine as the pawnbroker's daughter who loves him.

All the minor parts—down to the schoolboys—are played with that perfection that makes a film like this such a delight.—M. B. Y.

Waltzes from Vienna

Alfred Hitchcock has not been well served either with his material or his artistes in this, the first picture under his direction I have seen for some time.

Here is a leisurely sentimental romance adapted from the stage play, and, somehow, I do not think Hitchcock's mind runs to sentimentalities.

Nevertheless, the touch of the artist is present in his composition and, speaking from a technical and a photographic angle, there is a great deal to admire in the picture. He understands the value of simplicity in settings very perfectly.

The story deals with Johann Strauss the younger's composition of "The Blue Danube" and his love for the daughter of a pastry-cook, who is wildly jealous of the attention paid to him by the Countess von Stahl, who ultimately enables him to have the famous waltz played and published.

To do this she has to overcome the jealousy of Johann Strauss the elder, the boy's father, who believes his musicianly position is unassailable. This she does by a trick; working on the older man's vanity. It nearly brings about a duel between her husband and young Johann, but, as in all good romances, all ends well and the pastry-cook's daughter and the composer marry.

What I particularly liked about the production was the pictorial continuity and expressiveness which the director has introduced. There is a clever wedding of sound and picture in one scene in particular, where young Johann, being shown round the pastry-cook's kitchens, starts to compose his famous waltz in his head to the rhythm of cooks tossing rolls about and kneading dough.

The main trouble, apart from the slightness of the story, which is partially concealed by good detail work, lies in the casting.

Fay Compton is most unusually lacking in expression as the Countess who falls for and helps the young composer. She does not strike one as either vital or sincere; certainly the part does not suit her.

Jessie Matthews, too, is singularly out of her depth as the romantic *ingenue*; a comedy moment here and there gives her her only real chances.

Edmund Gwenn is good as Johann Strauss, but

to SEE

Let our Film Critics who really see the pictures guide you

I do not think for one moment that he will strike you as a famous Viennese composer.

On the other hand, I liked Esmond Knight's portrayal of young "Schani" Strauss very much, there was a sincerely romantic atmosphere about his performance and also a pleasing sensitivity.

Frank Vosper turned in a good straight comedy character sketch of the Countess's jealous husband.

The musical setting is very good and "The Blue Danube" remains "unplugged," but is put over finely in one of the concluding sequences when young Strauss first conducts it.

You will find this rather leisurely but quite good entertainment, in spite of the weaknesses to which I have referred.—L. C.

I Like It That Way

This is a nice, unambitious, human sort of picture which provides admirable entertainment. It is a musical since there are "girls and music," but the story counts for more than is usual in this type of film.

Jack Anderson is a breezy insurance salesman whose slogan is "Sell the Women, they'll look after the men." He has sold himself pretty thoroughly to his nextdoor neighbour, Peggy, who works in a night club.

Jack's great aim is to prevent Peggy meeting his sister, Joan, but the inevitable meeting takes place and Joan gives up being a telephone operator in order to work in the night club.

Meanwhile Jack has fallen sincerely for Anne Rogers without knowing that she is Dolly La Verne, the headliner at the night club.

Thus the stage is all set for complications and eventual reconciliations.

The acting is uniformly good. Gloria Stuart plays the part of Anne and is well teamed with Roger Pryor.

I would suggest eliminating one drunken scene in the early part of the picture. It is coarse and unnecessary.—M. B. Y.

La Rue Sans Nom

Brilliant acting and human characterisations are a feature of this French production, directed by Pierre Chenal, the whole action of which takes place in a mean Parisian street and deals with thugs and denizens of the underworld.

Actually, there is nothing particularly kinematic about it; it relies on its dialogue and the sincere manner in which the various rôles are interpreted for its entertainment. If you have not a good knowledge of French, you will not find it very comprehensible.

Brilliant portrayals are given by Constant Rémy, as a criminal Méhoul, and Gariel Gabrio as an old accomplice of his, whom he is forced to shelter together with his very pretty daughter.

The main pivot of the plot depends on the attitude of these two men to one another, which alternates between loyal friendship and bitter suspicion and enmity.

Dependent on this is the effect of the pretty daughter on the other inhabitants of the street. She falls in love with one Cruséo, a rôle excellently interpreted by Enrico Glori, and is assaulted by Méhoul's gross son, Mânu played by Paul Azais.

The final result of this jealousy is that Mânu gives her father away to the police, and his own father, disgusted at his behaviour and his own betrayal of a comrade, gives himself up, too.

Another poignant side-issue is introduced by a middle-aged man going mad through his hopeless passion for the girl.

It is all rather sordid, but certainly sincere in atmosphere and the depiction of the types it concerns.—L. C.

Circle: Warren as the "fake" doctor is re-united to his faithful nurse, Jean Muir in "Bedside," which will be fully reviewed next week.



Clive Brook and Irene Dunne are well worth seeing in "Behold, We Live."

It could happen, but it is one of those unlikely things that give a touch of unreality to picture. Clive Brook and Irene Dunne play their parts with ease and competence.

Nils Asther is almost wasted, and good work is contributed by Vivian Tobin, Tempe Pigott, Henry Stephenson, Laura Hope Crews and Lorraine Nichien.

Elliott Nugent directed. Is there any need to give flashes of conventional Parisian stuff to let us know we're in Paris? It's so old-fashioned when it has no bearing on the story.—M. B. Y.

The Queen's Affair

Herbert Wilcox has certainly set this Ruritanian romance very elegantly and the technical side of the production is exceedingly good, but it is thin and conventional in plot, and one feels a sense of artificiality about the characters.

He has tried to invest the story of a romance between a queen and a revolutionary leader with a touch of satire, but it lacks subtlety and the action is developed too slowly.

As a whole, it provides quite pleasant, if not outstanding, entertainment, however, and is very definitely picturesque in setting.

Anna Neagle lacks depth of character as a shop girl who is hauled from New York to a European kingdom to be a queen, and Fernand Graavey, while natural and personable as a revolutionary leader, who deposes her and later falls for her when she is exiled and he is resting incognito, hardly suggests leadership.

The pair meet at a lonely mountain resort and fall in love with each other without either knowing the other's identity.

The Queen is recalled to the throne and, believing her lover has been fooling her all along, arranges to have him trapped, relents, and finally keeps the throne with him as her consort.

A very good performance comes from Gibb McLaughlin as a general in the Army and Miles Malleon is effective as the Chancellor.

The best acting comes from Muriel Aled as the Queen's old nurse, who also has some of the most amusing dialogue in the play to utter.

Exteriors in the "lonely mountain resort" are excellent and the picture is very well dressed, and contains good composition and excellent camera work.—L. C.

Hindle Edgar and Jessie Matthews in a scene from Alfred Hitchcock's new picture, "Waltzes from Vienna."

Behold, We Live

Two of my favourite artists are in this picture—Irene Dunne and Clive Brook. For that reason I would recommend you to see the film, although I must add that I was vaguely disappointed.

I had a feeling that, even with this conventional story, a better picture could have been made.

Gordon Evers, barrister, is drinking himself to death in Paris. An unhappy marriage and a war bullet lodged in a vital spot in the body give him his reason for not caring to live.

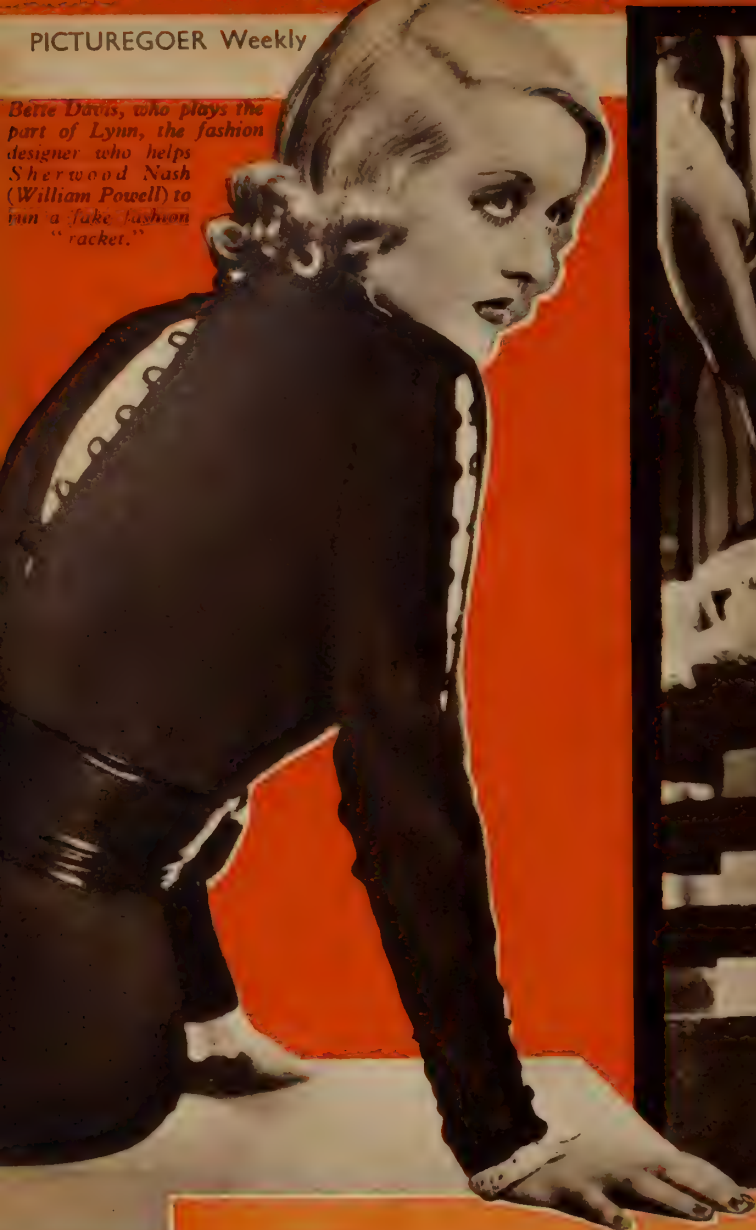
He meets Sarah, an American girl who is married to a brute. Life suddenly becomes worth while, and they intend to marry when each has obtained a divorce.

Sarah gets her freedom, but now that Gordon is one of the most successful men at the Bar, his wife refuses to let him go.

Learning that their companionship is likely to affect Gordon's career, Sarah pretends she has grown tired of him, but Gordon discovers the truth and decides to take a 100 to 1 chance and have the bullet removed.

Of course the chance comes off and we leave the two lovers looking forward to a happy future.

The English atmosphere has been well sustained although it seems highly improbable that Gordon would be offered a judgeship at the early age of 38.



Bette Davis, who plays the part of Lynn, the fashion designer who helps Sherwood Nash (William Powell) to run a fake fashion "racket."



The human harp! One of the ingenious ensembles that help to make the film one of the most spectacular of the year.

WILLIAM POWELL and Bette Davis in a spectacular and brilliantly-staged comedy-drama set in the intriguing new world, kinematically, of fashion.

There is an interesting story, much to charm the eye, pleasant incidental music to please the ear, and some fascinating sidelights on the dress racket. It is directed by William Dieterle.



Some members of the mammoth beauty chorus specially selected by Busby Berkeley. We hesitate to regard their costumes, however, as a serious forecast of the degree of the "Fashion Follies of 1934."

FASHION FOLLIES FOR 1934

PICTUREGOER Weekly



The feather dance, which is one of the outstanding features, is one of the most ambitious yet attempted on the screen.

William Powell is the engaging adventurer who steals dress designs from the Paris experts and eventually becomes an amazingly successful couturier on his own account.



Sally Rand will have to look to her laurels—the picture has the distinction of introducing the first film fan dance.



Another shot of the striking feather number which is introduced to the story by a stage revue put on as a stunt by William Powell to bring the ostrich feather back to fashion.

Morning GLORY

Freely based on the film "Morning Glory," by permission of Radio Pictures, Ltd., Dean Street, London, W.1.

See "On the Screens Now" feature, page 26, for the full cast and Lionel Collier's criticism of this film.

IN love with a genius! Queer that such a fate, unkind, divine—call it what you will—should have befallen Joseph Sheridan, poet and successful dramatist.

Too easy-going, placid a person you might have thought him for such an experience, loving his pipe as he did, and a chair in his theatrical producer's luxurious office above the Lewis Easton Theatre, New York.

Besides, genius doesn't happen every day. Joseph Sheridan might have been born a dozen times, and lived without meeting anyone so unusual as Eva Lovelace.

He had been casting his latest play, *Blue Skies*, with Lewis Easton, and had left the office for a copy of the script, when he first saw her. For the moment, he recognised the young woman in nondescript, dark clothes and hat, as only another stage aspirant to be turned down. With a "Nothing for you, young lady; I'm sorry," he closed a door in her face.

Then he did not know Eva Lovelace. Ten minutes later he saw she had actually waylaid Lewis Easton outside his office and was babbling to him about a letter of hers.

"From Bernard Shaw—yes, the one and only. It's never left me. I even sleep with it under my pillow. You see, I sent him a notice of a play of his we did in the Franklin Theatre. I said I expected to come to New York and be famous and act in his *Cleopatra*. Do let me read it.

It was a more genial letter than one would expect from such a writer.

Joseph, reading excerpts, blissfully unconscious of the producer's mild antagonism at first, chuckled.

"This is great. Shaw says he thinks it was cheeky of the Franklin amateurs to produce a play of his. He's sure it was a piratical performance, but he's glad Miss Lovelace will help to see he's properly recognised and hopes she won't forget him."

"I never shall," Eva breathed, reverentially folding the worn sheet. "There'll always be a Shaw play in my repertoire, as long as I have a theatre. I mean to be a great actress, too; and when I'm at my zenith, one night at the end of the play, I shall die on the stage."

Words flowed about herself, her confidence of success. Even the producer had to listen. Joseph did more. He became curious. How

old was she? Twenty—perhaps less. Judged by ordinary standards, she was plain, except for the intense magnetism of her eyes. The voice was deep and monotonous; no knowing, but with training, it might develop an amazing range.

Suddenly she startled Joseph by speaking of Molnar's play, *The Golden Bough*, his translation of which Easton was to produce, in spite of its highbrow tendencies, after the run of *Blue Skies*, with Rita Vernon, darling of Broadway, in the principal role.

"*The Golden Bough*. Ah! *Die Miefel*. I translated it from the original German. I translated all the foreign plays we used in the Franklin Theatre, myself."

"Indeed! What other acting experience have you had, besides amateur?" Lewis Easton inquired.

"Nothing that you'd call experience, but that means I'll take less money. Of course, I need a certain amount for my lessons. I'm taking elocution with Mr. Hedges. He's just gone in to sign his contract for *Blue Skies*. Such a charming actor. He speaks beautifully. Then I owe the professor at home who taught me German, but my debts can wait. One thing I must tell you—never, under any circumstances, can I play a part with which I don't feel a sincere congeniality. Money means nothing to me. I'll play any part that appeals to me for twenty dollars."

At which staggering statement it was only natural for Lewis to dismiss the young woman with a promise of letting her know if a suitable role turned up. If, however, he thought thus to have

done with her, he reckoned without his host.

Joseph and he were deep in a discussion of the merits of Philip Emerson as leading man, when in she came, bombarding the producer's private office merely to say "Good-bye."

"Come again, Miss Lovelace, when you've had another letter from Bernard Shaw," Lewis offered with a suavity that rarely deserted him.

"I won't wait that long, Mr. Easton. I've always revered you for the fine things you've done. Your charm makes up for anything with which I might have found fault before. Before I say *Au revoir*, won't you let me play in *The Golden Bough* if Miss Vernon doesn't suit?"

"She's nutty. Pray, heaven, we don't see her again," Easton remarked as the door, at length, closed.

Joseph thoughtfully lit his pipe. "I don't know. At least, I wonder. She's got something."

"She's got nerve," the other remarked tersely.

Chiefly, however, at Joseph's instigation, Easton, being too clever a man to despise the opinions of others, offered Eva a part in a small uptown show. She was a failure. Though privately liking her at rehearsals, Joseph foresaw she would be. It was a flippant part, utterly unsuited to her, and she couldn't live it.

At the closing date, after a short run, she disappeared, leaving no intimation of her whereabouts.

Joseph began to worry. He wished he had been more practical in their conversations, which had

Eva must have been nearly starving on the memorable night of the party given by Lewis Easton to celebrate the opening night of "Blue Skies."

always turned on acting and the theatre. Eva's great attraction was otherworldliness. She was a sincere classicist, living on the plane of artistic appreciation and endeavour. Only her fierce egotism saved her from starving in a garret.

Nearly starving she must have been on the memorable night of the party given by Lewis Easton to celebrate the opening night of *Blue Skies* and particularly in honour of Rita Vernon.

The talented actress arrived late, magnificent in white furs and wearing the necklace Lewis had sent her that morning. It was part of Lewis Easton's religion to pay court to Rita and allow her to return him nothing except her professional capabilities.

The butler announced "Mr. Hedges." Joseph came forward to welcome the elderly and delightful English actor, when he saw Eva was with him—Eva in the nondescript clothes—Eva with the deep voice that had already acquired a new range.

"How d'you do, Mr. Easton! . . . Mr. Sheridan, isn't it? . . . I hope you'll forgive my not dressing. I wasn't invited, I know, but Mr. Hedges met me unexpectedly—we were having after-dinner coffee—and he brought me along."

"Very pleased to welcome any friend of Bob Hedges," returned Lewis, the perfect host, while Joseph, who was taken up with the impression of how ill Eva looked, heard the English actor whisper aside:—

"The poor child hasn't an address and I'm sure some food wouldn't go amiss."

"I'll get something hot."

Joseph stayed at the buffet for some minutes, acquiring a not too conspicuous trayful of solid nourishment. He found Eva on the staircase flirting with Henry Lawrence, the critic, Van Deusen, the playwright, and Pepi, an objectionable gigolo, representing Rita Vernon's latest taste in male escorts.

"Don't give me anything as prosaic as food," Eva cried. "I've been drinking champagne with dear Mr. Lawrence. He's promised not to hold it against me that I reverence everything he writes. Let's dance."

For a minute she was in Joseph's arms. Next, perched on the arm of Lewis Easton's chair, she was attracting the notice of the entire company by her incoherent talk, her unsteady poise.

Not a pretty sight. Though certain guests found it comical, Joseph was too sensitive to agree. He hated to see a woman drunk at any time, and with Eva he was already three parts in love. To him, her abandon was pitiful, but he could do nothing to check it.

Swaying towards Easton's half-amused, half-compassionate upward glance, she broke out:—

"I'm the greatest actress in the



THE STORY OF THE FILM by MARJORY WILLIAMS

world, and I'm getting greater every day. You'll see. I'll show you. Either I'm a great actress or I'm a rotten actress. Look."

With a swift movement she was hugging the corner of a vacant sofa, lost, as was confirmed by every line of her, in profound meditation.

Of all things in the world, *Hamlet's* "To be or not to be" reached her astounded hearers.

Joseph knew that he had never heard a rendering, from any man, half so compelling.

Eva's voice had acquired an amazing range and the technique of her performance was good.

But why, in heaven's name, choose that time and place?

One member of the half-bored, half-irritated audience said something about Charlie Chaplin's rendering of *Hamlet* being funnier.

"You don't know anything about it," Eva blazed, "if you can think tragedy's comedy. Listen, all of you. I'll show you something else."

Snatching a silk shawl from the piano back, running to the staircase that opened into the room, she rested her head on the balustrade and started Juliet's speech on the balcony to Romeo.

This time Joseph was enthralled, knowing that any member of the party who counted for anything would be enthralled with him.

The cooing voice, the head resting sidesway on the clasped hands, the adoration in the face—these belonged to Juliet. A child of fourteen with the experience of a woman of forty!

Eva was the living interpretation of that well-known phrase. She finished the speech.

Joseph gave her a cue, trembling all over when the honey voice made answer.

Henry Lawrence was the first to render her a critic's tribute of appreciation when she had finished.

A few offered congratulations. Others started an impromptu dance. Worn out, Eva fell asleep at Easton's knee and had to be carried to bed.

The party broke up with suggestions from Rita and others that, as nothing much was doing, they might as well go elsewhere. Knowing that Eva was assured of one night's rest, Joseph went home.

He was summoned early to Easton's flat by telephone.

Lewis, wearing a dressing-gown, was obviously very much worried. Unlike him, he beat about the bush at first, but Joseph gathered that he had involved himself on the previous evening with a young woman and needed co-operation to extricate himself.

"She's so young, so damnably young," Lewis commented. "That's why she's on my mind. I know it's not a pretty story. I didn't mean to—but it happened. I was wondering if you'd see her and give her this cheque."

"I—will, if you like." Joseph was rather appalled at Easton's *savoir faire* having turned traitor.

"She's so romantic," he went on, "a romantic child. What I'd like you to do was to say I'm out of town—had a long-distance call to Chicago or something. If only Eva would—"

Eva! Though his thoughts had revolved round her since last night, Joseph hadn't known till this moment the identity of Easton's . . . no, one couldn't call Eva by any evil-smelling name.

If she had sinned, it had been in ignorance, or for the sake of her god, experience. Experience—any experience—is necessary. I must have it. How often had she said that.

"I'll take her the cheque, if you want," he promised, and braced himself for the interview.

At least he was spared the effort of a search, by her coming downstairs a moment after Lewis had left the room.

Her walk, her look when she came to a standstill on seeing him, made mincemeat of all he meant to say.

"Oh, Mr. Sheridan! I'm going into the park for a long, long time. I want to be alone. I'm so happy because of Mr. Easton and what he means to me. I'm going to help him do his best and he's going to help me do my best. It's like two rivers flowing in the same channel towards the same goal. I must be by myself to think about it all. Can't you understand?"

Of course, he understood. Hadn't he experienced the rapture of first love, of finding all things new? Hadn't he had his moments of exaltation, of spiritual ecstasy? He couldn't have brought Eva to earth any more than he would have cast down the Virgin's image in chapel.

He took her hand, and she stroked it. "You've always been so terribly kind to me, Joseph. You remember that wonderful day in Mr. Easton's office, when I first saw him and recognised his charm."

Impossible to say more to her. She went out through the golden gates of a fool's paradise and left him staring down where her hand had touched his.

He knew, when the truth did reach her, that she would disappear again and he would be powerless to help. It happened, but by dint of patience he traced her, following her depressing career of two years, but always from a distance.

Eva had many times expressed her contempt for stock companies, but the closing down of The Del Brayton Stock Company in the middle of June was a serious matter, for it meant the loss of her job.

From stock she proceeded to vaudeville, thence to cabaret, hating them both, growing thinner and more tired. At last Joseph, by the exertion of considerable pressure, induced Easton to take her on as understudy. The producer's thoughts were entirely concentrated at the time on the opening of *The Golden Bough*, about the success of which high-flown play Joseph was as much concerned as he.

Rita Vernon had gone from success to success under Easton's managership. Yet she had asked for no increase of salary. Joseph, who did not underestimate the actress's "flair" for Lewis, doubted this was her only reason for being content with the same remuneration as she had received for a lesser part in *Blue Skies*.

At the same time, he doubted her ability to star in *The Golden Bough* with success. She was too competent, too sure of herself. To make up for her plethoric self-confidence, he was unusually nervous on the opening night, walking up and down Rita's dressing-room, fidgeting with his dress tie, while she, handsome and flashing with sequins, ready for the first act, applied final touches to her make-up.

"What you want is a drink, Joseph."

"Thanks, no. I can't touch

(Continued on page 24)



LOVE IS *not* BLIND

Ann Harding and William Powell in a scene from the Radio Pictures Production "Double Harness"

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MORNING GLORY—Continued

anything till it's over. Rita, you've worked hard. You deserve to make a hit."

"I always do, whatever I give them."

"All the same, don't take those final speeches too fast."

"Anything else?"

"Well—yes—I thought the part where you try and hide your tears, you might cry outright, as though no one were about."

"Dreadful, perfectly hopeless—with the part played as it is. I warn you, I shan't play it differently."

It wasn't just the nervousness over a first night that made them quarrel. Fundamentally, Rita wasn't equal to her part. He knew it. He had always known it.

No time then to brood. The curtain was due to go up in half an hour. Lewis came in—immaculate, calm as ever—and began to chat to Rita.

Suddenly Joseph realised the pair were indulging in a violent difference of opinion. Rita was airing her views about salaries—and other things.

"I'm not asking for back pay. I've never asked you for a rise these two years, though I've been making you pots of money and you've never given me a rise. Why? Because you think I'm going to make a flop. You don't think I'm suited to *The Golden Bough*. And you think, after I've flopped in New York, I can take it on tour, and that's how you'll get rid of me."

"My dear Rita, what are you driving at? What do you want?"

"My name in electric lights, for one thing, Lewis. A contract to play my part on Broadway, on the road, and in London. I want fifteen hundred dollars a week, half the profits, and a cut in on the picture rights."

"Ridiculous! You're asking absurdities. What a time to start letting me down—fifteen minutes before the curtain!"

"There doesn't have to be a curtain, does there?"

"Don't talk like that!"

"Who's to stop me?"

A minute's more wrangling and Joseph got Easton into the passage. "This is a ramp. You can see Rita means it. Take her at her word. Let her go. I've got money in this as well as you, and I know what I'm talking about. Rita's got beyond herself; besides, she's no good in the part. You know it."

"Who'll do it better?"

"I've a girl, the general understudy you told me to get. Remember Eva Lovelace? She'll do it, governor. Tell Rita she can go to—"

Worried, hustled, goaded, Easton was finally persuaded. Resplendent in mink coat, accompanied by a coloured maid, Rita Vernon, the darling of Broadway, swept out of her dressing-room at the Lewis Easton Theatre, and a girl in a faded kimono took her place.

While Lewis hurried a dresser to alter Rita's gown and issued orders to delay raising the curtain, Eva broke down.

Joseph, who had expected this, looked on the sobbing, huddled figure and sought desperately for the right word to speak as he had never sought to put it on paper.

"Joseph, I can't play to-night. I'm so tired, so terribly tired.

I can't act. What does it matter if I don't?"

"So much. Your whole life, Eva. It's the chance you've longed for. Don't let us down, either Lewis or me."

He was prouder than she when, ultimately, she rose to the challenge, creating a part such as he had dreamed of her playing, but with the unexpected touch that hails from genius.

Critics who had dropped into the theatre for the first act stayed for the last, watching her take call after call.

Joseph was with Easton in the dressing-room when the congratulations, the speeches, the arrival of flowers, had given place to silence. He knew that, flushed with success, Eva was unhappy. Lewis chose the right time to put in the knife with a few pregnant words, uttered as sensibly as he knew how.

"Eva, my dear. Take advice from one who knows. Every year, in almost every theatre, a young girl makes a big hit, a phenomenal success. How many of them last? I don't want you to be a Morning Glory, fading almost before you've begun your career. You've got to keep your head if you want to go on. You must put me, as you must put every man, out of your heart. You belong now to the theatre. Our association is purely business and, because you're the most valuable property I have, I want you to sign a contract to play as long as the public will come to see you."

"I understand." That was all. But, when Easton had gone, Joseph had to give himself away, had to take her hands and raise her up from the chair on which she drooped like a wilted flower.

"You're the only one who's understood me all this time," she said through tears. "Why is that, I wonder?"

"I'll tell you why. I love you."

"Please, Joseph, don't say that."

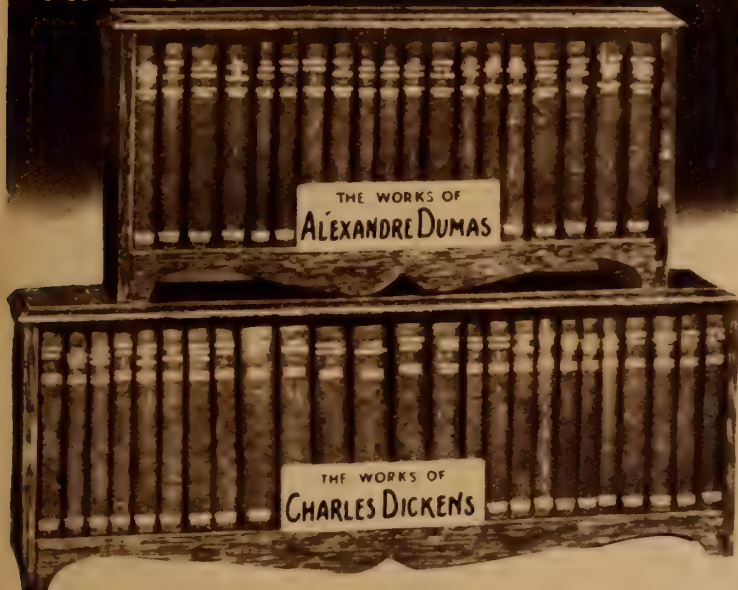
"I didn't mean to. I know I'm no use to you—as a lover. You have so much to do, Eva. You can't think of anything but your work. You must eat the right food—keep your feet warm. You've got to hang on and be careful. Good-bye, dear."

He ran into Nellie, the stage dresser, as he went out. Thoughtful, sad-eyed Nellie, who was kindness itself. She had been a Morning Glory. Her success had come and gone in an hour. She was best company for Eva. She could help and advise her.

Did Eva regret his going? He never knew. He didn't see Eva, as Nellie saw her, in the sequined dress and ermine collar in which she had triumphed in the last act of *The Golden Bough* in an exultant mood, cutting like a sabre through the tenderer emotions with her almost hysterical shout of:—

"Nellie! Everyone wants me to be sensible, but I'm not ready—not yet. I want to ride through the park. I want a white ermine coat, I want to give you all presents. I want rooms full of white orchids, and they've got to tell me I'm more wonderful than anyone else. I'm not afraid of being a Morning Glory. Why should I be afraid?"

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for a meal...*

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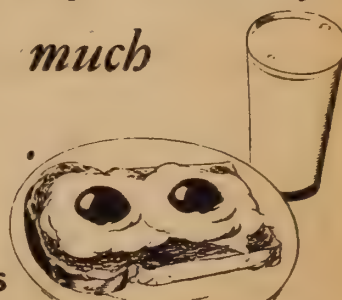
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CADBURYS
MILK CHOCOLATE $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. 4^D
a very nourishing food



Ginger Rogers is the heroine of "Rafter Romance" a charmingly directed little romance.

THERE is a good deal more interest in this week's releases than usual.

Three-Cornered Moon, besides proving a personal triumph for Mary Boland, is easily one of the best domestic comedies I have ever seen; *Lady for a Day* contains outstanding characterisations and a plot that is right out of the ordinary rut; and *Morning Glory* gives Katharine Hepburn another chance to show, if it were needed, that she is an unusually fine actress and not just a publicity-boosted star.

***THREE CORNERED MOON

Paramount. American. "U" certificate. Domestic comedy. Runs 78 minutes.
 CLAUDETTE COLBERT.....Elizabeth Rimplegar
 RICHARD ARLEN.....Dr. Alan Stevens
 MARY BOLAND.....Mrs. Rimplegar
 WALLACE FORD.....Kenneth
 TOM BROWN.....Eddie
 LYDA ROBERTI.....Jenny
 WILLIAM BAKEWELL.....Douglas
 HARDIE ALBRIGHT.....Ronald
 JOAN MARSH.....Kitty
 SAM HARDY.....Hawkins
 Directed by ELLIOTT NUGENT from the play by GERTRUDE TONKONOGY

This is one of the best pictures of the year and, just because it has been ushered on to the screen without any "ballyhoo," it still more deserves that title.

I wrote very fully about this production in the issue of October 7, 1933, but I should like to recall to your memories the salient features now it is released.

While it is adapted from a stage play, it is kinematic both in treatment and in intelligent use of the camera. It marks a personal triumph, too, for Mary Boland as a totally vague and irresponsible widow with three grown-up sons and a daughter, who gets involved in the depression and is perfectly unable to understand why she is becoming penniless.

You must visualise a totally irresponsible household which lives well and suddenly faces the prospects of poverty. The reaction of all of them to this state of affairs forms the basis of some excellent comedy and brilliant characterisation.

For instance, there is Claudette Colbert at her best as the daughter Elizabeth, who, realising that her lover is a work-shy parasite, turns him down in favour of a young doctor who is trying to help the family in their difficulties.

As the parasite lover, Hardie Albright is delightfully objectionable, while Richard Arlen affords a strong contrast as the practical and clear-thinking doctor.

Tom Brown is excellent as the

On the Screens Now

by Lionel Collier

The PICTUREGOER'S quick reference index to films just released

****THREE-CORNERED

MOON

***LADY FOR A DAY

***MORNING GLORY

***RAFTER ROMANCE

**THE KENNEL MURDER CASE

**MY WEAKNESS

*SATURDAY'S MILLIONS

*TIGER BAY

*SKY WAY

*TOMBSTONE CANYON

*THE FLAW

*DAY OF RECKONING

What the asterisks mean—**** An outstanding feature. *** Very good. ** Good. * Average entertainment. c Also suitable for children.

youngest son, who fools his way through the crisis until he is really ill and hungry, and breaks down and sobs; a fine piece of work this.

Wallace Ford is boisterously human and humorous as the eldest son, and William Bakewell is very good as the would-be actor member of the family who walks about striking attitudes and delivering himself of impassioned speeches.

Lyda Roberti gives a very clever little characterisation of a Polish maid whose knowledge of English is negligible, and who clings to the family, because she really does not understand what is happening.

How all the members of this very amusing and attractive family find their feet and realise what is happening makes one of the most joyous and human entertainments I have seen in a long while.

***LADY FOR A DAY

Columbia. American. "U" certificate. Dramatic fantasy. Runs 75 minutes.
 WARREN WILLIAM.....Dave, the Dude
 MAY ROBSON.....Apple Annie
 GUY KIBBEE.....Judge Blake
 GLENDA FARRELL.....Missouri Martin
 NED SPARKS.....Happy
 JEAN PARKER.....Louise
 WALTER CONNOLLY.....Count Romero
 BARRY NORTON.....Carlos
 Directed by FRANK CAPRA from the story by DAMON RUNYON adapted by ROBERT RISKIN.

This week we are including in the PICTUREGOER a supplement which deals with every aspect of this cleverly acted and human story, which is full of humour, strong in emotional appeal, and wistful in sentiment.

For this reason, I do not intend to go into it at length, but merely to state that May Robson gives a performance as "Apple Annie," which will linger long in your memory and that every character is most faithfully and cleverly drawn by the artistes concerned.

Warren William, always a dependable artiste, is at his best as the gambler who helps her in her effort to convince her daughter's fiancé that she is a woman of substance, while Guy Kibbee is brilliant as the man who poses as her husband.

Glenda Farrell, Walter Connolly, Nat Pendleton, and Ned Sparks are all deserving of your especial attention, and the production as a whole has that delicate touch of humanity and sincerity which is not by any means a common heritage of the screen.

Frank Capra's treatment and direction is exceedingly good, and it is with a sure touch that he contrasts the loyalty and common weal of the underdogs with the upper ten, with whom force of circumstances makes them come into contact.

There is a touch of fantasy surely,

but in introducing it Capra never loses his sense of the realities underlying it.

***MORNING GLORY

Radio. American. "A" certificate. Psychological drama with back stage settings. Runs 72 minutes.

KATHARINE HEPBURN.....Eva Lovelace
 ADOLPHE MENJOU.....Louis Easton
 DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JR.....Joseph Sheridan
 MARY DUNCAN.....Rita Vernon
 C. AUBREY SMITH.....Robert Hedges
 Directed by LOWELL SHERMAN from the play by ZOE ATKINS adapted by HOWARD J. GREEN.

For story freely based on the film by Majory Williams see page 22

Katharine Hepburn makes the familiar role of a small-town girl with theatrical ambitions appear almost novel, she gives such an intensely human and psychologically correct interpretation of it.

She is in essence the picture, although Douglas Fairbanks, junior, gives of his best as a young playwright who is in love with her, and Lowell Sherman, one of the few directors I know who can fill the dual role of director and leading artiste, has brought to bear all his imaginative faculty and clever pictorial expressiveness.

Aubrey Smith is delightful as an old actor who believes in, and helps, the heroine, while Adolphe Menjou is as polished and cynically impervious as usual as a theatrical impresario.

As a temperamental stage star whose outbursts makes way for the budding heroine's success, Mary Duncan deserves a meed of praise.

Incidentally, this story closely follows the actual experience of Katharine Hepburn's whilst trying to get on the boards, and it gives her a chance to reveal herself as the most magnetic and dramatically sound actress discovered for the screen for some years.

Just because she arouses such fierce controversy as to her ability, there must be something vital in her; one does not worry to argue about nonentities.

***RAFTER ROMANCE

Radio. American. "A" certificate. Romantic comedy. Runs 69 minutes.

GINGER ROGERS.....Mary Cartoll
 NORMAN FOSTER.....Jack Bacon
 GEORGE SIDNEY.....Max Eckbaum
 ROBERT BENCHLEY.....Hubbell
 LAURA HOPE CREWS.....Elise
 GUINN WILLIAMS.....Fritzie
 SIDNEY MILLER.....Julius
 Directed by WILLIAM SEITER from a story by JOHN WILLS adapted by GLENN TRYON.

Here is another unpretentious picture which entertains more than many a much more publicised stellar vehicle.

It is a charmingly directed little romance between a man and a girl, both poor, who share a room—he using it during the day and she by



Claudette Colbert is at her best in the delightful domestic comedy "Three Cornered Moon."

night—without knowing each other's identity.

They meet outside, fall in love, bluff each other as to their means, and finally discover the truth about each other.

Of course, they still remain in love—after a hectic quarrel.

The plot is very well directed, and Ginger Rogers and Norman Foster form a thoroughly attractive romantic team.

Robert Benchley, once editor of *Life*, is exceptionally good as a none too clean-minded chief salesman; Laura Hope Crews is excellent as an amorous and usually intoxicated spinster; and George Sidney brilliant as a Jewish landlord.

The atmosphere of the cheap lodging house is very realistic, and the camera work keeps the action flowing easily and with excellent pictorial detail.

**THE KENNEL MURDER CASE

Warner. American. "A" certificate. Murder mystery drama. Runs 73 minutes.

WILLIAM POWELL.....Philo Vance
 MARY ASTOR.....Hilda Lake
 EUGENE PALLETTE.....Heath
 RALPH MORGAN.....Raymond Wrede
 ETIENNE GIRARDOT.....Doremud
 PAUL CAVANAGH.....Bruce MacDonald
 HELEN VINSON.....Doris Delafond
 ARTHUR HOHL.....Gamble
 HENRY O'NEILL.....Dubois
 FRANK CONROY.....Brisbane Coe
 ROBERT MCWADE.....Markham
 JACK LARUE.....Eduardo Grassi
 DON BRODY.....Quackenbush
 SPENCER CHARTERS.....Snitken
 CHARLES WILSON.....Hennessy
 JAMES LEE.....Liang
 Directed by MICHAEL CURTIZ, adapted from a VAN DINE story.

Here is William Powell back again in his role of Philo Vance, the polished and hawk-eyed detective. He makes the fantastic plot almost credible by his natural acting.

It is quite ingenious in construction, but one has to take on trust the reasoning that led Philo Vance to discover the murder of two brothers who hated each other.

As in all screen detective tales suspicion is cast on everyone available, but there is a definite flow of continuity and some good individual characterisations, notably from Mary Astor, Eugene Pallette, Helen Vinson, and Arthur Hohl.

**MY WEAKNESS

Fox. American. "U" certificate. Comedy romance with music. Runs 75 minutes.

LILIAN HARVEY.....Looloo Blake
 LEW AYRES.....Rooney Gregory
 CHARLES BUTTERWORTH.....Gerald Gregory
 HARRY LANGDON.....Cupid
 SID SILVERS.....Maxie
 IRENE BENTLEY.....Jane Holman
 HENRY TRAVERS.....Elkery Gregory
 ADRIAN ROSLEY.....Baptiste
 MARY HOWARD.....Diana
 IRENE WARE.....Eve
 BARBARA WEEKS.....Lois

(Continued on page 28)

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HOW THOUSANDS OF OVER-FAT MEN AND WOMEN HAVE
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Let me also say that I never altered my habits of eating and diet. I still enjoy all my food, and this fact should be of good cheer to all stout people.

Yours faithfully,
(Signed) Mrs. M. C.



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figure admired
by all.*

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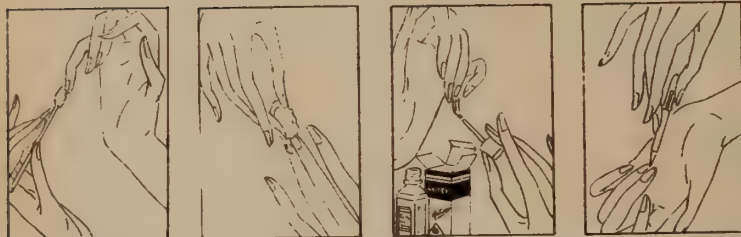
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ON THE SCREENS NOW — Continued

SUSAN FLEMING.....Jacque line
MARCELLE EDWARDS.....Marion
MARJORIE KING.....Lillian
JEAN ALLEN.....Consuello
GLADYS BLAKE.....Mitzi
DIXIE FRANCES.....Dixie
Directed by DAVID BUTLER. Story dialogue by BUDDY G. DE SYLVA.

Lilian Harvey survives a rather heavy-handed Hollywood attempt to bring Cinderella up to date in an atmosphere of 1934 sophistication.

The Anglo-German star is seen as a slavey whom a wealthy playboy, Lew Ayres, for a wager, undertakes to groom in to a lady and marry to a millionaire. She falls in love with her mentor, of course, and the plot follows conventional paths to a happy ending.

My Weakness was the first American made Harvey picture to be shown in the States and this may account for the fact that it gives the impression that the producers have strived too hard for effect. There is a pretentious "preciousness" about the piece that is not conducive to the creation of the right atmosphere for fairy tale romances of its kind.

However, the film has its bright moments and some novelty. The comedians, Harry Langdon, as a hard-working cupid who supplies something like a running commentary on the development of the story, and the always reliable Charles Butterworth, as a wealthy crank who is selected as the main object of Lilian's campaign for a million-dollar husband, render invaluable assistance to Miss Harvey in saving the show. The star herself is as irresistible as ever, and performs the transformation from a drab "char" to a high-powered charmer with engaging cleverness.

*SATURDAY'S MILLIONS

Universal. American. "U" certificate. Football drama. Runs 75 minutes.
ROBERT YOUNG.....Jim Fowler
LEILA HYAMS.....Joan Chandler
JOHNNY MACK BROWN.....Alan
ANDY DEVINE.....Andy
GRANT MITCHELL.....Ezra Fowler
MARY CARLISLE.....Thelma
JOE SAUERS.....Coach
MARY DORAN.....Maie
PAUL PORCASI.....Felix
LUCILLE LUND.....Society Reporter
RICHARD TUCKER.....Mr. Chandler
PAUL HURST.....Trainer
HERBERT CORTHELL.....Baldy
WILLIAM KENT.....Sam
Directed by EDWARD SEDGWICK.

Familiar story of a young college footballer who thinks more of what he can get out of the game than of the game itself and who, getting mixed up with crooks, finally discovers that there is more in life than money.

It is conventional material, quite capably worked out, with an exciting football match climax. Sound acting from Robert Young, Leila Hyams, and Andy Devine.

*TIGER BAY

A.B.F.D. British. "A" certificate. Oriental drama. Runs 66 minutes.
ANNA MAY WONG.....Lui Cheng
HENRY VICTOR.....Olaf
RENE RAY.....Lettie
VICTOR GARLAND.....Michael
MARGARET YARDE.....Fay
ERNEST JAY.....Alf
LAURENCE GROSSMITH.....Whistling Rufus
BEN SOUTER.....Stumpy
WALLY PATCH.....Wally
BRIAN BUCHELL.....Tony
LEY ON.....Ho Tang
Directed by J. ELDER WILLS, from a story by J. ELDER WILLS and ERIC ANSELL. Scenario by JOHN GUIN.

Anna May Wong certainly looks the part of the calm, fatalistic Chinese woman who sacrifices herself to save a young English orphan whom she has adopted, from a brutal seaman, but otherwise the

production is very conventional, artificial and strained in construction.

Henry Victor is fair as the seaman, but Victor Garland is theatrical as the orphan's English lover. Dialogue is commonplace and the Eastern atmosphere distinctly synthetic.

*SKY WAY

Pathe. American. "U" certificate. Romantic story. Runs 69 minutes.
RAY WALKER....."Flash Norris"
KATHRYN CRAWFORD.....Lila Beaumont
CLAUDE GILLINGWATER.....Mr. Beaumont
LUCIEN LITTLEFIELD.....Clerk
ARTHUR VINTON.....Baker
Directed by LEW COLLINS

Moderately entertaining story of a young aviator who is accused of embezzlement, after taking a post in a bank, in order to please the father of the girl he wants to marry.

Conventional construction, but quite well acted, with natural dialogue, and well photographed and varied settings, including planes and seascapes.

*TOMBSTONE CANYON

Gaumont Ideal. American. "U" certificate. Western drama. Runs 61 minutes.
KEN MAYNARD.....Ken Mason
CECILIA PARKER.....Jenny Lee
SHELDON LEWIS.....The Phantom
FRANK BROWNLEE.....All Sikes
JACK CLIFFORD.....Sheriff
GEORGE GERWING.....Clem
LAPE MCKEE.....Colonel Lee
EDWARD PEIL.....Henchman
Directed by ALAN JAMES.

Competently directed and acted Western mystery drama, with Ken Maynard putting over his usual robust performance, which should please the juveniles well enough.

*THE FLAW

Paramount British. "A" certificate. Crime drama. Runs 67 minutes.
HENRY KENDALL.....John Millway
ERIC MATORIN.....James Kelter
PHYLLIS CLARE.....Laura Kelter
EVE GRAY.....Irene Nelson
ELSIE IRVING.....Charwoman
DOUGLAS RAYNE.....Inspector Barnes
SYDNEY SEAWARD.....Detective Sergt.
VERA GERALD.....Mrs. Mamby
E. A. WILLIAMS.....Jennings
Directed by NORMAN WALKER, from a story by BRANDON FLEMING.

Story of a man who planned a "perfect" crime, but left the usual flaw which leads to his discovery.

It is quite ingenious, if not wholly convincing, and the technical qualities are sound.

Useful performances are given by Eric Matorin as the villain, Henry Kendall as the hero, Phyllis Clare as the villain's wife, and Eve Gray as his mistress.

*DAY OF RECKONING

M.G.M. American. "A" certificate. Marital drama. Runs 68 minutes.
RICHARD DIX.....John Day
MADGE EVANS.....Dorothy Day
CONWAY TEARLE.....Hollins
UNA MERKEL.....Mamie
STUART ERWIN.....Jerry
"SPANKY".....Johnny
ISOBEL JEWELL.....Kate Lovett
JAMES BELL.....Slim
RAYMOND HATTON.....Hart
PAUL HURST.....Harry
JOHN LARKIN.....Abraham
WILFRED LUCAS.....Guard
SAMUEL HINDS.....O'Farrell
Directed by CHARLES BRABIN, from a story by MORRIS LAVINE.

The long arm of circumstance is unduly stretched in this artificial and mechanical variation of the old triangle theme.

Richard Dix is unable to make the leading rôle of an absconding clerk a convincing one, while Madge Evans does not appear at ease in the rôle of his butterfly wife.

Conway Tearle is poor as the inevitable false friend. Good comedy is given by Stuart Erwin and Una Merkel.



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Walter Forde supervises Lawrence Hanray's make-up as "Kasim Baba," in his version of "Chu-Chin Chow."



BIG TEST for ANNA NEAGLE

Star to Play Nell Gwyn—B. & D.'s Ambitious Production—
A New Jerry Verno Comedy—Surprises at Gainsborough
Studios—George Robey's Proud Boast.

SO we are to have a Nell Gwyn after all! First we were told that Gracie Fields, in her latest and only-just-completed film, *Love, Life, and Laughter*, was to portray "pretty witty Nell." Well, that gave me a bit of a jolt in my solar plexus, because I didn't see how "ower Graacie" could ever be made up to look like the popular conception of "our Nellie."

She certainly has one essential qualification—a touch of the *gamin* which Nell also had; but everyone who thinks of Nell Gwyn conjures up a vision of a pretty, baby-faced, plump and kittenish, carrot-haired little hoyden with ringlets and dimples. And Gracie, whose success is attributable to her native wit, her charm, and her humanity rather than to her acting ability, would have to be not so much made-up as made-over to fit into a part like that.

Saved

However, it was next explained by the studio that this was a kind of modernised Nell Gwyn—"how would Nelly behave if she lived to-day" sort of thing—and only for one brief

episode, a semi-burlesque of the Charles II period, with John Loder as Charles himself, would Gracie actually impersonate "sweet Nell of Old Drury."

So all was well.

Now Nelly has broken out in a new place—to wit, in the British & Dominions studio at Boreham Wood.

Yes, you're quite right, these studios *do* adjoin the British International studios at Elstree; but B. & D. are quaintly averse from the idea of being in any way connected with B.I.P.—hence the insistence on Boreham Wood.

This time Nell Gwyn is Nell Gwyn and no nonsense or modernisation about it; but Nell Gwyn is also Anna Neagle, which raises another problem.

Inscrutable

Anna has always seemed to me the perfect type of a well-bred English young lady, with her emotions under control and her inhibitions sufficiently obvious for even a Harley Street psychologist to detect.

Now, Herbert Wilcox, in his inscrutable wisdom, has cast her as an ill-bred English young ragamuffin, with her emotions flying round loose and no inhibitions to speak of at all.

If she succeeds in this part (as I sincerely hope she will, for we need successful British pictures

more desperately now than ever we did) it will be a sheer triumph of acting ability for Anna.

If not, Herbert will not have "done right by Nell" or by Anna, either.

I shall await the finished picture with more than usual interest.

A touch of originality is introduced by not having Charles II played by Alan Jeayes, who has played the part so frequently that his face is more familiar to us than the portraits of Charles.

As recently as in *Colonel Blood* (one of the best historical films turned out in a British studio, and by far the best production of Sound City), Jeayes demonstrated that he not only looked like Charles (an important consideration to begin with), but had managed to get into the skin of that complex character.

Now we are to see the newly created theatrical knight, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, as Charles, which means that we have to accustom ourselves to a different conception of the part.

Also, we are to have a different Pepys and Mrs. Pepys (Esme Percy and Helena Pickard instead of Arthur Chesney and Stella Arbenina).

This reminds me of the time, not many years ago, when Sherlock Holmes was represented in three different films by three different actors, all totally dissimilar and all appearing about the same time.

Yes, My Lady!

By the way, Helena Pickard is Lady Hardwicke, but I haven't quite got used to calling her that yet. She is a clever actress who has been seen very little in films. However, I have an idea that that will soon be put right.

There are also Jeanne de Casalis (wife of Colin Clive) as the Duchess of Portsmouth, Dorothy Robinson as Mrs. Knipp, whoever she may be, Miles Malleon as Chiffinch (Keeper of the Backstairs), and Lawrence Anderson as the Duke of York.

Anderson is one of the handsomest men on the stage, but he, too, has not been seen much in films—at least recently.

It is claimed that "the film will deal with several new aspects of the life of Nell"; as the pretty witty orange-seller died nearly two and a half centuries ago, and has been the subject of innumerable books and

articles ever since, British & Dominions have set themselves a task to find new aspects.

At any rate, we are assured of a first-class production, for in these studios (where both *Private Life of Henry VIII* and *Catherine the Great* were produced) they spare no pains to get their pictures right. Certainly those two films were made by London Film Productions, not by B. & D., but the tradition and the general amenities of the studio are very important factors in their success.

Jane Pleases

By the way, Jack Raymond (whose last effort was the talkie version of *Sorrell and Son*) is in action again. This time he is directing a farce called *Girls Please* that will introduce John Tilley to the screen.

One of the girls who please is Jane Baxter. Good. She certainly pleased me very much in the recent production of *The Constant Nymph*. In fact, I thought her one of the highlights of a patchy picture.

Peter Gawthorne is here, too, and also Lena Halliday, whom I haven't seen for years. She used to play mothers-in-law with great effect, so I don't mind betting that's what she's doing now. It's very difficult to get rid of your label!

Down on the River

Betty Astell, who has all the qualifications of a first-rate comedienne when she is given a part that suits her, has left the rarified atmosphere of the Chiltern Hills, where she has been on contract to British Lion, and is now down at Teddington, playing opposite Jerry Verno in a new comedy called *The Life of the Party*.

There are one or two other people I know in this—Kenneth Kove, Vera Bogetti, and Hermione Hennen, who is the second of Nicholas Hennen's children to take to the films.

(Continued on page 32)





THICK, WAVY HAIR Follows NEW Vogue

"YOU'VE no idea how silky and gleamy it makes your hair," say fastidious girls. "And it takes such a little time," declare the busy ones.

This quick, new way of caring for the hair is taking women fairly by storm. A little 'Danderine' on the brush each time you arrange your hair, and oily film goes. The full, natural colour reappears. Your hair takes on new life and lustre!

'Danderine' dissolves dandruff. It works every time; and quickly. Scalp is cleansed, soothed, toned. Hair is encouraged to grow longer, thicker, more abundant. Dry hair and scalp is quickly corrected.

How marvellously 'Danderine' holds the hair in place. How much softer it makes the hair. How wavy, and lustrous! No wonder 'Danderine' is so popular with the smartest women!

Of Chemists and Stores, 1/3, 2/6, and 4/6.

'Danderine' The One Minute Hair Beautifier



EUCRYL LTD., Sept.'33
Southampton.

Dear Sirs,

I have been a dental nurse for 7½ years, and patients are always remarking about the whiteness of my teeth, and naturally ask how I keep them so white. I always use Eucryl.

I am enclosing my photograph, but prefer my name and address not to be mentioned.

Yours faithfully,
G.M.F.....

Certified as a true copy by
the Chairman of Eucryl, Ltd.



Hullo, Miss 1934!

WAITING FOR PRINCE CHARMING?

Beneath her blasé exterior every Miss Modern cherishes a secret dream of a Prince Charming. But in these days there is much competition for the title of *Princess Charming*, and unless she plays Fairy Godmother to herself, the plain girl is more than likely to hear the wedding bells ring for her pretty sister. A fresh, flawless skin, lovely hair, daintiness, and charm—cultivate these, Miss 1934, and one day your dream may come true.

THE GIFT OF A GOOD COMPLEXION.—Not every girl can boast the possession of perfectly regular features, but this is no reason why she should be classed as unattractive. Given a clear, unblemished skin, you are well on the way to beauty. Perhaps you complain that your skin is sallow and muddy? Then play Fairy Godmother to yourself and make yourself a gift of a brand new complexion. To do this, just get an ounce or two of Mercolized Wax from your chemist (this wax is only sold by registered chemists, so be on your guard against the many worthless imitations on the market), and apply this nightly. Gently and imperceptibly it will absorb that old, unlovely complexion, revealing in its place a youthful, peach-bloom skin. Keep your new complexion lovely by adopting the wax habit permanently.

HEADING FOR BEAUTY.—Well burnished, softly waved hair, gleaming with lights and shades, is not always a gift of Nature. It is more often attributed to a waving shampoo known as Stallax. Many of Europe's lovely Beauty Queens owe their beautiful hair to this shampoo. Just a teaspoonful of the little golden granules dissolved in a cup of hot water makes a shampoo which is ideal for setting permanently waved hair, coaxing natural curls to take on new beauty, and encouraging straight hair to develop a hint of wave. However neglected your hair may be, it will respond to this beauty treatment. Just try it.

GOOD GROOMING COUNTS.—Modern beauties realise that good grooming is all-important. They are scrupulously careful in dealing with that most disfiguring blemish, superfluous hair. No drastic depilatories, no fearsome razors for them! In place of these old-fashioned methods, they have adopted Sapolite, the safe hair eraser. Sapolite is simple, safe, and speedy in action—get half an ounce from your chemist to try. Mix a little to a smooth paste with cold water. Apply this to the unwanted hairs. As the paste dries, the hairs will shrivel away, leaving the skin velvet-smooth, unblemished. No matter how sensitive your skin may be, you can use Sapolite with perfect confidence to remove both facial and body growths.

IF YOU'RE RUN-DOWN, IS IT YOUR STOMACH?

Half the times you get run-down and out of sorts, lose all your energy and interest in life, it is really the fault of your stomach. If your digestion is out of order, how can your system get the nourishment it needs?

So, if you're not feeling well, try the effect of a few doses of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder, the wonderful formula for indigestion that Hospitals and Doctors all over the country are using even for serious disorders like gastric and duodenal ulcers. You will find it simply marvellous how quickly Macleans will regulate your digestion and how quickly you will find your health and looks improve.

Get a bottle of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder from your chemist to-day, but be sure to ask him for the genuine Maclean Brand Stomach Powder, with the signature "ALEX. C. MACLEAN." It is not sold loose, but only in 1/3, 2/-, and 5/- bottles in cartons, of Powder and Tablets.

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To women who covet the elegant, well-groomed appearance of costly Beauty Parlour treatments, Yardley offers a range of the finest quality preparations for a Beauty Treatment at home, which is simple and efficient.

First a cream: Yardley English Complexion Cream, three creams in one—at night for cleansing and nourishing, and by

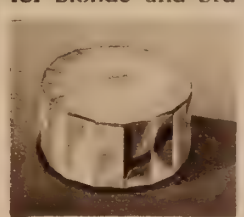


English Complexion Cream 2/6
Foundation Cream 2/-

day as powder foundation. It protects the skin and assists rouge and powder to adhere lastingly. It is ideal for dry skins, whilst for the 'not so dry' skin there is Yardley Foundation Cream. Next, Rouge... cream or dry.



Rouge Cream 2/-
Compact Rouge 1/6

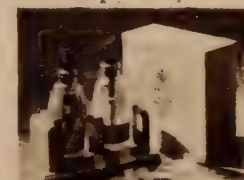


Powder 2/-

nette. Now that subtle artist the Powder.... Yardley 'Silver Box' Powder is so mistily fine; it clings without clogging and imparts a delicate, down-like bloom, perfectly shine-



Lipsticks, Propelling 2/-
Screw Action 3/-



Manicure 1/9 each, or
4/- stand complete

... issued in shades to match the rouges, and also in a new shade, 'Poppy', specially designed to blend with English Peach Powder.

Yardley Nail Enamel is made in two shades: a natural flesh pink and a deeper, ruby shade. Enamel and Rer over can be bought singly, or together.

OF ALL CHEMISTS, COIFFEURS AND STORES

YARDLEY
33 OLD BOND STREET



Rheumatism

and fat—banished by Kruschen

Here is a woman who not only prescribes Kruschen Salts for others, but uses it in her own home. If she confidently recommends Kruschen for rheumatism, it is because her husband, who is liable to attacks of acute rheumatism, has proved that Kruschen is the sure means of keeping the old trouble at bay. If she tells you that Kruschen will, beyond the shadow of a doubt, banish ugly, unhealthy fat, it is because she herself has had the satisfaction of watching Kruschen melt away 30 superfluous pounds. Read her interesting letter:

"My husband has been prone to acute rheumatism all his life. As soon as his eyes become the least bit bloodshot, I know iritis is the signal that he is in for an attack of rheumatism, so I immediately stop all meat eating and give a course of Kruschen Salts and this procedure has saved us scores of pounds in doctor's bills, loss of work, etc.

"Again, I have reduced a woman of sixty-five years of age who weighed 17 st. 2 lbs. to 11 st. 6 lbs. by the aid of Kruschen Salts. She could not walk, her legs were so swollen. By reducing the weight on her legs they soon became normal. I met her the other day, she had walked from home to the park, a distance of three miles.

"I also reduced myself from 11 st. 9 lbs. to 9 st. 7 lbs. by taking only a moderate course of Kruschen Salts. The only thing I cut out of my diet was cream."

Mrs. Jessie E. Forsyth.

The formula of Kruschen represents the ingredient salts of the mineral waters of those European Spas which have been used by generations of people for the relief of rheumatism and the reduction of weight.

Every chemist sells Kruschen in 6d., 1/- and 1/9 bottles. A 1/9 bottle lasts three months—a farthing a day for health and happiness.

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ALMOST magical is the added charm which comes to users of Iclima face powder—nine times sifted through silk, and perfumed with the flower-laden breath of Spring.

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For a complete Trial Beauty Outfit containing 2 boxes of Iclima Face Powder (Naturelle and Rachel), tubes of Iclima Vanishing, Flesh-Tinted, and Cold Creams, a full size 3d. Iclima Shampoo, and a full-size 3d. Iclima Hair Powder for dry shampoo, send 6d. in stamps to: Iclima, (Dept. 29H) 45, King's Road, London, N.W.1. Your envelope must be sealed and bear a 1½d. stamp. This offer does not apply to the Irish Free State.



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For cost of engraving only we will send you this genuine 12-ct. gold-filled RINGET RING, beautifully hand engraved with your own initial. Send P.O. for 1/3 and postage 1½d. Dainty TABLET RING set with fine quality semi-precious stones, Sapphire, Ruby, Emerald, or Carbon Diamonds. Send P.O. 1/8 and postage 1½d.

Every ring guaranteed for five years. Cash refunded if not perfectly satisfied. SONS & MAYER (Dept. P.C.S.), Est. 31 years.

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Est. 31 years.

ON THE BRITISH SETS—Cont.

Peter, the elder, a most promising young actor, fell a victim to a tragic mishap when he was playing in the British Lion studios in *The Water Gipsies*, catching pneumonia during production of an exterior scene, which proved fatal.

I am glad to welcome Hermione into Filmiland; if she has anything of the talent of her brother and her distinguished father, she should be a great asset to British production.

Gwenn Again

Verno himself is "the Life of the Party," and I can't imagine anyone better suited to the part. He's one of the most ebullient comedians I know.

At Beaconsfield, Aileen Marson, British Lion's new contract player, is being launched in *Passing Shadows*, directed by Leslie Hiscott, as most of the Beaconsfield films seem to be nowadays.

Edmund Gwenn, who lately took a rest from films extending to nearly three weeks, plays the lead in this, and the rest of the cast is exceptionally strong. Barry McKay has journeyed up from Shepherd's Bush (he has been playing the lead opposite Jessie Matthews in *Evergreen*), and we have also Viola Lyel, D. A. Clarke-Smith, Barbara Everest, Barry O'Neil, Wally Patch, and John Turnbull. So that's all right.

Art

There is a run on these "Elephant and Castle" titles for films just now. For instance, *Tangled Evidence*, with its peculiarly tangled plot, was finished at Twickenham last week, and was immediately followed by *Whispering Tongues*.

This is a kind of Raffles story; a young man turns crook to avenge himself on the people who have betrayed his father and brought about his suicide. Reginald Tate is the "hero." Judy Kelly is the heroine.

I am grateful to Twickenham for one thing—they have handed me the best smile I have had for some time by describing this film as a Real Art production.

I AM Surprised!

The Gainsborough studios at Islington are full of surprises this week.

The first one occurred to me when I leaned negligently against a pile of natural-coloured camel-hair rugs on the *Chu Chin Chow* set, and the whole pile lurched, tilted, scrambled to its feet, and stood looking round at me with the most offended expression I have ever seen on a film actor's face.

Of course, I might have known that the super-realism of these studios would oblige them to at least one real camel in an Arabian market-place scene—but he did look so like a pile of rugs from behind!

But he is not the only newcomer to the studios; the casting department plunged into the East End for types for this scene, among whom are scattered a few of the usual crowd-people made up for the occasion; and there is also Gertie, the Goat, who is making her first film appearance.

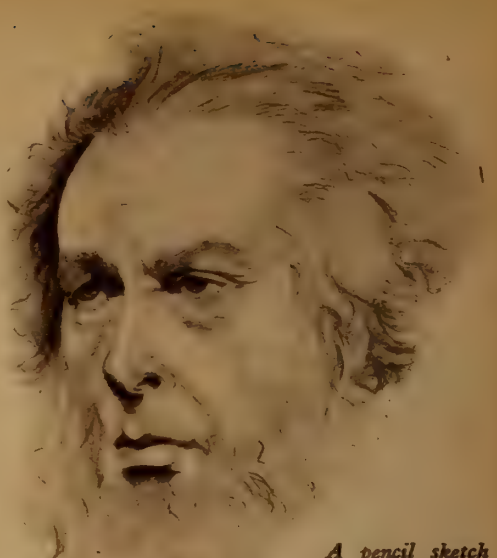
Gertie Expects—

That is to say, she will make her first film appearance as soon as a certain interesting event has taken place; at present she lies in a carefully screened-off corner of the studio, chewing the cud and contemplating the mad business of film-production.

By the time you read this, Gertie and her progeny should be all ready to take up their responsibilities to the British screen public.

Another surprise (to me) was Fritz Kortner, who is playing "Chu Chin Chow from China" himself. Somehow I expected something more of the Spreading Chestnut Tree type, as I had only envisaged Oscar Asche in the part. Kortner is large, but not enormous; facially he is a little reminiscent of Wallace Beery.

I watched him do a scene in which he bribes the cobbler, Baba Mustafa, to take him to the house where he has had the somewhat unusual job of sewing up a corpse. It was good; both he and Frank Cochrane, who plays the cobbler, are accomplished actors, and the incident had just the right amount of "menace" without being overdone.



A pencil sketch of the new stage knight, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, in character. He carries his well deserved honour with dignity.

Veterans

Cochrane is one of the few members of the original cast who are playing in the film; another is Sydney Fairbrother, as Mahbubah, and there are a few of the smaller-part people who have been brought in, more or less for the sentiment of the thing, very much as the same people are brought into *Peter Pan* year after year.

A Japanese actor, Kyoshi Takase (familiarily known as "Taxi") makes his reappearance in this film. It's amazing how people disappear from the studios . . . and then bob up when you least expect them.

Two of the most important members of the cast are George Robey and Anna May Wong. Neither was at the studio when I turned up there this week, but I hope to encounter them on my next visit.

There is this to be said about Robey—that he is always there when he is wanted. Indeed, it is his proud boast—and a very honourable one—that in more than forty years on the stage he has never failed to appear when billed.

His two hobbies are keeping himself fit (for work) and making violins; I hope they are as well strung and tuneful as he still is.

Who Are They?

Jew Süß, with a cast almost as long as *Who's Who in Filmiland*, continues to hold the floor at Shepherd's Bush. It must be admitted, however, that the cast-list is swollen by names that mean precious little to me—such as E. A. Hill-Mitchelson, Woolf Silverberg, Gwen Clifford, and Selma vaz Dias. Maybe some of you radio fans or cabaret habitués can enlighten me.

However, I have just discovered that "Mrs. Knipp" is the seventeenth-century actress whom I have always known as "Mrs. Knep." So perhaps I have met all these other good people under different names. One never knows.

NEXT WEEK

The specially enlarged number of "The Picturegoer" will contain fashion articles of the utmost interest to our women readers. A notable feature is a profusely illustrated article on Jean Harlow's trousseau, and the early spring fashions are foreshadowed. Place your order early to avoid disappointment.

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Witching waves and captivating curls... set while you sleep... at a cost so small you hardly notice it! "Wave-Set" your hair at night, and the waves your mirror shows you in the morning are waves a "professional" would be proud of. Simply a little AMAMI "Wave-Set"... a few pats and pinches... a tight cap while you sleep... and your coiffure will be the envy of every girl who doesn't know your secret.
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Messrs. Lesourd Pivert, perfumers of Paris, through their London factory, make this remarkable offer to those who have not yet tried their famous products. After sixty years' experience and success, it is their privilege now to offer to everybody their high-quality beauty aids at the most popular prices.

MAKE "MY SECRET" YOUR SECRET OF BEAUTY AND LOVELINESS

Here is the wonderful offer—1/- FREE bottle of Perfume, large-size box of Matt Powder, and Permanent Lipstick in dainty nicked case. The complete set for only 1/6.

ALWAYS USE "MY SECRET"

Powder (light or dark Rachel, natural, flesh, suntan), Lipsticks (orange, light, medium, dark), Rouge, Eye Cosmetic, etc., at 6d. and 1/- Perfume: 1/-, 2/6, and 5/-.

(Obtainable through Boots, Chemists and most stores, hairdressers, etc., or send postal order to Lesourd Pivert (Dept. D.), Park Crescent, Clapham, S.W.4.

Cleopatra at the bath

SINCE the world began the bath has been one of the most important stages of the feminine toilette. To her bath, Cleopatra undoubtedly owed much of her famous beauty, which captured the heart of handsome Anthony.

The precious herbs and costly cosmetics of Ancient Egypt made Cleopatra's bath a complete beauty treatment... to-day the modern woman may have a bath just as beautifying, a bath that is super-charged with oxygen, that clears and tones up the skin, that revives every weary nerve and muscle.

So simple too! Just crumble a Reudel Bath Cube in the water... your bath is made fragrant as a flower garden, luxuriously soft and impregnated with beautifying oxygen. The oxygenated water makes skin soft and velvety—it holds soap and dirt in solution so that they cannot wash back into the pores. Thus you get new vitality, new grace, new loveliness.

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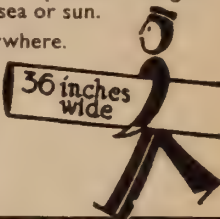
SILKY, FADELESS ECONOMICAL

SPARVA, the silky but sturdy fabric, is ideal for pretty, practical clothes for mothers and children. 100 smart plain colours and numerous printed designs. Fast in wash or light, sea or sun.

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Write for shade card and name of nearest retailer to "SPARVA," 74, "Sparva" House, York Street, Manchester.



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QUICKLY and EASILY



The Lady Jayne CURL-CLIP

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'Biocel' is the amazing discovery of Prof. Dr. Stejskal, of the University of Vienna. Extracted from the skin of carefully selected young animals, 'Biocel' is the precious natural element in the skin which keeps it young. 'Biocel' is combined with nourishing ingredients in Tokalon Skinfood according to the exact formula of Prof. Dr. Stejskal. In

official tests at the University of Vienna, wrinkles on women of 60 years of age disappeared after six weeks' use. Tokalon Biocel Skinfood rejuvenates the skin; removes lines and wrinkles and tones up sagging facial muscles; makes sallow, faded complexions fresh and young again. Successful results guaranteed with Tokalon Skinfood or money refunded.

A full-sized tube of Biocel Skinfood will be given free to every purchaser of a 6d. box of Poudre Tokalon during the next few days. At all Chemists, Hairdressers and Stores.

GET YOURS TODAY
Before Your Dealer is Sold Out

OUTGROWING HER STRENGTH

The Girl Who Becomes Anæmic.

"She seems to be outgrowing her strength," remarked a mother anxiously about her sixteen-year-old daughter. It is just at this time, when the strength is sapped by too rapid growth, that there is danger of anæmia developing.

Usually the first signs to be noticed are peevishness, languor, headaches, and backaches. Neglected anæmia leads to decline, but if you see that your daughter's blood is enriched there need be no cause for anxiety. The finest blood tonic ever discovered is Dr. Williams' pink pills, and the pure rich blood created by these pills soon dispels all traces of anæmia.

Read what Miss N. Peake, of "The Plough," Cadsdean, Bucks, says:—"Last year I had to spend three months in hospital with anæmia. This year it came back again. One day I read about Dr. Williams' pink pills and decided to give them a trial. From the first box I began to improve; my appetite returned and the colour came back to my cheeks. I have had five boxes of the pills and my friends now say how well I look. Dr. Williams' pink pills saved me from having to go into hospital again."

The world-famous Dr. Williams' Brand Pink Pills can now be obtained from any chemist at 1s. 3d. a box (triple size 3s.). Get a box to-day.

FREE.—All mothers of growing girls should read the booklet, "Nature's Warnings," sent free to all who write to M.E. Dept., 36 Fitzroy Square, London, W.1.

What Do You Think? Letters from our Readers

Please MR. KORDA!

Storm of Protest Over "Scarlet Pimpernel" Casting

WHAT is all this nonsense about Charles Laughton as the 'Scarlet Pimpernel'? How utterly ridiculous.

"I have great admiration for Mr. Laughton's acting. His characterisations are wonderful. But where the resemblance to the famous 'Sir Percy'?

"He is talented, but he is certainly not romantic, and the 'Scarlet Pimpernel' is one of the most romantic heroes of fiction. The book describes him as tall, of slender, though powerful, build and remarkably agile.

"Not once is he referred to as being rotund. Indeed, I doubt if he would have had so many hairbreadth escapes, if he had been. His build alone would have betrayed him to his enemies.

"I fear this choice will cause a lot of controversy among admirers of the 'Pimpernel.'

"Not long ago, I read that Leslie Howard was to appear in this role, and I think the part is ideal for him. He fits the description so perfectly, in every way."—(Miss) C. Mundy, 3 Gough Road, Maiden Lane, Liverpool, 13, who is awarded the first prize of £1. 1s.

[The casting of Laughton as the Orczy hero, has brought a storm of protest to my mail bag. I can only pass this representative plea on to Mr. Alexander Korda.]



Alexander Korda

What is Wrong with the Kinema?

The question 'Are Kinemas losing some of their popularity?' raised by L. Rosslyn in THE PICTUREGOER WEEKLY, is one that needs following up. Mr. Rosslyn points out that the radio, stage, dancing and greyhound racing are giving the picture theatres serious competition.

"We have recently, certainly, seen a stage revival—both in regard to the legitimate drama and variety.

"But there is much room for improvement in the talkie programmes. What is lacking in the kinemas is all-round brightness and, above all, better music at first hand, not the mechanical or organ apology. The all-round brightness can be obtained by including more comedy and travel films.

"Scrap the kinema organs and bring back the orchestras. These need not necessarily be very large."—H. V. Fifoot, "Ingledene," Surrey Road South, Bournemouth, W.

[A great deal more imagination could certainly be used in showmanship at most kinemas outside the big centres. Orchestras will never return unless the public makes a very strong move for their reinstatement.]

Our "Award of Merit"

It will be interesting to see the results of PICTUREGOER'S ballot to decide the best performances of 1933. There is, I suggest, a much greater appreciation of genuine acting in this country than in America, and the actor and actress who top the poll will have to have done something big.

"If one may judge from the results of similar contests run in America, sheer merit rarely decides the issue. The personal popularity of a star evidently blinds the U.S. public to glaring technical deficiencies, with the result that girls such as Joan Crawford are held to be better

performers than the less glamorous Helen Hayes and Barbara Stanwyck.

"As America is the chief market for Hollywood's films, this enthusiasm for sensational personalities rather than for sound technique, may explain the poor level of acting in so many pictures. We must do our best to redress the balance between genius and glamour."—L. E. Holland, Clifford House, Boundary Road, Worthing, Sussex, who is awarded the second prize of 10/6.

[PICTUREGOER'S faith in the judgment of its readers is expressed in the form of the Award of Merit. Have you recorded your vote, by the way?]

Miss Humphries Again

Miss Humphries' statement that the screen has been the greatest factor in the education of the woman of to-day is so manifestly absurd that it cannot be allowed to pass unchallenged.

"The modern girl's head is a garden of mental weeds which have sprouted and flourished under the artificial sunrises of the kinema.

"It has killed her individuality, undermined her intelligence, and given her an entirely misleading and superficial view of fundamentals.

"It fills her head with notions of luxury far beyond her station, discourages serious effort, substitutes affectation for sang-froid, and gives her an approach to marriage or a career which is as shallow as it is pathetic.

"Miss Humphries is right when she describes the kinema as the finishing school of the modern girl. It finishes her all right! (Mr.) William Burgess, 33 North Drive, St. Annes-on-Sea, Lancs.

"Typing" Joan Blondell

As one of Joan Blondell's countless admirers, may I voice a protest against the type to which, of late, she has been assigned?

"In my opinion, Miss Blondell's talent and personality are absolutely thrown away on such films as *Good-bye Again*, *Havana Widows*, and *Convention City*, and I think even her most ardent fan will agree with me that she was wrongly cast in that otherwise fine film, *Gold-diggers of 1933*.

"She is definitely not the type for such films as these.

"Miss Blondell is a popular actress, but I fear she will lose some of that well-merited popularity if Warner Bros. persist in typifying her as a perpetual 'gold-digger.'

"She is seen to far better advantage in her former successes—*The Famous Ferguson Case*, *Three on a Match*, and last, *Blondie Johnson*.—L. J. Layberry, Peas Potage, Crawley, Sussex.

[As a fellow Blondell fan, I agree that Joan is in danger of becoming typed as a boudoir bandit.]

Marlene's Eyebrows

Why do producers forget or omit small effects. For instance, in the opening scenes of *The Song of Songs*, Marlene Dietrich appears dressed as a peasant girl, and yet it is immediately noticeable that she has this terrible modern idea of plucking the eyebrows to form, or give the illusion of, well-formed eyes.

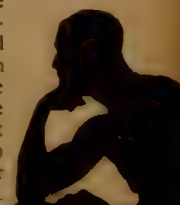
W. G. Wright, 311 Waterloo Buildings, Wilmot Street, London, E.2.

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£1. 1s. and 10s. 6d. will be paid for the two most interesting, and 5s. for all other letters published each week. Letters should be written on one side of the paper only and should not exceed 150 words. Address to "Thinker," The "Picturegoer Weekly," Long Acre, W.C.2.





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LA REINE DES CRÈMES

"George" and "Anne" are
your enquiry departments. The
former will be happy to answer
any query regarding films, the
latter anything connected with
household or beauty hints. Write
to them both c/o THE PICTUREGOER WEEKLY. When a reply
by post is desired a stamped, ad-
dressed envelope must be enclosed.

E. M. (Old Kent Road, S.E.17), CONSTANT
READER (Leeds), and TWO IVOR NOVELLO
FANS (Wolverhampton).—Ivor Novello was
born on January 15, 1893, at Cardiff. Real
name, Ivor Davies. Black hair, brown eyes,
5 ft. 11 in. tall; educated Magdalen College
School, Oxford. Pictures include *The Call
of the Flesh*, *The White Rose*, *The Triumph
of the Rat*, *Downhill*, *The Romantic Prince*,
The Constant Nymph, *The Return of the Rat*,
The South Sea Bubble, *A Symphony in Two
Flats*, *The Lodger*, *Love and Let Love*, and
Sleeping Car. A letter addressed to him
c/o this magazine will be forwarded im-
mediately upon receipt. (2) Write to George
Raft c/o Paramount-Publix Studios, Holly-
wood, California. He celebrates his birthday
on September 27; 5 ft. 10 in. tall, black hair,
brown eyes; unmarried. (3) Mrs. Carl
Brisson is not a film star. (4) *Two Hearts
in Exile* will be generally released on April 9,
1934. (5) Your requests have been handed
to the Editor. (6) You can obtain photo-
graphs of Ivor Novello, Carl Brisson and
George Raft from the Picture Postcard
Salon, 85 Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

INTERESTED (Coventry).—General release
dates as follows: (1) See above. (2) *I'm No
Angel*—April 16, 1934. (3) *The Invisible
Man*—May 23, 1934. (4) *Three-Cornered
Moon*—March 19, 1934.

D. F. (Leeds).—(1) Write to Buster
Crabbe c/o Paramount-Publix Studios,
Hollywood, California. Crabbe is of Cali-
fornian birth. He is married to Virginia
Held. (2) Frances Dee works at the Fox
Studios, Movietone City, Westwood, Cali-
fornia.

TROUBLED SCHOOLGIRL (Swanley Junc-
tion).—Gracie Fields was born at Rochdale
on January 9, 1898; 5 ft. 7 in. tall; auburn
hair; hazel eyes; married to Archie Pitt
Address her c/o A.R.P. Studios, Ealing
Green, London, W.5, or care of this office.
Films include: *Sally in Our Alley*, *Locking
on the Bright Side* and *This Week of Grace*.

Jo (Wandsworth).—A centre spread of the
film *Little Women* appeared in the January 13,
1934, issue of this magazine. *Little Women*
will be generally released on May 14, 1934.

FILM STRUCK (Notts).—(1) Herewith the
cast of *The Kid from Spain*: Eddie—Eddie
Cantor; Rosalie—Lyda Roberti; Ricardo—
Robert Young; Anita—Ruth Hall; Pancho—
John Miljan; Alonzo Gomez—Noah Beery;
Pedro—J. Carrol Nash; Crawford—Robert
Emmet O'Connor; Jose—Stanley Fields;
Gonzales—Paul Porcasi; Dalmores—Julian
Rivero; Martha Oliver—Theresa Maxwell
Concver; Dean—Walter Walker; Red—Ben
Hendricks, jun.; Sidney Franklin—Sidney
Franklin; Chief Dancer—Grace Poggi. (2)
Jan Kiepura is not married. Write to him
c/o Universal Studios, Universal City,
California.

REX AND JACK (Chappell).—You will be
able to get all the information you require
from the following cast of *That's My Boy*:
Tommy—Richard Cromwell; Dorothy—
Dorothy Jordan; Mom—Mae Marsh; Pop—
Arthur Stone; Adams—Douglas Dum-
brille; Uncle Louie—Lucien Littlefield;
Al Williams—Leon Waycott; Pinkie—
Russell Saunders; Carl—Sumner Getchel;
Mayor—Otis Harlan; Hap—Dutch Hen-
drian; First Student—Elbridge Anderson;
Second Student—Crilly Butler; Tommy (as
boy)—Douglas Haig. Thank you for your
good wishes.

FILM-STRUCK FANNY (Leicester).—(1) Jean
Harlow was 23 on March 3; 5 ft. 2½ in. tall;
platinum-blond hair; blue-green eyes. (2)
Clark Gable was 33 on February 1; 6 ft. 1 in.
tall; brown hair; grey eyes. Ronald Colman
was 43 on February 9; 6 ft. tall; black hair;
brown eyes.

CURIOUS (Rugby).—(1) A picture of Binnie
Barnes appears on this page with a list of her
films in the caption. (2) Joan Blondell's
films include: *Illicit*, *The Office Wife*, *Night
Nurse*, *Enemies of the Public*, *My Past*,
Blonde Crazy, *Larceny Lane*, *Gentleman for a
Day*, *The Famous Ferguson Case*, *The Crowd
Roars*, *The Greeks had a Word for Them*,
Make Me a Star, *Miss Pinkerton*, *The Lawyer
Man*, *Big City*, *Blues*, *Central Park*, *Blondie
Johnson*, *Footlight Parade*, *Havana Widows*,
Convention City and *Hell's Bells*. (3) The
cast of *To-Morrow at Seven*: Neil Broderick—
Chester Morris; Martha—Winters;
Vivienne Osborne; Clancy—Frank McHugh;
Dugan—Allen Jenkins; Drake—Henry

Let GEORGE

Stephenson; Winters—Grant Mitchell;
Simons—Charles Middleton; Marsden—
Oscar Apfel; Mrs. Quincy—Virginia Howell;
Henderson—Cornelius Keefe; Coroner—
Edward Le Saint; Pompey—Gus Robinson.

R. G. (Streatham).—(1) June Clyde plays
the role of Frank McHugh's wife in *Hold Me
Tight*. (2) The cast of *Whoopie*: Henry
William—Eddie Cantor; Sally Morgan—
Eleanor Hunt; Warden—Paul Gregory;
Sheriff Bob Wells—John Rutherford; Mary
Custer—Ethel Shutta; Jerome Underwood—
Spencer Charters; Black Eagle—Chief
Caupolican; Chester Underwood—Albert
Hackett; Andy McNabb—Will H. Philbrick;
Judd Morgan—Walter Law; Harriett Under-
wood—Marilyn Morgan.

E. V. M. K. (Chiswick).—(1) I regret I
have not heard anything more about Lupe
Velez's pet dog. (2) Johnny Weissmuller
has just finished making *Tarzan and His
Mate*.

PUZZLED (Lytham St. Annes).—If you
care to send a second letter to Anne Grey
and to Frank Lawton you can address them
c/o this magazine and they will be forwarded
to them immediately upon receipt.

A. J. H. (Burnley).—I am sorry I am not
in a position to reply to the first half of your
letter. Herewith the cast of *I Was a Spy*:
Martha Cnockhaert—Madeleine Carroll;
Stephan—Herbert Marshall; The Com-
mandant—Conrad Veidt; The Doctor—
Gerald du Maurier; The Burgomaster—
Edmund Gwenn; Cnockhaert—Donald Cal-
throp; Canteen Ma—Eva Moore; Scottie—
Nigel Bruce; Madame Cnockhaert—May
Agate; Aunt Lucille—Martita Hunt; Captain
Reichmann—George Merritt; Otto—
Anthony Bushell.

LADDIE (Portsmouth).—(1) Jean Parker
was the girl who took the part of "Eloise"
in *The Secret of Madame Blanche*. She was
born at Deer Lodge, Montana, on August 11
eighteen years ago. Pictures include:
Divorce in the Family, *Rasputin the Mad
Monk*, *Strange Rhapsody*, *What Price Inno-
cence?*, *Lady for a Day* and *Little Women*.
(2) *High Stakes* is Mae Murray's first talkie.

INQUIRER (Newcastle-on-Tyne).—Service
is an American film made in Hollywood. The
cast included: Benton—Lionel Barrymore;
Gabriel Service—Lewis Stone; Isobel—
Benita Hume; Caroline—Elizabeth Allan;
Michael—Phillips Holmes; Geoffrey—Colin
Clive; Birkenshaw—Alex B. Francis; Mrs.
Benton—Doris Lloyd; Felton—Halliwell
Hobbes; Willie—Douglas Walton; Elsie—
Viva Tattersall; Bendicott—Lawrence Grant;
Tressitt—George K. Arthur; Burton—
Charles Irwin; Barker—Billy Bevan.

AN INTERESTED READER.—*The Constant
Nymph* is Victoria Hopper's first film. She is
a British actress.

M.M.S. (Newcastle on Tyne).—(1) Lewis
Stone was born on November 15, 1879.
Phillips Holmes is not his son. He has two
daughters. (2) Phillips Holmes is the son
of Taylor Holmes, an American stage actor
(3) Sylvia Sydney's latest film is *Good Dame*,
in which she appears opposite Fredric March.

F. A. (Sheffield).—Lee Tracy is not
married. He was born on April 14, 1898,
at Atlanta, U.S.A.; 5 ft. 10 in. tall, fair hair,
blue eyes. Address, c/o Metro-Goldwyn-
Mayer Studios, Culver City, California.
Pictures include *Big Time*, *On the Level*, *Born
Reckless*, *Up the River*, *Quick Millions*, *She
Got What She Wanted*, *Blessed Event*, *Night
Mayor*, *The Strange Love of Molly Lamson*,
Phantom Fame, *Doctor X*, *Love is a Racket*,
Hard to Handle, *Private Jones*, *Turn Back
the Clock*, *Advice to the Lovelorn*, and *Blonde
Bombshell*. You are no trouble.

G. S. (Berks).—Write to Mary Carlisle
c/o Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver
City, California. The postage for a letter to
Hollywood is 1½d. for the first ounce. Some
of the stars do charge for signed photographs,
but I regret I do not know which artistes do.

TERRY (Bracknell).—(1) Madeleine Carroll
was born on February 26, 1906, at West
Bromwich; 5 ft. 5 in. tall, blonde hair, blue
eyes. Father an Irishman and mother a
Frenchwoman. M.A. of Birmingham.
Married Captain Phillip Astley in 1931. At
present in Hollywood. Films include *Guns
of Loos*, *What Money Can Buy*, *The First
Born*, *Atlantic*, *The American Prisoner*,
Young Woodley, *Kissing Cup's Race*, *The
W Plan*, *Escape*, *The School for Scandal*,
French Leave, *Madame Guillotine*, *Fascina-
tion*, *The Written Law*, *Love and Let Love*, and
I Was a Spy. (2) Diana Wynyard is twenty-
five this year. She is a Londoner and her
real christian name is Dorothy. Pictures
include *Rasputin*, *the Mad Monk*, *Remains in
Vienna*, *Cavalcade*, *Men Must Fight*, *Declasse*.
(3) Yes, you can obtain picture post cards
of these two stars from The PICTUREGOER
Post Card Salon, 85 Long Acre, London,
W.C.2.

DO IT!

D. W. (St. Anne).—(1) Regis Toomey was born on August 13, 1902, at Pittsburg; 5 ft. 9 in. tall, grey-green eyes, light brown hair. Pictures include *Alibi*, *Rich People*, *Delusion*, *Crazy That Way*, *Good Intentions*, *Light of the Western Stars*, *Street of Chance*, *Framed*, *The Steel Highway*, *Shopworn*, *Midnight Patrol*, *Whirl of Life*, *Finger Points*, *Finn and Hattie*, *Scandal Street*, *Kick In*, *Murder by the Clock*, *Graft*, *Twenty-four Hours*, *Playing the Game*, *They Never Come Back*, *Whirlwind Wilson*, and *Laughing at Life*. Address him c/o Universal Studios, Universal City, California. (2) Herewith the cast of *Men Must Fight*: Laura—Diana Wynyard; Edward—Seward—Lewis Stone; Bob—Seward—Phillips Holmes; Maman—Seward—May Robson; Peggy—Ruth Selwyn; Geoffrey—Robert Young; Albert—Robert Greig; Mrs. Chase—Hedda Hopper; Steve—Donald—Dillaway; Evelyn—Mary Carlisle; Soto—Luis Alberni.

KAY (Liverpool 8).—Address Janet Gaynor c/o Fox Studios, Movietone City, Westwood, California. I cannot guarantee that Janet will reply to you personally; just imagine all the letters she would have to write if she answered all her fan mail herself. However, it will get her signature. A letter would take approximately ten days to reach Hollywood and another ten days for the reply to get to you. There may be some small charge for a photograph.

GOLDBLOCKS (Derby).—Jack Holt was born on May 31, 1888, at Winchester, Virginia; 6 ft. tall, brown hair and eyes. Married, and has three children. Pictures include *The Woman Thou Gavest Me*, *North of the Rio Grande*, *Avantage*, *The Water Hole*, *The Lone Wolf*, *The Vanishing Pioneer*, *Sunset Pass*, *Flight*, *Submarine*, *Father and Son*, *The Last Parade*, *Vengeance*, *Border Legion*, *Hell's Island*, *Squealer*, *Dirigible*, *Subway Express*, *White Shoulders*, *Fifty Fathoms Deep*, *A Dangerous Affair*, *Makers of Men*, *Behind the Mask*, *This Sporting Age*, *War Correspondent*, *Plain-clothes Man*, *Pole*, *Forgotten Man*, *Tampico*, *The Wrecker*, and *Master of Men*. Write to him c/o Columbia Studios, 1,438 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.

DREAMY (Essex).—(1) Both Nils Asther and Paul Lukas are featured players. (2) The role of the American adviser to General Yen, in *The Bitter Tea of General Yen*, was played by Walter Connolly. (3) Nils Asther took the part of the grown-up Kit in the silent version of *Sorrell and Son*. (4) A letter addressed to Nils Asther c/o Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, California, should reach him safely. (5) Herewith the cast of *The King of Kings*: Jesus—H. B. Warner; Mary—Dorothy Cumming; Peter—Ernest Torrence; Judas—Joseph Schildkraut; Matthew—Robert Edeson; Thomas—Sidney D'Albrook; Mary Magdalene—Jacqueline Logan; Caiaphas—Rudolph Schildkraut; Pharisee—Sam DeGrasse; Pontius Pilate—Victor Varconi; Simon of Cyrene—William Boyd; Mark—M. Moore; Martha—Julia Faye; Lazarus—Kenneth Thomson; Satan—Alan Brooks. (6) Yes, Nils Asther is included in the list of picture post cards.

BINNIE'S FAN (Hampstead).—(1) Your request is at the top of the page with particulars. (2) Addresses as follows: Robert Donat and Merle Oberon, c/o London Film Productions, Ltd., 22 Grosvenor Street, London, W.1; Anna Neagle, c/o British International Studios, Boreham Wood, Elstree, Herts; Norma Shearer, c/o Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, California. (3) The role of Katherine Parr, Henry's last wife, in *The Private Life of Henry VIII*, was played by Evelyn Gregg, and the part of Thomas Peynell, Anne of Cleve's lover, in the same film, by John Loder. Thank you for your good wishes.

REGULAR READER (Camberwell).—Sylvia Beecher played opposite Maurice Chevalier in *Innocents of Paris*.

FLOSSIE (Battersea).—(1) Donald Cook celebrates his birthday on September 26, and he comes from Portland, Oregon. He is divorced from his wife. Latest pictures are *Brief Moment*, *Fog*, *Fury of the Jungle*, and *The World Changes*. Write to him c/o Columbia Studios, 1,438 Gower Street, Hollywood, California. (2) Frank Albertson was twenty-five on February 9 last; unmarried. Address him c/o Fox Studios, Movietone City, Westwood, California. (3) J. Farrell MacDonald was born in 1875. (4) Frank Lawton will be thirty on September 30 next; unmarried. Address him c/o Gramont-British Studios, Lime Grove, Shepherds Bush, London, W.12. (5) Paul Muni was born on September 22, 1897, in Vienna. His real name is Muni Weissenfreund; married to Bella Finkle. Write to him c/o Warner Brothers Studios, Burbank, California.

D. G. (Rickmansworth).—Conrad Veidt, appeared in the German version of *Rasputin* in the title role. It is one of the finest performances of the year and affords an interesting contrast to Lionel Barrymore's interpretation of the "Mad Monk."



Binnie Barnes was born on March 25, 1908, in Kent; 5 ft. 5 in. tall, dark hair and eyes. Married Samuel Joseph. Pictures include "Love Lies," "Partners, Please," "Toreadors Don't Care," "The Last Coupon," "His Night Out," "Counsel's Opinion," "Heads We Go," "The Silver Spoon," "The Lady is Willing," "The Private Life of Henry VIII." Address her c/o London Film Productions, Ltd., 22 Grosvenor Street, London, W.1.

O. P. (York).—Lilian Harvey was born at Muwewell Hill, London, in 1907. Her latest film is *I Am Suzanne*, in which she has a chance to dance. She was originally a danseuse.

FRENCH FAN (Kensington).—The new French film, at the Rialto, London, is *La Rue Sans Nom*. It is fully reviewed in this issue. It was directed by Pierre Chenal.

L. G. (Glasgow).—The *Student Prince* was made as a silent film, starring Ramon Novarro and Norma Shearer. It has not been produced as a talkie. I agree with you that a revival of it would be welcome.

CURIOUS (Bristol).—The story of *The Late Christopher Bean* was adapted from the stage play which, in turn, came from the French version, *Prenez garde à la Peinture*.

NEXT WEEK

Fashions have a way nowadays of following the film. Next week "Picturegoer" has pleasure in presenting the latest thing in the world of chic. In an enlarged forty-eight-page paper, articles concerning fashion's foibles will be a prominent feature, but there are a host of other intriguing articles, and an early order to your news-agent would be advisable if you do not want to be disappointed.



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Lew Ayres

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Constance Cummings
Marlene Dietrich
Roland Young

Tatiana Demt
Clark Gable
Henry Garat
Greta Garbo
John Gielgud
Mary Glynn
Lillian Harvey
Katharine Hepburn
Edward E. Horton
Jack Hulbert
Dorothy Hyson
Ursula Jeans
Ruby Keeler
Jan Kiepura
Ellen Landi
Ida Lupino
Francis Lederer
Fredric March
Herbert Marshall
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Leave IT to ANNE

WHATEVER your query, whether it belongs to the beauty or the domestic category, I am delighted to answer it. Please enclose a stamped addressed envelope for a postal reply. I can give you more space in a letter than can be spared in this column.



Florine McKimney, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer player, sprays a little perfume in her hair, rather than use it in the obvious ways.

SPRING sunshine shows up a lot of imperfections. It makes winter faces look just as *passee* as winter clothes. In short, it discovers the need for a spring clean.

There is nothing like a pack for cleansing the skin from winter grime, and tightening and toning up the muscles. It also restores the contour of the face. First of all the mask should be prepared.

Take some butter muslin or a piece of old linen and shape it roughly to the face. Cut out holes for the eyes and the mouth, and sew two pieces of tape to each end so that the mask may be tied behind the head. In cutting allow sufficient material to cover the neck. For, of course, you should treat your neck as well. At this time of year necks are apt to look very sallow and almost dirty after a winter of swathing in fur collars and scarves.

If you decide on a clay pack, you must buy the clay ready prepared from the chemist. Prepare the skin by sponging face and neck with warm water. Then pat dry with a soft towel. Spread the clay in an even layer over the face. Carry it well down under the chin and round the throat.

Put on the mask and allow the clay to dry slowly. Allow it to remain for half an hour after drying. Then remove by gentle sponging with a face cloth wrung out of warm water. Dry the skin, massage with your usual skin food or a good cold cream, and lastly apply a mild astringent lotion.

The skin will look considerably fairer and clearer after this treatment, and if a weekly mask is given for a few weeks, it will work wonders with a winter grimed complexion.

A Bleaching Pack

ANOTHER pack that will whiten a skin that has never really recovered from last summer's overdose of sun bathing is made from almond meal and peroxide of hydrogen. Make 2 oz. of almond meal into a thick paste with a mixture of 2 parts peroxide of hydrogen (10 vols), 1 part lemon juice, and 2 parts rosewater. Beat this with a wooden spoon till quite smooth. Then apply it as directed above, preparing the skin in the same way.

Wear the mask for at least half an hour.

Open pores trouble so many of my readers that I think I must give you all the recipe of a mask designed to close them. In this case fine oatmeal is used. Cook half a cupful of the meal thoroughly. Then stir into it 2 tablespoonfuls of milk and 1 tablespoonful of glycerine.

If the paste is still a little too thick to spread over the skin smoothly thin it down with rosewater till it is soft and workable.

Yet another pack will smooth out wrinkles as well as cleanse. This is made by mixing fine raw oatmeal with honey and white of egg. Beat the white stiffly, stir in a tablespoonful of honey, and then 2 tablespoonfuls of oatmeal. Work in sufficient rosewater to make the mask soft and easy to spread.

Banishing Wrinkles

WHITE of egg is a strong astringent and may be used to banish wrinkles quickly. It is excellent for use on special occasions when you want to look your best. But, and here is a word of warning, it is too strong for general use.

Beat up the white of the egg and then apply it to the face with a camel hair brush. Allow it to dry. Give another application of the white. When this has dried, paint the skin over with the well beaten yolk of the egg.

After 20 minutes bathe off the egg with warm water and superfatted soap, dash some cold water over the face, pat dry, lightly massage with cream, and lastly apply extract of witch hazel mixed with half its quantity of rosewater.

Answers to Correspondents

M.C. (Hammersmith).—To cure the red shiny nose mix some ordinary Fuller's earth to a paste with milk. Spread over nose and leave till dry. Remove by dabbing with sponge and warm water. Then apply following lotion with pad of cotton wool. To 4 oz. rosewater add a few drops at a time, and beating after every two or three drops, two drops simple tincture of benzoin.

CURIO MARI.—Place a small dot of rose-coloured cream at the inner corner of each eye to make it appear larger. Clear whites come only with very good health. Improve your general condition and they will cease to look a "dirty white."

SNUBNOSE (Leeds).—See your doctor: Facial moles are not suitable for home treatment.

ANXIOUS ANNE.—Summer freckles will yield to a bleaching lotion to be bought from any chemist. "Permanent" freckles are irremovable. Dab the plucked eyebrows with extract of witch hazel.

WORRIED GIRL.—Eat plenty of fruit containing Vitamin C. Drink plenty of cold water between meals, and on rising sip a glass of warm water to which a few drops of lemon juice have been added. Be careful to remove all make-up from your face before retiring. Thoroughly cleanse the face with a mixture of soft soap and fine oatmeal in equal parts. Rub this well into the blackheads. Steaming the face first helps. Close the pores with an astringent lotion such as extract of witch hazel mixed with half quantity of orange flower water.

BETTY (Romford).—To cure the red nose avoid all extremes of heat and cold. Avoid indigestible foods. Rub in a little zinc ointment every night. Also use it as a base for powder.

M.M. (Sidcup).—Never tamper with a mole. Serious trouble may result if you do. Some moles are suitable for removal by modern treatment, but only your doctor can pronounce on the point. If the mole can be removed he will introduce you to a surgeon.

S. P. H. (Southampton).—After the bride has cut the cake and the toasts have been proposed and the responses made, she leaves the reception to change her dress and prepare for going away. When she has changed into her going-away dress, she appears again and says good-bye.

YOUNG DEL (Hackney).—Dab the open pores with extract of witch hazel and the cold sores with Calamine lotion.

GRETA (Morecambe).—The toilet department of any of the large London stores will be able to supply you with your needs.

REGULAR READER (Totnes).—You omitted to tell me the colour of hair and eyes, so I cannot advise you about your make-up.

DULCIE (Greenwich).—You cannot increase your height. Try massage with a reducing cream and douche with cold water to tighten up the muscles.

MARY (Wandsworth).—The redness of your hands is probably due to the first warmth that presages Spring. Do not dispense with your gloves with which you have carefully guarded your hands all through the winter too early—for there is still a steely touch in the air even on a mild day. To avoid the roughness you mention rub in Glymied Jelly before you go out; it will keep your hands smooth and white. Another great asset is that it is neither sticky nor greasy.

K. R. G. (Liverpool).—The birthday stone for March is a bloodstone. You can obtain a ring with your stone in it from Sims and Mayer (Dept. 418-422), Strand, London, W.C.2, for 1s. 6d., postage 1½d.

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JEAN HARLOW'S TROUSSEAU PAGE 21

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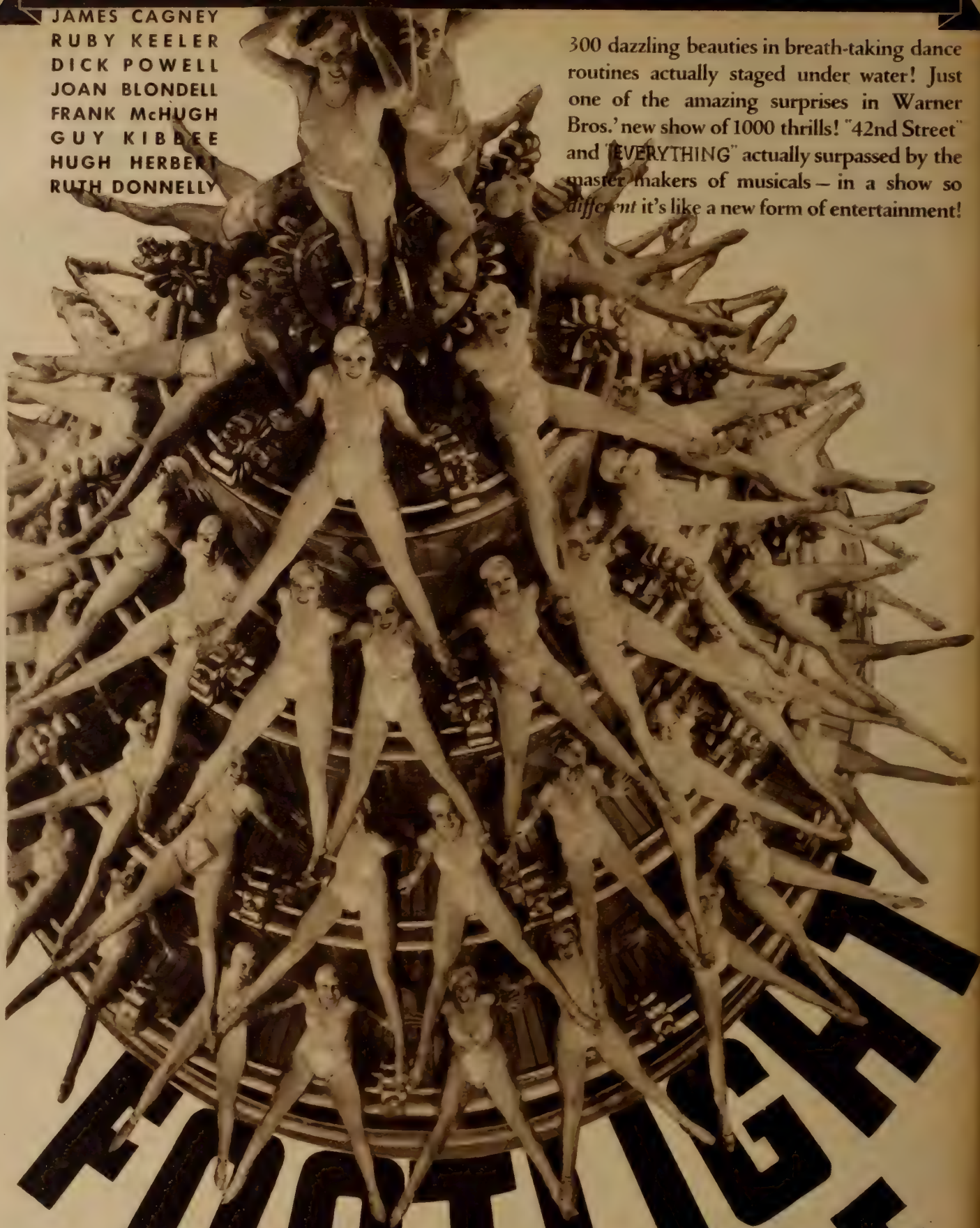
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JANET GAYNOR MUST GROW UP

"No Longer to be a Cinderella"
—Shearer Not to Join Queen Cycle
—Edna Best Comes Back—Talkie
Teams Re-united—Why Marie
Dressler Was Annoyed—Cleaning
up the Musicals.

AND now we are to have a new Janet Gaynor. According to a declaration of policy by Mr. Winfield Sheehan, mogul-in-chief at Movietone City, the "world's sweetheart" is no longer to be a Cinderella.

"We don't want childish Cinderella stories," he declared to the assembled Fox executives. "Neither do we want wholly sophisticated ones."

"We want her to play in slightly more mature characterisations, but always in situations where the world is primarily against her and where the audience will want to come right up and help her."

I do not know if the announcement was greeted with three hearty cheers, but if it was not I should like to rectify the omission at once.

A New Will Rogers, Too

Also pleasing is the adoption of a similarly definite policy for the exploitation of Will Rogers.

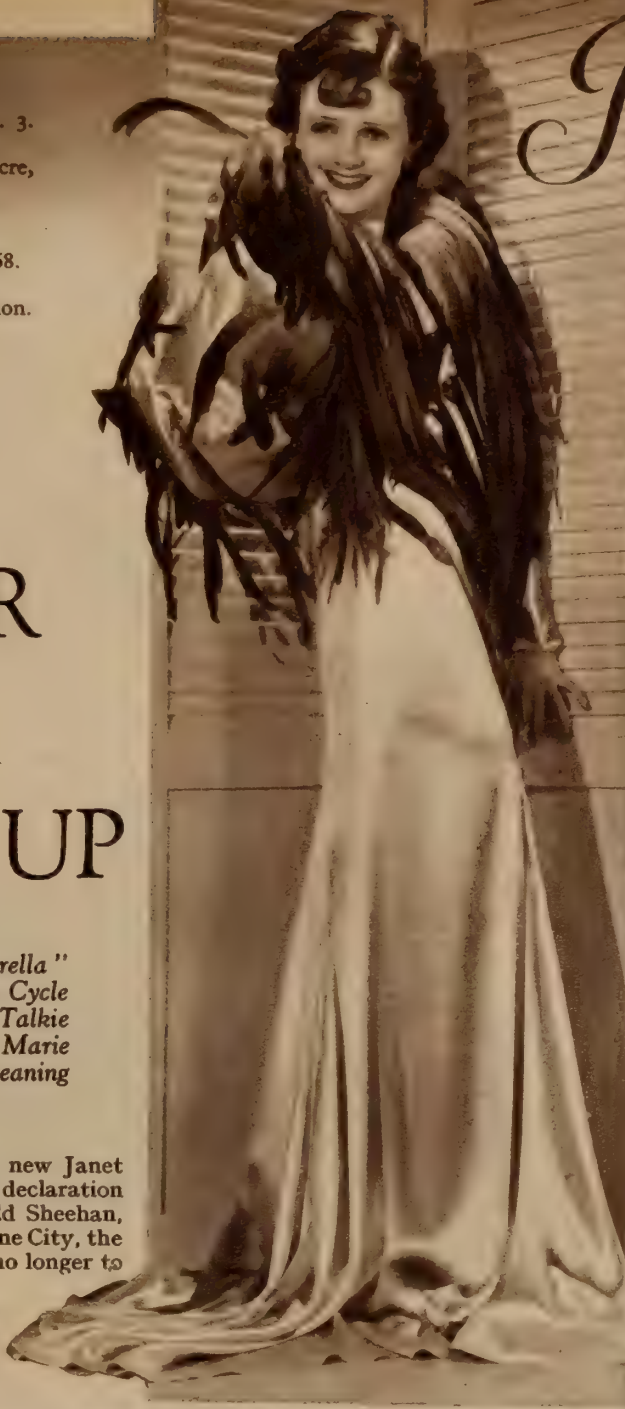
With one or two distinguished exceptions, such as *State Fair*, the American star's pictures have, for the most part, been eight reels of excellent philosophy and wise-cracks, but little else.

Now the studio which pays him £4,000 a week, has decided that that has gone on long enough and is searching for real stories and characterisations for him.

Another "New" Valentino!

Requirements for the studio for their other headline players are also listed.

Lilian Harvey is to be given comedy and stories permitting her to dance; Warner Baxter is to be provided with more important vehicles; Spencer Tracy is to be fed on strong rôles, and Charles



Shimmering grey satin and grey and black vulture feathers are combined in this alluring negligée worn by Pert Kelton in Radio's "So You Won't Sing, Eh!" It sets off to advantage her Titian hair and rich colouring.

Boyer," romantic European yarns of the Valentino type."

Mr. Sheehan also declares against costume pictures and pronounces that his organisation will make very few.

Norma Not to "Go Royal"

Coming on top of this, I am wondering if it is significant that M.-G.-M. has "temporarily" shelved *Marie Antoinette*.

The studio got caught in the last big film boom, and for years it was dangerous to mention the word "musical" in the neighbourhood of Culver City.

Is the studio waiting to see how the historical cycle will last?

Norma Shearer is to be switched right away into *The Barretts of Wimpole Street* which, after months of heated wrangling between the rival factions on the lot, has finally been awarded to her.

Production will start as soon as *Rip Tide*, now known as *Lady Mary's Lover*, is completed.

Edna Best Returns

British filmgoers will be particularly pleased to hear that Edna Best, who for the past year or so has been content to let husband Herbert

Picturegoer

The SCREEN NEWS
Magazine de Luxe

Marshall win the family's film honours, is coming back to the screen.

Edna is to do a picture in Hollywood—*The Key* for Warners.

It was originally, I believe, a rôle intended for Ruth Chatterton.

Miss Best's come-back has, incidentally, provided something of a problem for Richard Barthelmess. The British star is occupying his studio dressing-room suite while he is between pictures.

His dressing-rooms are strictly masculine in decoration and he wondered how he could "dainty" them up for the Best tenancy.

After a lot of heavy thought, he compromised by removing some very tired-looking tennis balls and locking up some old hats in a spare cupboard. Edna will have to do her own "feminising."

"Cavalcade" Team Again

Another important casting announcement of the week is that Diana Wynyard and Clive Brook are to be "teamed" again for the first time since *Cavalcade*.

They are to appear in a film version of *The Dover Road*, one of A. A. Milne's most successful plays.

Other players already cast are Billie Burke, Alan Mowbray, and Reginald Sheffield.

Both Miss Wynyard and Mr. Brook are at the moment well in the running for the PICTUREGOER Gold Medals for the best performances of 1933.

Readers who have not yet cast their votes should write their selections on a postcard and address it "Award of Merit," PICTUREGOER WEEKLY, 93 Long Acre, W.C.2.

Marie Dressler Annoyed

Is Marie Dressler British? The point is raised by the fact that her American citizenship has been questioned by inclusion in a list of "alien" artistes submitted to the committee that is considering the proposed new legislation to bar American studios to "foreign" talent.

Here is what Marie herself has to say about it: "I have resided in the United States ever since I came from Canada fifty-five years ago. I married an American thirty-five years ago and that gave me citizenship. I have been an American since." If the subject was brought up again, she declared in a final broadside, she might "run down to Washington and tell 'em a few things, too."

Reunion Week

Now that *Living in a Big Way* is on the shelf again, Marie is to be reunited with Polly Moran in *Coming Round the Mountain*.

The picture is scheduled to start any day now. In the meanwhile, Jean Harlow and Clark Gable will be seen together again in *China Seas*. Yet another popular Culver City combination is brought together again in *Treasure Island*, in which Jackie Cooper and Wallace Beery make the reunion week complete.

I hope, incidentally, that young Master Cooper's version of the Stevenson classic will be more successful than its Jackie Coogan predecessor.

More Hollywood Stories

Hollywood continues to be the background for film stories. One studio has had 365 *Nights in Hollywood*, by Jimmie Starr, a film colony newspaperman on the stocks for some time, and now it is scheduled for early production.

Universal is to give us *Weather Permitting*, as far as I know, the first screen story devoted to the life of the film extra.

(Continued on page 7)



MADELEINE CARROLL

One of the first Hollywood studies of Mrs. Phillip Astley—Madeleine Carroll to you—who is in America to play in the Fox production, "The World Moves On." Madeleine was born at West Bromwich on February 26, 1906. She was a French mistress at a Hove school but success in amateur acting decided her to take up the stage as a career. She has fair hair, blue eyes, is an M.A., and the daughter of a French mother and Irish father.

(Continued from page 5)

And the film world is waiting with interest and some trepidation the production of *By Your Leave*, a stage play which satirises the trial separations of movie stars.

Irene Dunne, one of Hollywood's model wives, has the leading feminine rôle.

Wholesale Horror Stars

The film public cannot be so easily frightened as it used to be. At any rate, the Universal studio has had recourse to teaming those two eminent professors of the macabre, Messrs. Boris Karloff and Bela Lugosi, in one picture.

The horrific combination of *Frankenstein* and *Dracula* has been brought together to provide bigger and better thrills for the filmisation of Edgar Allan Poe's *The Black Cat*, one of that author's best-known short stories.

Edgar Allmer is the director.

Kay Francis Does it Again

A little while ago I was lamenting here the Warner studio's apparent inability to develop a feminine star.

I have been wondering since if the case of Kay Francis is one of the reasons why.

I am not quite sure if Kay's main movie mission in life at the moment is an effort to make up for the slump in gangsters or the express bumping off of Ricardo Cortez. At any rate it is not likely to advance her popularity with the film public.

You may recall that she put a bullet through Mr. Cortez when his presence became inconvenient in *The House on Fifty-Sixth Street*.

Now again in *Mandalay* she pulls off one of the neatest little murders of the season and that gentleman is again on the receiving end. This time it is poison.

Even Kay Francis cannot make unjustifiable homicide a pleasurable or elevating spectacle.

Movie Masks

A note from the *Firebrand* set at Twentieth Century brings news of another technical innovation which seems likely to make life more difficult for filmgoers.

Some genius has invented perfect flesh-coloured rubber masks—so perfect, that when worn they move with the facial muscles and permit changes of expression.

In this case they will be worn by Fredric March and that prince of screen villains, Louis Calhern, who have some dual scenes in *Firebrand*.

The invention offers some intriguing possibilities, however. I shall look forward to seeing Wallace Beery doing his stuff in a Janet Gaynor mask or Janet Gaynor playing Cinderella in Wallace Beery's rugged features.

Where Do Our Baby Stars Go?

What happens to all the youngsters in British studios who are from time to time announced as "coming stars"? I don't know, because so very few of them ever arrive.

Their names are mentioned as "baby starlets"—and that is about all that happens. When the big rôles come along they are mostly given to stage or Hollywood invaders; some of the latter of whom have not been stars for years.

Our movie moguls might well consider whether the time has arrived for a definite training policy for their undeveloped acting talent.

Studio Stock Company

Hollywood's methods do not always commend themselves, but I heard recently of a Paramount experiment that seems to be on the right lines.

The studio is presenting their younger players in stock company productions before audiences of critics, film stars, directors, and studio executives.

The scheme it is considered will give the youngsters a chance to develop versatility.

In the first, *Double Door*, for instance, Ida Lupino plays the rôle of a fifty-five-year-old matron, while Gwenllian Gill, the young Edinburgh girl, will portray a fifty-year-old spinster.

Other pupils in the school include Buster Crabbe, Colin Tapley, and Eldred Tidbury.

Cleaning Up Musicals

Advance reports indicate that the current big picture purity push has resulted in a "cleaning up" of forthcoming musicals.

The chorus girls, who in recent song and dance shows have been establishing new limits of nudity, will be fully clothed.

In one picture which will shortly be shown here the Hays office intervened to dissuade the producer from carrying out the bright thought of hanging near-nude chorines from chandeliers!

In the meanwhile our own censor's contribution is the changing of the title of *Nana* to *Lady of the Boulevards*.

£60,000 for Wells Picture

London Films, I hear, are to spend £60,000, quite a lot for a British talkie, on *Whither Mankind*, it's H. G. Wells story of the future.

The famous author has completed his synopsis and is still immensely enthusiastic about the project.

The period of the film will, of course, be fifty years hence, and he has visualised strange cities, with giant buildings, and weird and wonderful machines—a robot age in which powerful monsters of iron and steel are held in leash at the end of a slender wire and released at the press of a button.

The Week's Best Wisecrack

Someone was congratulating Zeppo Marx upon the success of the brethren in *Duck Soup*.

"It's nothing," he replied. "Just a little thing we tossed off in six months."

Kinema Couplets

This week's half-guinea prize is awarded to Leslie Herbert, 87 Addenbrooke Street, Darlaston, South Staffs, for the following neat commentary on a current studio preoccupation:—

**The Blue Danube
Weary River**

Prizes of half a crown each are awarded to

W. E. Classey, 28 High Street, Colliers Wood, Merton, S.W.19, for:—

**Mickey's Nightmare
The Cat Creeps**

J. Hughes, 30 Bengel Street, Liverpool, 7, for this short, sad story, which acquires topicality in view of recent events in France:—

**X Marks the Spot
He Knew Too Much**

R. H. Pimm, 41 Pentney Road, Balham, S.W.12, for this interesting but perhaps dangerous theory:

**Radio Patrol
The Big Bluff**

And M. Smith, Davenham Lodge, Graham Road, Malvern, Worcs., for:—

**A Cure for Love
My Wife's Family**

There are no rules and regulations in the Kinema Couplets Competition, except that all attempts must be submitted on postcards and addressed to me, c/o PICTUREGOER WEEKLY, 93 Long Acre, W.C.2. Envelopes cannot be opened.

Short Shots

Lilian Harvey and her studio have settled their differences—Gloria Swanson's first comeback picture for M.-G.-M. will be *Three Weeks*—The title of *Miss Fane's Baby is Stolen* has been changed to *Kidnapped*—and that of *Fox Follies* to *Stand Up and Cheer*—David Selznick, the M.-G.-M. production chief, may come to England to look for players for *David Copperfield*—Leslie Howard has taken up amateur cinematography and is making an American travelogue—*The Private Life of Henry VIII* is included in the ten most profitable pictures shown in America last year—Jimmy Durante has written two songs for his new picture, *Strictly Dynamite*—Gregory Ratoff is to appear in *Forbidden Territory*, a British film of life in Russia—Jack Hulbert has been learning to ride for his part in *The Camels Are Coming*—Lew Ayres has the lead in *Canal Boy*—Ramon Novarro states that the play he is writing for his London theatre season will be a tragedy.

MALCOLM D. PHILLIPS



Do you recognise the lady with Herbert Mundin in this scene from "Ever Since Eve"? Yes, you're right, it's our old friend Betty Blythe.

The FILM CRITIC of A.D. 1984 LOOKS BACK

by Stuart JACKSON

HOW will the talkies of 1934, and the Garbos and Wests be regarded 50 years hence? Our contributor tries to supply the answer in this fascinating article

IN this year of grace and kinematic enlightenment, A.D. 1984, it is interesting to look back over the past fifty years of progress at the curious conditions which prevailed in, say, the year 1934.

Kinematic changes have been revolutionary in that time; more so than the "revolution" which is said to have shaken the industry with the introduction of what were somewhat crudely known as "talkies," in that distant date, 1928.

Pre-eminent, of course, has been the perfection of tele-films, which altered the outlook of the kinema in a way undreamed of by those early pioneers who were experimenting as far back as 1933 behind closed doors in Hollywood, the major centre of film production at that time.

But kinema theatres themselves have changed greatly, too, both from the architectural and decorative standpoint and in the facilities offered. In the kinematic departments of the museums there are old prints in existence which show large crowds lined up outside the kinemas of the time.

It appears that audiences would stand for several hours at a stretch, in all kinds of weather conditions, for the purpose of seeing some specially attractive "picture." They seem to have suffered this without much marked complaint, and kinema managements considered that such a spectacle was indicative of "big business." The elemental fact that such weary preludes must have militated against the complete enjoyment of the ultimate entertainment seems to have escaped notice.

Kinema queues in 1984 would be regarded as a curiosity, and it is certain that the officials of the Pedestrians' Safety Board would quickly take action against such congestion. It is true that steps were taken in those early days to provide such amenities as cafés, lounges and small rest-rooms, but the theatre of 1984 would have been considered a dream of Babylonian proportions.

The kinema which combined the amenities of a vast social club for filmgoers with all facilities for shopping and the pursuit of a prolific assortment of interests would have been colossal to the mind of 1934. It seems that the kinema of that day, more or less lavish though it might be in its own circumscribed way, was just a place where "pictures" were shown, and little more.

The gigantic plan which led to the co-ordination of kinemagoers' interests throughout the country had yet to be put into operation. The tremendous "chain" circuit which, in conjunction with the all-powerful Kine League, secured a monopoly by building huge kineclubs where, for a nominal subscription, the atmosphere of the kinema and everything relative to it was available at any time, was viewed as a staggering piece of enterprise.

The year 1984 takes its kineclub as a matter of course. The queue would be considered an anomaly in an age when members of the Kine League enter the auditorium at leisure after passing the time of waiting in pleasure, either in

the reading lounges, the restaurants, the roof gardens, the swimming-pools, the ballroom or in the attractive shops built within the towering walls.

Another anomaly of the early 'thirties was the distribution of "talkies" in tin cans at dates long after the film had been produced, so that those enthusiasts who were not numbered among the favoured few privileged to see "pre-releases" would invariably have to put up with what was, in effect, "stale" entertainment.

Protest left its mark on the trade to the extent that "release dates" were moved forward. Thus the provincial and suburban kinemagoer was given the opportunity of seeing a new film within three months of its actual production, as compared with the wait of nearly a year which had been tolerated previously.

But with the advent and subsequent perfection of the tele-kine, the system of screening a film even three months "stale" (except for educational purposes) completely disappeared. So did the practice of "distributing" films from town to town in tin cans by train and by road.

The *première* of a film in London shared a simultaneous *première* with Manchester, Liverpool, Birmingham, Newcastle, Glasgow, Leeds and other big cities—the latest tele-film being radiated from a "key" centre under the control of one of the important tele-kine combines.

One of the most striking curiosities of the 'thirties was the "star system," concerning which, according to old newspapers and magazines in our museums, a good deal of ink was spilt. Under this system, it seems that some of these "stars" could assume a virtual dictatorship to the companies who employed them.

Judging from the records, the actress known as Greta Garbo—whose legend has survived to this day in an industry where memory is so short—was the "star" who featured most in this respect. Many old records refer to her habit of remarking "I t'ink I go 'ome" (she was of Swedish origin) whenever matters were not going precisely to her liking.

This actress created a fad for being "Sphinx-like," which meant that the less she said the more was she put into print. This practice apparently paid so well that a number of upstart actresses endeavoured to imitate her. What is more astonishing is that, in the vernacular of the time, they were allowed to "get away with it," but

they flourished on synthetic success for just a year or so, and then withered like the mushrooms they were.

The film executives of 1984 must certainly be astonished that though their predecessors paid the price they seemed hesitant to call the tune.

Another curious feature of the screen of those days was the preoccupation with what was then known as "sex appeal." It appears that this



The flagrant perversings and blatant back-chat of Mae West will seem incredible to the "fan" of fifty years on.

Left: There will be no kinema queues in the television-equipped age of 1984.

Below: Will the legend of the Garbo survive? The author thinks it will.

term was so freely flung around in the industry that it came to be looked upon as something that could be sold in chunks, like any commercial commodity.

More and more "stars" were incited to be the exponents of "sex appeal," until all sense of proportion was lost, and it was considered essential to the success of a "picture." It seems that "sex appeal" came to be synonymous with the more sordid side of sex, and though it must have been obvious to more far-seeing minds that satiation point must inevitably be reached, large numbers of these films continued to be produced, irrespective of the financial falling off which ultimately came in their train.

To such an extent did this craze go that, in the general confusion, there followed a glorification of the vulgar which would be repellent to the kinematic mind of 1984, attuned, as it now is, to the mental and emotional harmonies of more subtle entertainment.

The flagrant posturings and blatant back-chat of a large woman known as Mae West would seem incredible as "entertainment" in the eyes of the Kine League, that vast organisation of kinemagoers which now determines the type of entertainment with which it shall be provided. A celluloid record of this Miss West is preserved as a curiosity in the trade museums. It is a remarkable commentary on a confused age in the history of the kinema—confused, too, because it was blind to evidence when any critic dared to suggest that all was not well within its fold.

"Sex appeal" now, of course, is subservient to the story, instead of the story being subservient to "sex appeal," but it is remarkable to reflect that this loss of proportion might have involved the industry in calamity and crash.

For one thing, it made for a "sameness" in entertainment that, sooner or later, was bound to bring boredom to audiences desiring variety. But a more serious consequence was the "loose" attitude which crept into films, double meanings and innuendoes that became more prolific as they got past the Nelson whose board controlled censorship.

It is true that these "loose" products of a self-contained community made money—but only for a time.

Unhappily, their "example" was so extensively imitated that it became the fashion to wink at screen products which should have been criticised in their true colours.

This state of affairs reached its climax about the year 1936-7, and then, a few of the film magnates looked forward and saw—obliteration.

Here they were with an industry still too much in its infancy to be an art, and becoming too artless to survive as an industry unless something were done to provide it with a real foundation.

So many "cycles" of films (the foolish practice of imitating *ad nauseum* one particular type that had proved a success) had been produced, so bankrupt of ideas had they become in consequence of suppressing originality, to such an extent had stories been "manufactured" instead of kinematic writers encouraged to provide sincere scripts—so much had this industry become like a snake about to swallow its own tail, that thought of the future of films threw these magnates into a panic.

They were men who had grown up in this industry and had learned to love it. They wanted to think that they had done their share in contributing to something that would survive.

They now saw that the whole business of film production, particularly since the advent of those "talkies," had been steering a course that was too much on the catchpenny principle.

In those years of crisis they saw that their industry stood sorely in need of stability. The audience who entered the kinemas to-day—what guarantee was there that they would be there to-morrow? Supposing some new attraction cropped up of an outstanding kind—something that would call for the real backbone of competition, prestige?

These men met in conclave and reviewed the entire position, for they now saw that only a policy of prestige would give the industry the stability it needed. For some time they had been told that they were underestimating the intelligence of those kinemagoers who saw their films, and now this fact could no longer be ignored.

Thus began the fight to put prestige into "pictures." It was a long fight, for they met with much opposition from those within their own camp who were not so far-seeing. But that they won through in the end is evinced by the prosperity

which is apparent in kinematic circles in the year of grace, 1984. Let us salute those "pioneers" of the new era!

NEXT WEEK

ANOTHER GREAT FREE GIFT

PICTUREGOER'S recent "Lady for a Day" Supplement has created a sensation in film journalism and has had an unprecedented welcome from the film public.

Next week comes the second of the Famous Films Supplements—"Christopher Bean," which co-stars Marie Dressler and Lionel Barrymore.

Do not miss this magnificent 16-page all photogravure supplement, free to every reader, in next week's issue.



Through Our LENS



Don't buy it, June Knight, in spite of the saleswoman's wiles! He is not likely to want to wear it and a tie wrongly chosen has been known to disrupt families, let alone friendships!

Muriel Evans, Marion Byron, Ruth Channing and Irene Hervey, M.-G.-M. "baby stars," are ready to challenge the world in any cooling contest since they appeared in the culinary "short" "Vital Victuals."

Henry Armetta, the Universal comedy star, takes a few lessons in dental paste advertising from his canine partner, a fine Alsatian, in "Full Average."



Above: Al Jolson and Ricardo Cortez get into a little "huddle" all their own during the making of "Wonder Bar." Left: William K. Howard directing Mary Carlisle and Lionel Barrymore in "This Side of Heaven." The cameraman is Hal Rosson.

WHY Film AUTHORS are NOT "STARS"

by Arthur WIMPERIS

ONE of the most distinguished scenarists in British films—who collaborated in the writing of the "books" of "The Private Life of Henry VIII" and "Catherine the Great"—answers a question raised by a recent "Picturegoer" contributor and reveals a little known side of the picture business

THE reasons why the writer of a successful film gets little or no publicity, as compared to his brethren of the stage play, are many.

To begin with, the stage playwright is, or should be, the "only begetter" of the play.

The man who "produces" it does so under the author's supervision and in accordance with the author's stage directions, as set forth in the script. The producer has his own ideas, of course, and, if he is worth his salt, they are all to the good of the production.

But they have to be submitted for the author's approval, and he is in a sense, the author's instrument.

In the case of the screen play, however, the position is reversed. The director, to use a colloquial phrase, is "the whole works," and the author, or authors, are cogs in a vast machine of which he is in sole control.

The director "sits in" at every story conference; the construction, rhythm, and dialogue, are all prepared under his eye. Necessarily so, since it must be through his eyes that the public eventually see the picture.

The screen author is, in fact, writing to order, though this does not necessarily mean that he is a "hack writer"!

Another fact to be taken into consideration is that in most cases he is not by any means the sole author of the film.

In my own case there are three of us in col-

Griffiths Jones
and Elizabeth
Bergner in
"Catherine the
Great."



laboration—first and foremost Alexander Korda (privately known as Alexander the cruel, owing to the merciless manner in which he dismisses our pet ideas!), who has forgotten more about story construction than most people ever knew.

Then Lajos Biro, famous Hungarian playwright, novelist, and publicist, who is architect in chief; last and not least, myself, who writes that brilliant dialogue, which you never hear because it gets cut out by A. the C., and contributes those witty scenes, which you never see for the same reason.

Not until the resulting shooting-script is, in the director's opinion, comparatively fool-proof, does the actual shooting begin.

Charles Laughton and Wendy Barrie in a scene
from "The Private Life of Henry VIII."



By that time many other expert forces, marshalled by the director, have done their part—designers of dresses, sets, and so forth—brilliant people some, with a positive genius for their job.

But the "play's the thing," and that is made or marred in the scenario department. Otherwise, to take a great liberty with Omar:—

The Movie finger writes: and having writ,
Moves on: Nor all your piety nor wit
Shall lure it back to cancel half a line,
Nor anyone make head or tail of it.

Writing for the screen differs in technique from writing for the stage, and unless you have mastered film technique, you must not complain if your story is handed over to another department to be expertly handled!

Dialogue must be short and to the point, though this does not imply that it need lose any of its subtlety, rather to the contrary.

Wit "comes over" on the screen as on the stage; the same line will raise a laugh on both.

But writing for the screen presents far more problems than writing for the stage. There is, in fact, a problem a minute, since no scene on the screen must be dull, and no scene should last longer than a minute. The average picture therefore, that lasts one and a half hours, presents ninety problems for the poor author! The slogan of the film is "speed" and every scene must be packed with action that is definitely progressive, so that the audience is never left with the irritating feeling that the story is "hanging fire."

On the stage, dialogue can sometimes supply the need of action, but on the screen never—dialogue can only be the complement of action.

Will film authors get more recognition in the future? Probably all they deserve! Certainly nothing like the kudos of the stage playwright. Because never, at their best, will they be more than efficient cogs in a machine controlled by the director.

Personally, I confess to hugging my chains as a galley-slave of Alexander the Cruel—but there are others!

PRE-VIEWS OF THE LATEST FILMS

"KONG" gets a COMEDY COMPLEX



Ramon Novarro and Jeanette MacDonald appear together for the first time in the screen version of "The Cat and the Fiddle."

RADIO have bravely labelled this film "A serio-comic phantasy," which to a great extent disarms criticism.

After all, under a label like that you can pack a good deal and get away with it.

This offspring of Kong is just as funny as the Old Man was fierce and in addition he has a touch of knight-errantry.

Our old friend Carl Denham has to leave New York because since King Kong ran wild, everybody appears to be claiming damages from him. To escape being sent to gaol he visits Captain Englehorn who still owns the "Venture," and who is also liable to be indicted.

They decide to leave New York and find what they can in any old corner of the world. In one of these they run across a travelling circus where the only worth while being is the proprietor's daughter Hilda.

Her father is killed in a drunken brawl by Helstrom, who in order to escape persuades Carl and Englehorn that there is a buried treasure on Kong's island.

Carl has refused to take Hilda on board, but she stows away. Just before they reach the island, Helstrom promotes a mutiny and Carl, Englehorn, Hilda and the Chinese cook are put over the side in a small boat. But the crew decide to have no boss, so Helstrom is also dropped.

The party find a landing-place and begin explor-

ing. Carl and Hilda discover a young edition of Kong, bogged in a swamp. They rescue him and Kong's son constitutes himself their guide and protector.

Then follow adventures fast and furious. Scraps with prehistoric animals, the finding of a treasure, sea monsters, and an earthquake, during which the island sinks to the bottom of the sea.

Carl is saved by young Kong who presumably dies in the process.

Helstrom is dead and the rest are picked up by a passing steamer. Naturally Carl and Hilda decide to pool their treasure and the future.

It is hardly fair to compare this film to *King Kong*. No effort was made to construct so ambitious a picture but there are some fine effects, and, if viewed in the right spirit, should provide good entertainment.

Robert Armstrong again plays the part of Carl and is very good. Hilda is played by Helen Mack and this young actress gives a performance that adds to her rapidly growing reputation.

Mention should be made of Frank Reicher, John Marston, and Victor Wong.—M. B. Y.

Bedside

I do not think I have ever seen Warren William to worse advantage than he appears here as a "fake" doctor who lives on his wits and personality and gets a qualified practitioner to attend to the real needs of his patients.

It is all patently artificial, and I can only imagine that Warren William felt it so, and failed even to express the irresistible appeal to woman which the character he represents is supposed to possess.

The picture, while singularly poor and unconvincing in plot, is interesting in that it introduces a potential new star in Jean Muir, who has the rôle of a nurse who loves the fake doctor, and for whose sake in the end—she is lying dying after a motor accident and he is unable and incapable of operating on her—he exposes himself so that a genuine medico can perform the operation.

She struck me as having distinct possibilities. She is natural and unaffected, good looking, without being "dolly" or stereotyped. The part she has here is negligible, but, properly handled, I feel she will go far.

There is also another newcomer in this picture, a girl whom M.-G.-M. kept on the stocks all the time Garbo was away as a possible successor to her throne, if necessary.

Her name is Kathryn Sergava, and she has the comparatively small part here of an actress whom the fake doctor nearly kills by performing a minor operation without knowledge or skill.

I do not think that Garbo need be unduly disturbed.

Good performances are given by David Landau as a disgraced doctor who passes his diploma on to Warren William and Allen Jenkins as a press agent who boosts the faker to social eminence.

I've Got Your Number

One of the brightest comedies I have seen for some time. It is ingenious in story, novel in setting, pack full of action, and contains more wisecracks to the foot than one would have thought possible; incidentally, the wisecracks are often "naughty" but, as the song has it, "nice."

There is a galaxy of talent in the acting line here, too. Let's look them over.

There is Pat O'Brien as Terry, an irrepressible amorously disposed telephone mechanic of the treat-'em-rough and leave-'em-early variety.

He gives a breezy performance, full of personality and pep. Of course, he has to fall in love and he does so—showing great discrimination—with Marie, a telephone operator, most appealingly played by Joan Blondell.

Trouble starts for them, however, when Marie gets used as a tool by a gang of crooks and is arrested by the police, but Terry soon puts that right by discovering the gang's whereabouts and finally beating them up.

Sounds a bit thin, you say? Maybe so in broad outline, but it's the detail work and ingeniously dovetailed situations which bolster up the main plot, which go to make the picture such first-rate entertainment.

Besides, meet these other characters: Allen Jenkins, playing Terry's mate, a pessimistic individual who views with disfavour his companion's way with the women; Eugene Pallette, as the supervisor of the telephone company's electrical engineers, who always has a down on Terry; Nickey, the smooth crook, played most convincingly by Gordon Westcott; and Bonnie, a fake spiritualist, amusingly rendered by Glenda Farrell.

The workings of a telephone intercommunication forms a convincing background for the story, and it is ingeniously introduced both to enable the crooks to do their job and for Terry to discover who they are.

Incidental situations show Terry at his work repairing lines and machines, and getting into thrilling as well as amorous situations.

For instance, he has to go and cut away a cable that is being endangered by a big fire.

This provides a real thrill and is excellently pictured. Again the fake spiritualist, Glenda Farrell, uses a hook-up with the telephone to get her "spirit voices," and there is a piece of fast and furious fooling when Terry is ordered to investigate the irregularity and clear up the line.

Ray Enright's direction is admirable for this fast-moving type of picture he has had to handle. I have only one complaint, and that is that the laughter occasioned by a situation or wisecrack is apt to swallow up the next—they follow in such quick succession.—L. C.

Mandalay

It is not a bit of use, you cannot get sympathy for a heroine who commits a cold-blooded murder—especially a murder which does not advance her cause one iota.

That's what they have made Kay Francis do—"murders" are becoming quite a habit with her these days—in *Mandalay*, and not all her charm nor all her acting ability can make the part either likeable or, indeed, very credible.

The victim in this case is Ricardo Cortez, who, by the way, must be getting as used to being murdered as Kay Francis is to being a murderer.

This picture, by the way, was originally intended as a vehicle for Ruth Chatterton, but she turned it down, and I think that Kay Francis would have been wise to have done the same.

The pity of it all is that the production generally is very good, and there are several well-handled dramatic situations; it is only about midway through that it starts becoming highly coloured hokum, and so detracts from your sympathy and interest in the characters.

The formula on which it is based is the familiar one of the girl who lives with a man who leaves her, starts to exploit men to her own advantage, and then—falls in love. Of course, her original lover comes back, and that is one of the main causes of the trouble; solved in this case by a neatly administered glass of poison.

The picture is set in the Far East—quite a convincing one for a change—and starts in Rangoon, where Ricardo Cortez, a gun-runner, decides to drop his mistress and leaves her flat in a night club of unsavoury moral character run by Warner Oland.

It is here that Kay Francis, in her character of Tanya, proceeds to fleece the men until finally,

Let our Film Critics
who really see the
pictures guide you

having made a pile by blackmailing a colonel, decides to travel to the cool hills of Mandalay.

On the river boat she meets a doctor whose chief occupation is getting drunk; he had performed an operation while under the influence of liquor and his patient had died, and he is trying to drown that memory by going to a black-fever belt which is virtual suicide.

Tanya pulls him together, and the pair fall in love.

At this critical juncture re-enter the gun-runner, who proceeds to try to win his mistress back. However, he learns the police are after him and stages a fake suicide by poison, leaving clues which make him look as if he had thrown himself overboard.

So the course of true love appears to be clear again for Tanya and the doctor, who decide to go together to the fever country as a sort of penance for their former sins.

Up pops the gun-runner again; he had been hiding in the engine-room, and this time there is no fake about his death. His former mistress puts poison in his whisky and, by a stroke of luck, in his struggles he pitches out of the porthole.

No suspicion thus attaches to the "heroine," who leaves the boat, head erect and triumphant with the doctor.

Ricardo Cortez is good as the gun-runner, but the part allows him few opportunities.

Kay Francis does her best to bring sympathy to the rôle of Tanya and in the opening appears to excellent advantage; all through, indeed, her acting is polished, but she cannot make the part wholly convincing.

One of the best pieces of acting comes from Warner Oland as the exotic cabaret proprietor. He gives a brilliant little character study.

Lyle Talbot is fair as the doctor, and some indifferent light relief comes from Lucien Littlefield and Ruth Donnelly.

The Eastern atmosphere is very good and extremely picturesque. Settings are excellent; indeed, the technical side of the production is the best thing about it.—L. C.

The Man Who Changed His Name

This Edgar Wallace story is quite a fair entertainment. Wallace knew how to build up a story to a climax and Henry Edwards who directed has maintained the suspense all the way through the film.

It would have been a first-rate picture had some of the acting been better. Leslie Perrins is not well cast in the part of Frank Ryan. He is unable to do full justice to it. It may have been due to under-rehearsal.

The same remark applies to Betty Stockfeld. I was disappointed with her. There are many opportunities in the part of Nita Clive for some really fine acting, but she does not get anything like the maximum out of it.

Picture a wife, Nita Clive, who is in love with another man, Frank Ryan, and who believes her husband, Selby Clive, to have been a notorious murderer. Ryan is merely making use of the wife in order to obtain some valuable concessions from Clive.

When Ryan and Nita discover that Selby is the man who changed his name they live in constant terror of being murdered.

This part of the picture has been well directed. Little incidents are made to appear (and rightly so) important links in the chain of evidence against the "villainous husband." This makes for a better climax and for a more exciting story.

Yet a little more subtlety in the acting—during the game of billiards for example—would have heightened the desired effect.

Nita discovers that Ryan cares for nobody but himself and somewhere in her (she might have indicated this better) is a streak of love for Selby, her husband.



Lyle Talbot is Kay Francis' leading man in the Far East-cum-murder picture "Mandalay."



Leslie Perrins, Lyn Harding, and Betty Stockfeld in a scene from the Edgar Wallace story "The Man Who Changed His Name."

The Cat And The Fiddle

There are many noteworthy points about the film version of this stage musical.

For the first time two of the screen's most romantic personalities, Ramon Novarro and Jeanette Macdonald, are teamed together. There are sequences in technicolour, and most enjoyable of all—to me at any rate—there is Charles Butterworth.

Forgive me if I forget this musical romance and its scintillating stars to dwell for a moment on this fine character actor. You have doubtless seen him in many films—*Accidents Wanted*, *Crooks in Clover*, *Love Me To-night*, *Manhattan Parade*, *Beauty and the Boss*—yet you would find it difficult to recall him. I challenge you to see *The Cat and the Fiddle* and forget Charles Butterworth.

From the moment he makes his appearance as a mourner at his uncle's funeral he is a joy. That delightful unforced humour is responsible for real laughter. To see him at the harp is a study in rare comedy. If he is under contract to M.-G.-M. may I suggest, or even plead that he be given due consideration in any picture in which he plays. To me he is funnier than the vast majority of alleged comedians.

And now to return to the film. Ramon and Jeanette make a good team. They are well cast for their parts as music students who are anxious to gain fame and fortune.

The setting is Brussels and Paris. Shirley (Jeanette Macdonald) arrives in Brussels to study at the Conservatoire. Riding to her lodgings in a cab she suddenly discovers Victor (Ramon Novarro) as a fellow passenger.

The acquaintance thus begun ripens into friendship and love. Shirley becomes famous with her song "The Night was Made for Love," and Victor is struggling with his operetta *The Cat and the Fiddle*.

The scene changes to Paris. Shirley now has luxury. She is pursued by Daudet the music publisher, who offers her everything, and is loved by and loves Victor.

Daudet engineers a separation between the lovers and the next time they meet is on the stage in the first performance of Victor's operetta. Both the principals have walked out on the eve of production and the two lovers take up the parts.

Naturally, everything ends "happy ever after." I was not particularly struck with the story. I think it could have been better, but there are compensations. There is Jerome Kern's music, there is Ramon and Jeanette, there is Jean Hersholt, Henry Armetta and Sterling Holloway (a tiny part, not mentioned on the programme) and there is Charles Butterworth. He alone is worth the price of admission.—M. B. Y.

NEXT WEEK

"CHRISTOPHER BEAN" SUPPLEMENT FREE

"Picturegoer" presents its readers with another magnificently produced free 16-page supplement with next week's issue.

This time the film is the widely popular "Christopher Bean," which co-stars Lionel Barrymore and Marie Dressler.

You cannot afford to miss this informative, brilliantly illustrated and comprehensive souvenir of one of the great films of the year.

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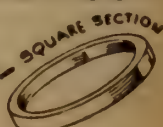
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An Open Letter to ANN HARDING

Dear Ann Harding:

MANY, many movie moons ago when *Paris Bound* first flickered across a screen in a preview theatre at that time still accustoming itself to sound, this department first fell in love with Ann Harding—kinematically, of course.

To some of us, still doubtful then about the permanence of the success of the new medium the arrival of an actress who brought to the screen a deep, pleasant voice that was not hard on ears shattered by previous early talkies, and an intelligence and intellectual inspiration almost unique in the genus film star of the silent era was as a bright shining ray of hope in the darkness.

I hurried away to look up the record of this new discovery.

I found that she came from Texas and that she was the daughter of an army officer. That a friendship with the daughter of Otis Skinner, the famous American actor, had secured for her first association with the theatre and her first training in elocution.

It was some years, though, before you could realise your ambition to go on the stage. Next to the theatre you always had aspirations for a business career and your first job was as a stenographer in the offices of a New York insurance company. Your salary, you have told us, was £2 10s. a week. It did not take you long to realise that your career lay before the footlights and you made a modest start with the Provincetown Players.

You thought you could "carry a spear or a flag or something," and the manager who thought he knew a good looking blonde when he saw one told you to report for rehearsals next day.

A few months later you were terribly thrilled when your salary was raised to the princely sum of £7 a week. I believe you get £20,000 a picture now.

Your first big hit in the "big town" was in *Tarnish*, but it was some time later that *The Woman Disputed* definitely established you as one of Broadway's leading actresses.

It was the need for a holiday that took you to Pasadena and led to your more or less accidental entry into movies. When a newspaper happened to mention that "Ann Harding, the famous stage star," was "on vacation," so near to the studios you were inundated with offers. Your test was a success and the result was *Paris Bound*—which brings us back to where we started this letter.

From the time that I first had occasion to take the trouble of looking up the record of Ann

Harding I have followed her career with the greatest possible interest.

And in many ways, I must confess, the study has not been without its disappointments for the ardent Harding fan.

There have been too many indifferent pictures saved by the personality and skill of Ann Harding, and too few offering her worthwhile "vehicles" for her art.

When you come to think of it there has since *Holiday* been only one really good Harding picture—please don't misunderstand me, by a "really good picture," I mean one that was not solely dependent on the rescue work of the star—and that, of course, was *The Woman in His House*, one of the few really intelligent talkies yet made.

Naturally, you are in no way to blame for the quality of the majority of your pictures.

You have, incidentally, I see, pioneered "studio vacations" for stars, just as some years ago you originated the innovation of "stage holidays."

In your present contract you insisted on the inclusion of a clause permitting you to make one picture away from your home studio, and to be able to make your own choice for that picture.

Most people will agree with you that the idea is a sound one even if we may not be unanimous in approval of your choice of *Gallant Lady* as your first selection.

Nevertheless there is a tradition of sameness growing up about Ann Harding pictures. I

Malcolm D. Phillips warns one of his favourite stars that she is in danger of becoming too closely with Hollywood's more "wordy" works.

might, indeed, go so far as to suggest that there is a danger of your name becoming too closely associated with a type of pseudo-intellectual Hollywood hokum of which, I think, *Westward Passage*, *When Ladies Meet*, and *Double Harness* are fair examples.

I have already spoken of the charm of your speaking voice, but do you think it is wise to become so prominently identified with "wordy" talkies? It has become almost a certainty now that Ann Harding's name on a cinema marquee will mean an evening of "smart" dialogue. It is a tribute to you that we still find your rescue act irresistible.

I can appreciate your difficulties and those of your studio. Stories like *Holiday* and *The Woman in His House* are not easy to come by. And, in any case, there is no telling what a story that may look reasonably interesting and intelligent when you read the script will look like by the time it is produced and a director, a corps of executive yes men and a supervisor or two have had a go at it.

There is a legend that you were so disappointed with *Prestige* when you saw it on the screen that you offered to buy the film from your studio to prevent it being exhibited.

If the story is true, I don't blame you. Perhaps you will find the solution in the arrangement by which you will choose your outside films.

You have, I know, recently expressed the opinion that you consider the matter of a story more important than salary.

"It gives a player a chance," you add, "to test his or her own ability as a story judge. When you are under exclusive contract to one studio there may be grounds for differing with your producers on the story they select for you."

"But where a contract permits you to make your own deal you stand or fall by your judgment. Such an arrangement also gives you a change of studio environment which is stimulating. When a painter takes a vacation he carries along a palette and brushes and sketches new scenes. Changing your studio occasionally is similarly a sort of working vacation."

I hope and believe that the arrangement will give us some pictures really worthy of Ann Harding's talents. At any rate, although one could have wished for something less conventional than your first attempt *Gallant Lady*, I have faith that you will stand and not fall by your judgment.

In the meanwhile we are looking forward to seeing you in the three-colour world outside, which should further associate the name of Ann Harding with the making of screen history.

NEXT WEEK

DOUG JR. HITS BACK

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., can "take it"—and he can "dish it out."

Next week he makes a vigorous reply to Malcolm D. Phillips' recent Open Letter criticisms of him.



LOOK at your fingers
and think of your throat



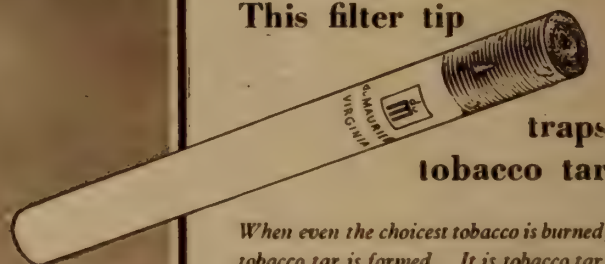
The cause of that stain is the cause of your cough—*tobacco tar!* Protect your fingers and you protect your throat. The filter tip of a du Maurier traps tobacco tar—traps the one cause of burning, of dryness and of hoarseness. You enjoy the true Virginia flavour—cool and full and fragrant. *Nicotine, the charmer . . yes. Rich, round flavour . . yes.* But a stain for your fingers, an irritant for your sensitive throat—*definitely no.*

Have you tasted rare Virginia as it really should be—*free from tobacco tar?*

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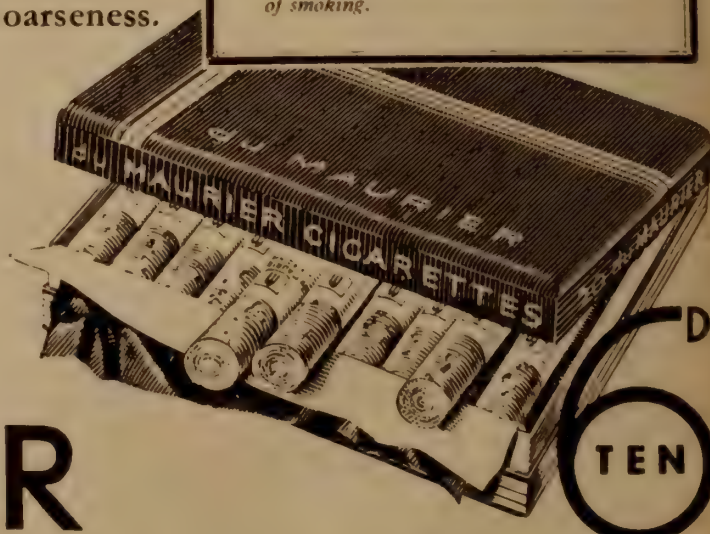


traps
tobacco tar

When even the choicest tobacco is burned, tobacco tar is formed. It is tobacco tar, not nicotine, which stains the fingers and irritates the throat.

Nicotine is colourless, volatile, non-irritant—but tobacco tar is dark brown, semi-solid, hot and acrid.

The filter tip is so constructed that it traps tobacco tar and other irritants, and so increases the pleasure and charm of smoking.



TEN

Phil Lonergan Sends It Hot From Hollywood

MAE WEST'S NEW LEADING MAN

George Raft for "It's No Sin"—Garbo's Plans—Cagney at War Again—Why Ginger is Changing her Name—Man who has Bossed 100,000 Girls.

MAE WEST tells me that she has finished writing her next original story—*It's No Sin*—and that a vastly different type of leading man is to play opposite her.

This new leading man is George Raft!

According to Miss West, Raft has the looks of Valentino, the grace of Anton Dolin and the brains of six Hollywood leading men—he is also "tall, dark and handsome."

Raft, incidentally, is the only member of the cast so far chosen for *It's No Sin*.

After Miss West had stated that she could not resist George Raft for this film, the sensational star added a few other things which are always irresistible to her.

These include: tall, dark, handsome men; handsome men; men; diamonds; calling policemen by their first name; writing her stories and film scenarios in bed; fur coats; food and more food!

It is interesting to recall, incidentally, that Mae West's first screen role was a "bit" in George Raft's *Night After Night*.

Garbo's Future

The film city is particularly interested in the reports from London of Prince Sigvard of Sweden's romance.

There have been persistent rumours here for some time that Greta Garbo was negotiating with the Prince to become a picture producer in Sweden.

In the meanwhile, further excitement has been caused over the Hollywood tea-tables as a result of the fact that Rouben Mamoulian's father is quoted as saying that the director will marry the Swedish star.

Jimmy Isn't "Mortified"

Jimmy Durante, by the way, scored the hit of the evening at the elaborate Hollywood preview of *Queen Christina* at the famous Chinese Theatre.

"You are probably wondering why I am here after reading all that stuff about Garbo and Mamoulian," he declared when asked to make a speech. "Well, it isn't true."

Somebody should introduce Jimmy to Greta some time.

Cagney's Billing

James Cagney, whose one-man revolt some time ago was an international sensation, has, it is reported, been at war with his studio again.

The trouble arose, apparently, over the billing for *Footlight Parade*. Stars are more touchy about billing than ladies are about their age.

It seems that Jimmy was rather upset when he noticed the Warner Theatre in Hollywood had put Joan Blondell's name above his on the theatre front.

He promptly engaged a cameraman to make a record of the fact. He claims that his contract specifically stipulates that "no one shall be billed before Cagney."

A Unique Picture

While there has been no actual throwing of the chinaware between Richard Bennett and his glamorous daughter, Constance, it's no secret that the arguments have often waxed hot and furious. Bennett, *père*, explains it by saying that they are both too much alike.

However, the two of them were at Palm Springs recently and a news cameraman asked Bennett if he would pose with Connie.

"Oh, she wouldn't have her picture taken with me," replied Bennett. A little later the cameraman asked Connie to pose. "I will if my father will be in it, too," said Connie.

Those who see the picture may not appreciate the fact, but a photograph of the two Bennetts together is almost history-making.

When "Ginger" is not so hot

Now the reason for the proposed change of Ginger Rogers' name is out.

Miss Rogers is to be starred in *Déclassé* and you can't star a name like "Ginger" in a role which Ethel Barrymore, no less, created on the stage.

Déclassé has been a bit of a problem for Hollywood. At the time it scored a success on the stage a divorced woman was socially ostracised—the play, of course, pivoted on that point.

Now they will have to make the heroine a murderess or somebody's mistress at least.

What's in a Name?

Which reminds me that Hugh Enfield, a Universal contract player, is having a terrible time with his name. His parents named him Hugh Enfield, but when he was assigned a part in the *Perils of Pauline*, his moniker was changed to Robert Allen, which, incidentally, is the combination of the first names of his two great-grandfathers.

But since his role in *Cross Country Cruise*, he finds his name changed back to Hugh Enfield again. Officials at Universal City have decreed that he will keep that name from now on. But Hugh Enfield isn't at all sure.

There is something of an orgy of name-changing on at the moment. Harry Wilcoxon, for instance, has now become Henry Wilcoxon. And Harriet Lake is now Ann Sothern.

He Knows Women

The man who knows most about women in Hollywood is not a matinée idol nor even a handsome juvenile. He has handled somewhere in the neighbourhood of 100,000 girls—and he was always the boss.

That sounds like an excellent source from which to obtain advice for harassed husbands, perhaps, but the man—Sammy Lee, one of America's greatest dance directors—admits he can't concoct rules for winning the dictatorship of the home.

Sammy, who bossed some 400 chorus and show girls in a revue number from *Stand Up and Cheer* at the Fox Film studios, has taught nearly 1,000 girls dance routines for the five numbers in the film. And ever since Sammy came out of the army he has been directing girls in dance routines—in the "Follies" and other Broadway shows, and in Hollywood.

Two Assistants

Lee has two assistants with whom he plans the dance routines. Next, a selected group of fifty girls, the most talented and beautiful obtainable out of the 3,000 or more available in the film city, is rehearsed carefully.

It is really this group, Sammy admits, which is the mainstay of his discipline.

The special girls are subsequently "planted" carefully throughout the ranks of the chorus. It is their particular job to maintain discipline—not by ordering it, but by setting an example.

The system seems to work—Lee has yet to be even half a day behind schedule in completing



Bathing suits will be shorter in the legs and higher in the neck this season. June Brewster displays this one-piece model in dark red wool with insets of grey and grey shoulder straps. Beach sandals will also be the vogue and most of them will have heels.

numbers. Rehearsals and "takes" go off with amazing precision. When Sammy speaks into the microphone and his voice is amplified over the loud-speaker system, the girls

jump to rigid attention.

Over-acted!

During a rehearsal of a scene for *All Men are Enemies*, Hugh Williams, the young English lead, was called upon to tug frantically at a locked door.

He did—and the door-knob broke, cutting Hugh's finger.

As a prop man dressed the cut, Helen Twelvetrees came up and asked, "What happened to your hand?"

"I just over-acted," was Hugh's rejoinder.

Mitzi Postpones "Comeback"

Because she did not consider the part in Radio's *Finishing School* quite suitable for her "comeback" in grown-up roles, Mitzi Green has asked permission to withdraw from the cast.

The Radio studio has given its consent and Miss Green will return to New York for further stage work, whilst her part has been given to Dawn O'Day, a well-known screen child actress.

Miss O'Day joins a cast which includes Frances Dee, Ginger Rogers, Bruce Cabot, Billie Burke. The picture will be the first directorial assignment to be given to Wanda Tuchock, the second of Hollywood's women directors.

A WOMAN'S position depends on her distinction, whilst her taste is judged by the clothes she wears. The reputation of Marshall & Snelgrove has ever been founded on these two qualities taste and distinction.



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Picturegoer's FASHION Supplement



Jeff, the world-renowned hat designer of Berkeley Square, used the palest of ice cream pink straw for this delightful little boater in order to enhance the lovely shade of Merle Oberon's skin.

Marshall & Snelgrove have created this charming beige silk Restaurant Gown in which the new season's neckline is shown to advantage. The belt is of soft suede to tone. The ensemble is completed with a new "shallow crown" hat in fine straw.

Here Merle Oberon is seen wearing a very smart suit designed by Nicoll's of Regent Street. It is symbolic of the development from the slim and boyish to the more feminine. The double collar and flag basque are very new, as is the hook and eye fastening. The white knotted string handbag has a conical-shaped gold and sapphire clasp.

Merle Oberon

the famous British screen actress, acts as mannequin for "Picturegoer's" parade of the latest styles from London's showrooms.

This cunning little sailor hat is a model by Jeff. Merle Oberon wears it perched coyly over one eye. It is in stiffened brown felt, trimmed and bound with saxe blue velvet.



Above: This frock is in the new crackle crêpe, and is brown with white embroidered spiders' webs. It is open down the front, and the three-quarter length sleeves are turned back with a wide cuff and caught into position with a white cubic button—two of these buttons are also at the neck of the dress. A white satin scarf, knotted, is fastened with a diamond brooch.

Left: Merle Oberon smiles at you in a Cocktail Gown by Marshall & Snelgrove. It is in marocain with lavish sleeves trimmed with monkey fur. The new waistline is accentuated by the diamante buckle.

Above: Hostess Gown, by Marshall & Snelgrove, in black lace over a pale pink crêpe-de-Chine slip, with detachable complementary coatee. Note the new "waterfall" line at back.

Right: A perfectly plain uncrushable black velvet frock, designed by Merle Oberon herself. The lilies at the neck are very distinctive.

Jean Harlow's Trousseau

by Virginia T. LANE

WHO helped Hollywood's most famous recent bride to choose her new wardrobe, and tells you about it in this bright and helpful article.

"GOOD morning! This is the Duchess of Ginsberg speaking. Get out of bed, darling. Maybe you haven't noticed—but it's a perfectly beautiful day and I'm going shopping for a trousseau. Want to come along?" Jean Harlow's voice came bubbling over the wires, gay with excitement.

Did I want to go along? Does Mussolini like black shirts!

We met in front of Bullock's Wilshire, that classically modern shop where the clerks look like French countesses and act as if they were personally interested in you.

And, anyway, I think brides exert a charm all their own, don't you? Because clothes never have appeared more scrumptious. And when you consider the bride was Jean. . . .

"I sort of reversed the order of things. Married before I bought my clothes! But we had to do things in a hurry," she chuckled as we entered the regally quiet eighteenth century salon. Then the fun began.

Out came a negligée that was like sipping a heady cocktail while you listened to your favourite symphony—if you know what I mean. Well, look at it yourself on page 22. Exhilarating and at the same time aesthetic. The material was dove pink crêpe patterned with delicate satin flowers in pastel shades. And if that doesn't do things to the imagination! Like all self-respecting negligées, it had a sheath silhouette and finished with a grand swirl of a train. What made it even more exciting were the huge cuffs and the collar of blue-orchid maribou. Instantly my mind reverted to that maribou of mother's reposing all these years in a half-forgotten trunk. Would I delve after it as soon as I got home—now would I!



Above left: Perfect taste—perfect tailoring the star's golf suit—which will stand up well, too, under hard wear to and from the studio. It's of green wool.

This is the season of seasons to haul out all those "fine feathers and fluff" of former times, have them cleaned, and use them to marvellous advantage.

"Um, I said I'd never go in for pastels," Jean was musing to herself, "but, heaven help me, I'm weakening."

"You know, Virginia, I don't think men want their wives to be boyish or brilliant across the breakfast table. They want to leave for the day's work with a pretty, wholly feminine picture in mind. Fluttering-hands-about-the-coffee-pot sort of thing—so you have to be sure your sleeves are as becoming as your neckline. Pink, my



Left: This black velvet evening gown is, we think, Jean's grandest dress. The bows on the hips give it a new silhouette. The slit in front and the short train are ultra-glamorous.



An attractively "schoolgirl" black frock of velveteen trimmed with dainty lace bows.

dear; that's the morning tonic that puts them in a mood to do battle against the world for the little woman!"

Jean's jolly laughter rang out but I couldn't help wishing all young brides had as much wisdom.

"No," she went on, "I'm going to keep my more exotic 'hostess' dresses for dinner at night. You want to be exciting and glamorous, then."

As if in direct answer to that last sentence, The Wonder appeared. Jean named it that at first glance.

It was an evening ensemble of that very new "sauvage" velvet in a luscious deep green jewel shade. The kind of costume that speaks for itself in soft-shaded hours.

There's something about a princess frock with a train that makes you remember romance isn't just an illusion. This one was cut to the waist at the back, moulded, and had a draped-shoulder effect.

The only ornament was a jewelled buckle in front. The sleeveless coat accompanying it also held to the princess line but fell in gentle folds to the ankles. Around the armholes were corded rolls of the sauvage velvet.

"Oh, oh!" came an exclamation from beside me, "there's my formal 'picture' gown." Every trousseau needs one. For those occasions when you want to be outstanding at a large ball or at the theatre.

And there simply isn't anything like corded gold lamé. It's striking without doing sharp things to the figure. And pictorial—oh, my dears! Especially when it just hints at being an Edwardian court dress like this one. Get out the plush album and look at those pictures of mother-as-a-girl. Likely as not she'll have buttons skipping down the front and a ruffle around the bottom. Then look at the 1933 version of an

(Continued on page 22)

(Continued from page 21)
old and honoured style—"zipped up" to be in tune with modern times. Tantalizing, isn't it?

In this case the buttons skip down the back with only the top one actually buttoned—and they emphasize the very snug fit of the gown. Adjustable kinds of necklines are the newest thing for both day and night.

With this gold lamé, you can either close it high in front or leave it to fall into a soft rever that ends in a sun-pleated ruffle. You have to be well poised to wear a gown of this variety with distinction.

All picturesque gowns demand poise and good posture. So do trains. Ah, these trains. You find them on house coats and long-sleeved dinner dresses as well as formals.

Naturally, as soon as Jean saw that black velvet creation shown on page 21 it was as good as sold. She can't resist it. Ah me, who could? Charming . . . dramatic . . . dazzling. That's black velvet with touches of white fur!

First of all it has that stunning new décolletage that rises serenely about the throat under the chin and goes sliding down to the waist towards the back. It's slit in such a way that you can wear it open for dancing and closed for dinner.

A rhinestone clip gives the bodice a very slight draped look. And notice those dropped shoulders again. They're considered a shade smarter than bare shoulders.

The gown smoothly suggests that you've been poured into it and tapered off—until you come to the bottom, which ends in a devastating train. There are two startling slits in the front hem

which make it even more exciting, but they have a very practical purpose—to give you freedom of movement.

And don't overlook that huge double bow at the back. It's grand to effect lissom lines on slender people—but if you're a bit thickish through the hips, better leave it off. The sandals you see Jean wearing are black and silver.

Usually, for evening, you want to look so poised—at your glamorous best.

Then let me tell you, get either one of the latest fascinating "monk's capes" that hint that you're in a dashing mood, or a three-quarter length fitted coat similar to Jean's black velvet. Yes, it's part of the above mentioned ensemble but you can wear it as easily with pale chiffons or slinky white satin. The ermine collar has self buttons and there are magnificent ermine cavalier cuffs.

You see, short jackets and flares are young and sprightly. Perfect for youngsters who want to look perky enough to capture football heroes. But hardly in keeping with the "grand dame" air.

Look how youthful and seventeenish Jean appears in that cocktail suit of Rodier gold tweed shown below. The high collar of the mink-brown satin blouse is the one sophisticated thing about it.

Tweed and satin! They're doing astonishing

Every bride wants an adorable fluffy negligée. And Jean, who ordinarily sticks to pretty severe lines, weakened just once when she saw this dove pink, maribon-trimmed creation at the left.



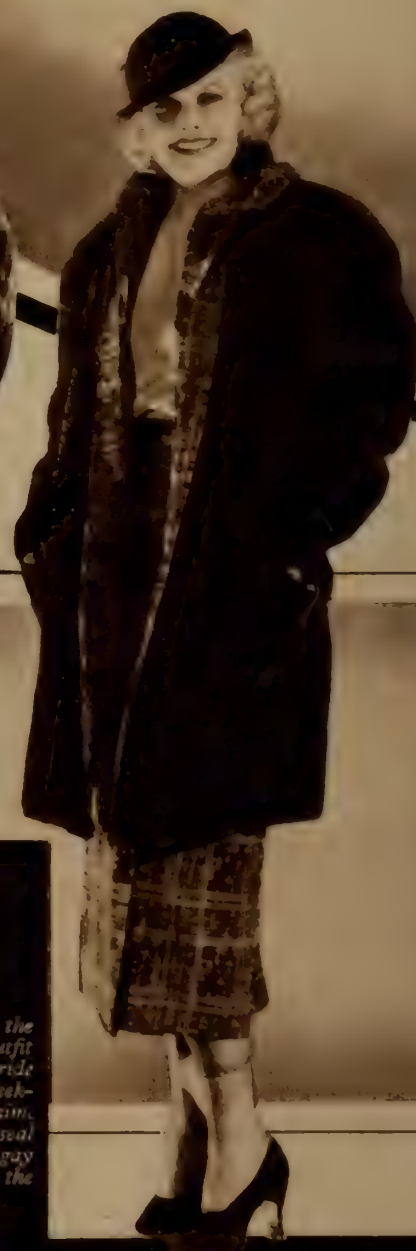
The best way, if they're not too long, is to catch the dress in back just above the knee and lift it until the train is out of harm's way when you dance. Otherwise carry them over your arm. The ruffled fish-tail kind that adorns Jean's "picture gown" is particularly popular.

And that little shoulder wrap would add an exciting touch to any frock. It's straight cut, you see, and folded over on one side for about three inches. The idea is to join it high in front and let it drape, cowl fashion, down the back.

The stiffer the material, the better the cowl effect.



Above: A cocktail suit of Rodier gold tweed, with mink-brown satin blouse and a crazy little hat, circled with mink



At the right is the sort of outdoor outfit which any bride would adore for week-end trips with him. The logwood seal coat is lined with gay plaid, to match the skirt.

things together: this winter—and going innumerable places. To luncheon, on to the matinée and tea, to make that Sunday afternoon call when you don't want to look too "dressed up."

The suit has a soft, not-so-tailored look. Padded shoulders, wide lapels, a single link button closing the coat. And an unusual stitched treatment that winds up in three inverted pleats in front makes the skirt *different*.

A tiny mad hat with a band of mink around it strikes a corresponding note with the mink muff.

Oh, there are a lot of things you can do with a suit like that. Have you noticed (it is shown on page 22) the coat is collarless—which means your fox skin can swirl around it one day and your neat little kidskin jabot set it off the next. Or you might just let it serve as a complement to the collar of your blouse as Jean does.

Collars—dress necklines—they do for your face what frames do for pictures.

The thought crystallized suddenly when I saw Jean in that little black velvet frock with its small stand-up collar accentuated by the most feminine of fly-away lace bows. Turn back to page 21 and study it.

But supposing you wanted to give a worldly wise air to the frock. Take off the lace. Supplant it with a daring flare or ribbon or one of these white satin collars that goes off at bizarre angles and has equally bizarre cuffs.

With a little imagination, there's no end to what a bride can do with her trousseau.

But let's be quite frank for a minute. No

clothes in the world will give charm unless there is *personal daintiness*.

Elsewhere in this magazine there is a whole department devoted to it. An expert advises on the finest method of cleansing the skin, of arranging the hair, of using depilatories.

And now we can get back to our shopping.

"Personally, I believe more thought and money should be spent on interesting daytime clothes than on formal ones," observed Jean. "Somehow, evening things always manage to look intriguing—but it's difficult to make *everyday* ones romantic!" Which was why she decided on that scrumptious Scotch plaid and logwood seal outfit you see on page 22.

It's the sort you'd choose for gala days with him. Comfortable and just right to put you in a gay gipsy mood. The swagger coat is of the seal, lined with plaid woollen to match the wrap-around skirt.

Then, just to retaliate, the skirt sponsors a

pocket trimmed with a band of the logwood seal. The angora sweater blouse is the last word in slipovers. And have you noticed that most of the sports hats are brimmed now? That brown felt one is and young Mrs. Hal Rosson certainly knows how to wear it at a dizzy angle!

"Hal and I actually fell in love during our first golf game together," mused Jean. "I think I'll get that green wool golf suit to commemorate the occasion!" It would be a tribute to any such occasion—that suit. So trig and tailored with its wide stitched collar and trim lines. Jean wears the newest type of Oxfords with it, those with side closings, and her sweater is of green angora with two-tone crochet ties.

She bought the accessories along with each costume—which, after all, is the most satisfactory way to shop.

It occurred to her that a brown corded wool suit she had purchased needed a very special kind of topcoat—and she found it in a loosely woven tweed in brown and white check. Here it is on

Right: The black velvet and ermine wrap that goes with the Platinum Blonde star's velvet evening gown.



Above left: Then Miss Harlow's separate topcoat—so handy to go with other costumes. This is loosely woven tweed in a brown and white check.

Above left: Jean chose beige and brown for her riding habit. The coat and slipover she wears beneath it are beige suède. The breeches are cavalry twill.

this page. An awfully swanky coat that flared around the bottom and tucked snugly under the chin.

Then came the riding habit. Unquestionably, they *do* bring out a certain fascination in a girl! Jean's final choice was beige and brown: A beige suède slipover that fastens down the front, with brown leather buttons and has the new laced collar and cuffs; a coat of the same suède that has enormous buttons and patch pockets; beige cavalry twill breeches; brown boots that match the buttons and ribbon on the hat—and you have symphonic splendour for the bride trails!

And so we came to the end of a glorified day—and Jean's glorified trousseau.

A fashion girl from Muriel Evans' wardrobe. This frock is of pale blue crepe with an unusual square collar, accented with "sophisticated" fringe that lies in soft folds at the back. The hem is of transparent, ivory-white banding in darker blue.

Muriel Evans shows you the latest in wide-brimmed hats, with extremely low crown and bandeau to give it the new tilt, banded in dawn blue grosgrain. It is of stitched chocolate brown organdie over sisal straw.



Fashioned of rumba-rust wool, this tunic dress worn by Wynne Gibson has a slit at the front, which adds width to the garment. The stitched bows on the front and sleeves are drawn through unique metal buttons.

Parma violet, an exquisite new shade, is a feature of this silk net frock, made bouffant by shirred insets and ruffles of tulle, worn with waistline ruffled jacket with long, tight sleeves by Una Merkel.

White Angora for the new sports sweater with smart club collar and polo sleeves is what Madge Evans favours. It is worn with a gay plaid skirt of green, red, and black on white, the ensemble being completed with a brimmed white felt hat with bright feather atop the crown.

RESS LIKE THE STARS

"The Picturegoer" here presents its parade of advance Spring fashions from the screen.

Although they represent the choice of some of the best-dressed women in films, all these clothes are adaptable for everyday wear. They will help you to introduce star glamour to your wardrobe.



Muriel Evans' "models" again. Basket-weave straw cloth, in black and white, creates this smart off-the-face hat with box-pleated crown and navy grosgrain bow at back. Note the matching envelope bag.



Marian Marsh, who appears in the Universal musical drama, "I Like It That Way," displays the latest in white flowered chiffon dinner gowns.



With its entire yolk of heavy beige lace, this lovely night garment, worn by Joan Garmer, Radio Pictures player, is made of apricot-coloured satin. Tiny satin bows hold the opened sleeves, and a satin bow extends across the back.

SCHIAPERELLI

TALKS on BRITISH

FILM FASHIONS

In an interview with Helen Wagstaff, one of the best-known dress designers in the world, she tells you how you can learn from our own studios.



Jessie Matthews wears this smart and piquant tussore silk morning suit, specially designed for her by Berleo, in "Evergreen."

ON the credit sheets of a good many American films you will see the name of Adrian, one of the best dress designers of the United States. Before long you will be seeing a British picture in which the gowns are designed by one of the most famous coutourieres in the world—Madame Schiapereilli.

The film fashions of to-day are your fashions of to-morrow. Almost are the screen fashions of one month adopted by the multitude the next.

Gone is the time when "advance fashion" hints could only be gleaned by attending exclusive dress parades or going to the theatre, which meant as far as the majority of people were concerned, that "the latest" only leaked out by chance.

It is possible nowadays for the least clothes conscious among us to have access to the most up-to-date fashions by going to the pictures. And to British pictures at that.

It is no use baulking the fact that there was a time when the question of dress in British pictures seemed to be the last thing the producer considered.

You chose your story, arranged your cast, put them into some suitable clothes, and started shooting! But that was way back in the early days of picture making. Imagine glamorous Anna Neagle as she is to-day being photographed in something just "suitable." It simply isn't done.

Her costumes are thought out for her as carefully as her make-up is adjusted for each "shot" and styles that suit her peculiarly fragile

personality, specially designed for her, as indeed they are for all stars.

Madame Schiapereilli has designed frocks for both American and French films, but until now her services have never been secured for a British one, and it is a great triumph for Gaumont-British that she has consented to come over from Paris to design the clothes for *Little Friend*.

In the severely furnished showrooms of her London establishment with its concealed lighting and pale grey walls, Madame Schiapereilli told me that designing clothes for films was a part of her work in which she was particularly interested; she has extended her London premises and British staff specially to cope with the work she will be doing over here.

"Some of my most successful materials have come from this country," she said with a smile, "and indeed, all the woollens I am using in my designs for this picture have been bought here."

"Your particular speciality, Madame?" I inquired. "What is it?"

Madame waved an exquisitely manicured hand to the further end of the showroom. "My speciality is line," she said briefly. "Schiapereilli is famous for her 'line,' and apart from the fact that the cut of a gown is the first thing that distinguishes it from its fellows, 'line' is more telling than anything else when it comes to dressing for the screen. The most sumptuous trimmings, the most fetching frills and furbelows do not have nearly so good an effect as a suit or a gown that is faultlessly cut."

"Next to 'line,' I think the most important thing to consider when designing clothes for the screen is material."

"Beautiful fabrics photograph well and need no additions to make them striking. Hollywood has exploited trimmings to the nth degree; there is no new way of displaying ostrich feathers or swansdown on lingerie, or furs on evening wraps and gowns. I only use the best materials, a good many of them original ones of my own, and rely on drapery to do the rest." The truth of the matter is that the drapery relies on Schiapereilli to do the rest.

One of the chief parts in *Little Friend* is taken by a child of between twelve and fourteen, and you might imagine that this would limit the scope of even so versatile a designer as Madame Schiapereilli, but she has a little girl of exactly the same age, and is full of ideas on the subject of dressing children.

When I visited the *Little Friend* set at the Gaumont-British studios, I saw some of her theories attractively put into practice.

The young heroine was sitting up in a tiny white bed, wearing the most fascinating pink pyjamas in a crinkly crepe Schiapereilli material, and cut with a Peter Pan collar, so becoming to the very young. A bright red romper suit in soft woolly stuff lay over a low chair, and the original, gaily-patterned chintz chosen for the bed-vallance and curtains showed that Madame Schiapereilli's inspirations are not confined entirely to clothes.

A well photographed film with a good story is not enough; a picture must be "dressed" as

carefully as it is cut, and Gaumont-British, who have long ago realised this, have built up a particularly efficient costume department which includes among its staff that brilliant young designer, Mr. Berleo.

For a young man in his early twenties, Mr. Berleo's accurate knowledge of detail where dresses of all periods are concerned, is amazing.

All the clothes for *Evergreen* which Gaumont-British have just completed, have been made to his design, and so complete is each one of his sketches that it is impossible for the costumier to go wrong in the smallest detail.

Mr. Berleo does not wave his pencil negligently over a sheet of cartridge paper, make a rough sketch and hand it to the dressmaker with a "something like that, please."

He sees exactly in his mind's eye what he wants, and draws it down to the furthest flounce, the tiniest hook and eye. He even makes the faces of the figures themselves faintly resemble the actress for whom the gowns are designed, and in looking at his sketches you can see that he imagines the mood of the model as he draws. There is an exultant Jessie Matthews, in an exquisite organdie "rumba" frock; there is a dignified Jessie in a creation of black and white satin; there is a piquant Jessie, in a smart tussore walking suit and a hundred others designed to represent her in all her different moods. And that "hundred others" is no exaggeration, for in *Evergreen*, Jessie has no fewer than 127 changes!

The designer has not confined his attentions solely to Jessie. Betty Balfour's frocks are also the result of his creative pencil, and all the lesser members of the cast, Jessie's many girl friends, and numberless others, are represented in his sketch book.

As if that wasn't enough, he has devoted a page at the back of it to a variety of men's heads in the hairdressing of different periods. Young Mr. Berleo leaves nothing to chance!

You may say that watching a bevy of eighteenth century beauties parade in the costume of the period will have little effect on the style of your 1934 suits; some of you may even be heard to murmur that it is easy to dress lavishly when the question of expense has not to be considered.

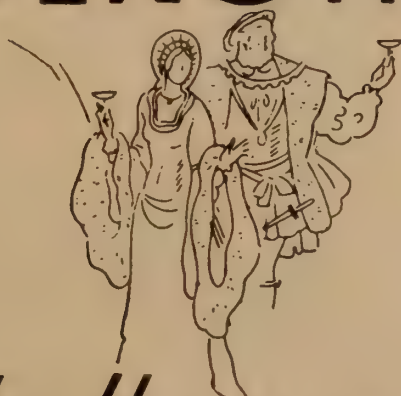
None the less most of you will find it hard to deny that you take the majority of your styles from the screen and adapt them to suit your pocket.

That jaunty little felt hat with a brim that dips over one eye, that is to be found in every wardrobe has its counterpart, slightly more elaborate and usually made of straw, in the eighteenth century days. The flat bows or frilled bustles on most of your evening frocks are inspired by the same period.

Why did you buy a frock like that? What a stupid question to ask. Because they are worn, of course! Quite. But *why* are they worn? Because they became the fashion after they were first seen and admired on the screen.

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BED of ROSES



Freely based on the film "Bed of Roses" by permission of Radio Pictures, Ltd., Dean St., London, W. I. See "On the Screens Now" feature, page 34, for the full cast and Lionel Collier's criticism of this film.

"For some time Lorry and Dan talked under the stars until his arm slipped round her."

THE STORY OF THE FILM

by Marjory WILLIAMS

IN the course of a young life, Lorry Evans had done many things entitling her to room and board in numerous American State penitentiaries. Never, so far, had she robbed a man and she was feeling nervous.

On the alert in a cabin of a Mississippi river steamer, she strained to hear every word of the brief conversation in progress outside the matchboard door, a conversation in which the purser's voice alternated with that of her "pigeon."

"Hey, purser, you've a couple of crooks on board. I've had sixty dollars taken."

"What?"

"Sure. They're in there. Get the captain."

Footsteps receded down the deck. "What's the matter with you? Been eating ants?" Minnie inquired of her cabin mate. Though alike in social standing, the two girls differed remarkably. An inherent vulgarity, an out-and-out knowledge of her profession, were the causes of Minnie's clothes, walk, and make-up. With Lorry, fair haired and slender, the sway of the hips, the cynical twist to the mouth, the hardness in the lovely eyes, the flippant speech, resulted from a pose.

Inwardly loving the beautiful, the refined things of life, Lorry, taught by prison experience, believed that simplicity was the mark of a fool. Fine homes, gorgeous jewels, luxurious yachts were not denied to girls of her profession, but to achieve them one needed duplicity and brains.

When she scrubbed floors with yellow soap and turned a flock mattress under the eye of authority, during what she determined was to be her last stretch in Louisiana prison, she pictured the bed she would one day order for herself.

Cunningly coiled springs, finest

hair, softest down, silk sheets and luscious scented rose-buds, caught in a satin coverlet, went to the making of that visionary bed, no mean counterpart of the life that was to be hers—a veritable bed of roses.

How far were those dreams from the present, the peremptory knocking on the cabin door, followed by the entry of Captain Scroggins and the partly sober "pigeon."

"Miss Evans, this gentleman accuses you of robbing his pocket book."

"I've never been so insulted in my life. Take this vulgar person out of here. He's drunk."

She threw back her head in imitation of a lady of title, regarding her accuser, a bald-headed man, obviously more sinned against than sinning, as if he were so much dust.

"Search the room!" commanded the captain.

Conscious of sixty dollars hidden in the top of her wide-mesh stocking, Lorry made a bolt down the deck for the ship's rail, Minnie and the others in her wake.

A crowd gathered while she nimbly mounted and stood daintily poised in front of fog and darkness.

"If you guys don't leave me alone, I'll jump overboard."

A word of contempt from the captain and she had dived into the icy water. Coming up to breathe, she swallowed a mouthful of fog and heard the order given to stop the engines.

Gradually the swish swish of revolving paddle wheels died down. She swam recklessly, hearing cries from the ship, which presently got under weigh.

A landing of some sort being a necessity if she wished to live, she

fought desperately to gain the white and green lights of a slow-moving barge that

loomed up in the mist. Darkies, squatting on the fore deck, accompanied their singing with banjos. Primitive, pathetic music, to Lorry, getting short winded, it was the grandest in the world.

A young man standing by the deckhouse saw her trying to grasp the rope ladder on the ship's side and knelt to help her. Lorry's thin legs waved frantically in mid-air, a suspender gave way, and the precious wad of notes parted company with her stocking top.

Their loss was Lorry's chief concern as she gained the deck, assisted by the firm, brown hand of the young man wearing slacks and an open-fronted shirt, to whom she made bitter complaint.

"You shouldn't take your purse when you go swimming," he reminded her.

"Take that!" she riposted and pushed, laughing to see him reel at the unexpected impact and fall into the current.

"What did you want to do that for?" he demanded, having rejoined the deck as wet as she. "Here's for the bright idea."

Picking her up in his arms, he threw her into the Mississippi, from which a moment later he was helping her out, satisfied they had now met on an equal basis.

Judging by his conversation, he hadn't the remotest idea who she was or from where she had come. Comforted by the discovery, Lorry accepted the loan of dry overalls and a supper below, served by a darkie servant whom her host addressed as "Alice."

"What d'you do for a living?"

Smuggling?" she inquired over a plate of fish which she found unexpectedly to her taste.

"No. Too much trouble. I transport cotton on this barge; bales and bales of it. I'm taking a load to New Orleans now."

"I don't think much of your home. How d'you manage to live here?" she said frankly, looking round the ten by ten cabin, fitted with the bare necessities of life and not even boasting a piano.

"Pretty well. It's hard work, but there's a fascination about the river and going places. You'll be wanting to turn in—

say one thing—why did you jump off that ship?"

So he did know. "I've got my reasons," was all she admitted and was relieved when, pointing to a somewhat disordered bunk, he went away, as he expressed it, "for a snooze on deck."

In a wall cupboard opposite the bunk hung a jacket. For some time Lorry meditated, swinging the door to and fro. Dan Walters, barge owner, was a nice boy. Something clean and decent about him. She didn't want to rob anyone like that, but she had the future to consider—the life on a bed of roses.

When, in the pearl grey dawn, the barge docked at New Orleans, Lorry was first on the quay, avoiding the eye of Dan, who was still asleep.

As the first step to fortune, she acquired business-like clothes, a pair of horn-rimmed spectacles and a suppositious uncle, a congregational minister, well known in West Virginia.

In the guise of a sob-sister, representing the American Newspaper Syndicate, she invaded the office of Stephen Paige, a book publisher whose name she had heard mentioned on the Louisiana quay.

She found a man of forty at least, grey-haired, unmarried, and politely interested in her wish to include him in a volume of articles dealing with successful business men of the South.

While she prattled on about Uncle Rupert, intimated how handsome most bachelors were, and listened to Stephen Paige's views on Prohibition, she sought for the quickest way to find out if he was capable of getting drunk.

As with her "pigeon" on board the show boat, so she believed inebriety a short cut to wealth.

Finding her patter beginning to flag, she spoke of leaving, gasped

(Continued on page 30)



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BED OF ROSES—Continued

and relaxed in her chair by Stephen Paige's desk.

"I've such a pain—round the heart. I must try—no, I'm afraid I can't make it yet. I suppose you haven't a dash of something warming—my Uncle Rupert used to advise—"

From a half-closed eye she watched Paige at the wall-cupboard, producing decanter and glasses.

It was disappointing when he refused to join her in "something warming," for, in expressing his view on Prohibition, he had admitted a personal leaning towards intoxicants. Trusting to that suspicion, she sipped her liqueur and gladly accepted an invitation to dine.

The latter part of the evening was ugly, if successful. A long bout of abstemiousness had rendered the publisher susceptible to the fiery potions unmentioned in the Volstead Act. He was also attracted to Lorry, more genuinely than she knew. About 4 a.m. she took him home and went to bed, leaving a silk stocking and satin slipper in the living-room for him to find in the morning.

He did find it along with an intolerably aching head—he still had the "head" when she arrived.

"What are you doing here?" he demanded with an attempt at being dignified in a dressing-gown.

"Stephen, how can you? You carried me here, of course." (He had done nothing of the kind.) "Don't you remember saying you loved me and drinking champagne out of my slipper?"

She flowed on in the familiar vein.

"Tell me what you want—how much?" he cut in irritably.

"I don't want anything, Steve dear. I want you."

"You can't have me. I'm a respectable citizen. At least, I was till you turned up and tricked me."

"Tricked you. After all the things you said last night. Don't you remember the love nest we were going to have, and Uncle Rupert always said you were an honest man."

"I don't believe you've got an Uncle Rupert."

"Don't you? Well, I'll kill myself on your doorstep if you don't look after me. I will. I'll scream."

Stephen was in no mood to call her bluff. The entrance of a servant with a bromo-seltzer may have had something to do with his climbing down, or it may have been that Stephen was a lonely man. The existence of a slender slip of a girl with honey-coloured hair, whose outrageous behaviour seemed to be no part of her real self, may have meant something to him.

Within a month Lorry was installed in an apartment and furnished with a wardrobe as luxurious as she could desire. Life on the bed of roses had literally begun. Yet in Lorry's daydreams, as she lay on silk sheets under a rose-strewn coverlet, there were memories of an untidy barge cabin and a young man with honest eyes.

Attired one breezy morning in black with sedate white collar, she visited Dan on the Mississippi Queen.

"Never expected to see me again, did you? Well, I've come to bring back your dough. You must have raged when you found it gone."

"At first, then I thought you must have needed it pretty badly; so I didn't worry. Forget it."

His smile went straight to Lorry's heart. She said soberly: "I did need the money. It got me clothes and a job."

"Good. Where are you now, then?"

"Governess to some children. A nice family."

She turned the conversation, glad to be done with lying.

"Surely you get off some evening in the week. You must meet me and we'll dance some place," he was saying.

When she said "Good-bye" she was almost sorry that she wasn't to dine with him.

Minnie called that evening while she was trying on a new negligée, an elaborate, ruffle-trimmed affair, typical of her new life. Minnie, though the same as ever, had a surprise in store in the shape of her marriage to Mr. Oglethorpe, whom she had met in Louisiana.

Minnie married, was a topic that revolved through Lorry's thoughts during the days until Dan was due in dock. If Minnie could find a husband, why shouldn't she?

Donning the black and white costume, she took a walk along the New Orleans waterfront. It was a clean, windy day. Towers, spires, buildings, and factories rose clear cut against the blue across the broad rippling river. Dan's barge floated at anchor flying a gay pennon. On the quay, cotton bales were being dumped.

Lorry spied a tall figure, pipe in mouth, superintending the work of the cranes.

"Enjoying your job, I see."

"Nearly finished now. Marvellous day, isn't it? Don't go away. I've got something for you in the cabin."

Presently she followed him down the companion way and undid the parcel.

"A silk shawl. How lovely!"

Glowing more than in any negligée, she perched on the table edge and, above the soft-hued silk watched him take down a china mug and start to shave.

"This is a privilege. No girl has ever been allowed to watch me shave," he informed, lathering with firm strokes. A moment later he was gently repulsing her when she offered her lips. Awed, for the first time in her short existence, she followed his lead, maintaining an impersonal, friendly intercourse until, after supper, provided with a lantern, he lead her on deck.

For some time they talked under the stars till his arm slid round her. His sincere boyish face was near hers. Words came haltingly.

"Reckon I can't do without you, little girl. I'm crazy about you. Marry me and run this barge as it should be run."

She was doubtful at first; not that she loved him. With a woman's instinct and the wisdom of her kind, she had known that from the first. Could she lead the life of a barge owner's wife?

She thought of the rose-strewn bed and smiled.

"Okay, Dan. You want me to come along to-morrow at six and marry you before we take the trip to Louisiana, then I'll come."

(Continued on page 32)

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BED OF ROSES—Continued

Idly, on the crest of happiness, she drifted through the apartment next morning, carelessly hoping for a meeting with Stephen, who hadn't turned up. She called the coloured maid to pack. "Just put in anything, Genevieve; I've signed on to scrub decks."

Humming to herself, she took up the telephone.

"That you, Minnie? It's happened. I'm getting married. Can you believe it? We're sailing at six. I thought I must let you know. See you when I get back. Good-bye."

She hung up in time to see Stephen, correct to the last detail of his morning dress, grey-haired and in a grey mood.

"Going somewhere, Lorry? You seem to be in a hurry."

"I—er—I wanted to tell you I'm walking out on you really and truly. I'm getting married."

"I heard so, but I didn't believe it."

"It's true."

"And that gives you the right to leave me, you think. The lucky fellow's rich, I suppose."

"Steve, don't look at it that way. I wouldn't go for just anyone. I love the man."

"You love him?"

"Yes. He's poor. He owns a cotton barge."

"Well—I only hope he knows as much as I do about you."

Lorry bit her lip. One couldn't vituperate Stephen for not having thrown the past, about which he had acquainted himself, in her teeth. Fear inspired her to be angry with someone.

"Why should I spoil my life by telling the only man I've ever cared for, that I—"

"Because, sooner or later, he'll find out. You can't love him and marry him without telling him."

"Meaning you'll tell him if I don't."

"Possibly."

"Listen, Steve; you can't do that. I'm going to be straight with him."

"You'd better, Lorry. A man imagines the woman he marries as something set apart, as something clean. That's why young love is different from anything in the world."

"You're being old-fashioned!" she flung out.

"So are most men."

Horribly true. She had known it all along. Ironical that Stephen should be the one to uncover the knowledge that she had tried to hide.

"You've got me scared," she admitted. He swung her to him.

"Lorry, don't tell me you're going to quit to take a cook-and-washer-woman-job on a barge. You'd never stand it. Young love would never last. Ours might. We've never fooled each other. Genevieve, come here—your mistress won't need that suitcase. She's changed her mind."

Winking away a tear, Lorry laid hands on her property. "Thanks, I'll have it, Genevieve. Good-bye, Stephen!"

"Where are you going?" Her face, her attitude denied any suggestion that she was leaving for the cotton barge.

"I don't know. Guess I'll find a job somewhere."

"Little fool!"

She sent no word to Dan. There seemed nothing to say and no manner

of saying it that would avoid giving him a clue to her whereabouts. She didn't want him to find her. Like a sick animal, she wanted to hide.

She found a job in a multiple store and a room in a back street. For six months she lived a business girl's life, wrapping parcels, dealing with change all day, eating modestly at night, and going early to bed. When the shrill siren from the river announced the departure of a boat she stuffed the bedclothes in her ears. She never visited the docks. She gave no one her address.

A big sale was in progress at the store, the afternoon Minnie tracked her to the stocking counter. Whatever Minnie lacked, it wasn't push. Disregarding a dozen women customers who were making demands on Lorry's time, Minnie planted her elbows on a basket of marked-down hose, and observed:

"Hello, Lorry! My hubby's giving a Mardi-gras party and we want you to come."

Four times she made this remark while Lorry bustled about serving. For the sake of peace and quiet, she gave in to Minnie's request. After all, she had almost forgotten what a party was like. Somehow, she got together a fancy dress and joined the throng of masked and costumed figures in the ballroom of New Orleans' leading hotel. There was a lack of lustre about her gaiety on arriving which had not improved when she followed Minnie and her husband, rather too appropriately dressed as a court fool, to their table.

Minnie's vulgarity jarred on her. Lorry found she didn't want to be reminded of the old life. She looked at her plate and saw a velvet case beside it; inside the case a bracelet set with brilliants.

A masked figure of Napoleon detached itself from the throng to stand beside her.

"Hullo, Steve!" she said. Minnie and her husband discreetly faded away to dance in a manner which suggested their services as host and hostess had been commandeered; which was the truth.

"Are you still hearing barge whistles?" inquired the real giver of the Mardi-gras party.

Lorry looked at Stephen clear-eyed. "That's all over with me," she said firmly, "and with you, too." She handed him the velvet case. "Take care of this. It isn't wise to leave jewellery about."

A few days—or, perhaps, it was a few weeks—later, for when one has nothing to look forward to, one takes scant heed of time, a knock came on the door of Lorry's bed-sitting room as she was due to start for the store.

A young man stood on the threshold, cap in hand.

"Dan, how did you find out where I was?"

"Never mind. Why did you go away?"

"Didn't you guess that I was afraid. There was an awful lot I should have told you. I—"

"Don't. I know everything. I've seen Minnie, but even she couldn't tell me why you're living here and slaving in a store."

"I loved you, Dan. I wanted to prove to myself that I could be the kind of girl you wanted me to be. That's all."

"Is it?" inquired Dan and kissed her.

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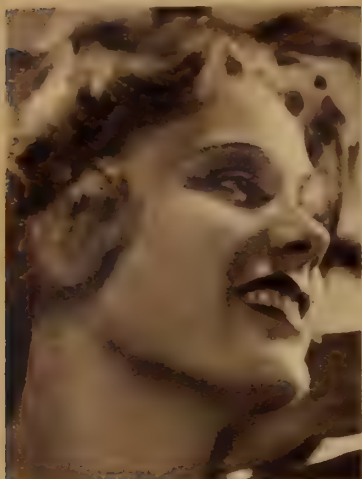
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Esther Ralston, who makes her screen reappearance after a long absence, still retains all her attractiveness as the heroine in "To The Last Man."

ANOTHER thin week, with a British film, *The Constant Nymph*, taking the chief honours. I do not think that this picture is going to be everybody's "meat," but it is notable for its technical qualities, its sincerity in the adaptation of the famous novel, and for the acting, more particularly of Brian Aherne, who has never appeared to such advantage as he does here.

There is a good deal of amusement to be got out of Jimmy Dunn and Claire Trevor's first co-starring vehicle, *Jimmy and Sally*—the "Sally" end of it being originally intended for Sally Eilers, whose place Claire Trevor filled.

Lee Tracy, too, should be seen in *Turn Back the Clock*, an unusual comedy drama which is ingenious in treatment.

*****THE CONSTANT NYMPH**
Gaumont-British. "A" certificate. Psychological drama. Runs 97 minutes.

VICTORIA HOPPER.....Tessa
PEGGY BLYTHE.....Lina
JANE BAXTER.....Tony
JANE CORNELL.....Kate
BRYL LAMERICK.....Susan
LYN HARDING.....Sanger
BRIAN AHERNE.....Lewis Dodd
MARY CLARE.....Linda
LEONORA CORBETT.....Florence
FRITZ SCHULTZ.....Jacob Birnbaum
TONY DE LUNGO.....Robert
JIM GERALD.....Trigorin
ATHOLE STEWART.....Charles Churchill
Directed by BASIL DEAN from MARGARET KENNEDY's novel.

A sincere and pictorially brilliant adaptation of the novel, which I feel will please those who have read it more than those who have not.

If you have not been introduced to the Bohemian Sanger family, the head of which is an eccentric composer who dies leaving his progeny, collected in different parts of the world, to their fate, it is probably that you will find little hiatuses in action that may leave you a little bewildered.

But you cannot help but be charmed by the love affair between Tessa Sanger and Lewis Dodd, an erratic composer who has known her from childhood, but does not realise until after he has married that he loves her.

The story ends tragically with her death in a Brussels lodging-house, where he takes her when he runs away with her, after the performance of his first symphony.

I reviewed this picture very fully in our issue of February 3, and I

On the Screens Now by Lionel Collier

The PICTUREGOER'S quick reference
Index to films just released

***THE CONSTANT NYMPH	*LOVE, HONOUR, AND OH! BABY
**JIMMY AND SALLY	*GENERAL JOHN REGAN
**TURN BACK THE CLOCK	c*KING OF THE WILD
**BED OF ROSES	*BROADWAY SINGER
*TO THE LAST MAN	

SHOT IN THE DARK

What the asterisks mean—**** An outstanding feature. *** Very good.
** Good. * Average entertainment. c Also suitable for children.

would refer readers to that to supplement this brief recapitulation.

Brian Aherne scores the hit of his career as the wayward Lewis Dodd. It is a sensitive and well-balanced rendition of a difficult rôle.

Tessa is excellently portrayed by Victoria Hopper.

Hers is a delightful performance, but I'm not going to be rash enough to prophesy stardom for her because of it.

The opening scenes in the Austrian Tyrol, where the Sanger family lives, are really beautiful, and the atmosphere and the characterisations are sincere and convincing.

Later, when Tessa comes to London, the atmosphere is again admirably caught, and the relations between Tessa and the girl whom Lewis has married, and who has undertaken to look after the little orphan, are excellently developed.

A highlight is the performance of Dodd's symphony at the Queen's Hall, which is both effective and realistic.

The casting is particularly good, and every member of the company gives a performance which helps build up the atmosphere of this unusual and well-balanced story.

****JIMMY AND SALLY**

Fox. American. "U" certificate. Romantic comedy drama. Runs 69 minutes.

JAMES DUNN.....Jimmy
CLAIRE TREVOR.....Sally
HARVEY STEPHENS.....Ralph Andrews
LYA LYS.....Pola Wenski
JED PRUTTY.....E. W. Marlowe
GLORIA ROY.....Shirley
Directed by JAMES TINLING. Music by JAY GORNEY, lyrics by SIDNEY CLARK.

An amusing story of a self-opinionated Irish publicity man who takes a fall, but eventually comes to his senses and wins the girl he loves.

It is all very slight, but well seasoned with wisecracks and capably acted, with two catchy song numbers thrown in as make weight, "It's the Irish in Me" and "You're My Thrill."

Jimmy Dunn is very good as the swollen-headed publicist who, by devising a stunt in which an elephant runs riot in the streets, gets fired, but is taken on by his employer's mistress, a cabaret artiste.

This appointment causes trouble with his girl, Sally, a rôle pleasantly played by Claire Trevor, although at times she strikes a rather harsh note both in character and appearance.

James' idea for a publicity stunt for the actress is to announce that she is secretly in love with the handsomest gangster in town.

This causes a riot again, and this time James is fired for good. The ending is the conventional one of the hero making good, coming back in a more humble mood to his love.

****TURN BACK THE CLOCK**

M.-G.-M. American. "A" certificate. Psychological comedy drama. Runs 79 minutes.

LEE TRACY.....Joe
MAE CLARKE.....Mary
OTTO KRUGER.....Ted
GEORGE BARBIER.....Evans
PEGGY SHANNON.....Elvina
C. HENRY GORDON.....Mr. Holmes
CLARA BLANDICK.....Joe's Mother
Directed by EDGAR SELWYN from the story by EDGAR SELWYN and BEN HECHT.



Claudette Colbert combines the rôle of mother and cabaret star in "Broadway Singer."

A picture which has the advantage of novelty in treatment and a sincere human outlook. It deals with a man living contentedly in a small way with his wife, and gets both drunk and disgruntled with his lot.

He is knocked down by a car and taken to hospital, where, under an anæsthetic, he dreams himself back at the start of his career with all the knowledge he had accumulated later.

He proceeds to re-live his life and, instead of marrying the girl he loves—as he did—turns her down in favour of a rich girl who in actuality married his friend.

His experiences lead to misery, and he wakes up convinced that he is happier as a poor man than he could have been if he had ordered his life with only an eye to wealth.

Lee Tracy is extremely good in the leading rôle, vital and likeable.

Mae Clarke is simple and unaffected as his wife, while Peggy Shannon affords an incisive contrast as the rich girl, Elvina.

Sound supporting character studies are given by Otto Kruger as the wealthy friend, George Barbier, C. Henry Gordon, and Clara Blandick.

The director has touched on world events, such as the Great War, in a logical and illuminating manner, philosophising on them through his leading character, who, of course, forces them all and can get no one to listen to his warnings.

****BED OF ROSES**

Radio. American. "A" certificate. Romantic drama. Runs 65 minutes.
For star, freely based on the film by MARJORY WILLIAMS see page 28

CONSTANCE BENNETT.....Lorry
JOEL MCCREA.....Dan
JOHN HALLIDAY.....Paige
PERT KELTON.....Minnie
SAMUEL HINDS.....Father Doren
Directed by GREGORY LA CAVA.

A rather hackneyed variation of the redemption theme, which is made entertaining by the performance given by Constance Bennett.

She puts a wealth of artistry and character drawing into her rôle of the orphan girl and succeeds in winning sympathy for her.

Joel McCrea and John Halliday are adequate as Dan and Paige respectively, but a really brilliant low-comedy study is given by Pert Kelton, who relieves the atmosphere of its touch of sordidness and pours out a ceaseless stream of wisecracks in an inimitable manner.

The picture draws a conventional contrast between true love and the guilty splendour of easy virtue, and the director has managed to invest it all with a semblance of conviction.

(Continued on page 36)



Peggy Blythe, Brian Aherne, and Victoria Hopper as they appear in the latest screen version of "The Constant Nymph."

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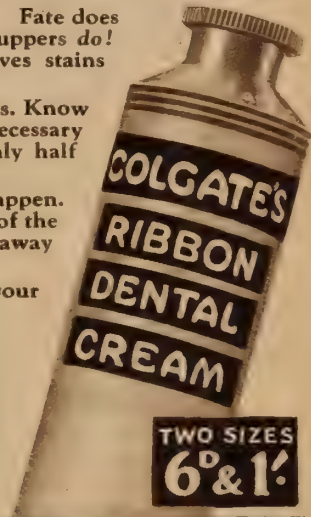
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ON THE SCREENS NOW — Continued

***TO THE LAST MAN**

Paramount. American. "A" certificate.
Western drama. Runs 68 minutes.

RANDOLPH SCOTT.....Lynn Hayden
ESTHER RALSTON.....Ellen Colby
JACK LA RUE.....Jim Dagg
BUSTER CRABBE.....Bill Hayden
BARTON MACLANE.....Neil Stanley
NOAH BEERY.....Jed Colby
GAIL PATRICK.....Ann Hayden Stanley
Directed by HENRY HATHAWAY from a story
by ZANE GREY.

Familiar story of a feud which has existed for ages between two Western families, which is healed by the love of the son of one of the conflicting parties with the daughter of the other.

This pair manage to outwit a crook who is trying to extend the feud to his own advantage and bring peace and unity to their parents and the district as a whole.

The picture is notable for some excellent scenic qualities and some fine sequences of cattle herding.

The acting of Randolph Scott as the hero is sound, while Esther Ralston retains all her attractiveness as the heroine.

Jack La Rue makes a soundly sinister villain.

***LOVE, HONOUR AND OH! BABY**

Universal. American. "A" certificate.
Broad comedy. Runs 60 minutes.

SLIM SUMMERVILLE.....Mark Reed
ZASU PITTS.....Connie
GEORGE BARBIER.....J. B. Ogden
LUCILLE GLEASON.....Flo
VERREE TEASDALE.....Elsie
DONALD MEEK.....Luther
PURNELL PRATT.....Marshall Durant
Directed by EDDIE BUZZELL

Another vehicle of the Summer-ville-Pitts team, which, if you have enjoyed its predecessors, you will like just as well.

Personally, I feel that Zasu Pitts is worthy of better things and that she requires a partner who would prove more of a foil to her own lugubrious characterisations.

This time the plot is all about a breach of promise case, which Zasu engineers so as to get her lover, Slim, a lawyer, a job.

There are numerous complications, plenty of action, broad dialogue, and a strong supporting cast.

***GENERAL JOHN REGAN**

United Artists. British. "U" certificate.
Rural comedy. Runs 74 minutes.

HENRY EDWARDS.....Dr. O'Grady
DAVID HORNE.....Major Kent
FRED O'DONOVAN.....Doyle
W. G. FAY.....Golligher
DENNIS O'NEILL.....Kerrigan
JOHN TRAVNOR.....Father MacCormack
TORIN THATCHER.....Gregg
CHRISSE WHITE.....Moya
GEORGE CALLIGHAN.....Moriarty
EUGENE LEAHY.....Colgan
ARCHIBALD BATTY.....Lord Alfred
BEN WELDEN.....Billing
MARY O'FARRELL.....Mrs. Gregg
MADGE BRINDLEY.....Mrs. de Courcy
PEGREEN MAIR.....Mary Ellen
Directed by Henry Edwards from the story
by G. A. BIRMINGHAM and scenario by
LENNOX ROBINSON.

Chrissie White and Henry Edwards appear together again, after a long interval, in this homely and faithfully adapted version of Birmingham's novel.

The comedy is arrived at by planting a peppy American hustler into a small Irish town, where he informs the residents that he is searching for details of the life of a General John Regan.

The local practitioner calls the American's bluff by manufacturing the non-existent hero and having a monument unveiled to him with full civic honours.

Henry Edwards is well in character as the blarneying doctor,

while Chrissie White, in the small rôle of the heroine, is effective. The supporting cast is quite sound.

Development is rather too leisurely.

However, characters are well brought out and the Irish humour is cleverly conveyed in the dialogue, which is *ipso facto* more important than the action.

***KING OF THE WILD**

Columbia. American. "U" certificate.
Western melodrama. Runs 64 minutes.

REX.....Rex, the hero
LADY.....Lady, the heroine
MARGUS.....The Villain
WILLIAM JANNEY.....Red Wolf
DOROTHY APPLEBY.....Wanima
WALLACE MACDONALD.....Chint Bolling
Directed by EARL HALEY.

Conventional story dealing with the exploits of a wild horse which helps to circumvent the plans of a crook to steal thousands of horses from an Indian reservation.

The main feature of the otherwise entirely naïve picture is the intelligence of the horse Rex, which is shown to the utmost advantage.

Scenic qualities, too, are good.

***BROADWAY SINGER**

Paramount. American. "A" certificate.
Mother-love melodrama. Runs 68 minutes.

CLAUDETTE COLBERT.....{Sally Trent
Mimi Benton
RICARDO CORTEZ.....Tony Cummings
DAVID MANNERS.....Mike Gardner
LYDA ROBERTI.....Dora Nichols
BABY LEROY.....Dora's baby
CHARLEY GRAPEWIN.....Mr. Judson
SAM GODFREY.....The Announcer
FLORENCE ROBERTS.....Mother Angelica
VIRGINIA HAMMOND.....Mrs. Judson
MILDRED WASHINGTON.....Carrie
CORA SUE COLLINS.....Sally (5 years)
HELEN JEROME EDDY.....Miss Spaulding
ALBERT CONTI.....Carlotti
Directed by ALEXANDER HALL and GEORGE
SOMNES from GRACE PERKIN's story *Mike*.

Lavishly staged and technically up to date, this melodrama, dealing with a mother of a love child who eventually marries its father, after having become a famous cabaret singer and broadcast in the children's hour, is very unconvincing and thoroughly out of date in theme.

Its naïve emotionalism makes very little appeal, and Claudette Colbert is unable to make the transition from maternity home to cabaret anything but artificially ingenuous.

Ricardo Cortez and David Manners support as well as they can in the circumstances.

SHOT IN THE DARK

Radio. British. "A" certificate. Murder
mystery. Runs 53 minutes.

O. B. CLARENCE.....Rev. John Malcolm
JACK HAWKINS.....Norman Paul
MICHAEL SHEPLEY.....Vivien Waugh
DAVE BURNABY.....Col. Michael Browne
A. BROMLEY DAVENPORT.....Peter Browne
RUSSELL THORNDIKE.....Dr. Stuart
HUGH E. WRIGHT.....George Yarrow
HENRIETTA WATSON.....Angela Browne
MARGARET VARDE.....Kate Browne
DOROTHY BOYD.....Alaris Browne
Directed by GEORGE PEARSON from a novel
by GERARD FAIRLIE.

Bromley Davenport's portrayal of an aged recluse who lives in the fear of being murdered, and who is eventually found shot, is one of the best things in this otherwise unconvincing and slowly developed murder story.

O. B. Clarence is well cast, too, as a local clergyman who investigates the circumstances of the death and stages a trap which catches the murderer.

Otherwise the acting is not outstanding. Settings of the old mansion are quite effective and there is some well-timed comedy.

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Cedric Hardwicke as Charles II and Anna Neagle as Nell in "Nell Gwyn," now being made at British and Dominions Studios under the direction of Herbert Wilcox.

On the British Sets

by E. G. COUSINS

STORM OVER EALING GREEN

Parker for Pep—Strong Cast for "Rolling in Money"—Good Role for Rene Ray—And a New Stellar "bet"—Cedric Hardwicke as Charles II—An unrecognisable Anna Neagle.

A STORM has struck Ealing Green. Not rain, not thunder, not lightning, not snow, but Parker.

Al Parker, the name, And don't stand there looking at me, get a move on, folks, say now, are we ready to go, AWL right then, all together, folks, and gimme all you've got, now then, SHOOT!

Excuse me. I've been watching Mr. Al Parker in active eruption, and it's a little catching.

He's erupting on behalf of Messrs. Fox—the British end of the Old Firm at Fox Hills, Los Angeles, whence Mr. Parker has but lately come.

You wouldn't guess why he's come—not in months. Give it up?

He's come looking for the romance of film-making.

Yes, I thought that would shake you. You imagined all film-making was equally romantic, didn't you? Nay, not so, but far otherwise—according to Mr. Al Parker.

We Begin

Production in Hollywood, he tells me, is losing its zip. It's getting too mechanised, losing the personal element. He thinks British production is now waking up—which is nice of Mr. Parker—and there's more fun being mixed up in something that's just beginning.

Yes, "just beginning" was what I said. For three things I am grateful to Mr. Al Parker—besides his kind opinion of British production. Firstly, he carries into practice a favourite theory of mine, by casting for type.

For the benefit of new pupils who have joined the class since my last lecture, I will briefly

foreign to themselves.

Get the idea?

For instance, take Nell Gwyn. If I wanted a Nell Gwyn, I should cast a plump, flirtatious, rather saucy little chit with dimples and a way with men; preferably with red hair. Never mind whether she could act or not.

All she has to do is to assume certain expressions and go through certain evolutions to order. That isn't *acting*, in the stage sense of the word. It's acting as children act before a mirror.

What They Forget

It wouldn't do on the stage. Gosh, no! You have to have a laboriously acquired technique there. But we are not dealing with the stage, and that is what so many film-producers (here and in Hollywood) forget.

However, tradition insists upon actors, and if possible stage actors, being employed in our studios; so Al Parker compromises by casting for each part a player who at least *looks* the part. If you have a chance, see *Rolling in Money*—the current Fox opus—and see the effect of this. It's pretty good. There's a strong cast. Leslie Sarnoy has the most important part. Maybe you saw him in Gainsborough *Soldiers of the King*, with Cicely Courtneidge.

And I've seen him working in this one, and I think we're in for a pleasant surprise. He's developed a screen personality (he's made a number of "shorts," of course, which has probably had something to do with it) and this role is "right up his street."

recapitulate. Casting for type is choosing players for the way they *look* and the kind of people they *are*, rather than for their ability to assume characteristics

With him are Isabel Jeans (she was in *Sally Bishop*) and Lawrence Grossmith as respectively Duchess and Duke. "Larry" is very much like his better-known brother George, but seems to me to have fewer mannerisms. He has spent most of his time in the States, where they like him very much.

Prizewinner

Then there is John Loder, provided for the heroine to fall in love with. And there are two fine "old stagers" in Horace Hodges (I last saw him as the elderly judge on Dartmoor in *Escape*) and C. M. Hallard—and there is Garry Marsh, bless his little heart. If there was a prize offered for the most popular person in the studios, Garry would pinch it while they were counting the votes.

And there is Millicent Wolf in a tiny part as the Duchess's maid. She's a weakness of mine. She looks straight at you and says what she thinks. Also she's very good-looking, for which I am much obliged to her.

And—you won't believe me, I know—here is Rene Ray. Fresh paragraph for Rene Ray.

We Want Rene!

I have seen Rene badly miscast, but I have yet to see her give a bad performance. She's a clever little actress, who could be built up into a first-class box-office proposition if only someone would take a gamble on her—and bring a little intelligence to bear in casting her.

Al Parker has done that; but one part doesn't make a successful career, any more than one swallow makes a summer. I want you to see Rene in this film, and make up your minds whether you want to see more of her, and if so, demand her. Dash my spats, boys and girls, you can get

(Continued on page 40)



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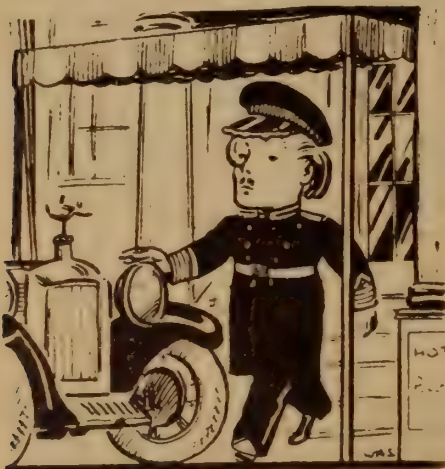
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throats. Fresh-
en the mouth.



DELIGHTFUL TO THE TASTE

ON THE BRITISH SETS—Cont.

the players you want if you ask for them. And I'm pretty sure you'll want Rene, when you see her in a suitable part.

La Lee

Of course, all the fuss in this film is really about Anna Lee. But I can't tell you much about her, I'm afraid, because she was having an off-day when I dropped in at the studio.

I hear she's considered a good bet. Parker is grooming her, and seems all shot away about her. He's made her go dizzy-blond (just as he's made Rene Ray return to her natural brown, for which I'm thankful), and she certainly looks an eyeful in her portraits. I'll tell you more when I've seen her.

But I was starting to be grateful to Parker, wasn't I? Item Two, he gets his film moving. The tempo of a couple of scenes I watched was smart, brisk, snappy—"not a bit like a British film" as the cynics would say. We need that.

Thirdly, he brought back to me a whiff of the past, when directors were dynamic, forceful, eruptive people, alternatively blowing 'em up and kidding 'em along.

We have a few like that still—Maurice Elvey, Walter Forde, Hayes Hunter (and where, oh where, is our little Hayes gone?); but generally, nowadays, you have to ask which is the director, if you don't happen to know him. And they point at someone who you took for a second assistant cameraman with a retreat complex.

Discovery

You don't have to ask when Al Parker is directing. No sir! He's here, there, and everywhere. I have an idea his film may be here, there, and everywhere, too. In the cinemas, I mean.

He directed Doug. Fairbanks, senior, in *The Black Pirate*. He also "discovered" Ralph Morgan, Allan Dinehart, Helen Vincent, Helen Mack, Pat Paterson, and Heather Angel. . . .

And Valentino, of course. Everyone discovered Valentino.

Down on the Thames this week I was reminded more than ever of "Alice's" complaint: "Jam yesterday, jam to-morrow, but never jam to-day." At Warner Bros. First National Teddington Studios (what a mouthful—let's call it "Warners") they had finished a film yesterday, and were starting another to-morrow. Same thing at Twickenham. No consideration for the poor weary footsore Studio Correspondent.

An Old Friend

At Warners' they were just about to plunge into *Church Mouse*, from the stage play which Gerald du Maurier put on last year. It's the not altogether unknown story of Cinderella, brought up to date—and none the worse for that; especially when Cinders herself is Laura la Plante.

This clever little comedienne, who seemed to go right out of our lives when talkies came into them, is slowly but surely returning. She has started by completely captivating the studio personnel. I'm not surprised. She captivated me long ago.

Ian Hunter (*The Man from Toronto*, you remember?) is playing opposite her. I think it will be a pretty good team. Then there is Gibb McLaughlin, who is justly held in high esteem at Teddington, Clifford Heatherley (these two were together in *Catherine the Great*), John Batten, who hasn't been seen for some time I think, Edward Chapman (a clever character actor), and Jane Carr.

It doesn't make the slightest difference to my partiality for Jane Carr when they tell me her real name is Rita Brunstow. Besides, I can hardly believe it, anyway.

Keeping in Trim

Monty Banks, who is to direct this picture, will follow his usual custom and play a small part in it, just to keep his hand in. This is all to the good. I should hate to think of Monty getting rusty.

And at Twickenham I found that the "jam to-morrow" was the screen version of *The Lark*, which Henry Edwards is to direct.



Anna Lee, who appears in "Rolling in Money" and is reported to be a "good bet."

This is a "heavy drammer," not to say meller-drammer, of conflict between a father and a son. The son will be John Mills, who lately finished his rôle in *The Magistrate* at Elstree. I haven't heard yet who the father is to be, though I have my own theories about it.

At night, while I am recovering from the heat and turmoil of the day, the good people of Twickenham are making *Whispering Tongues*, with George Pearson in charge. By the way, I'm sorry to hear that Judy Kelly has been down with laryngitis, so that her tongue will not whisper after all. Her part in this film has been handed to Jane Welsh, whom I haven't seen in a film for a year or so—probably because she has been very busy on the stage.

"Nell Gwyn"

The main British & Dominion production in progress at the moment is *Nell Gwyn*. I saw Cedric Hardwicke in a scene with Anna Neagle. He looks very regal.

Anna Neagle was almost unrecognisable in a flaming red wig as Nell Gwyn.

Anna must be about as different as it is possible to be from the last Nell Gwyn whom Herbert Wilcox directed. That was Dorothy Gish, and it all happened in the Gainsborough studios at Islington nearly eight years ago.

Randle Ayrton was the Charles II then. Fred Rains (father of that Claude who has just made an auspicious film debut in *The Invisible Man* in Hollywood) was there, and Sydney Fairbrother, Aubrey Fitzgerald, Donald Mc Ardle, Juliette Compton, Judd Green, Johnny Butt, Rolf Leslie . . . and now the last three have taken their last Call, and the others are mostly scattered.

Only Sydney Fairbrother remains this week at Islington, where she is in *Chu Chin Chow*, and by a coincidence, it was Herbert Wilcox who directed the silent version of that.

One of the few names in the cast-list of that silent *Nell Gwyn* that still grace the call-board is that of Gibb McLaughlin; but he's been fourteen years in the business, and he's got the habit.

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What Do You Think? Letters from our Readers

BUILDING BOX-OFFICE NAMES

What would Hollywood have done with Gracie Fields?

OUR producers seem utterly hopeless in exploiting talent. England has supplied some of the finest 'star material' in the world, yet not, until it has been 'groomed' at Hollywood, is it turned into 'star.'

"The great Charles Laughton was hardly known—apart from London theatregoers—until he went to Hollywood to be made a world famous film star.

"What would Hollywood have done with our own 'Gracie'? They would have cut out the over-exploitation of Lancashire dialect, which appeals only to Britishers, and made her 'World' instead of 'England' famous.

"Despite what a recent Guinea Prize winner said on this page, Marlene Dietrich is world famous; and was it Hollywood's fault that Brian Aherne did not shine in *Song of Songs*?

"The few other unknown players he mentions are negligible, when you think of Charles Laughton and the long list of Hollywood-made English stars."—L. Jennings, 84 Old Lodge Lane, Purley, Surrey, winner of the guinea prize.

[The old controversy as to whether our stars should be groomed on the Hollywood plan is again in the news. Despite recent criticism of the American system, the fact remains that British studios have hitherto been unable to create names with box-office value in the outside markets.]



Gracie Fields

Colour Films

Is the film industry exploring the full possibilities of coloured films? The few of these films we have seen have illustrated the scope of this new feature.

"Undoubtedly, all films which rely upon their scenic effects gain in appeal when shown in colour. The current film, *Ring Up the Curtain*, bears out this statement, though in this particular instance the coloured effects are introduced in rather haphazard fashion and, consequently, break the continuity of the film. This fault must be avoided.

"Of course, the technique of films in colour must be perfected, just as the 'talkies' had to be improved. But why is no apparent advance being made in the right direction?"—L. T. Rosslyn, 36 Eileen Road, Sparkhill, Birmingham.

[As PICTUREGOER has already predicted, the next few months will see some big developments in the exploitation of colour. Radio Pictures, for instance, are filming "The Last Days of Pompeii" and "Rip Van Winkle," among others under the new Technicolour process.]

"Debunking" the Stars

I read that George Raft 'has had his shoes built up several inches for his role in *Bolero* in order to overcome the handicap of his shortness of stature.

"Why tell us these disturbing facts? I am definitely not a 'Raft' fan; but I should have preferred not to have known of this deception.

"The constant 'debunking' of stars, together with descriptions of fake scenery and the general trickery employed in the making of films presents, to my mind, a serious menace to their continued enjoyment.

"Studio secrets should remain studio secrets. The shattering of all our illusions will result in

the word 'picturegoer' becoming synonymous with the word 'cynic'."—W. A. Smith, 11A Kettering Street, S.W.16, winner of the half-guinea prize.

[PICTUREGOER, as far as possible, tells the inside story of picture-making. But I should value the views of other readers.]

In Defence Of The Hulberts

In a recent PICTUREGOER, a reader condemns the Hulberts' pictures for containing the same situations and gags, and adds that their popularity will wane in consequence.

"I disagree entirely with these remarks as I have seen all their films from *The Ghost Train* to *Aunt Sally*, and cannot detect any duplicated gags or situations in any.

"Both Jack and Cicely are far too brilliant artistes to turn out anything but excellent films.

"My favourite pictures are dramas, but when the king and queen of mirth appear, I am for comedies every time. As for their popularity waning, it should prove quite the contrary if they continue as they are doing."—(Miss) Rita E. Guest, 159 Whiteladies' Road, Clifton, Bristol, 8.

[I am glad to publish this defence of the Hulberts.]

They Should Stick To Their Stories

Truth is certainly not stranger than film press agents' fiction, the inconsistency of which is becoming too ridiculous for words.

"I had always understood that Ramon Novarro had seven sisters, all nuns, and had been duly impressed with the picturesque circumstance.

"Imagine my embarrassment when I read that one of Ramon's hallowed sisters, Carmen Samaniego, had recently renounced a dancing career to marry a studio technical advisor.

"If the stars must be saturated with glamorous uniqueness, let it at least be consistent."—Oliver Perry, 54 Queens Drive, West Derby, Liverpool, 13.

[I agree that if press agents must have their story, they should stick to it.]

In Praise Of Dancing

Why do film critics always disparage dancing members in films like *42nd Street*? I, among others, welcome these diversions, even though it delays the action, because I am keenly interested in dancing of all kinds.

"What an opportunity for a producer to make a film for dance-lovers of, say, *Carnival* and *Prince Igor*, in colour if possible. What gorgeous scenic effects could be procured. If this one paid, there are numerous others.

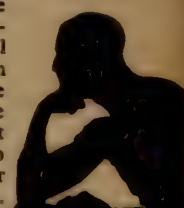
"I dare say Karsavina, Lopokova, Sokolova (my cousin), Massine, Woizikovsky, Lifar, etc., could give as fine interpretations now as they used to.

"Please don't let the critics rid us of the small proportion of dancing we get in films now; it is the only attraction, to me, of film musical comedy."—(Miss) C. Sierlini, 67 Langham Road, London, N.15.

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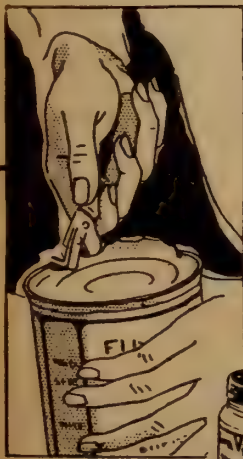


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1934

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Mary Carlisle, star of Universal's picture "Saturday's Millions"



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Scilma
SHAMPOOS

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Box of 7-1/6

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ANY portrait of Mae West electrifies, but this "Picturegoer" portrait shows the enchantress surcharged with all those alluring, enticing charms that have brought millions to her feet and broken box-office records. Make a place for this card in your album in company with others you will find listed below. It's a "Picturegoer" postcard—the best you can buy.

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Ruby Keeler	Clark Gable	Ruby Keeler
Jan Kiepura	Henry Garat	Jan Kiepura
Alexander Kirkland	Greta Garbo	Alexander Kirkland
Elissa Landi		Elissa Landi
Margaret Lindsay		Margaret Lindsay
Ida Lupino		Ida Lupino
Aline MacMahon		Aline MacMahon
Fredric March		Fredric March
Ginger Rogers		Ginger Rogers
George Raft		George Raft
Norma Shearer		Norma Shearer
Sylvia Sydney		Sylvia Sydney
C. Aubrey Smith		C. Aubrey Smith
Randolph Scott		Randolph Scott
Barbara Stanwyck		Barbara Stanwyck
Lyle Talbot		Lyle Talbot
Conrad Veidt		Conrad Veidt
John Wayne		John Wayne
Toby Wing		Toby Wing
Mae West		Mae West
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Please enrol me as a member of "The Picturegoer" Postcard Club, and send me Membership Card and full particulars of discounts, etc., on future orders. I enclose order for not less than one dozen Postcards, sepia glossy finish, price 2s. 6d. dozen. Please include with my order your 5s. Free Postcard Album. I enclose 1s. extra to cover cost of postage and packing on my gift.

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Cross P.O. and Co.'s and make payable to "THE PICTUREGOER."

Pic. 24/3/34.

Leave IT to ANNE

SEIZE your pen without further delay, pass that puzzling point on to me. I shall be delighted to help you, but enclose a stamped-addressed envelope if you wish for a reply by post.

BROKEN veins are a minor blemish; nevertheless, they are a disfigurement. They often appear on a weather-beaten face, and are also caused by a poor digestion and a faulty diet. It is useless to deny that they are extremely stubborn and difficult to cure. When of long standing, nothing short of expensive electrical treatment will have any effect.

They should be dealt with as soon as they appear. Astringent tonics will constrict them to a certain extent, and very gentle massage with a good cold cream is also beneficial. The cold-cream massage should take place at bedtime, and the astringent should be used two or three times a day. Extract of witch hazel mixed with an equal quantity of rose-water is a suitable mild astringent for the purpose.

Strict attention to diet is necessary. Very hot beverages should be avoided, and all highly seasoned dishes and sauces, pickles, etc. Alcohol makes the veins decidedly worse, and the minimum of sugar should be consumed.

Moles

The mole is a birthmark. It may be the size of a pin's head, when there is nothing to worry about, or it may cover several square inches, when it certainly is an embarrassment if it is on the arms or face.

But, however embarrassing, let me say, right away, you must not tamper with it yourself. Amateur treatment of moles is a dangerous proceeding, specially when the moles are facial ones.

Some moles—not all—are suitable for removal by cautery or freezing with carbon dioxide snow. But only your own doctor can pronounce an opinion, and if he considers they can be removed he can effect an introduction to a practitioner for the operation. It is quite painless and costs a few guineas.

Warts

There are three main types of warts, only one of which need concern us—and that the common wart, recognisable as a rough, ridged overgrowth, generally on the backs of the hands. If a wart is dealt with immediately it appears it will sometimes yield to an ordinary corn plaster. When of longer standing, more drastic remedies are needed.

The best and least harmful in amateur hands is glacial acetic acid. It should be applied with an orange stick or a pointed match-stick twice a day. If this fails, medical aid must be sought. The doctor has half a dozen means at his disposal for the destruction of warts.

KILMENV.—I have no personal knowledge of the process you mention. Use your depilatory more liberally and it will not leave the growth of stubby hair. Coty have a full range of products in the tints you mention. Stocked by all good chemists.

MARGARET (Bedford).—Various devices have been introduced to help the dirty walker, but I know of none that is a success.

A Woman of 60 writes- "This recipe made me look 20 Years Younger"



"—in two months all my wrinkles vanished."

"At my age it seemed natural that my face should be wrinkled and I have frequently consoled myself with this thought. One day, however, I read of some remarkable tests on women of 72 years of age with a new skinfood which gave astonishing results. It was claimed that the wrinkles completely disappeared in 6 weeks. I determined to try this for myself and found out that the new discovery was contained in Crème Tokalon Skinfood. After two weeks I could see an improvement and my joy can be imagined when after two months treatment all my wrinkles vanished and friends said "How young you are looking." My skin is now clear and beautifully smooth, and I advise all women of my own age to try Crème Tokalon Skinfood. It is a wonderful mental tonic to see one's face growing younger-looking every day."

The writer of the above prefers not to have her name published, but her original letter may be seen. Crème Tokalon Skinfood is guaranteed under a forfeit of £1,000 to contain the highly nourishing food ingredients great specialists say your skin must have to keep it clear, fresh, firm and free from wrinkles. Use Crème Tokalon Skinfood Rose Colour at night, White Colour in the morning. You will be amazed at the improvement even overnight. Results guaranteed or money refunded.



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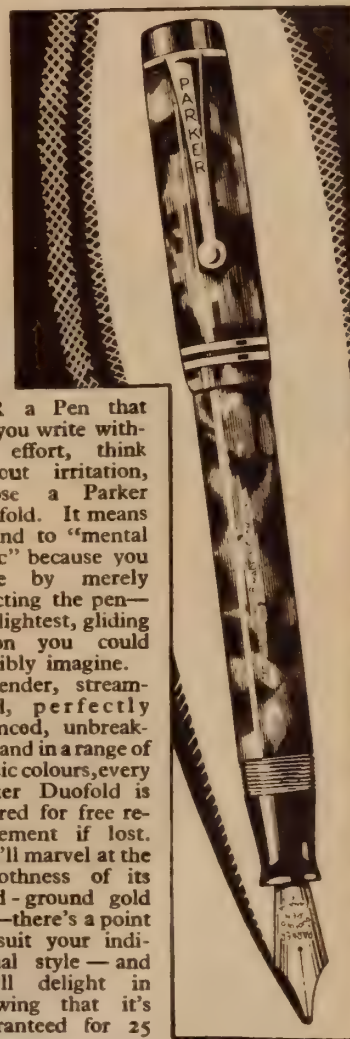


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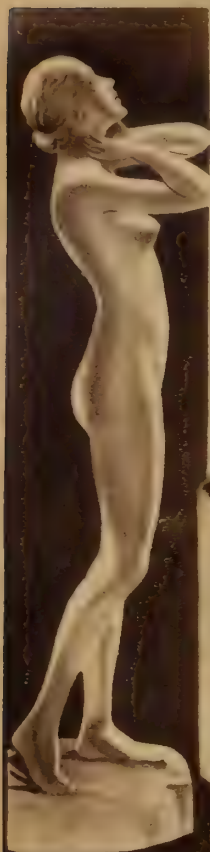
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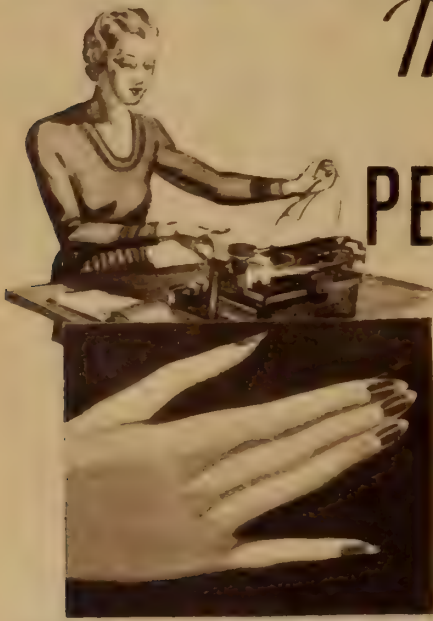
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"KRASKA" POLISH REMOVER
Just brush on nails and wipe away.
1/-

"KRASKA" CUTICLE REMOVER
With patent cuticle extractor
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KRASKA NAIL POLISH
is made in 25 fascinating colours: Blanche, Naturelle, Rosée, Double Rosée, Quadruple Rosée, Deep Quadruple Rosée, Coral, Deep Coral, Chinese Lake, Deep Chinese Lake, Orange, *Pearl, *Rose Pearl, *Gold, *Silver, Ruby, Deep Ruby, Black, Blue, Green, Tango-Coral, Deep Tango-Coral, etc.
Prices 1/-, 1/6, and 2/6 per bottle

*In 1/6 and 2/6 sizes only

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Obtainable from Boots and all Chemists, Hairdressers and Stores. **"KRASKOL"** for underarm hygiene. Odourless, safe, antiseptic; a preventive of perspiration evils. 1/- and 1/6

"KRASKA" Nourish and Ink Stain Remover, for keeping the hands free from unsightly stains. 1/- and 1/6



Let GEORGE Do It!

"George" and "Anne" are your enquiry departments. The former will be happy to answer any query regarding films, the latter anything connected with household or beauty hints. Write to them both c/o THE PICTUREGOER WEEKLY. When a reply by post is desired a stamped, addressed envelope must be enclosed.

THERESA (Birmingham).—(1) George Raft's films since *Palmy Days* include: *Scarface*, *Dancers in the Dark*, *Night After Night*, *The Sporting Widow*, *Madame Racketeer*, *Hot Saturday*, *If I Had a Million*, *The Bowery*, *All of Me*, *Midnight Club*, and *Chrysalis*. (2) Francis Lister has made *Up to the Neck* since *Counsel's Opinion*. (3) Henry Kendall's pictures since *Counsel's Opinion* include: *The Shadow*, *King of the Ritz*, *Timbuctoo*, *The Man Outside*, *Great Stuff*, *The Stickpin*, *The Ghost Camera*, *This Week of Grace*, *The Flaw*, *The Gay Lord Strathpeffer*.

KONG (Kingston).—Films as follows: (1) Myrna Loy—*What Price Beauty?* *Bitter Apples*, *Don Juan*, *The Black Watch*, *The Desert Song*, *The Squall*, *State Street Sadie*, *Evidence*, *Hardboiled Rose*, *King of the Khyber Rifles*, *Great Divide*, *Cameo Kirby*, *Isle of Escape*, *Under a Texas Moon*, *Cock o' the Walk*, *Bride of the Regiment*, *Last of the Duques*, *Outward Bound*, *Renegade*, *Truth About Youth*, *Rogue of the Rio Grande*, *Devil to Pay*, *Body and Soul*, *A Connecticut Yankee*, *Naughty Flirt*, *Rebound*, *Hush Money*, *Transatlantic*, *Skyline*, *Consolation Marriage*, *Arrowsmith*, *Emma*, *Married in Haste*, *Dr. Fu Manchu*, *Thirteen Women*, *The Woman in His House*, *When Ladies Meet*, *Night Flight*, *Crooks in Clover*, and *Every Woman's Man*.

(2) Joan Blondell—*Illicit*, *The Office Wife*, *Night Nurse*, *Enemies of the Public*, *My Past*, *Blonde Crazy*, *Larceny Lane*, *Gentleman for a Day*, *The Famous Ferguson Case*, *The Crowd Roars*, *The Greeks Had a Name for Them*, *Make Me a Star*, *Miss Pinkerton*, *The Lawyer Man*, *Big City Blues*, *Central Park*, *Blondie Johnson*, *Gold Diggers of 1933*, *Good-bye Again*, *Footlight Parade*, *Havana Widows*, and *Convention City*.

(3) Joan Bennett—*Bulldog Drummond*, *Three Live Ghosts*, *The Mississippi Gambler*, *Djanet*, *Putting on the Ritz*, *Crazy that Way*, *Moby Dick*, *Doctors' Wives*, *Many a Slip*, *Hush Money*, *Detective Clive—Bart*, *Careless Lady*, *She Wanted a Millionaire*, *Week-ends Only*, *Wild Girl*, *Salomy Jane*, *From Arizona to Broadway*, and *Little Women*.

(4) Ruby Keeler—*42nd Street*, *Gold Diggers of 1933*, *Footlight Parade*, and *Streethearts Forever*.

(5) Toby Wing—*42nd Street*, and *Sitting Pretty*.

(6) John Boles—*Loves of Sunya*, *Fazil*, *Romance of the Underworld*, *We Americans*, *Shepherd of the Hills*, *The Last Warning*, *Rio Rita*, *Song of the West*, *Captain of the Guard*, *King of Jazz*, *One Heavenly Night*, *Resurrection*, *Seed*, *Frankenstein*, *Careless Lady*, *Six Hours to Live*, *Back Street*, *Child of Manhattan*, *My Lips Betray*, *Only Yesterday*, and *Beloved*.

(7) Fredric March—*The Dummy*, *The Wild Party*, *The Studio Murder Mystery*, *Footlights and Fools*, *Paris Bound*, *Jealousy*, *Marriage Playground*, *Sarah and Son*, *Lady's Love Brutes*, *Paramount on Parade*, *True to the Navy*, *Manlaughter*, *Laughter*, *Royal Family of Broadway*, *Honour Among Lovers*, *Night Angel*, *My Sin*, *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, *Strangers in Love*, *Merrily We Go To—Smilin' Through*, *The Sign of the Cross*, *The Eagle and the Hawk*, *Design for Living*, *All of Me*, and *Death Takes a Holiday*.

(8) Bing Crosby—*The King of Jazz*, *The Big Broadcast*, *College Humour*, *Too Much Harmony*, *Going Hollywood*, and *We're Not Dressing*.

J. A. (London).—(1) Herewith the cast of *Young Woodley*: Laura Simmons—Madeleine Carroll; Mr. Woodley—Aubrey Mather; Milner—Gerald Rawlinson; Cope—Tony Halfpenny; Mr. Simmons—Sam



Genevieve Tobin was born on November 29, 1902, in New York; 5 ft. 3 in. tall, fair hair, green eyes; unmarried; educated New York and Paris. Pictures include: "A Lady Savers", "Sincerity", "Blind Wives", "Seed", "The Gay Diplomat", "One Hour With You", "Hollywood Speaks", "Perfect Understanding", "I Loved a Woman", "Golden Harvest", "Dark Hazard", "Easy to Love", and "Let's Fall in Love". Address her c/o Warner Brothers Studio, Burbank, California.

Livesey; Vining—Billy Milton; Ainger—John Teed; Young Woodley—Frank Lawton. (2) Frank Lawton was born on September 30, 1904, and you can obtain a photograph of him from the Picture Postcard Salon, 85 Long Acre, London, W.C.2, at 3d. each.

R. W. (New Zealand).—Herewith the replies to some of your questions; space does not permit the rest to be printed this week. (1) *Blue Melody* was distributed by Butcher and was 5,216 ft. long. (2) *The Love Duet* was produced by G. and L. Leroy and was 7,500 ft. in length. (3) *Mother Love* produced by "General", and ran for two reels. (4) *We Dine at Seven* was made by Fox and was 3,983 ft. in length.

P. J. P. (Stoke).—Write to Constance Bennett, c/o Twentieth Century Studios, Hollywood. Her most recent is *Moulin Rouge*.

R. M. (Camberwell).—Al Jolson's new picture is *Wonder Bar* in which he appears with Kay Francis and Dolores Del Rio.

ADA (Liverpool).—Johnny Weissmuller celebrates his birthday on June 2. Write to him c/o Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, California.



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WILL NOT
HIDE
IMPERFECT
SKIN!**

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Send a post-card to-day for a liberal sample bottle of D.D.D. Prescription to D.D.D. Laboratories, P25, Fleet Lane, London, E.C.4.

CREAMS and powder will only partially disguise a blemished skin. The only perfect base for make-up is a charming, spotless skin. D.D.D. Brand Prescription is a sure remedy for enlarged pores, spots, pimples, as well as for disfiguring Eczema, Rashes, Chilblains, or other skin diseases. A few drops of this marvellous preparation give instant relief. Buy a 1/3 bottle to-day at any chemist.

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for an

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**And so it was Persil that
made that old frock
like new?**

*I've only
used Persil
for boiling
linens*



A. But Persil is perfect for all washing—woollies and coloured frocks as well as for sheets and tablecloths.

Q. Do you mean just Persil *by itself*?

A. Yes, just Persil by itself. No need to add soap; Persil gives all you need—pure soapsuds with oxygen in them—and it's the most marvellous way of cleaning everything: wonderfully safe—but it gives an extra thorough cleansing. That's why it gets better results with all the dainty things as well as making the linen so dazzling. Why don't you use it for everything too?



THE AMAZING OXYGEN WASHER

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JOSEPH CROSSFIELD & SONS LTD., WARRINGTON

*"Be smart and Practical too—
keep clothes fresh and lovely
this way—"*

says *Joan Blondell*



JOAN BLONDELL—lovely wearer of lovely clothes—knows how to be exquisitely fresh always without being extravagant. "You can keep that delightful new look about clothes so much longer—by using Lux," she says.



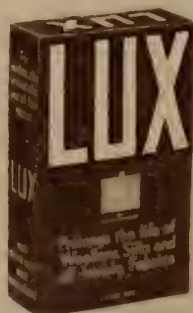
Lux is official now in all the big studios. "There's hardly a garment in the studio we don't wash with Lux—dresses, negligees, flannels, even draperies" says N'WAS McKENZIE (right) of Warner Brothers—First National. "It's such a saving—keeps stockings and costumes new-looking twice as long. Lux cuts down cleaning bills too."

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"My maid always uses Lux for my stockings and lingerie. And nowadays, when it's fashionable to be economical, I've learned how many frocks and blouses can also be kept like new at home with Lux. It's the

greatest blessing to know that delicate things and lovely colours are safe in it."

You treasure your lovely undies, sheer stockings, fragile precious blouses and frocks. You want to keep them always as deliciously fresh-looking as the day you first wore them. It's easy—follow Joan Blondell's example and care for them with gentle Lux. With Lux there's no rubbing. There's no soda in Lux. Colours and fabrics safe in water alone are safe in Lux. Your grocer or dealer has BIG 6d packets. Also 2d and 4d sizes.



*safe for colours
and all lovely fabrics*

The Picturegoer Weekly.

Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper

No. 149 (New Series), Vol. 3

March 31 1934

BIRTH OF A NEW STAR

PAGE 8

PICTUREGOER

2^d
WEEKLY

HELEN
MACK

FREE INSIDE
THIS ISSUE
16 PAGE
*Souvenir
Supplement*
"Christopher Bean"

Still another reason why 'Mine's a Minor'



*I can now get
30 De Reszke
Minors in an
oval decorated
tin for 1/-*



In quality and packing the equal of much
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—big enough, however, to last a full 10
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Plain, Cork or 'Ivory' tipped

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THE glimpses of Kay Francis and other favourites which you get on the screen are all too fleeting. Why not have a permanent record of their charms? "Picturegoer" portraits show the stars in their happiest and most bewitching moods and they are large enough to accentuate each attractive feature. The black and white glossy finish gives them added sparkle, and the thick card of which they are made gives them a long life. Choose yours from the list below. Full list on request.

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Many film lovers like to place these large photographs in the special Album made especially for them. Beautifully bound in stiff cloth, to hold 52 portraits, bevelled edges and lettered in gold, "The Picturegoer's Gallery," the Album is a joy for ever.

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Real photographs in black and white glossy finish. Size, 9½ by 7½ inches. Thick card paper.

Single photo	1/-
Any 3 photos	2/6
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" 12 photos	8/6

Post paid to any part of the world.

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Constance Bennett
John Boles
Mary Brian
Nancy Carroll
Ronald Colman
Jackie Cooper
Joan Crawford
Marlene Dietrich
Richard Dix
Douglas Fairbanks, jun.

Kay Francis
Greta Garbo
Janet Gaynor
Cary Grant

Corinne Griffith
Helen Hayes
Leslie Howard
Leila Hyams
Barbara Kent
Bessie Love
Myrna Loy
Jeanette MacDonald
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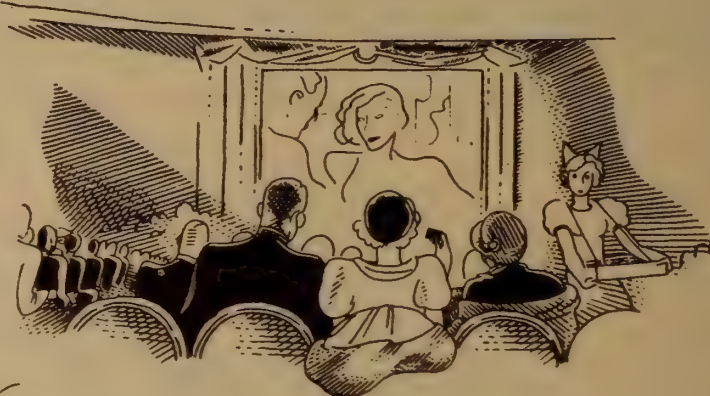
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*When there's
no time
for a meal . . .*

*When the cinema
cuts out a meal . . .*

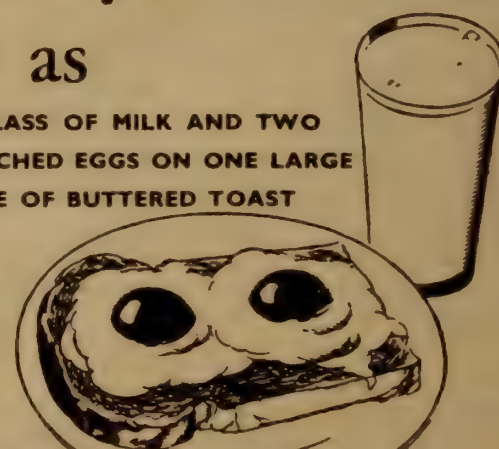


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Picturegoer

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A FILM YOU MAY NEVER SEE

Some fine work from Russia—Fashion Notes and Arithmetic—Marlene's Novelty—Gambling on a Star—Is it fair to China?—Britain to the fore in new Hollywood Film—Famous Director to visit us.

LET me tell you something about a film most of you may never see. It is called *October* and was shown by the Film Society. The director was Eisenstein, who is regarded by knowledgeable folk as one of the greatest brains in the screen world.

You will remember the storm that was caused by the alleged mishandling of his *Thunder Over Mexico*. Well, in the case of *October* he was his own boss, and he has produced a 10,000-ft. film, much of which has been edited with the genius one expects from such artistes who work with Eisenstein.

Clever Doubling

When I tell you that it was originally produced (in Russia, of course) as part of the Tenth Anniversary Celebrations of the October Revolution you will naturally understand that the film was, and is, strong political propaganda. It is designed to show the events in Petersburg from February to November, 1917. The historical structures shown are all actual and the historical personages are doubled so as to reproduce actual physical appearances. When Lenin appeared on the screen he received quite a round of applause. It was a remarkable likeness.

Amazing Crowd Scenes

The picture tells of the abdication of the Tsar—effective symbolism is employed for this—the formation of a provincial government, how the Soviets met, the Kornilov revolt, and the final triumph of the Bolsheviks.

One need not be politically-minded in any sense to appreciate the production, and the amazing way in which the crowd scenes were handled. Nor need one be *pro* or *ante* the picture to applaud the casting. The whole thing struck me as an astonishing news reel, which is really a high form of praise. Only the highly imaginative touches reminded me that this was a propaganda film.

There are many striking shots that I will long remember, one or two that made me shudder. Edward Tisse, who was responsible for the photography, is a rare artiste. If only for that I would like you to see the film.

One version, which I understand was far from satisfactory, entitled *Ten Days That Shook the*

World, has been shown in Germany and U.S.A. Probably a better version (the film can be cut without loss of effect) will be shown here. See it, if you can, as a picture worth seeing irrespective of the political angle.

Our thanks are certainly due to the Film Society for showing *October*, and if any of my readers want further information about the activities of the Society, write to Miss J. M. Harvey, 56 Manchester Street, London, W.1.

Our Fashion Number

The success of the fashion supplement in last week's PICTUREGOER was a foregone conclusion. The effect of the screen on modern life is too well known and too well understood by our readers to need any elaboration here.

Perhaps a note from Travis Banton, the Paramount stylist, is not amiss here. He tells me that capes, trains, boas, and feathers will be popular. I also discover that there will be no more fumbling in the handbags in a frantic search for a lipstick at awkward moments. Marlene Dietrich has solved the problem by acquiring a lipstick ring which a Hollywood jeweller made to her design. The ring, with an inch-long silver setting, contains a miniature lipstick and mirror.

Some Arithmetic

You have heard how sometimes one of the heads of a film company emits an agonising yell. I am told one such cry rent the air at the Fox Movietone Studio when the head of the wardrobe department turned in the following itemised list:—

600 yards black satin.
600 " " taffeta.
1,000 " white "
5,000 " black ribbon.
8 trains, 14 feet long.

Claudette Colbert caught by the cameraman putting the finishing touches to her "wedding" make-up while on location for "It Happened One Night."

600 yards crepe Elizabeth.
300 " blue silk net.
1,032 feathers.
98 yards silver cloth.
2,000 " silk net.
500 " Mousseline de Soir.
330 " velvet.
1,000 bunches sequin.
200 yards pink satin.
1,000 " sequin trimming.
200 " white chiffon.
300 " rhinestone trimming.
1,000 " Chantilly lace.
250 bandana handkerchiefs.
1,000 yards calico.
1,500 " "
500 " grey satin.

The materials were used in clothing the roo chorus and showgirls used in four elaborate numbers of the "Fox Follies," which features Warner Baxter, Madge Evans, Jimmy Dunn, Stepin Fetchit, Shirley Temple and twenty headliners of the vaudeville stage and screen.

When Does He Sleep?

Talking of Warner Baxter reminds me that he has 41 talking pictures to his credit and is engaged in the leading role of No. 42, while No. 43 is already waiting.

Baxter's star has steadily risen since *In Old Arizona*. His present picture is *Too Many Women*, and playing opposite him is Rosemary Ames, who is fairly well known on the London stage. She is supposed to be a great screen find.

(Continued on page 7)



CAROLE
LOMBARD

*Acknowledged to be one of the
screen's most attractive women.
Her latest success is "Bolero,"
with George Raft.*

(Continued from page 5)

I wonder if our searchers of talent in London have again been beaten.

In spite of the constant demand for Warner Baxter's services, he has found time to excel at tennis, amateur cookery, bridge, and gardening. He's putting the finishing touches on his new home and is planning a European trip.

An Investment or a Gamble?

On page 8 you will read the story of Anna Sten, who is starring in *Lady of the Boulevards*. You are by now acquainted with the story of how Samuel Goldwyn groomed her for stardom. What I would like to see are the fifty-one tests that were made of her. Goldwyn certainly deserves to succeed if only to point the moral to British producers.

Why Chinese?

I hear that the Chinese Minister is making inquiries concerning *Jack Ahoy*. One Shanghai newspaper is most incensed against this film and refers to it as a "disgrace to China." The Chinese certainly have good ground for complaining. Rarely is a Chinaman anything but a brigand or a villain.

Shanghai Express was never shown in China, and now M.-G.-M. technicians who went to Shanghai in the hope of photographing backgrounds for a screen version of *The Good Earth* have found themselves faced with great difficulties. It is more than likely that although there are bandits in the book, they will not appear on the screen.

The First Love

Richard Bennett says he is tired of "the shooting galleries," as he calls the studios, and is leaving Hollywood to star again on the stage. He has been absent from the theatre since 1930, and his best screen performances have been in *Arrowsmith*, *If I Had a Million*, and *Nana*. Arrangements are being made for him to appear in the title rôle of *The Great Romancer*, a story about Alexandre Dumas.

Walter Huston has also returned for a spell to his first love and among the parts scheduled for him is Othello. I'd like to see him as the tragic Moor.

"Forbidden Lips"

There will be more than a British leavening in Jesse Lasky's new production, which will be an adaptation of Benn Levy's stage play, *Springtime for Henry*. In addition to the British author, Heather Angel, Herbert Mundin, and Nigel Bruce will have important parts. Otto Kruger and Nancy Carroll will play the leads. The title has been changed to *Forbidden Lips*.

Don't Write to Me

I'm half afraid to mention George Cukor's forthcoming visit to Engand. The famous director is scheduled to come here to study the Dickens background for the screen version of *David Copperfield*. Since the book is so well known, M.-G.-M. have decided not to take any chances. Radio were wise that way with *Little Women*. I understand that about half the picture will be devoted to David as a boy and that Cukor may look for an English child to play the part.

Now you fond mothers and fathers, please don't write to me about it. Cukor and I are good friends and I want to remain so.

An Explanation

I regret that a prize was awarded twice for the same couplet—*American Tragedy*—*The Crooner*—in our kinema couplet contest.

The winning postcard in the first issue was sent down again to be set up in mistake for another entry which has since been awarded a prize.

There is a very large entry for this competition, which has proved exceedingly popular and which I think you will agree has produced some amusing and witty results.

Every possible care is taken to avoid reduplica-

James Cagney "tells the tale" to Bette Davis in "Jimmy the Gent."



tion, but it is, of course, possible for an error of that sort to creep in.

Entrants can help us considerably by trying to avoid sending in efforts which have already won prizes.

By the way, I should like to state that the Editor's decision is final in this competition and that we can enter into no correspondence about it.

A Good Record

Friends of Jameson Thomas have written to ask me for news of him. The latest I have is that he appears with Claudette Colbert and Clark Gable in *It Happened One Night*. Although Jameson has been in Hollywood only since 1930 he must surely hold the record for the actor who has appeared in most pictures in most countries. Here are some of them: England, France, Germany, Austria, India, Australasia, and a host of islands in the South Seas and the Pacific.

Jameson has also found time to appear on the

reflection on modern maidens:—

A Search for Beauty Behind the Make-up

To Mrs. D. C. Cross, South Cliff Farm, Kirton Linelsey, Gainsborough, Lincs., for this inspiring challenge:—

Let's Fall in Love Welcome Danger

To L. Elston, 13 The Dale, Woodseats, Sheffield, 8, for this dictum on social amenities:—

Dinner at Eight Come Clean

To Miss M. Langdon, 37 Despard Road, Highgate, W., for this "yes" man brevity:—

Hollywood Speaks Yes, Mr. Brown

There are no rules to this contest except that all attempts must be sent in on postcards, marked "Couplets," and addressed c/o PICTUREGOER, 93 Long Acre, W.C.2. Envelopes will not be opened. M. B. Y.

stage in Hollywood and San Francisco. He has a part in *Scarlet Empress* with Marlene Dietrich.

This Week's Wisecrack

Lupe Velez always says or does something which attracts attention.

The vivacious Mexican actress, playing in *Hollywood Party*, was hanging by her knees from a cross-bar.

The usual delays connected with the filming of a scene kept Lupe suspended from the bar far longer than she cared to be.

Lupe "blew up!" "Make it snappy!" she shouted. "I'm not Tarzan, I'm only his mate!"

Kinema Couplets

This week's award of 10s. 6d. goes to Miss Winifred Chard, 55 Cook Street, Avonmouth, Bristol, for telling us what we all know:—

The Big Bluff

The Head of the House

Prizes of 2s. 6d. are awarded to Miss E. Barnes, Spring Cottage, Munton, Bishopston, Swansea, for



Richard Bird and Nancy Burne in a scene from "The Warren Case." The British film directed by Walter Summers.

It is nearly two years since I last met Anna Sten. I had gone down to her pretty little villa in the West End of Berlin to bid her good-bye the night before she left for Hollywood.

Everywhere there were signs of departure—trunks and bags standing in the hall ready for shipment, the rooms bare of all those personal little touches that had made Anna's home so typically her own.

But the samovar was still in its usual place, and in operation, and over a glass of Russian tea we discussed the future and her great adventure.

I thought, perhaps, she might have been a little afraid of Hollywood and suggested so, but I found her quietly confident.

She did not underestimate the difficulties she would have to overcome, especially those of mastering the English language, but she was determined to succeed. I knew how that "determination to succeed" had carried her through one of the most remarkable careers in the history of European films.

Anna Sten was predestined to become an artiste. It was always an ambition of her mother's to go on the stage, but she found it impossible to defeat the prejudice of her parents. Nevertheless, she came into the world of the theatre when she married Anna's father, the master of a ballet-school in Kiew, where Anna was born.

From her own parents she has not only inherited her artistic aspirations, but also the prevailing features of her character. From her mother, who was of Swedish descent, she has inherited energy and determination, and from the father, an Ukrainian, the blend of sentimentality and gaiety so typical for the Slavic race.

Anna entered her father's ballet-school and made her first public appearance when she was barely five years old. Her artistic development, however, was interrupted by the war and the Russian revolution.

The father died, leaving the family penniless. During the first years of the Soviet regime, moreover, there was neither theatre nor ballet, and instead of the dramatic academy, which had been Anna's ambition, she had to go to work in a restaurant.

But even in the drudgery of the life of a waitress failed to kill her courage and her enthusiasm for the theatre. Later, when a group of young artistes formed a company to give theatrical performances, she joined them, and soon her talent was recognised.

The enterprise met with success from the point of view of public support and approval from the authorities, who had by then learned that entertainment was not merely a bourgeois luxury, but a necessity for the proletarian masses.

In that period of her life Anna Sten also made something of a name for herself as a journalist by regularly contributing articles to a local newspaper, *The Kiew Truth*.

In the meanwhile, the Soviet Government had commenced to organise the production of films, realising that they were an excellent medium for education as well as for political propaganda.

As in other cities, a film academy was founded in Kiew and Anna Sten became one of its first students.

One day she saw that Sowkino, one of Russia's best-known producers, was advertising for young talent for the screen.

Again it did not take her long to decide to go to Moscow and apply in person.

There she was set to the task of playing the same dramatic sequence both in a tragic and comic form. Although she was able to pass this by no means easy test with considerable success, Sowkino had no suitable role for her, and she cooled her heels in the outer office for weeks without getting any work.

Finally, she was sent to Jalta, the Crimean production centre, where she worked for the first time in a film studio.



FROM RED MOSCOW to HOLLYWOOD

by Irene

PARKER-HEYMANN

SAM Goldwyn saw Anna Sten playing opposite Emil Jannings in the Ufa production "The Tempest" and decided that she was of the stuff of which stars are made. She already had a big name in Russia and Germany, and now it looks as if her first Hollywood production "Nana" will make her internationally famous. Here is the romance of her rise to fame.

Then she was called back to Moscow and given a contract by Meshrabpom, the largest Russian film-producing company. Here she played the leading parts in some of Russia's most successful pictures, including *Moscow in Joy and Tears*, *The Yellow Ticket* and *The Other Man's Child*.

Those were the times when the Soviet films were making their sensational and triumphant progress all over the European Continent.

To a great extent this success was due to Anna Sten. She was recognised as the leading Soviet star.

Handsomeness contracts were offered her by various foreign production companies, but not until her director, Fedor Ozep, accepted an offer to go to Berlin did Anna Sten decide to leave the Russian screen.

In Ozep's first German picture, *The Murder of Karamazov*, adapted from Dostojewski's famous novel, she appeared as the heroine, Grushenka. Her partner was Fritz Kortner, one of Germany's best actors, who is now in England, where he will play the part of Hassan in *Chu Chin Chow*, to be produced by Gaumont-British.

The Murder of Karamazov scored a tremendous success on the Continent and in America. It was screened in London by the Film Society and it was another personal triumph for the young Russian actress.

Then Anna made *Salto Mortale* under the direction of E. A. Dupont, and as a result of that picture Erich Pommer signed her up for Ufa.

Here she played the Queen in *Captain Craddock*—the part played by Sari Maritza in the English version.

The picture that won Anna Sten her greatest recognition in England, however, was her second Ufa vehicle, *Tempest*, in which she appeared opposite Emil Jannings.

Sam Goldwyn, to whom so many screen stars owe their discovery, was again searching Europe for new talent.

He saw Anna in *Tempest* and decided to take her to America. It is rumoured that he has spent nearly £300,000 in grooming Anna into a front-rank actress, and he has given her every opportunity to make the sensation which he foresaw her appearance in American films would create.

Anna had not been completely satisfied with the roles that had been selected for her in Berlin after *Karamazov*, and she did not find it difficult to take the Hollywood plunge.

Now her first American picture *Nana*, has arrived in England. It is showing in the West End this week-end.

According to all reports, the fascinating Russian beauty has made a tremendous hit in America and is now the sensation of Broadway.

Her name seems certain to shine among the outstanding celebrities of the international screen.

Thus, Anna Sten's career leads in a straight line from a comparatively small beginning to a wonderful achievement.

In her home country she was the most prominent actress of the Russian films, in Germany she won European fame, and America now offers her the opportunity to be counted among the great stars of the world.

NEXT WEEK

"You see I'm not really a good actress—a good actress can control her emotions—but not me."

This is Katharine Hepburn, the world-famous artiste, speaking to Gladys Baker during a special interview for "Picturegoer."

It is the most revealing pen picture of Hepburn ever published. You cannot afford to miss it.

ORDER YOUR COPY TO-DAY.



Elizabeth Young, one of Paramount's contract players, shows you one of the early spring fashions in sports wear. It is of green knit, cut high and finished with an original note in the tie. Note the attractive balloon sleeves.



Dorothy Hyson, who is starring in "Cup of Kindness," has a chat with Berthold Viertel, who is directing "Little Friend" and who was also responsible for "The Spy."

Through Our LENS



You will soon be seeing Marlene Dietrich's version of Catherine the Great, now titled "The Scarlet Empress." She is seen here with Josef von Sternberg, who has directed most of her American productions.



Cliff Edwards, Ukelele Ike to you, puts in an extra bit of off-stage fooling. He is doing a burlesque of Henry VIII in "George White's Scandals."



Carl Laemmle, veteran president of Universal, cuts a 67-lb. chocolate cake on the occasion of his 67th birthday. With him are famous stars, directors and producers associated with him. How many stars can you recognise?

MY DESTINY is—



Sylvia likes nothing better in her leisure time than to be alone amongst her books.



Sylvia Sidney gives an oriental impression in her new picture "Good Dame."

SYLVIA SIDNEY curled up on the huge sofa, her dark hair, olive complexion and vivid mouth accentuated by a background of flame gladioli, and talked for the first time about her ideal Prince Charming.

Don't rush, aspiring swains, don't rush!

For the man who will succeed in capturing the heart of the diminutive Dreiser heroine is cut from no ordinary pattern. Her requirements are many, exacting, and as uncompromising as her ideas about everything that affects her personal life and her career.

First of all, there is the demand for prematurely grey hair. The warning that this requirement might result in a deluge of white-haired Apollos amused her. But she was still adamant in her order for iron-grey locks as part of her hero's physical adornment.

Then there's the question of eyes. Her own being definitely hazel with a fascinating dash of brown in one of them, it's a case of "opposites attract" with the elfin movie celebrity.

The eyes of her conquering hero must be blue. Simple enough? Not really. For the colour is the least part of it. Rather is it a much less tangible quality having to do with *expression*.

No large, melancholy orbs such as El Greco set in vogue among Castilian ladies during his reign as portrait painter in Spain. On the contrary, these eyes à la Sidney must be exceedingly luminous, with quick apprehension and aliveness.

"It's not so much the colour," she explained,

"but they must show that he's a person of awareness . . . of keen responsiveness. When I'm introduced to a man the first thing I notice is his eyes. If they're dull and lustreless I feel that he has passed life by and that his temperament is stodgy, unimaginative. Just one look at his eyes and I don't have to know anything else about him. For I believe that eyes are an individual's most revealing feature . . . they mirror deep, hidden qualities within."

The mouth? I can give her legion of masculine admirers no definite instructions as to that save that the size and shape and modelling are entirely inconsequential. As she laughingly expressed it, "It's what comes out of a man's mouth in the way of interesting talk that's important. You see, I'd much rather listen than talk myself, so it's necessary for the man I'd care about to be able to say things that are worth hearing."

I put forth the theory of certain scientists that attraction between male and female is entirely due to subtle chemical vibrations. That emanations between two persons of opposite sexes either clicked or they didn't—and that was the end of it.

Positively she shook her head. "Not for me. Besides, it's part of my destiny that's written in the stars."

Sylvia, it seems, had her horoscope cast some years ago and Myra Kingsley, the astrologist, made certain startling predictions and unearthed facts in her life which were then unknown to her client. "Everything has been proved except her prophecy that I'd marry the sort of man I've

described to you and who has always been my ideal."

More than that Cupid's most elusive target in the film colony went on record as declaring that she was in no particular hurry to launch into matrimony. She's only twenty-three, you know, and besides, she's of the opinion that movie fans prefer that their screen stars remain unmarried.

Also, there's another hurdle that her young Lochinvar will have to take in order to storm the citadel of Sylvia's affections. He will be endowed with a high-powered persuasiveness that will break down her instinctive indifference to people which amounts to an impenetrable armour of self-sufficiency.

Most humans being motivated by the herd instinct, are unable to understand this pretty young girl's need for solitude. Being entirely alone at times is for her an inner necessity. Nor is it a pose. It's as essential to her as food and breath and sunlight.

Her house in Beverly Hills is free from intimate associations of friends or family. She is, I believe, the only film luminary I've ever interviewed who was not surrounded by an entourage of business managers, press agents, secretaries and companions. It was impressive to find her entirely alone except for the servants.

"I suppose I acquired the habit of not being dependent on other people from being so much alone during my childhood. I was an only child. My mother and father had separated and my mother was my only companion. Much of the time I was left to myself and it was necessary to cultivate my inner resources. I've always had my best times alone. I remember when I came to New York to live with my aunt at the age of ten or eleven, I used to run away and if I had a nickel it would open up for me a whole day of adventure. My magic carpet was the subway! I would ride for hours on end—thrilled and interested in the people around me."

She's the most amazing combination of youth and maturity. Despite her diminutive size and quaint whimsicality, she not infrequently utters words of rare truth and wisdom. This is a part of her nature established by such immutable forces as heredity and environment. From her mother, who is Russian, she inherited a Slavonic sensitivity to the heartbreak of life. A minor strain in her nature casts her not infrequently into deep melancholia from which she can only recover by being entirely alone.

She will not choose for her matrimonial partner a gregarious individual whose amusement depends on crowds and parties.

"People take so much out of me. If I'm at a party and people crowd about me, I feel suffocated and want to make for the nearest exit. One party drains me of more vital energy than weeks of steady work in the studio."

Because an individual's philosophy is a sure index to their character, I asked on behalf of the world's eligible bachelors, if she had worked out any creed of life or code of ethics to help her over the rough places.

"I've no orthodox religion, if that's what you mean, and I don't suppose a code of ethics is possible for a person who's had so little contact with people. But I believe terribly in honesty, loyalty and integrity. The people I care most about know that they can count on me being truthful and I expect the same of them."

Then I learned that her triumphant Lothario must be possessed of genuine and habitual politeness.

"I think," she mused, "that a person could take the simple rule of courtesy as a guide to their

WRITTEN

says
SYLVIA
SIDNEY

THE famous star, in a special interview given to Gladys Baker, talks of love and life, and reveals the type of woman she really is.

conduct and come out rather well from it. I think this characteristic means so much to me that it colours my opinion, not only of people, but of places. That's the reason I fell in love with England last summer. Everyone—shop girls, waiters—everyone I came in contact with were gentle-mannered and considerate."

Then I gathered what should be heartening news to her ambitious admirers. Sylvia Sidney, by her own admission, is the least temperamental actress in Hollywood.

I told her that the charge of being temperamental had been brought against her in various quarters ever since she was said to have "walked out" on the filming of *The Way to Love* with Maurice Chevalier.

"That's stupid and unfair!" dark eyes flashing, "I'd almost rather die than let anybody down. I left the picture because I was ill. I've a gland in my throat that has a way of behaving badly. It swells to the size of a hen's egg and all I can do is to stay quietly in bed and on the strictest sort of diet until it returns to normal. It's horrid of people to say I walked off the lot. My producers know I didn't."

Though she didn't say so, there are other producers who know the stamina of this dynamic little person. Samuel Goldwyn, for instance, saw her go through the shots of *City Streets* with a broken ankle. It caused her excruciating pain to go limping across the set with her entire leg in a plaster cast and for long shots leaving off all support except a bandage. Crosby Gaige could tell also about the time she kept on in a stage play for three weeks under the same painful conditions.

"I've no patience with the manufactured display of emotions that masquerades under the name of temperament! That sort of temperament means first of all that you've got to get good and mad every now and then, and whenever I get angry all it does to me is to give me a pain in my stomach!" She laughed merrily. "I'd do almost anything to escape a row. Believe it or not, I



A scene from "Good Dame," Fredric March and Sylvia make an excellent team.

The latest studio portrait of the little star who is as versatile as she is clever and has yet to turn in an indifferent performance.

can't even argue about my contracts. I'd rather come out on the lean side of the ledger than to get myself in a fury over anything—especially money. It just isn't worth it."

I regarded the small figure with the screen's shapeliest legs curled beneath her. The plain black frock with its youthful white organdie collar accentuated her slinness.

"I'm five feet three inches," she explained, "but my heels are responsible for the inches! And Howard Greer, costume designer, says I have the smallest waistline in Hollywood. He thought that was a compliment, but I didn't. All my life I've wanted to be tall. Crosby Gaige told my mother when I was working in my first play for him, 'I wish she'd grow up. She can't possibly be full grown as she is.' But I was. I was almost twenty!" But to get back to my ideal Prince Charming. He mustn't be too tall. But not too short, either, for my feeling about being so small myself amounts almost to a complex."

But her exquisitely feminine figure has been one of the assets that has worked effectively in building up her vast screen following. Nor has her size prevented Miss Sidney from being rewarded time and again with rôles of dramatic power and intensity. In her screen career of three brief years she has proved her potentialities as an actress in such emotional rôles as those demanded in *Street Scene*, *Madame Butterfly*, *The Miracle*

Man, An American Tragedy and *Jennie Gerhardt*, the two latter being taken from the Dreiser novels.

Her portrayal of Jennie Gerhardt brought a wire of enthusiastic appreciation from Theodore Dreiser, than whom there is no author more notoriously difficult to please. But none of her rôles has ever brought her complete satisfaction.

"I'd wanted to play the part of Jennie for so long and had cared so much about it. Then, when I saw myself in it at the pre-view I had the desire to do it all over again. It left me depressed for weeks. Really, I was inconsolable."

But we were digressing. I recalled the object of my interview by inquiring if there were any other qualifications for the man who would eventually be known as "the husband of Sylvia Sidney."

"Oh, yes. It's quite necessary that he should be patient and sympathetic. Especially when I'm ill. I don't believe I get sick any more than other people, but when I do I'm more depressed. I couldn't bear for my husband to be the type of man who regards illness in his wife as a neurotic outbreak."

"You don't really believe you'll find this mythical Prince Charming, do you?"

We had risen. She was standing in the centre of the spacious drawing-room. "Of course I do," she said steadily. "It's written in the stars and is part of my destiny."

I had the feeling upon leaving that Sylvia Sidney will go right on searching for her dream lover and because her faith is the sort that removes mountains, perhaps she may find him. Who knows?



HUGH WILLIAMS

One of Hollywood's captures. His performance in "Sorrell and Son" proves that America's gain is a serious loss to us. He is now with Fox and great things are expected of him.

WHAT I Think of FILMS

by Otto KRUGER

This brilliant young actor, who has a big future before him, tells you his Hollywood experiences. He tried many occupations before the theatre claimed him, and once hoped to become a famous constructional engineer. One thing he never wants to be classed as is a "romantic type."

I T was just about a year ago that I arrived in Hollywood after playing for several weeks in *Counsellor at Law* on the Broadway stage. Paul Muni's picture obligations had called him to the film capital, and I played his rôle until the play closed.

I was a little apprehensive about the place because of the stories I had heard about forgotten actors and writers who languished in their homes and offices waiting for assignments.

That almost happened to me. For several weeks there was no mention of a rôle for me. I did, however, visit the various sets, watching the technique of veteran screen artistes like Wally Beery and Lionel Barrymore.

There is really a definite and different art to screen work, although stage experience is a tremendous help.

At any rate, I approached one of the executives one day and inquired about my status.

He explained that none of the pictures then in production could afford me any parts, but that Edgar Selwyn and Ben Hecht were writing a screen play called *Turn Back the*

The author with Barbara Stanwyck in "Ever in My Heart."



Mr. Kruger sweeps Madge Evans off her feet in "Beauty for Sale."

Clark Gable looks on with amusement while Otto Kruger hands Jean Hersholt a carefully wrapped package in "Men In White."

Clock in which I would have one of the leads.

We discussed my lack of activity in the interim and it was decided that I might appear in the California stage production of *Counsellor at Law*.

It was a big success there, just as on Broadway.

Mr. Selwyn's fine direction of *Turn Back the Clock* was an incentive to me. After that I was cast for *Beauty For Sale*, and found myself making love to Madge Evans instead of playing the character rôles I fully expected to do when I signed my contract.

But everyone appeared satisfied, and I signed a new long-term contract after that film.

I also enjoyed working in *Every Woman's Man*. With me were such sterling performers as Walter Huston, Myrna Loy, and Robert McWade. But Max Baer was the big surprise.

He's just a big youngster, as jolly as they come, and very earnest about his work. And did he act? Ask the critics and the public.

I went over to Warner Brothers for *Ever in My Heart*, and to Twentieth Century for *Gallant Lady*. Then, finally, I was given a lawyer rôle.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer did not buy *Counsellor at Law*, so they acquired Hugh Herbert's original screen story, *The Women in His Life*. I believe that to be the kind of story which appeals to all.

Irene Hervey, who plays the feminine lead, is a girl to be watched. One look at the "rushes" convinced me she'll be getting more good rôles from now on.

Just now I am pretty much enthused over *Men in White*, the Cosmopolitan picture in which I am working.

I understand that the stage play stands an excellent chance of winning the Pulitzer Prize. All of the cast like the picture immensely.

Working in pictures is not easy. Except between pictures one gets little chance to see much of Hollywood and its environs. But I'm not complaining.

With the pleasant surroundings at M.-G.-M., and the special consideration given each player, I don't regret leaving the stage to come here. As far as future stage work is concerned—well, I don't know right now.

Perhaps some day I'll take another fling at it, and I hope the play will be as successful as *Counsellor at Law*.



A Character Study of ROBERT YOUNG

by Eleanor PACKER

AN intimate picture of the life and career of this popular actor who came so rapidly to the forefront but found heartbreaks on the way.

countless disappointments, crushed hopes and nerve-wracking uncertainties, would have been stripped of sentimentality, would have been disillusioned and schooled in hardness. But not Bob.

The first time I met him was three years ago when he had just signed a contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. His enthusiasm was boyishly naive. He was fresh, eager and thrilled by the wonder of it. After years of struggling along in a community theatre, working in a bond house or a bank during the day, and working in the theatre at night, he could scarcely believe he had signed a contract with a motion picture company. He made you feel that he was secretly pinching himself to try to reassure himself that it was all true and not a dream.

The day that he was given the rôle of Helen Hayes' son in *Lullaby*, he was almost speechless. "Just think," he repeated again and again, "I'm going to play with Miss Hayes. For years she has been a sort of ideal of mine. I never dreamed that this would happen to me."

It was the same way when he played with Norma Shearer in *Strange Interval*.

Then came near-stardom and a gala Hollywood world première of *The Wet Parade*. One year, to the exact day, from the time when he signed his contract, Bob was one of the central figures at a Hollywood première. And, because Bob is Bob, he did not invite any of the glamorously lovely young women of Hollywood to share his glory on that night. He escorted his mother, the mother who had struggled to keep a roof over the head of her small brood during the lean years when they had lived and hoped and dreamed in a little house on the wrong side of the railroad tracks.

Then, with its cruel inconsistency, Hollywood decided that it had given the young man enough of glory. From near-stardom Bob slipped back to small parts, some of them scarcely more than bits.

For more than a year Bob seemed to be doomed to the oblivion of unimportance. Then, just as suddenly, six months ago conditions changed. During these last few months Bob has played leading rôles opposite several of the screen's greatest feminine stars, Ann Harding, Katharine Hepburn, Janet Gaynor. His most recent film rôle is in M.-G.-M.'s *Lazy River*.

Remembering the first Bob of three years ago, I was almost afraid to meet him again. I was afraid of what Hollywood might have done to him. But he was the same Bob with the same fine enthusiasm and almost bewildered boyishness. "I couldn't be hard and cold if I tried to be," he confessed, "so what's the use of pretending. Lots of people have talked to me, have advised me to learn to be indifferent about things. Perhaps

A new studio portrait of the subject of this article.

ONLY once in a blue moon do you find a man who is unashamed of being sentimental. For some reason, men seem to associate sentiment with softness and femininity.

But there is one young man in Hollywood who is unafraid of sentimentality, who is proud of it. Robert Young admits frankly and without reservation that sentiment plays now, and always has played, a large part in his scheme of living.

"I don't talk about it much," he explained, "because I'm afraid that people will laugh at me, will think I'm a silly fool. I don't know why the average man will try to go to the opposite pole of hardness and indifference to hide any sentiment which he may feel. That training begins in boyhood when the other fellows make fun of you if you show any sign of what they call 'silliness.'"

"I remember once when I was in the fourth or fifth year in school, a gang of boys planned to go on a hiking trip one Saturday. I said I couldn't go because it was my sister's birthday. They laughed at me and teased me about it. But I didn't go. I couldn't explain to them that

Robert Young with his wife and baby daughter, Carol Ann.



birthdays were big events in our family life. In spite of the fact that we had little money, we always managed to make a big celebration of holidays and birthdays. Nothing in the world could have forced me to miss that little family birthday dinner with the cake and the small, inexpensive gifts which we opened with so much ceremony."

And Hollywood has been as powerless in changing Bob as was that group of boys.

Most young men, who have fought their way upward from poverty, who have struggled in the heart-breaking game of motion pictures with its

they are right. Perhaps I would avoid a lot of suffering by being that way. But I'd also lose a lot of happiness. After all, the little simple things of life are the most important—to me, at least. I am trying not to lose sight of them."

When Bob first began to attain a place in Hollywood, these same advisers talked to him about going places and being seen with the right people, with the younger feminine players whose names make news and about whom there is a certain aura of glamour. In a town which boasts a few eligible young bachelors, Bob was invited everywhere.

He tried to follow that advice—for a few weeks. But in a short time he went back to his own quiet way of living. And back to the one real love of his life, the girl whom he had known since grammar school days.

"I suddenly realised that life was too short to waste it trying to be something which I was not," Bob explained; "I know that a lot of people thought that I was a fool, that I was throwing away a chance which was given to few people. But I didn't care. I wasn't happy. I don't like social affairs. I was happier going to a kinema with Betty than I was going to the most elaborate party."

So Bob and Betty were married and Hollywood lost another bachelor. Shortly before last Christmas, their baby daughter, Carol Anne, was born. Betty stayed in the hospital a few days longer than necessary just so that she could have her homecoming on Christmas Day. Because Bob and Betty, with their warm, young sentimentality, knew that day was the day of all days to bring the third member of their little family into her new home.

And what a day that was! Both families. Carol Anne. Blazing fire. Huge Christmas tree. Gifts and gifts and more gifts.

"Mother had worked for days, making special foods," Bob smiled. "The house was decorated from top to bottom. And, as we all sat there, I thought about other Christmases, when we had managed to be happy, to make a big celebration, even though we only had very inexpensive gifts for each other and no money for special foods and decorations. I am glad that I was born in that kind of a family. We have always found pleasures in little things which other people wouldn't notice."

Bob admits with a grin that he celebrates everything. The day that he signed his new contract with M.-G.-M., a much better contract than the first, he and Betty invited the entire family to a huge celebration dinner as nearly as possible like the one which had marked the other contract three years before. Then Bob and his family had been living in a little cottage.

A year later, when Bob moved his family into a lovely little bungalow on one of Hollywood's older streets, they had another celebration. And, recently, they again celebrated the move into a home at the beach, where Bob's mother can see the Pacific Ocean outside her windows, something of which she had dreamed for years.

Bob and Betty and Carol Anne live in a little bungalow on the outskirts of Hollywood, their honeymoon house. They are planning to build some day their own home, a permanent home. And they are already collecting little things for that house.

"Not long ago we went to Mexico for a week-end," Bob told me; "in a little store on the border we saw a lovely vase on a matching tray. In almost the same breath, we both said, 'Wouldn't that look fine in our new home?' So we went in and bought it. That was the real beginning of the house."

"Almost the same thing happened long before Carol Anne was born. We were walking down Hollywood Boulevard one afternoon and in a window we saw a bonnet and little coat. We both knew that they were just the right bonnet and coat for our baby—if we ever had one. So we bought them. It will be months and months

before Carol grows large enough to wear them but we shall probably always treasure them as the very first articles of wearing apparel ever bought for her. Silly? Maybe. But not to us."

In his dressing-room Bob has placed a framed motto from the Arabic, "The Greatest of Virtues is Humbleness." A strange motto for the make-believe world of Hollywood.

"A friend of mine gave me that motto at the time when I needed it most," Bob confessed. "I went through a phase of almost losing my head. That was when I first began in pictures. I was nothing but a foolish youngster, awed by the glitter and the razzle-dazzle of it all. It must have been the old-fashioned sentimentality in me which pulled me through. That is the only way I can explain it. Women flattered me and I fell for it. I began to think that I was a pretty important person. Boy," Bob whistled through his teeth, "I certainly had a narrow escape from becoming a complete fool."

"If I had been all alone without any responsibilities, I probably would have fallen under the spell."

"Now, when I look back on that Bob who thought that the world was his oyster, simply because he had signed a contract and because famous women went out of their way to be nice to him—from professional interest and courtesy, I realise now, not from personal interest—it is like looking back on another person."

"Hollywood offers more tests for stability, probably, than any other place. It is so fantastic and unreal. Some guiding spirit or something

must have been looking after me, because, suddenly, I seemed to realise what it was all about and get my common sense back."

Clark Gable once admitted the same thing, confessed that he almost lost his sense of balance in the suddenness of Hollywood. And Clark is an older and more experienced person than the boy who walked out of a bank into the very centre of studio life.

So, to-day, Bob is not only proud of his frank sentimentality, and his insistence upon the importance of small things, but he is clinging to them as to an anchor. His small bungalow, Betty, Carol Anne, his family and the family over the dinner table, birthdays, a few friends, anniversaries, pilgrimages back to the neighbourhood where he and Betty spent the days of their courtship—little things which are so big.

He looks at them so that his eyes will not be blinded by the glitter of the make-believe world in which he works.

AN ANNOUNCEMENT

Owing to unforeseen circumstances, we are unable to publish Douglas Fairbanks, jun.'s reply to the open letter written to him by M. D. Phillips in our issue of February 24. We hope to give our readers the star's spirited defence next week.



As the star appeared with Norma Shearer in "Strange Interlude," the picture which exploited the 'spoken thought' idea.

With Helen Hayes and Jean Hersholt in "Lullaby" in which he scored a big success.



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Phil Lonergan Sends It Hot From Hollywood

MARGARET SULLAVAN MYSTERY

*The Progress of Carl Brisson—Juvenile Car Thieves—
Madeleine Carroll's Big Chance—Heiress Seeks Stellar
Honours—A Chevalier Romance? — The "Kissless"
Actress!*

MARGARET SULLAVAN, who scored such a success in *Only Yesterday*, has the Universal studio worried.

She frankly admits her aversion to Hollywood, and its intrusions upon her privacy, and is constantly flying to New York, sometimes when she is in demand at the studio. She is as difficult to interview as Greta Garbo or Marlene Dietrich.

Miss Sullavan's next film for Universal is to be *Little Man, What Now?* The title might well be changed to *Little Girl, What Now?*

For when the studio sends word to Margaret to come to work, they hardly know what kind of an answer they will receive, or where she may be!

Hollywood believes that Margaret is in love, and that possibly the rumours of a recent marriage are based on fact.

A Clever Showman

Everyone is watching the progress of Carl Brisson. Carl, who is appearing in *Murder at the Vanities*, at Paramount, attracted city-wide attention when he arrived with a car-load of trunks, following which he majestically entered the studio in his huge European motor, a car which evoked a gasp from Marlene Dietrich, who has an imposing one of her own.

Marlene gasped some more when she learned that Carl had the right to drive his machine on the lot. Hitherto Miss Dietrich was the sole possessor of such a privilege, at least among the players.

The latest publicity stroke of the Danish star is to have his luncheon, cooked in the approved Danish style, driven to the studio from his Beverly Hills home. Carl climbs into the car and eats his noonday repast, spurning the services of the studio restaurant.

Plundering the Stars

Joel McCrea and his wife, Frances Dee, were held up, while driving along the Pacific Palisades, and sustained a loss of valuables estimated at \$150.

Constance Cummings' mother had her car stolen recently. Connie saw the car a few days later, containing three youths, jumped on the running board, and was ungallantly pushed off by one of the occupants.

Police located the machine in front of a school a short time afterwards, and remarked that the theft of the car was probably due to a boyish prank.

An application of the parental hair brush would do considerable good to juvenile car thieves, but, alas, in Hollywood we do not have ancestor worship, but child adulation.

An Imposing Film

With Madeleine Carroll and Franchot Tone heading the cast, *The World Moves On* is under way at the Fox Movietone Studio.

It is hailed as one of the biggest and most spectacular Fox productions of the year, and it is planned for release in mid-summer.

Miss Carroll should win new laurels in this film, and, while she is an idol of the British fans, her first American picture should also establish her as an American favourite. I regard her as a very serious rival to Helen Hayes. The latter lady has no competition from American actresses.

Franchot Tone, who has rapidly come to the front in the past year as one of Hollywood's most popular leading men, was last seen in *Dancing*

Lady and, just previous to that, was featured in *Blonde Bombshell*.

John Ford directs, while Reginald Berkeley, who turned out the widely-acclaimed screen adaptation of *Cavalcade*, is the author of *The World Moves On*.

A Publicity "Gag"?

Evelyn Venable, the demure ingénue, who is known as Hollywood's "kissless" actress, has lost her title.

Miss Venable and Kent Taylor, appearing in *David Harum*, a Fox film, exchanged a few osculatory salutes during the progress of the story. It is now reported that the yarn of Evelyn's "kisslessness" is merely a publicity inspiration.

I sincerely hope that Evelyn will not launch into sophisticated roles! We have too many "sexy" actresses without any more additions to the list.

The War is Over

Gloria Stuart and the Universal studio officials have buried the hatchet, and not into one another! The pretty actress is not leaving for China to resume her duties with the paper for which she was formerly a reporter. Instead, she is appearing in *I'll Tell the World*, for Universal, and appears quite happy.

From a confidential, semi-official source, I learn that Gloria and the studio are "ironing out their differences," which were matters concerning an increase of salary and more important parts.

Battling Hollywood

Thousands of girls come to Hollywood to crash the gates of fame, but few are as fortunate as Kitty O'Dare, whose real name is Catharine Flynn. She is pretty and the heiress to \$1,250,000 which she inherited last year on her twenty-first birthday.

Kitty has not secured a film contract as yet so she is dancing in a night club, and, in her leisure moments, giving very lavish parties in her luxurious home. She is said to have expended over £20,000 in a few weeks.

Her mother and sister, members of New York society, came to Hollywood to induce Kitty to return to the eastern city, but acceded to her plea to have a few months in which to decide whether she can win film fame.

This girl must wish to win film success on her own merits, for if she took off the strings on her bank roll she could get results at once, particularly in these days when so many studios are "in the red," and could use an extra million with ease.

Home Theatricals

Joan Crawford, who has been renovating her home, presumably for the advent of a new husband, is building a small theatre at the rear of her mansion, where she plans to put on stage performances, aided by a number of her celebrated friends.

The theatre will include footlights, scenery and everything else that goes with a well-equipped playhouse.

"Cagy" Actors!

Humans and a wild animal reversed positions during a filming of *She Made Her Bed*, at the Paramount studio.

Robert Armstrong played a role wherein he was



A new picture of Margaret Sullavan who has the studios worried because she is never where she is expected to be. The rumour is that she is in love.

supposed to be eaten by a Bengal tiger, and, for a time, it looked as though not only Bob, but the rest of the cast, might furnish a meal for the ferocious animal.

The tiger leaped over the enclosure where it was confined, and Armstrong and the rest of the assemblage rushed into the cage, where they remained until the trainer subdued the tiger, and placed him in another cage.

This story illustrates the joys of a movie actor.

A New Romance

Maurice Chevalier has been seen about Hollywood quite a bit with Kay Francis, and everyone is wondering if a romance is in the offing.

While Chevalier has been attentive to many attractive ladies, Kay appears to be the type which would win his serious attention. She is one of Hollywood's feminine stars who really would appear quite all right in a real drawing-room.

However, Kay is not free of her matrimonial ties, although she has filed an action against her husband, Kenneth MacKenna. According to California laws, a divorce received in the state is not effective until a year after the interlocutory decree is granted.

Poor Mimi

I had luncheon a few weeks ago at the Fox studio with Mimi Jordan and some of the other Fox players. The pretty blonde actress entered the restaurant apparently alone, but when she reached the table, she opened her coat, and there was a tiny Pekinese resting under her arm. The reason for her action was that dogs are prohibited in the studio restaurant.

Mimi worships this dog, but, sad to say, it disappeared while she was visiting her bank. Placing it on the floor, she turned to the teller's window, and, when she looked for the canine, it was gone!

For several days she was desolate, but, after offering a reward, mysterious individuals got in touch with her, and, for a generous recompense, restored the Peke to her welcoming arms.

PRE-VIEWS OF THE
LATEST FILMS

Let our Film Critics who really see the Pictures Guide You

The five stars of "Wonder Bar," which will be fully reviewed next week. Left to right: Ricardo Cortez, Dolores Del Rio, Al Jolson, Kay Francis, and Dick Powell.

Besides being a fine specimen of manhood, Buster Crabbe gives an attractive and likeable performance as Don Jackson, while Gertrude Michael is very

well in character as Jean Strange. As a "dumb" office-girl, Toby Wing shows to advantage and adds to the general gaiety of the proceedings.—L. C.

SIX COMEDIANS in SEARCH OF LAUGHS

WE have often discussed comedy on this page and we have come to the conclusion that one man's joy is another man's gloom. Therefore, in dealing with a picture like *Six of a Kind*, one feels a little restrained.

Let me say straight away that I enjoyed it immensely. It gave me one of the most enjoyable spells I've had in a kinema for a long time. I also took the precaution of seeing it when the theatre had an audience, because I wanted to see what the reaction would be. There were continual roars of laughter and a constant gurgle of merriment all the time.

Therefore, I feel safe in recommending you to see this film. If you do not enjoy it, you will be the exception.

Here is a brief outline of the story. Charles Ruggles, a bank clerk, decides to take his wife, Mary Boland, on a two-weeks' motor tour across America on a second honeymoon. Mary, in order to save expenses, advertises for another couple to join them.

Who should answer the advertisement but our old friends Burns and Allen! And they bring the dog along! Imagine this quintette in a car, trekking across the continent.

The climax is reached when they put up in a small mining town where W. C. Fields is the sheriff and Alison Skipworth is the proprietress of an hotel. To see Fields at the billiards table is to enjoy one of the funniest scenes screened for a long time.

Through it all runs the thread of a bank robbery, in which Ruggles is innocently involved, and which adds to the humour. The final shot of Charles and Mary Boland achieving what they originally set out to find—a little romance—is delightful.

Now that you know who is in the cast, there is no need for me to assure you of the excellence of the acting. Every artiste gives full value to the lines and the situations, and they all share the honours. There is no picture snatching and no one person tries to blot out the other. Leo McCarey, the director, deserves much praise for his handling of the team.

Also let us give a bouquet to Paramount and

the director for having given us a funny picture to which we can take every member of the family, including the children and Aunt Prudence.—M. B. Y.

"The Search for Beauty"

As a satire on the "health and beauty" racket, this picture proves extremely good entertainment; it also serves to introduce, in a fairly natural manner, the thirty winners of the International Beauty Contest organised by Paramount.

They are, however, of very little importance to the plot and merely serve as a sort of chorus to it. It would be impossible to judge from their brief appearance here whether any of them are going to get anywhere in the screen world.

The plot shows how Larry Williams and Jean Strange, two ex-convicts, with the assistance of Dan Healy, another shady individual, start a "Health and Beauty" magazine and inveigle two international swimming champions, Don Jackson and Barbara Hilton, to become editors.

They send Jackson off on a hunt for fine types from America, Great Britain, and the Dominions, and, while he is away, proceed to make the paper pornographic and sexy.

Back comes Jackson, ready to upset their schemes; they buy him out, however, with a farm in the country and ten thousand dollars. Jackson intends to turn the place into a health resort, assisted by Barbara and the thirty men and women he has selected in the beauty contest.

Jean is sent down to spy on his plans and get an interest in the business. With her help, Larry and Dan try to turn the resort into a notorious road-house, but are signally defeated.

The whole thing has been treated by Erle C. Kenton in comedy vein, and it is action and wisecracks all the way, only interrupted temporarily for a display by the aforesaid contest winners and a bevy of beauty who put over an attractive spectacular dancing ensemble.

Robert Armstrong and James Gleason make an excellent team. Their "back-chat" is exceedingly amusing and both of them draw sound characterisations of a credible nature.

I liked Ida Lupino's performance very much; she is cast as Barbara Hilton, and played it naturally and sincerely. By this showing, she should soon be getting in the bright lights—always supposing she is given the chance.

"La Robe Rouge"

There is very little kinematic about this adaptation of Brieux's play, which contains a strong protest against the late French practice of allowing prisoners to be questioned by an examining magistrate without the presence of their counsel.

It was largely due, I believe, to his work that the system was abolished.

While the director, Comte Jean de Marguenat, who is said to belong to the modern school and is now engaged on a new production, *La Flambee*, has done nothing much more in essentials than give us a photographed version of the play, he has directed his artistes extremely well.

As in practically every French picture we see over here, the casting is admirable and every player gives a really worth-while performance.

The story is quite a simple one, and deals with a smuggler who, accused of murder, is brought before an examining magistrate and cajoled and threatened into making a confession of guilt.

This he refuses to do, strong in his innocence, although the magistrate plays on his feelings for his children and his wife.

At the trial he is acquitted because the prosecuting counsel, who has made out a flawless circumstantial case against him, has qualms of conscience and puts his doubts as to his guilt before the jury.

However, the wretched man's life is wrecked because, in the course of cross-examination, it transpires that his wife had been seduced ten years ago and had been sent to prison for receiving stolen money from her seducer.

He leaves her, and the woman, under emotional stress, goes and murders the examining magistrate who was the root cause of the whole tragedy.

It is a sombre affair with very little light relief; what there is is introduced through supporting characterisations and is thoroughly effective.

There is a very banal and bathetic touch at the end, when the accused's little son falls down on his knees and prays for his mother. This strikes a painfully theatrical note, but otherwise the dramatic construction is good, although continuity does not run as smoothly as it might.

A brilliant performance is given by Jacques Gretillat as the examining magistrate; he presents a cold-blooded, relentless character and is sinistraly impressive.

The accused man is very well presented by Daniel Mendaille, while Suzanne Rizzler is emotionally tragic as his unfortunate wife.

As the prosecuting counsel, Constant Remy is sincere and natural.

All through the picture there are cynical touches relating to the procedure of the French

courts—how justice and conscience are swayed by personal consideration of advancement.

There is rather a spate of dialogue, but it is pointed and extremely natural. For those who have no French, there are sub-titles which explain the situation satisfactorily.

The play is set in the picturesque Basque country, but the camera has not done full justice to the beauties of the countryside.—L. C.

"The Warren Case"

After the opening scenes of this film I was hoping that we were going to have a good newspaper picture, but it just resolved itself into an ordinary crime story.

Lewis Bevan, a drink-sodden crime reporter of *The Morning Sun*, is not pulling his weight, and Sir Richard Clavering, the proprietor, tells him so.

Sir Richard has a daughter, Mary, who is engaged to Hugh, and presumably Bevan is in love with Mary. Bevan and Hugh meet at a theatre and they go on to a night-club.

Bevan has arranged for Pauline Warren, one of the hostesses of the club, to inveigle Hugh to her flat and to keep him until Bevan arrives. She gets him there, mixes his drinks, and refuses to allow him to leave. There is a scuffle and next morning *The Morning Sun* carries an exclusive story of the strangling of Miss Warren.

From clues provided to Scotland Yard it is an easy matter to pin the crime on to Hugh. Bevan leaves the *Sun* for a rival paper, *The Courier*, and presumably he writes articles which are prejudicial to Hugh.

At the trial the prisoner is found guilty and sentenced to death. But the real murderer has reckoned without love, which in the end triumphs.

Unfortunately, the story becomes hardly credible after the murder. The work of Scotland Yard is too amateurish.

Wouldn't they have asked the prisoner who he was with on the night of the murder?

Wouldn't they have established that Bevan knew the murdered woman intimately?

Wouldn't they have done a hundred and one things they didn't do that were so obvious.

But I could even have forgiven all that had some of the acting been adequate. Most of the men were quite good, although Hugh seemed a spineless specimen. Richard Bird played Bevan well, although the character should have had more light to its shade.

The women, with the exception of Hugh's mother (unnamed in the programme), were not capable of giving anything like full value to their parts. It's a pity.

Walter Summers directed with ability.—M. B. Y.

"Trouble"

This is a Sydney Howard picture, which means that if you like Sydney Howard you will certainly like the film.

Sydney is a steward on a pleasure-cruise boat. You can see the possibilities for comedy—broad, Howard-like comedy. On board is Mrs. Orpington with a £3,000 pendant. Yes, there are a couple of crooks, too.

I needn't go into detail, but Sydney triumphs and confounds the villains.

The picture is not as funny to me as it might have been, because from the moment we meet Sydney Howard we realise he could never be the steward he is supposed to be. And therefore all the absurd things he does do not register as they should.

There is no doubt about this comedian's ability but I think his comedy would gain enormously if he were made a more natural figure. The essence of farce is that it should deceive one into believing it is all true, while one is watching it.

I am also getting a trifle bored with the monotony of Muriel Aked's impersonations. She can act and I would advise a change of character.

The rest of the cast is competent and the "news reel" shots of sports on deck and so forth are admirable.—M. B. Y.

"The Mystery of Mr. X."

There is not a great deal of tenseness about this mystery story; it is treated in a light and airy vein with a strong flavouring of romance, but it is ingenious in construction and gains a lot

from the pleasing performance given by Robert Montgomery as a crook who reforms.

Do not, however, run away with the idea that it is one of the conventional reformation stories; there is no attempt to point a moral but merely a successful endeavour to present a pleasant hour's entertainment.

Robert Montgomery as Revel is excellent, but he is certainly the most un-crooklike person I have ever seen on the screen.

He steals a diamond and Scotland Yard is convinced that if they can find the thief they will lay their hands on a maniac who has been murdering policemen in a very wholesale manner.

One night the scarf of a man named Marche, who is engaged to Jane, daughter of the Chief Commissioner, is found near a murdered policeman. He is arrested. Revel then makes a bold move and, going into the magistrate's court, perjures himself by swearing that he had seen

Buster Crabbe and Ida Lupino both give fine performances in "The Search for Beauty."



Marche, drunk after a dinner party, knock down the policeman and take his helmet. His evidence is supported by a taxi driver who is in league with Revel. So Marche is fined and imprisoned for ten days for assault.

This perjury enables Revel to get acquainted with the Commissioner and he and Jane become very friendly.

However, a detective, Connor, is suspicious and believes that Revel is the mysterious murderer X.

I will not spoil your enjoyment of the picture by detailing the manner in which Revel outwits the police, succeeds in running the murderer to earth and also manages to win the love of Jane.

It is all perhaps a little far-fetched but ingenious and holds your attention very well.

As I have said, the picture is dominated by the personality of Robert Montgomery, who acts in an easy and natural manner and makes love equally felicitously.

Elizabeth Allan has little to do as Ann except look ingenuous, which she does effectively. A certain timbre in her speaking voice which is sometimes noticeable and jars a little seems more noticeable in this picture than in her previous one.



The comedy team, Mary Boland and Charles Ruggles, are together again in "Six of a Kind."

Gracie Fields has a new leading man, John Loder, in her latest film, "Love, Life, and Laughter," which will be fully reviewed next week.

Ralph Forbes is definitely weak as Marche; he strikes a stilted and artificial

note but Lewis Stone is excellent as the detective, Connor, as is Henry Stephenson as the Chief Commissioner.

A brilliant comedy Cockney characterisation comes from Forrester Harvey as the taxi-cab driver.

Edgar Selwyn's direction is very capable and in view of that it amazes me that he should have made such absurd mistakes in the conduct of an English court and in the geography of London.

The atmosphere because of this induces an artificial note which is sometimes laughable.

The murders are committed in various parts of London and when Revel goes to a map to try to discover where the murderer is likely to strike next he reels out familiar landmarks which are hopelessly inaccurate in relation one to the other.

With Hollywood efficiency at such a high pitch in other respects, it seems incredible that accuracy so easily obtainable should be neglected.—L. C.

"The Crimson Candle"

Here is one of M.-G.-M.'s British quota pictures, a thoroughly ingenuous and aimless haunted-house comedy-drama which is dated in idea and production and would need a very unsophisticated audience to appreciate it.

It is a pity that such artistes as Eve Gray, Eliot Makeham, Kenneth Koves and Kynaston Reeves—all of whom do their best with the poorest of material—should be given such a nonsensical plot.

One would expect M.-G.-M. to be a little more discriminating in their British output considering their reputation and the quality of their American product.

Perhaps, one of these days they will sponsor a British production of a calibre which has made the lion a visually welcome trade mark on the screen and live up to their motto, "Ars Gratia Artis."



The dashing young lieutenant (Phillips Holmes) who has fallen in love with Nana (Anna Sten).



Three little women (Anna Sten, Mae Clarke and Muriel Kirkland) for whom life held few illusions.

Lady of the BOULEVARDS

This is an adaptation of Emile Zola's famous story, "Nana," which Samuel Goldwyn has used as a vehicle for starring Anna Sten. She plays the part of the gutter lily who comes to a tragic end.

She is supported by an excellent cast and has had the advantage of Dorothy Arzner's direction.

The tragic end of Nana. Her two friends are played by Mae Clarke and Muriel Kirkland.



A scene between the romantic theatre manager (Richard Bennett) and his protégée, Nana.



NANA



The clever actress, Mae Clarke, in a characteristic pose.



A study of Anna Sten, who was specially groomed and trained for stardom, as she appears in the principal part.



The two brothers who mean so much in Nana's life (Phillips Holmes and Lionel Atwill).

Real Parisian atmosphere, helped by the introduction of the famous Can-Can dance.





"Chuck! Listen!" said Shapiro, "I had to come. Something you said to Cramer while you were waiting to come up here—something about an accident."

Chuck's working for other people."

Two days later, she evidently forgot Shapiro was within sight and hearing when talking in the hut to Chuck's time-keeper, Tom Cummings.

Tom was a white-collar man, a Harvard graduate, and was not averse when Mary looked like accepting his kiss.

"Would you mind shutting the door first?" Shapiro inquired, after a discreet cough. Politeness, thinly veiling hate, was his attitude to her thereafter. Hers to him was worse. She treated him as though he didn't exist.

When Chuck and she had been three years married and their boy, David, was a year less, Shapiro, determined not to be ignored,

became a lion in boldness. Perhaps he had excuse. Under the auspices of the highly successful concern, known as "The Regan

Wrecking Company," Shapiro, junk merchant, had also made a name.

He had palatial offices, a handsome sideboard at home, and two more children to romp over the silk dresses of the Italian wife. With these assets, well-groomed clothes, and a neat moustache, he ran into Tom Cummings on the doorstep of the Regan Wrecking Company's offices.

"Good day, Mr. Cummings! Pray, don't be in a hurry. I've an idea to put up to Mr. Regan. You must come in with me." His enthusiasm carried Chuck's erstwhile rival-in-love into the private sanctum. Chuck, big and bluff, was unchanged; though he, too, wore a white collar. He took Shapiro aside.

"Listen! I've been able to fix that deal with Amalgamated Schools. Cummings is to get the building contract. Thanks for getting me in touch with the directors. Don't tell Cummings I had anything to do with it. Oh! Hullo, Tom! How's trade?"

"Pretty good. There's talk of putting up a new school on Dart's Meads. Have you heard?"

"A rumour or two. Keep your eyes open, Tom. I pull down. You put up."

"It's a good joke. Seems like no time since you were punching time in the Pacific office."

"That reminds me what we're here for. Time passes, Chuck. Your boy David's two years old to-day. I thought maybe you'd ask Tom and me to celebrate at your house, so we can see the kid with his presents—that is, if Mary doesn't object."

A bold move for Sam Shapiro, seeing that in three years, despite their friendship, he had never been asked to Chuck's house.

Uncomfortableness was rife in Chuck's face as he took up the telephone.

"Mary—that you? I'm bringing a couple of folks to dinner to-night. You know them—Tom Cummings and Sam Shapiro. Right, dear. Good-bye. Okay, boys! That's fixed."

All the same, Shapiro sweated a little inside his immaculate dress clothes when he and Tom arrived in the Regan mansion on the boulevard, and found only Mary, and David immersed on the pile carpet with his toys, to receive them.

"Chuck's late. He won't be here for an hour yet. He 'phoned, as usual when there's company," she complained to Cummings. Shapiro saw that she wasn't going to notice him beyond a bare "how d'you do," and let go a stream of nervous conversation, finally settling himself on the floor to amuse David, who proved appreciative.

Even Chuck's arrival with more parcels for his son, kisses for his wife, and a welcome for his friends couldn't melt the ice of disapproval in Mary's eyes. Shapiro overheard her whisper: "I thought I told you over the 'phone I wouldn't have that wretched little Jew man in the house."

The telephone ringing, as dinner was announced, brought Chuck to an elegant fluted pillar supporting the drawing-room to answer it.

Covering the mouth of the transmitter, he communicated briefly to Mary.

"Spot of bother at the works at Chicago. I must go to-night."

"Chuck, you can't. You're always going away. I never see you. You can't let your friends down, either."

Shapiro saw him look at her, then speak into the transmitter: "Sorry, I can't possibly come along. Settle it yourselves."

Not so easy, apparently. While the voice at the other end of the wire could be heard in croaky protest, Shapiro saw Cummings take Mary's hands. Words, looks passed between them. Mary shook Chuck's arm by the pillar. "Sorry, darling. Say you'll go. It was selfish of me. Of course, you must attend to business."

Like lightning the words ripped from Chuck's mouth to the wire: "Right. I'll come along, then. Have Cramer meet me at the station and book me a room at the hotel."

He was gone, and with it the chilliness that made dinner an ordeal for Shapiro returned. Valiantly he strove to engage Mary in conversation, relapsing at length into a hopeless monologue.

Suddenly Mary and Tom began to talk to each other in French. Though the entrée was excellent, Shapiro thrust aside his napkin, rose, bowed, excused himself, and left.

Afterwards he wished he had not been so precipitate, though, had he stayed, he could hardly have prevented the crisis that occurred in the small hours of the morning. Similar crises perhaps were happening all over the world, but, because this one involved Chuck, Shapiro knew a keener agony than he had undergone while his leg was mending.

From Cramer, trusty foreman of the Regan Wrecking Company, he learned what had happened to Chuck after the night of crisis when he arrived home unexpectedly from Chicago at 2 a.m. to find Tom Cummings with his wife.

"Y'know," Cramer observed as the noise from a tangle of steel girders falling, like a house of cards under the influence of oxy-acetylene files, died away on the company's latest site of demolition, "I did think the boss ought to have contested his divorce. He might have had a chance to see his kid if he had. Now, he's no right to look even at

The WRECKER

THE STORY OF
THE FILM
by Marjory
WILLIAMS

Freely based on the film, "The Wrecker" by permission of United Artists Film Corporation, Film House, Wardour Street, London, W.1.

See "On the Screens Now" feature, page 26, for the full cast and Lionel Collier's criticism of this film.

DYNAMITE going off! Look out! Can't you read, man? Can't you?" Just retribution. Punishment of the ungodly. Sam Shapiro, the Jew, hearing the shout, acknowledged the fairness of what was coming to him. Sam Shapiro, with an Italian wife, four children and a portmanteau crammed with junk from the demolished remains of a luxury hotel, was aware of the risk he ran in ignoring the Pacific Wrecking Company's notice: "Danger. Keep Out. This means You."

A dull rumble, followed by the leap into mid-air of what had been a floor containing a dozen bedrooms, threw Shapiro on his face. He didn't see the man who had shouted leave the bosun's chair at the end of the derrick boom, whence he had supervised the work of demolition, swing groundwards on a rope's end, fall upon and roll him out of harm's way.

The accusing portmanteau, disclosing a host of electric-light bulbs, lay open on its side. Shapiro sought through mud and gore to see his rescuer.

"Seems like every bone in my body's broken."

"Lucky your neck isn't. I've a good mind to break it myself to teach you a lesson."

Shapiro relapsed into unconsciousness, rousing to find himself in a foreman's hut and a doctor examining his leg.

"Broken, I'm afraid. Pretty badly."

He proceeded to set it there and then. Through agony, heightened by the acute sensitiveness of his face, Shapiro clung to the hand of the man who had saved his life. Their eyes met. A smile softened the tense expression of Chuck Regan, work's foreman—a smile which was gradually returned from the agonised face on the improvised pillow. Friendship flowed between them.

Shapiro has met with kindness. Shapiro never forgets. Thus the keynote of the little man's behaviour

to Chuck Regan during the weeks in which the hut became his bed and reception-room. He had found the right man to idolise.

Chuck Regan, with a genius for wrecking buildings, knew how to construct careers. Not only his own. Many a man, though he didn't know it, owed to Chuck the mounting of another rung of success. Physically, he was tough, with splendid proportions and the endurance of a pioneer. Mentally, he had his weaknesses.

Lying prisoner day after day, Shapiro learned of Chuck's unreasoning fondness for Mary, who kept a coffee stall on the works, and was touchy about her sole rights as saleswoman. She was a dazzling blonde, but not the girl for Chuck, being too flippant, fond of gum-chewing, and, as Shapiro surmised, too fond of number one.

"When are you and Chuck thinking of getting married?" he inquired of her, grudging the necessity of acknowledging their engagement.

Mary waited while exploding dynamite had settled the descent of the Doric columns of the ex-hotel portico.

"Soon as he has his own business, I guess. I'm sick and tired of

David. He was all for him, you remember?"

Shapiro thought of a birthday evening and Chuck hugging a sleepy two-year-old before yielding him up for bed, and remembered.

"Where is Mr. Regan this morning?"

Since his divorce had gone through and Mary was the wife of Tom Cummings, Chuck had shown signs of collapse. A month he had been away and Shapiro, who made it his business to look him up every morning, was getting anxious.

"Not back yet," Cramer informed. "Hasn't been here for days and days. Mr. Shapiro, I've been investigating. Pal of mine has a beat on East Street. He's been round the doss-houses, getting information. It seems Mr. Regan's lodging here."

He handed an address on a paper. Shapiro took it and departed on a search in the slum quarter of the city.

"Can I speak to Mr. Regan?" he inquired, nervousness making him more polite than usual, of a man with a bald head who dozed half-doped at the top of a foul-looking staircase.

"Never heard of him. Go in and get him if he's here."

Breathing circumspectly, for the doss-house was malodorous in the extreme, Shapiro passed between a double row of iron bedsteads, each containing a blighted specimen of humanity. He stopped presently, horror-struck. He would not have known the matted hair, the face covered with a fortnight's beard; only the hand clutching the dirty blanket was recognisable as the hand that had held his during a few moments' excruciating pain.

"Chuck," he breathed, dropping beside the prone figure. "Come along. You've got to get out of here."

No answer, then only muttered negatives with a curse or two thrown in. The curse proved Shapiro's inspiration.

"Curse me, do you?" he shouted, shaking a fist. "Curse you, rotten drunkard! You're too weak to get up, too frightened. You're yellow—see—Y-E-L-L-O-W."

The hulking, untidy, fortunately, fully-dressed figure of Chuck Regan struggled to its feet and, before the last derisive syllable had been uttered, dealt a blow that brought Shapiro to his knees in a corner. Trembling, sure that he was hurt, but still determined, the Jew got up and, with a pathetic imitation of violence, tackled his assailant.

"Get on!" he shouted, administering a kick. "You know you're too feeble to walk. You may be able to stand, but you can't get down those stairs. You're a coward. That's what you are—C-O-W-A-R-D."

This time he had Chuck in front of him, staggering backwards down the ramshackle stairs attempting to spar with blows that luckily missed.

Perspiring, this time not from nervousness, Shapiro put an arm round the big man in a taxi. "Listen, Chuck. You've got to pull yourself together. It's Christmas Day to-morrow, and David's going to spend it with you."

"Nonsense! How can I see him?"

"He's coming to my house for dinner. I invite him and you. Mama and the kids will be so happy."

"Sam, it's no use. I can't come to a party. Look at me."

"Here's what you want."

He saw Chuck through a Turkish bath, shave, and haircut; finally thrusting into his hands, as he

emerged from the drying-room looking like a human being, a wad of notes.

"Presents for David," he reminded apologetically. "You be at my house six o'clock, for certain, please."

Shapiro left him, satisfied with Chuck's lodging near the works. Worse lay ahead. Shapiro had counted his chickens long before they were hatched. He had yet to tackle Mary on the subject of her son. She was at home. The butler showed him into the pillared drawing room. Four years had changed her from a flippancy girl, in a check frock and frilled apron, into a woman, in trailing evening dress, black against her gleaming skin. Her eyes and mouth were harder than ever when Shapiro, not a little nervous, made his tremendous plea.

"Allow David to go to his father—certainly not—not for a moment!"

"Mrs. Cummings, please! This is Christmas, a time when we forget percentages. Couldn't you give your husband a present? You wrecked his home; now you have everything you want. Won't you yield him this little thing? The child shall come to my house. He shall have every care. He——"

"No—no—and no! I refuse!"

"But, Mrs. R—Mrs. Cummings."

Her hand went to the bell. The butler appeared instantaneously.

"Eliot, this man is leaving." Shapiro backed out stammering he hardly knew what, but his blood was up. By four o'clock next day he had the child in his house rehearsing what he was to say to his father, including a dramatic appearance from behind the gaily-decorated Christmas tree.

The programme went perfectly. Shapiro's wife, kindly soul, mothered David while the six offspring, awed by their father, behaved themselves.

When Chuck appeared, punctual and spruce, his arms full of be-ribboned parcels, Shapiro was as excited as David. Like a child himself, he sported a paper crown at dinner, confident of his scheme's success. David had half-recognised and been wholly glad to see his father. Chuck had been overjoyed. Nothing mattered.

The feast occupied some time and was, fortunately, over before Nemesis approached. Two detectives, greatly agitating Mrs. Shapiro, who let them in, singled out Shapiro, who was reaching the grand climax of a recitation, with which he was regaling the company.

"You're wanted for child kidnapping," came the curt voice of the law. Shapiro made light of spending a night in the cells. He had foreseen that a dozen men could be prevailed upon to bail him out. Meanwhile, he had a rod in pickle for Tom Cummings and, as soon as the holiday was over, sent for him on a plea of urgency.

"How are you feeling?" Cummings inquired with would-be sarcasm.

"Quite as good as you, Mr. Cummings, I've no doubt. I suppose you intend to proceed legally against me, though why I don't know. True, I kidnapped Mrs. Cummings' child for a few hours, but he is safe now and at home. What I did was for the best reasons."

"Very likely. They don't concern me, however, or my wife. Certainly I shall prosecute."

"If you do, I shall do the same by you. Sam Shapiro has knowledge. He has facts. What about the school on Dart's Meads you've put up? Chuck got you that

(Continued on page 24)



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Genevieve Tobin and Jack Holt in a scene from "The Wrecker"—a Columbia Picture

THE WRECKER—Continued

contract. Maybe you don't know it. But he did. He did it on the assumption that you'd do the job thoroughly, use the best materials, employ the best brains. Have you? Shapiro knows. He's been too long in the junk trade not to know that your material's junk, third-rate, fourth-rate, and you charging top prices, looking after your rake off. You miserable rat."

He pressed a finger on the buzzer. A page appeared. "This man is leaving," he observed.

"Have you been reading the libel laws?" Cummings inquired at the door.

"Maybe. And I've been reading the Old Testament as well. Doesn't it say something about 'An eye for an eye. A tooth for a tooth'?"

About of sultry weather, unnoticed, perhaps, by those engrossed in public and private affairs, occurred and took a hand in the game that Shapiro, Regan and Cummings were playing against each other.

For Shapiro realised more keenly as the months went by that, if Chuck Regan were to be saved from falling back into the doss-house, he must have his son. Truly, the strong man had his weakness. He was incapable of building up his life out of tragedy unless he had something to spur him on. He took Shapiro into partnership and stuck to his job of demolition, but in a half-hearted way.

A stimulus was needed and Shapiro ached to supply it. Then nature took an unexpected hand. It was sultry weather, portentous weather, to those who knew the signs, earthquake weather. Meanwhile, the school on Dart's Meads stood complete. The opening ceremony was staged.

Before an audience of five hundred people assembled in the hall, the Mayor of the City congratulated Mr. Tom Cummings, the builder, on his handiwork. The "National Anthem" was sung. There was a storm of applause. Gradually the crowd left the building. Before the last of it had left, there was a distinct earth tremble. Another followed. Another, more serious. Houses rocked. Panic filled the streets. The word went round. The new school's collapsed, collapsed with five hundred women and children mercifully outside it.

Through a mass of wreckage, twisted girders, broken plaster, relief men forced their way in search of two people. Mr. and Mrs. Tom Cummings had not had time to leave the building when the main shock occurred. Dead or alive, they had undoubtedly been trapped.

One man found them, alive, crouching behind steel girders that had become bent and twisted like a child's toy. Above man and wife was a mass of plaster and debris, more bent girders, broken columns, the whole mounting to the height of the original buildings and precariously poised, supported by steel framework, which if moved would precipitate the mass on their live bodies.

One man found them thus; the only man who knew how salvage could properly be carried out. Chuck Regan.

He faced the members of the city's salvage corps who had followed him to where two panic-

stricken figures stared between the interstices of a steel grating, imploring help.

"This is a wrecker's job. I can undertake it. The pile must be moved gradually, piece by piece from the top. Working from underneath, as you advise, would kill those two in five minutes. Get me a bosun's chair and my file working. I'll have them clear."

Shapiro found him at work at the end of the boom, using an oxy-acetylene file that flamed and spurted and sparkled and ate into the steel girder that stretched between them, like wire drawn through cheese. Shapiro stood on the square foot of platform beside the lift in which, for he hated heights, he had made giddy ascent.

"Chuck! Listen! I had to come. Something you said to Cramer while you were waiting to come up here—something about an accident and no one knowing. Maybe I know what you were thinking. You're thinking of your son. If his father and mother were dead—"

In the light of the flare, Chuck's face was stern.

"What if I was thinking, Sam. You'd understand, wouldn't you? That I've got a chance—a marvellous chance. One of these steel stays goes wrong. The mass falls. It was an accident. Who's to know? Who's to blame? Two rats meet their due, that's all. And I have David."

"Chuck, you can't do it. You can't judge. There's only one Judge. Leave it to Him."

"Get out! I never asked you to interfere."

"Very well, then. I don't go. I cling on here, like t—t—to—this." Shaking all over, he left the platform and clung to the slanting girder, closing his eyes so as to avoid the horrors beneath. "W—when this g—goes—I g—go!" he gasped.

The man in the bosun's chair looked at him sharply. His eyes lost their hardness.

"You win!" he shouted.

"Y—you'll do your best? There'll be no accident?"

"No."

He was wrong. Before man's demolition was complete, nature once more took a hand. Not by murder, but by result of earthquake shock, Mr. and Mrs. Tom Cummings failed to escape.

According to their secretary, Messrs. Regan and Shapiro are in conference on a Monday morning. Actually, they are more often engaged in explaining to David the mysteries of some new toy. Though he has seven children now, Sam Shapiro thinks David the world's wonder. So does his father, Chuck Regan the Wrecker.

NEXT WEEK

The story of "One Man's Journey" in which Lionel Barrymore gives an outstanding characterisation, and one which once again assures him of the pre-eminent position he holds amongst the big stars of the screen.



Westward!

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Peggy Shannon plays the lead in the spectacular flood drama, "Deluge."

CHRISTOPHER BEAN affords another triumph for Marie Dressler, who dominates every scene in which she appears. It is a very human comedy-drama and is particularly well adapted from the stage play.

This week's inset gives you all the information you could possibly require about the production as well as a full-length story.

Hulbert fans particularly will be delighted with his new offering, *Jack Ahoy*, which is certainly one of the best comedies he has offered us, while, if you like really strong, virile melodrama with a touch of the spectacular, do not miss *The Wrecker*.

***CHRISTOPHER BEAN

M.-G.-M. American. "U" Certificate. Small town comedy drama. Runs 88 minutes.

MARIE DRESSLER.....Abby
LIONEL BARRYMORE.....Dr. Haggett
JEAN HERSHOLT.....Rosen
H. B. WARNER.....Davenport
HELEN MACK.....Susan
BEULAH BONDI.....Mrs. Haggett
RUSSELL HARDIE.....Warren
HELEN SHIPMAN.....Ada
GEORGE COULOURIS.....Tallent
ELLEN LOWE.....Maid
Directed by SAM WOOD, based on the play *The Late Christopher Bean*.

A small-town comedy drama which relies largely on characterisation for its effect, and which is dominated by Marie Dressler in the role of a faithful housekeeper whose devotion to a memory provides both sincere sentiment and clever comedy.

The story deals with a small-town doctor who tries to obtain possession of a valuable painting from his housekeeper. His schemes are assisted by his wife and his daughter, but they are frustrated by the housekeeper, who turns out to be the widow of the artist, whose paintings have become valuable after his death.

Lionel Barrymore is exceedingly good as the doctor, but I found that Marie Dressler dominated most of the scenes in which she appeared with him.

The rest of the cast acts extremely well, but special mention is due to Beulah Bondi for her rendering of the odious wife of the doctor; she makes it as thoroughly unpleasant a character as it should be.

Sam Wood's direction is excellent, and there is no sense of a photographed stage play about the production, which reveals unerringly the foibles of human nature and blends comedy with underlying deep emotion.

On the Screens Now by Lionel Collier

The PICTUREGOER'S quick reference index to films just released

***CHRISTOPHER BEAN	*THE IMPORTANT
c**JACK AHOY	WITNESS
**THE WRECKER	*THE JEWEL
*DELUGE	c**BLIND ADVENTURE
*BIG EXECUTIVE	*A SOUTHERN MAID
*BY APPOINTMENT ONLY	*SMITHY

What the asterisks mean—**** An outstanding feature. *** Very good. ** Good. * Average entertainment. c Also suitable for children.

At times, perhaps, Sam Wood has rather over-accentuated comic situations, but they are undoubtedly hilariously funny.

One, for instance, where Marie Dressler has trouble with a runaway car, is in the best Chaplin tradition.

c**JACK AHOY

Gaumont British. "U" certificate. Broad comedy. Runs 81 minutes.
JACK HULBERT.....Jack Ponsonby
NANCY O'NEIL.....Patricia
ALFRED DRAYTON.....Admiral Fraser
TAMARA DESNI.....Conchita
HENRY PETERSON.....Larios
SAM WILKINSON.....Dodger
Directed by WALTER FORDE from a story by SIDNEY GILLIAT and JOHN ORTON.

Jack Hulbert is now in the Navy as an A.B., who falls in love with an Admiral's daughter, and rescues her, her father, and a captured submarine from Chinese pirates.

He holds the centre of the stage practically all the time and, while one can have too much of a good thing, there is no doubt that he works hard to make this one of the best comedies in which he has appeared.

A great deal of the credit is due to Walter Forde, who has made this robust, nonsensical, and wholly British comedy run smoothly, with plenty of action and well-sustained situations. At times, however, he seems to me to hold on to a scene too long and so attenuate its humorous content.

Board-ship scenes are convincing and well presented, but the submarine sequences—the entire British forces in those waters are called out to try to sink the vessel which

they still believe to be in the hands of the pirates and are unable to do so, which is, of course, lucky for Jack—while well done, lack the realism that would have added to their comedy.

Equally the pirate scenes could with advantage have been played with less obvious slapstick. Jack Hulbert's fooling needs a background of people taking themselves seriously which is an essential for the most effective farce.

However, you are going to be well entertained and will find Nancy O'Neil attractive as the heroine and Alfred Drayton excellent as the choleric admiral.

Tamara Desni has a small role as a vamp, in which she is efficiently voluptuous, and Sam Wilkinson provides a sound foil for Jack Hulbert.

I particularly liked Henry Peterson's acting as the leader of the Chinese bandits; he played the role seriously and proved that he has an excellent sense of characterisation.

**THE WRECKER

Columbia. American. "A" certificate. Triangle melodrama. Runs 71 minutes.

JACK HOLT.....Regan
GENEVIEVE TOBIN.....Mary
GEORGE E. STONE.....Shapiro
SIDNEY BLACKMER.....Cummings
WARD BOND.....Cramer
IRENE WHITE.....Sarah
RUSSELL WADDLE.....Chuck, jun.
WALLIE ALBRIGHT.....} Hyam
P. H. LEVY.....} Ed Le Saint
ED LE SAINT.....} Doctor
CLARENCE MUSE.....Chaufeur
Directed by ALBERT ROGELL from a story by the Director adapted by JO SWERLING. For the story freely based on the film by MARJORY WILLIAMS, see page 22.



Tamara Desni does her best to vamp Jack Hulbert without success in "Jack Ahoy."



Elizabeth Young makes her screen debut in "Big Executive" opposite Ricardo Cortez.

While there is a touch of artificiality about the development of this strong melodrama, it is well put together and contains some clever characterisation. It is also set against an unusual background—that of the work of demolition contractors in America—and a topical note is introduced by a spectacular earthquake climax which mirrors the Californian disaster.

The acting honours are taken by George E. Stone in an intensely human characterisation.

He is one of three friends, the other two being Jack Holt and Sidney Blackmer, all engaged in the house-breaking and building businesses.

The former gives a characteristically hard-boiled performance as Regan, the man whose wife is filched from him by his friend Cummings, in which role Blackmer is also good.

The wife is very well presented by Genevieve Tobin.

The house-breaking episodes are spectacular and interesting, while the earthquake which avenges Regan for his betrayal are excellently produced.

*DELUGE

Radio. American. "A" certificate. Spectacular romance. Runs 67 minutes.

PEGGY SHANNON.....Claire
SIDNEY BLACKMER.....Martin
LOIS WILSON.....Helen
MATT MOORE.....Tom
FRED KOHLER.....Jephson
RALF HAROLD.....Norwood
EDWARD VAN SLOAN.....Prof. Carlyle
Directed by FELIX E. FIEST from a novel by S. FOWLER WRIGHT.

It is the spectacular scenes of a flood which wipes out the entire world, with the exception of a few survivors, which proves of interest in this film. They are excellently done and mark a further return of the camera into its own.

Unfortunately, they are followed by a very conventional and artificial romance between two of the survivors, which follows the approved line of "desert island" stories, complete with the "bad" man, who is, of course, eventually brought to book.

There is also the "other woman" in the case—the wife of the romantic lover who thought she had been killed.

The girl solves the love problem simply by swimming out to sea when her lover re-discovers his family; whether she is drowned or finds some more survivors is left to your imagination.

The whole thing, including the ingenuous romance, is very well staged and the acting generally is fair but not outstanding in any respect.

(Continued on page 28)

Once an Amami Girl ... 1925

always an AMAMI Girl

1934

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Peggy Bayfield.



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Miss A. P. T., Leicester.

"AMAMI hair is essential for tiny hats"

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P.24.3.4.

ON THE SCREENS NOW — Continued

•BIG EXECUTIVE

Paramount. American. "U" certificate. Financial drama. Runs 68 minutes.
RICARDO CORTEZ.....Victor Conway
RICHARD BENNETT.....Commodore Richardson
ELIZABETH YOUNG.....Helen Richardson
SHARON LYNN.....Miss Healy
DOROTHY PETERSON.....Sarah Conway
BARTON MACLANE.....Harry
JOHN M. SULLIVAN.....Harrison
CHARLES B. MIDDLETON.....The Sheriff
POP KENTON.....The Crooner
MAUDE Eburne.....Coroner's Wife
ALBERT HART.....Rev. Oates
FRANK DARIEN.....Richardson's Secretary
WILSON BENGE.....Caddy
TENEN HOLTZ.....Pawnbroker
Directed by ERLE C. KENTON from a story by ALICE DUER MULLER.

Another picture dealing with the Wall Street crash which, while weak in plot, gives Ricardo Cortez a chance to play the hero, for a change, and Richard Bennett an opportunity to turn in a strong, human characterisation as a non-genarian commodore.

Cortez plays very efficiently the rôle of an incredibly, ruthless financier who is broken on change by the irascible old commodore with whose daughter he is in love; he loses his money, but wins the girl.

As the heroine, Elizabeth Young is pleasing to look at, but obviously lacking in experience.

Sharon Lynn is very good as a devoted secretary.

•BY APPOINTMENT ONLY

P.P.C. American. "A" certificate. Simple romance of age and youth.

LEW CODY.....Dr. Travers
AILEEN PRINGLE.....Diana
SALLY O'NEIL.....Judy
MARCELINE DAY.....Miss Brown
EDWARD MORGAN.....Dick
EDWARD MARTINDEL.....Phelps
PAULINE GARON.....Gwen
CLAIRE McDOWELL.....Mrs. Carroll
GLADYS BLAKE.....Helen
WILSON BENGE.....Withers
Directed by FRANK STRAYER from a story by FRANK STRAYER and ROBERT ELLIS.

Homely in sentiment and humour this story of a middle-aged doctor who falls in love with his ward, but is sensible enough to accept the inevitable when she in turn falls in love with his fiancée's young brother.

Sally O'Neil is natural as Judy, while Lew Cody is well in character as the doctor.

An old favourite, Aileen Pringle, appears to advantage as his fiancée. While thin dramatically, the direction is generally efficient.

•THE IMPORTANT WITNESS

Sterling. American. "A" certificate. Gangster melodrama. Runs 60 minutes

NOEL FRANCIS.....Ellen
DONALD DILLAWAY.....Steve
DOROTHY BURGESS.....Ruth
NOEL MADISON.....Gus
SARAH PADDEN.....Deaf Woman
FRANKLIN PANGBORN.....Groom
ROBERT ELLIS.....Duke Farnham
Directed by SAM NEWFELD from a story by GORDON MORRIS adapted by DOUGLAS DOTY.

Conventional gangster plot, dealing with the attempted suppression of a witness in a murder case who can clear her friend on whom the killing has been planted.

It is naive material, quite well put over, with plenty of action.

Noel Francis is very good as the abducted witness and Donald Dillaway effective as her friend, a motor-coach driver, who helps her escape.

Noel Madison is true to type as the gang leader.

•THE JEWEL

Paramount. American. "U" certificate. Crime drama. Runs 67 minutes.

HUGH WILLIAMS.....Frank Hallam
FRANCES DEAN.....Jenny Day, Lady Joan Clive
JACK HAWKINS.....Peter Roberts
MARY NEWLAND.....Lady Carleigh
ERIC COWLEY.....Major Brooks
ANNIE ESHOND.....Madame Vanheim
GEOFFREY GOODHEART.....Mr. Day
CLARE HARRIS.....Mrs. Day
VINCENT HOLMAN.....Houpla Man
Directed by REGINALD DENHAM from a novel by EDGAR WALLACE adapted by BASIL MASON.

The best part of this picture, which tails off dramatically, is the acting.

It is the story of a jewel theft which has strong comedy elements, which, however, are not always effectively put over.

The entire cast does its best to make up for the looseness of development and lack of grip by giving sterling performances.

Hugh Williams is particularly good in the leading rôle of a young man about town from whose aunt the jewel is stolen.

•BLIND ADVENTURE

Radio. American. "U" certificate. Mystery comedy drama. Runs 62 minutes.

ROBERT ARMSTRONG.....Richard Bruce
HELEN MACK.....Rose
ROLAND YOUNG.....Burglar
RALPH BELLAMY.....Jim Steel
JOHN MILJAN.....Regan
LAURA HOPE CREWS.....Lady Rockingham
HENRY STEPHENSON.....Major Thorne
PHYLLIS BARRY.....Gwen
JOHN WARBURTON.....Reggie
MARJORIE GATESON.....Mrs. Thorne
BERVY MERCER.....Chambermaid
TYRELL DAVIS.....Gerald Fairfax
Directed by ERNEST SCHOEDSACK.

Very incredible story of an American's experiences with crooks in London. Situations are lively in action and the opening, showing the American's impressions of a London hotel, is good.

Dialogue helps to cloak the thinness of the characters and the motives actuating them.

Production is efficient and the picture, as a whole, should appeal particularly well to juveniles.

•A SOUTHERN MAID

Wardour. British. "U" certificate. Romantic comedy with music. Runs 83 minutes.

BEBE DANIELS.....Juanita, Dolores
CLIFFORD MOLLISON { Willoughby Rawdon
 { Jack Rawdon
LUPINO LANE.....Lopez
HARRY WELCHMAN.....Francesco del Fuego
HAL GORDON.....Pedro
MORRIS HARVEY.....Vasco
AMY VENESS.....Donna Rosa
NANCY BROWN.....Spanish Singer
Directed by HARRY HUGHES from the musical play by DION CLAYTON CALTHORP and HARRY GRAHAM.

A very artificial and stogy romance. The story is an obvious one, dealing with the love of a young Englishman and a South American girl, whom he snatches away from his hated rival.

A prologue shows us his father doing the same thing—and the rival in both cases is the same.

Harry Welchman is theatrical in the rôle of the disgruntled lover, but puts a song or two over with spirit.

Bebe Daniels, in the dual rôle of heroine, does her best with poor material at her command. She has no opportunity to exercise her undoubted dramatic talent, however.

Lupino Lane supplies humour of an acrobatic variety efficiently, while Clifford Mollison is only fair as the successful suitor in both cases.

•SMITHY

Warner. British. "A" certificate. Social comedy. Runs 53 minutes.

EDMUND GWENN.....John Smith
PEGGY NOVAK.....Jane D. A. CLARKE-SMITH.....Boyd
CLIFFORD HEATHERLEY.....Sir W. Olds
VIOLET COMPTON.....Lucy
CHARLES HICKMAN.....The son
EVE GRAY.....The daughter
Directed by GEORGE KING.

Edmund Gwenn gives an excellent characterisation of a stockbroker's clerk who decides to break the monotony of existence with one glorious night of freedom in this pleasant little comedy.

He is well supported by Peggy Novak and the rest of a strong cast.

PAT NEARLY FORGETS THE PARTY

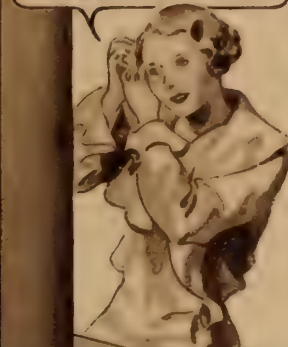
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Anna May Wong, as the slave girl in "Chu Chin Chow," chats with the director, Walter Forde, and his wife.

On the
BRITISH
Sets
by
E. G.
COUSINS

The REAL ANNA MAY WONG

She is an Enigma—Conrad Veidt's Versatility—Walls and Lynn at it again—This British Climate Business—Matheson Lang's New Role.

speare and she was Katerina in a silly film-skit on the Fairbanks-Pickford version of *Taming of the Shrew*, made at Elstree some years ago.

Punishment

She had to throw custard pies at me; they were hard, hard as boards, and I didn't find out until after she had thrown her first pie that she was an expert baseball-pitcher.

It split my lip and nearly knocked me over backwards; but it didn't lessen my affection for Anna May, who is a curiously likeable person.

But she doesn't at all live up to her name, which means "Frosted Yellow Willow." She's willowy (especially in the irreducible minimum of clothing which she wears as the Slave Girl in *Chu Chin Chow*) but she isn't yellow, and she certainly isn't frosted.

Apricot Eyes

Speaking of yellow reminds me of Oswald. Gosh, what a

by no ordinary laugh. It started faintly in the distance, behind several pairs of closed doors. I went into the studio to investigate, and saw funkeys flinging wide successive doors to admit the Laugh, which swelled to a stentorian roar as the laughter came into view.

It was Conrad Veidt as Jew Süss in the film of that name, which has overflowed from Shepherd's Bush to Islington for the filming of certain sequences.

There was no joy in that mighty laugh; it was the laugh of a man who has fawned and crawled and flattered his enemy until that enemy is in his power. The laugh of a man who has only to bring his hand down—slap! like that—to squash his enemy flat.

It made me feel a little sick, which is a tribute to a great actor.

—And Mourning

Curiously enough, I saw Veidt in a sharply contrasting scene at Shepherd's Bush this week.

He was in one of the largest "honeycomb" sets ever built in a British studio. Anyone in the class who doesn't know that a honeycomb set is one with rooms opening from one to another, hold up his hand.

Good! Everyone knows. Well, this one consisted of library, hall, ante-room, salon, study, and bedroom; and Veidt was wandering about these, apparently haphazardly, restless with grief at the loss of his beloved daughter, Naomi.

You notice I said *apparently* haphazardly? Heavens, the tangle they'd get into if he happened to wander into the study instead of the bedroom!

It was easy in silent days. All they had to do was to mount the camera on a "dolly" and push it about after the wandering Jew Süss. Some cameramen even had tricycles with a mounting for the camera just above the handlebars, and "turned" while they pedalled.

All Very Wiry

How the studio staff must sigh for those silent days! Now, not only must the "dolly" be attached to wires to supply the current to drive the camera (for only newsreel men turn camera handles nowadays, and very few of those), but another and even more complicated set of wires has to maintain touch with the microphone when that diabolical invention chooses to travel on the "dolly." And every one of these wires has to be paid out and controlled and manhandled by the floor-staff.

The "dolly," when she is travelling on a "tracking" shot, looks like a huge spider spinning her web of several thick cables as she goes; and you can imagine what it's like when she wants to turn and come back, as she did in this *Jew Süss* shot.

Add to this the fact that absolute silence must be maintained, and you can see the reason for the widespread baldness among production managers.

Bernard Knowles, the wild and woolly-looking but brilliant Gaumont-British cameraman (and I said *British*), told me he had tracked for 220 feet in this one shot. Now cast your mind back four years, and think of the excitement caused by the enterprise of a sound engineer who sat on a step-ladder and suspended the microphone over

(Continued on page 32)

ONE thing I will say about the Gainsborough studios at Islington; they may be difficult to reach; they may lurk in one of the slummiest slums in London; grubby little urchins may swarm all over the clean cushions of your car when you leave it outside, imprint impassioned fingermarks on the windscreen, run the batteries down by pressing the starter-button with the engine switched off, and arrogantly demand twopence for "minding it"; the haughtiest commissioner in London—last (I hope) of a long line of haughty commissioners—does his excellent best to bar your way.

But when you're inside, it's worth all the fuss and pother; they've always got something interesting to show you.

This week they excelled themselves by having Anna May and Oswald. Either of these two people would have attracted me to Alaska, let alone Islington. They are both playing in *Chu Chin Chow*.

Keeps You Guessing

Anna May (Miss Wong to you, and scarcely that) is an enigma; but then, she is Chinese, and although she has never been in China you can't help being a trifle enigmatic if the pure blood of a thousand Chinese ancestors courses through your veins.

The Chinese are strong on ancestors, and equally strong on enigmas.

She is a surprising creature. She looks utterly Celestial, and when she speaks you expect (unless you know her) a torrent of Chinese—and instead you get pure Californian (which is a very pleasant language, with neither the nasal quality of the Middle West nor the assertive tone of the New Yorker), and a very matter-of-fact manner.

I hadn't seen her since I was William Shake-

personality!

He darned nearly hypnotised me, as soon as I met him. I'd heard he was capable of doing that, but I didn't believe it until I actually found myself coming under his baleful influence.

I hear that it's become a favourite lunch-hour diversion for the camera-boys to go to Oswald's dressing-room and be hypnotised.

It's his eyes that do the trick. Not exactly yellow, but more apricot colour, with pupils like pools of black ink; lids that close with a curious sweeping motion from the top inner corner to the lower outer corner; and a disconcerting habit of closing his eyes independently.

And, when he's hypnotised you, he breaks your back with a single snap of his appalling beak—that is if you happen to be a mouse or a rabbit or a squirrel, which I'm thankful I'm not.

I was also glad he was in a cage. Oswald is the most fearsome bird; Indian Eagle Owl is his full title, and he deserves every syllable of it.

In Reverse

There are also a large number of Sloth Bats in this film; they are nasty-looking objects with wings like perished black leather, that hang upside down all day to cool their feet.

And, while we are on the subject of hanging upside down, I brushed my head against something in the *Robbers' Cave* set, and found it was the hand of a skeleton, whose late owner had evidently met his (or her) death through being suspended by the ankles to the ceiling of the cavern for the duration.

All very gruesome and nightmarish; but if Walter Forde (directing) and George Robey (playing Hassimababamahbullalah or something) don't manage to get some mirth into the thing between them, I shall be very much surprised.

And speaking of laughter, last week in this same studio I was standing in the corridor outside one of the sound stages, when through the open door came the sound of a Laugh.

It was no ordinary laugh, and it was laughed



Ginger Rogers and Norman Foster in Radio's "Rafter Romance."

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ON THE BRITISH SETS—Cont.

each player's head in turn with the aid of a fishing rod!

Tempora certainly *mutantur* in the film studio, *nos et jolly* well have to *mutare*, too, if you will excuse my somewhat indifferent Portuguese.

Formula as Formerly

And, while we are at Shepherd's Bush, so are Tom Walls and Ralph Lynn; and they're at it again.

This time it's *A Cup of Kindness*; and although I haven't seen the play, I'm told it follows the Aldwych recipe pretty closely.

Anyway, Tom Walls does his famous drunk scene, Robertson Hare the hairless is meek and browbeaten and downtrodden, and Ralph Lynn is Ralph Lynn; so what more do you want?

Anyway, you have the lovely Eva Moore into the bargain—one of the most beautiful women on the stage, and easily our most attractive "stage mother"; and you have Dorothy Hyson, who is a worthy chip of the young block—if you could apply such a word as block to such a delightful mother as Dorothy Dickson.

Miss Hyson is also a worthy successor to Winifred Shottar as a person for Ralph Lynn to be foolish about; I give you my word I could quite easily get foolish about her myself—if only the old heart were not so encrusted with selfishness and cynicism, and were not at the same time by way of being otherwise occupied.

Dangerous Ground

But, seriousness apart, a particularly susceptible man must find the film studios most embarrassing territory. I know one such—a young gossip-writer, who had an agonising time, for he fell head over ears in love with a different girl nearly every week.

Now he has a job in one of the largest studios, and instead of meeting *les girls* twice or three times a week, he sees them all day long, and the poor fellow is nearly pop-eyed with confusion of choice.

The chorines, in particular, are guaranteed to turn a Trappist into a Casanova in six lessons.

By the way, before leaving the Gaumont-Gainsborough *menage*, I beg to report that the expectant Nannygoat at Islington duly produced twins on the *Chu Chin Chow* set. They have been named Chu and Chow—presumably because neither of them has very much chin.

It Does Try!

The English climate very seldom pleases everybody; and there are occasions on which the poor thing can't please anybody.

For instance, it provided a first-rate fog at Beaconsfield last week, which is normally outside the fog radius—indeed, the British Lion studios were built there for that reason.

The visitation gave the camera-crew an anxious time keeping the beastly stuff out of the studio; and this week, when the unit got round to filming scenes in a railway station on a foggy night, the weather was beautifully bright and clear!

I'm told the language of the art department on this occasion produced a thick haze, but it wasn't considered quite dense enough, and artificial fog had to be provided.

Nowadays this is done with Nujol sprayed from an atomiser; in my young days a prop man used to burn six inches of film, plunge it into a bucket of water, and then rush about the set holding it in a long pair of pincers, and leaving a thick trail of sulphurous yellow smoke which made everyone cough; but as you couldn't hear them coughing because the film was silent, and couldn't see them because of the smoke, this process worked admirably.

Fried Fog

I like the method of a man in the B.I.P. art department at Elstree recently, who produced a common or kitchen frying-pan and a little bag of chemicals whose contents he proceeded to fry over a brazier fire.

The result was the finest fog seen in those studios, and no casualties.

Talking about Elstree, the B.I.P. picturemakers are off on a musical production, called *Give*



Penelope Dudley Ward, the daughter of the Hon. Mrs. Dudley Ward, who is making a picture debut opposite Emil Jannings for British and Continental Films.

Me a Ring, and described as "really lavish."

Well, I'm not very excited about lavishness in a picture as a rule; there are many more important ingredients; but I agree that in a "musical" lavishness is essential.

And lavishness means vast expenditure of money; and money is one of the few commodities of which Hollywood has immeasurably more than we have.

So just why British studios should choose to make the very kind of pictures in which they cannot hope to compete with the Hollywood product is more than I can say.

Perhaps young Arthur Woods can. He's directing it.

Steady, Steady!

I wonder whether the repercussions of the Youssoupoff case will cause B.I.P. to reconsider production of *The Great Defender*, which is said to be modelled closely on the life of a certain famous K.C.

Matheson Lang is announced as the star of this production, which is to start in the next few weeks; and much of the action will take place in the sombre, dramatic atmosphere of the criminal courts.

I've always maintained that there is more drama there than anywhere else in England; if only B.I.P. put it on the screen as it really is we are at least assured of a fine exciting picture.

A "Monster" Film

Seymour Hicks is the star of *The Secret of the Loch*, a film written around the Loch Ness monster. Mr. Hicks is delighted with the character he will portray as it will give him his first serious film part and will show him as an eccentric old professor who believes wholeheartedly in the existence of the monster and determined to prove it. The part calls for a tremendous amount of characterisation, and will give him many big dramatic moments. It is being directed by Milton Rosmer.



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What Do You Think? Letters from our Readers

GALLANTRY GOES UNHONoured

Screen Hero Methods Lost on Modern Woman!

INSPIRED by a recent letter on this page, I determined to reproduce the 'gallantry' of film heroes in my business life. - When one of my 'work-ladies' arrived late, instead of 'going for her' I smiled gently, told her not to worry about it, and bowed her out of my office—she giggled, leered, and gave me her 'phone number.

"That night I missed every bus from early evening until midnight, and had to walk home through adhering too rigidly to the 'Ladies First' rule.

"Twice I was assaulted by unromantic husbands for offering the shelter of my umbrella to 'Ladies' caught in the storm, and a policeman eyed me suspiciously when I spread my coat in the mud to save a 'Lady's' shoes

"When I remonstrated with my partner for sacking one of our 'work-ladies,' he rudely suggested I was 'barmy'. I am trying the 'Cagney' punch-em-on-the-jaw technique in future."—Bernard Heath, 49 Hertford Road, Brighton, who wins the first prize of £1 1s.

[We can only hope that this is an isolated case of gallantry going unrewarded!]



James Cagney

This Censorship Business

It gives me a pain in the neck. One's interest in a film is aroused by advance publicity, stimulated by piquant details of its stars appearing in film publications, and reaches its zenith in the laudatory comments of professional critics—only to be knocked stone cold by the ban of a local censorship. To live in a large city, and be told by some country bumpkin in a neighbouring village that, 'It be a grand film, that be,' is an experience that is enough to rile anyone. It seems to me that to be exempt from the insidious influences of films one must desert the city office and flee to the corn-fields. Why is it that so many films are banned in large cities yet passed in small villages?"—W. Maskell, 41 Wellhead Lane, Perry Barr, Birmingham, 19.

[The whys and wherefores of local watchcommittees, quite aside from the vagaries of the Board of Censors, is too much for me. I give it up.]

The Elusive Pimpernel

I have just read that Charles Laughton is to portray *The Scarlet Pimpernel*. That is I think a mistake. Mr. Laughton is admirably suited to such roles as he has had in *The Sign of the Cross*, and *The Private Life of Henry VIII*—but, I am afraid he is altogether unsuited to play *The Scarlet Pimpernel*.

"That great figure of fiction was, as described in the book, a very tall gentleman and I should not imagine that he had much superfluous flesh. Charles Laughton is a good actor, but in my opinion it would spoil the character he is reproducing entirely to use a man of Laughton's build; you might just as well imagine Jimmy Cagney as a hunchback Lon Chaney."—Nigel Wells, 91 St. Paul's Avenue, Slough, Bucks.

[Judging by the number of letters I have had on the subject the general opinion seems to urge that Laughton in such a rôle would be miscast.]

Entertainment, Not Facts!

There are some amazing opinions held on the manner of presenting screen stories.

"Historical films appear to draw out the quaint ideas of people more than any other kind. To give play to the imagination and allow the directors of these popular pictures to diverge a little from the

history books seems to them the unforgivable sin. "But I notice that some of our more successful directors with commendable daring realise the compelling power of the extraordinary and proceed to lay it on thick.

"I wonder just how dull a film would be if Henry VIII and Queen Christina were exact models for the genius of Charles Laughton and Greta Garbo. Without the spice of romance and outrageous behaviour added by the imagination of the artistes it would never be a box-office success. "Ods bodikins! Out on these varlets who would tie us to the school books. We want entertainment not facts for a history exam."—Charlton Mead, Lilybank, Primrose Lane, Glossop, Derbyshire, who wins the second prize of 10s. 6d.

[I am inclined to agree with this correspondent, but I do feel that the main issues of an historical picture should be adhered to. Paint in the detailed background as you will.]

Familiarity Breeds Contempt?

Does absence make the 'fan' heart grow fonder?

"I am forced to the finding that it does.

"If a 'popularity' vote were taken of present-day picture players we should I am positive find a pronounced preference for those stars we seldom see in comparison to others.

"Ivor Novello is a case in point.

"His appearances on the screen are all too rare—but how wonderfully welcome they are when they do come.

"In the film fan firmament I have found that familiarity breeds clear contempt, for there is something unaccountably sweet in looking forward to a 'talkie treat' in the shape of the appearance of players whom we know we can only con at elongated intervals."—Robert Lock, Clarence House, Clarence Road, Exmouth, Devon.

[There is no doubt that the infrequent appearances or rather well judged time lapses between pictures made by such stars as Harold Lloyd, Charles Chaplin, Mary Pickford, and Douglas Fairbanks in the past have preserved their popularity over the long period they have enjoyed it.]

Get Them Out of the Rut!

Are our film heroines pampered too much? We get film after film built around the character and personality of the female star concerned. The much boosted *Song of Songs* was supposed to show us a different Marlene Dietrich. But the film was just another excuse for parading the very familiar Marlene material.

"Marie Dressler, Constance Bennett, Ruth Chatterton, all have stories where the heroine is the star concerned. All these stars and several others are such fine actresses and would give amazing performances if they were asked to be someone else but themselves.

"Whilst the star is just being herself one of the small part players is busy putting in an unusual performance and then we read that so-and-so steals the film from the star. Come on, Mr. Producer. Give the stars a chance to be someone else for a change."—Edith Race, 46 Southey Crescent, Sheffield, 5.)

[Here I am with you all the time. What do other readers think?]

YOUR VIEWS WANTED

What you think about the stars and films? Let us have your opinion, briefly.

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SHE honestly thinks she's moving all the smoke and stains that come from soot but sometimes she isn't. Now and then dirt gets stuck inside the fabrics. Week by week her linens go a little greyer... till at last she knows they've lost colour. Her washing seems a fruitless task.

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PLAYER'S

"George" and "Anne" are your enquiry departments. The former will be happy to answer any query regarding films, the latter anything connected with household or beauty hints. Write to them both c/o THE PICTUREGOER WEEKLY. When a reply by post is desired a stamped, addressed envelope must be enclosed.

R. H. H. (Leeds).—Herewith the cast of *The Past of Mary Holmes*: Mary Holmes (Maria di Nardi)—Helen McKellar; Geoffrey Holmes (Geoffrey di Nardi)—Eric Linden; Joan Hoyt—Jean Arthur; Jacob Riggs—Ivan Simpson; Etheridge—Clay Clement; Brooks—Franklyn Parker; Pratt—Skeets Gallagher; Flannigan—Eddie Nugent; Klondike—Rosco Ates; Kent—J. Carrol Naish; Kinkaid—John Sheehan.

J. H. (London, N.W.3).—*Blonde Bombshell* will be generally released on April 23, 1934.

SBREE (Winchester).—Casts as follows: (1) *The Rainbow Man*—Rainbow Ryan—Eddie Dowling; Mary Lane—Marian Nixon; Billy Ryan—Frankie Darro; Doc. Hardy—Sam Hardy; Colonel Lane—Lloyd Ingraham; Bill—George Hayes; *The Dog Beans*. (2) *When Knights were Bold* (silent): Sir Guy de Vere—Nelson Keyes; Lady Rowena—Miriam Seegar; Sir Brian Ballymote—Eric Bransby-Williams; Widdicombe—Wellington Briggs; Lady Waldegrave—Lena Halliday; Barker—Martin Adeson; Whittle—Hal Gordon; Aunt Thornidge—Edith Kingdon; The Dean—E. L. Frewin.

DAVIDA (Chelsea, S.W.3).—(1) Release dates as follows: *The House of Connelly* not fixed at the time of going to press. *Winged Devils*—May 14, 1934. *Maker of Men*—July 11, 1932. *The Strange Case of Molly Louvain*—November 14, 1932. (2) The title of the film *Above the Clouds* was altered to *Winged Devils*.

DOUBTFUL.—The leading man in *The Last Coupon* was Leslie Fuller.

ERANK.—Mary Nolan has not appeared in pictures for some time.

ROBERT FRAZER (Handsworth).—(1) Robert Frazer is a native of Worcester, Massachusetts, U.S.A. He is 5 ft. 11 in. tall and has dark hair and eyes; married. (2) Mary Pickford was born on April 8, 1893, at Toronto, Canada. Real name, Gladys Smith. (3) Ages as follows: Richard Barthelmess—39 on May 9; Clara Bow—29 on July 29; Winnie Lightner will be 32 this year. (4) Winnie Lightner's films include *Gold Diggers of Broadway*, *Song of Songs*, *She Couldn't Say No*, *Hold Everything*, *Life of the Party*, *Sit Tight*, *Gold Dust Gertie*, *Side Show*, *Manhattan Parade*, *Play Girl*, and *Dancing Lady*. (5) The following is a list of players who have died within recent years: Gladys Brockwell, John Bunny, Lon Chaney, Sidney Drew, Robert Harron, Barbara La Marr, Mabel Normand, Wallace Reid, Larry Semon, Milton Sills, Olive Thomas, Rudolph Valentino, Renee Adoree, Robert Ames, Roscoe (Fatty) Arbuckle, and Jeanne Eagles.

DORIS (Southwark).—Herewith the casts you require: (1) *The Ghoul*, Professor Morland—Boris Karloff; Broughton—Cedric Hardwicke; Laing—Ernest Thesiger; Betty Harlow—Dorothy Hyson; Ralph Morland—Anthony Bushell; Kane—Kathleen Harrison; Aga Ben Dragore—Harold Huth; Mahmoud—D. A. Clarke-Smith; Nigel Hartley—Ralph Richardson. (2) *The Secret of the Blue Room*, Irene von Hellsdorf—Gloria Stuart; Robert von Hellsdorf—Lionel Atwill; Captain Walter Brink—Paul Lukas; Commissioner Foster—Edward Arnold; Frank Faber—Onslow Stevens; Thomas Brandt—William Janney; Paul, the Butler—Robert Barratt; Betty—Muriel Kirkland; Mary—Elizabeth Patterson; Max—Russell Hopton; Stranger—Anders van Haden; Foster's Assistant—James Durkin. (3) *The Old Dark House*, Morgan—Karloff; Roger

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Let GEORGE

Penderel—Melvyn Douglas; Sir William Porterhouse—Charles Laughton; Margaret Waverton—Gloria Stuart; Gladys DuCane—Lilian Bond; Horace Femm—Ernest Thesiger; Rebecca—Eva Moore; Philip Waverton—Raymond Massey; Saul Femm—Brember Wills; Sir Roderick—John Dudgeon. (4) *The Mummy*, Im-Ho-Tep—Boris Karloff; Helen Grosvenor—Zita Johann; Frank Whemple—David Manners; Professor Muller—Edward Van Sloan; Sir Joseph Whemple—Arthur Byron; Norton—Bramwell Fletcher; Nubian—Noble Johnson; Professor Pearson—Leonard Mudie; Frau Muller—Katheryn Byron; Doctor—Eddie Kane; Inspector—Tony Marlow; Pharaoh—Maes Crane; Knight—Arnold Grey; Marion—Henry Victor. (5) At the time of going to press, Karloff has not made a film entitled *The Return of Frankenstein*.

M. G. L. W. (Colchester).—(1) Donald Dillaway was born on March 17, 1905, in New York. Address him c/o Fox Studios. (2) The postage for a letter to America is 1½d. (3) Lew Ayres' latest pictures are *Don't Bet on Love*, *My Weakness*, and *Cross-Country Cruise*. Thank you for your good wishes.

STEPPERS (Walsall).—I regret that I am not in a position to help you, but would suggest that you get in touch with Connie's, Ltd., Film Agents, 92 Regent Street, London, W.1.

JOE-JOE (Bethnal Green).—(1) The cast of *Hard to Handle*: Lefty Merrill—James Cagney; Ruth Waters—Mary Brian; Lil Waters—Ruth Donnelly; Radio Announcer—Allen Jenkins; Marlene Reeves—Claire Dodd; John Hayden—Gavin Gordon; Mrs. Hawks—Emma Dunn; Charles Reeves—Robert McWade; Ed. McGrath—John Sheehan; Joe Goetz—Matt McHugh; Mrs. Weston—Louise Mackintosh. (2) Joan Blondell's latest pictures are *Footlight Parade*, *Havana Widows*, *Convention City*, and *Hell's Bells*.

REGULAR READER (Selby).—(1) Write to the following: Mclly Lamont and Constance Shotton, c/o British International Studios; Gina Malo, c/o Gaumont British Studios. (2) The leading players in the new film, *Little Friend*, are Nova Pilbeam, Matheson Lang, Lydia Sherwood, and Jean Cadell. (3) Maria Alba was Douglas Fairbanks' leading lady in *Mr. Robinson Crusoe*. She is a film player. (4) The cast of *Leave it to Me*: Sebastian Help—Gene Gerrard; Peavey—Olive Borden; Eve—Molly Lamont; Coates—George Gee; Baxter—Gus McNaughton; Lord Emsworth—Clive Currie; Lady Constance—Tonic Bruce; Siegfried Velour—Peter Godfrey; Beach—Syd Crossley; Freddie—Melville Cooper.

WONTNER FAN (Croydon).—(1) Arthur Wontner was born on January 21, 1875, in London. Address him c/o Twickenham Studios. (2) Herewith the cast of *The Sleeping Cardinal*: Sherlock Holmes—Arthur Wontner; Dr. Watson—Ian Fleming; Mrs. Hudson—Minnie Rayner; Ronald Adair—Leslie Perrins; Kathleen Adair—Jane Welsh; Colonel Henslowe—Norman McKinnel; Thomas Fisher—William Fazan. Tony Rutherford—Sydney King; Marston—Gordon Begg; Inspector Lestrade—Philip Hewland; Colonel Moran—Louis Goodrich; J. J. Godfrey—Charles Paton.

BROWN EYES.—You can obtain a photograph of David Manners from THE PICTUREGOER Post Card Salon, 85 Long Acre, London W.C.2, price threepence.

CURIOUS (Chasetown).—(1) Warner Baxter is married to Winifred Bryson. (2) The cast of *Paddy, the Next Best Thing*: Paddy—Janet Gaynor; Lawrence Blake—Warner Baxter; Major Adair—Walter Connolly; Jack Breen—Harvey Stevens; Eileen—Margaret Lindsay; Collins—Joseph M. Kerrigan; Dr. Day—Fiske O'Hara; Miss Breen—Claire McDowell; Maid—Merle Tottenham; Micky—Roger Imhof; Sellaby—Trevor Bland. (3) Janet Gaynor played the role of Molly Car in *Sunny Side Up*, and that of Heather Gordon in *Delicious*. Charles Farrell was Jack Cromwell in *Sunny Side Up*, and Larry Beaumont in *Delicious*.

LAURIE (Loughton).—(1) Winifred Shotton was born on November 5, 1904, in London.

Film Fan Notices

THE HENRY EDWARDS' FILM CLUB.—Readers interested in this club can obtain full particulars from the Hon. Secretary, Miss Kathleen Costello, 32 Amesbury Avenue, Streatham Hill, London, S.W.2.

THE ALL-STAR FAN CLUB OF ENGLAND AND AMERICA.—The members of this club in Newcastle-on-Tyne were asked to designate the Hollywood players under certain titles—here is the result of the voting: *The Most Popular*—Clark Gable and Marion Davies. *The Most Beautiful*—Marlene Dietrich. *The Most Scholarly*—Elissa Landi. *The Most Thorough Gentleman*—Richard Barthelmess. *The Best Dressed*—Constance Bennett. *The Hardest Worker*—Joan Crawford. *The Most*

Original—Charles Chaplin and Greta Garbo. *The Best Looking*—Gary Cooper. *The Best Natured*—Richard Arlen. *The Most Perfect Lady*—Mary Brian. *The Best Dressed Men*—Edmund Lowe and Chester Morris. *The Most Versatile*—Fredric March. *The Most Likely to Succeed*—Wynne Gibson, Glenda Farrell, Dick Powell and Joel McCrea.

IMPERIAL FILM CLUB.—This club held a Grand Film Star Dance at the Portman Rooms, Baker Street, recently and a thoroughly enjoyable time was had by both visitors and members. Particulars of this club can be obtained by writing to the Hon. Secretary, Mr. F. W. Minde, 100 Dalston Lane, London, E.8.

DO IT!

Her most recent film is *Sorrell and Son*. (2) Ida Lupino was born in 1917 and her first American picture, *The Search for Beauty*, is reviewed on page 18 of this issue. (3) The cast of *Hell's Angels*: Roy Rutledge—Ren Lyon; Monte Rutledge—James Hall; The Girl—Jean Harlow.

JUST SMITH (Gloucester).—(1) Bing Crosby celebrates his birthday on May 2. He is 5 ft. 9 in. tall and has blue eyes and fair hair. Married to Dixie Lee and has one baby son, Gary Evan Crosby. Address him c/o Paramount Studios. (2) Carl Brisson was born on December 24, 1895, Copenhagen, Denmark. Real name, Carl Pedersen; 6 ft. 1 in. tall, brown hair, grey eyes, married. At present in Hollywood, where you can address him c/o Paramount Studios. (3) The cast of *Prince of Arcadia*: Prince of Arcadia—Carl Brisson; Mirana—Margot Grahame; Princess—Ida Lupino; Queen—Annie Esmond; Equerry—Peter Gawthorne; Detective—Dernier Warren. (4) Bing Crosby's films include *The King of Jazz*, *The Big Broadcast*, *College Humor*, *Too Much Harmony*, *Going Hollywood*, and *We're Not Dressing*.

DORIS M. S. Y. (near Chatham).—An article on Robert Young appears on pages 14 and 15 of this issue. Robert is 27 this year and a native of Chicago. He is married and has one baby daughter, Carol Ann; 6 ft. tall, dark eyes and hair. Address him c/o Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios. Films include *Lullaby*, *The Wet Parade*, *New Mercials for Old*, *Unashamed*, *The Kid from Spain*, *To day We Live*, *Hell Below*, *Tug-boat Annie*, *Saturday's Millions*, *The Right to Romance*, *Trigger*, and *The House of Rothschild*.

INQUISITIVE SCHOOLGIRL (Cardiff).—(1) John Stuart's pictures include *Her Son*, *Hindle Wakes*, *In a Monastery Garden*, *Nunber Seventeen*, *Mademoiselle from Armentieres*, *The Flight Commander*, *Smashing Through*, *Kitty*, *High Seas*, *The Brat*, *Taxi for Two*, *Atlantic*, *Kissing Cup's Race*, *Children of Chance*, *Midnight*, *Men of Steel*, *Little Fella*, *Millionaire Pauper*, *The Lost Chord*, and *This Week of Grace*. Stuart was born on July 18, 1899, in Edinburgh; 5 ft. 11 in. tall, brown hair and eyes. Married Muriel Angelus. (2) Leslie Howard was born on April 3, 1893, in London. Real name, Leslie Stainer; 5 ft. 11 in. tall, fair, brown eyes. Married Ruth Evelyn Martin; has a son, Ronald; and a daughter. Leslie's films include *Outward Bound*, *Never the Twain Shall Meet*, *Daughter of Luxury*, *A Free Soul*, *Devotion*, *Smilin' Through*, *The Woman in Her House*, *Captured*, *Berkeley Square*, *The Lady is Willing*, and *Of Human Bondage*. Address him c/o Radio

Studio Addresses

BRITISH STUDIOS

Associated Sound Film Ind., Wembley Park, Middlesex.
Associated Radio Pictures, Ealing Green, London, W.5.
British and Dominion Imperial Studios, Boreham Wood, Elstree, Herts.
British International Studios, Boreham Wood, Elstree, Herts.
British Instructional Studios, Welwyn Garden City, Herts.
Gainsborough Studios, Poole Street, Islington, London, N.
Gaumont British Studios, Lime Grove, Shepherd's Bush, London, W.1.
Nettlefold Studios, Hurst Grove, Walton-on-Thames, Middlesex.
London Film Co., 22, Grosvenor Street, London, S.W.1.
Sound City Studios, Littleton Park, Shepperton, Middlesex.
Twickenham Studios, St. Margaret's, Twickenham, Middlesex.

AMERICAN STUDIOS

Columbia Studios, 1438, Gower Street, Hollywood, California.
Educational Studios, Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood, California.
First National Studios, Burbank, California.
Fox Studios, Movietone City, Westwood, California.
Samuel Goldwyn Studio, 7210, Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood, California.
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, California.
Paramount-Publix Studios, Hollywood, California.
Radio Studios, 780, Gower Street, Hollywood, California.
Hal Roach Studios, Culver City, California.
Mack Sennett Studios, Studio City, North Hollywood, California.
Warner Brothers Studio, Burbank, California.
United Artists Studios, 1041, North Formosa Avenue, Hollywood, California.
Universal Studios, Universal City, California.



Miriam Hopkins was born on October 18, 1902, at Georgia, U.S.A.; 5 ft. tall; golden hair, blue eyes. Married (1) Brandon Peters (mar. dis.). (2) Austin Parker (mar. dis.). Hobbies—painting and reading. Pictures include: "The Hours Between," "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," "Two Kinds of Women," "Dancers in the Dark," "The World and the Flesh," "Trouble in Paradise," "No Man of Her Own," "The Stranger's Return," "Design for a Living," "All of Me," "The Man Who Broke His Heart." Address her c/o Paramount Publix Studios, Hollywood, California.

STUDIOS. (3) I think you must mean Jerry in *Peg o' My Heart*; this role was played by Onslow Stevens.

P. A. (Maida Hill West, W.2).—(1) Reginald Bach was born on September 3, 1886. Pictures include *The Hounds of the Baskervilles* and *Hobson's Choice*. (2) Buster Crabbe is 24 this year.

NEMO (Slough).—Amos 'n' Andy appeared in one film, *Check and Double Check*.

VIOLET (Isle of Wight).—There was a film version made in the silent days of *Where the Rainbow Ends*. I quite agree, it would be well received as a talkie, which would delight juveniles.

MICHAEL (Pinner).—The original version of *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* featured John Barrymore. Most critics agree that it is the finest piece of acting he has ever given on the screen.

SONGSTER (Swansea).—Jan Kiepura was intended for the law, but took singing lessons and at a contest in 1925 won the title of "King of Tenors." His films include *The City of Song* and *Tell Me To Night*. I do not know whether we shall hear him again soon.

GERMAN FAN (Uxbridge).—Emil Jannings has been seen very little on the British screen since the arrival of the talkies. His biggest picture since then has been *The Tempest*. He also appeared in a very indifferent picture, *Le Roi Pausole*. He is now making a film for British and Continental Films.

INQUIRER (Ilford).—Forrester Harvey is 5 ft. 6 in. tall, brown hair, hazel eyes. Some of his best-known American pictures have been *Smilin' Through*, *Sky Devils*, *Red Dust*, and *The Mystery of Mr. X*.

(Continued overleaf)

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Let GEORGE DO IT

(continued)

ROBSON FAN (Cardiff).—May Robson was born April 19, 1865, in Melbourne, Australia. She went to America as a child and became a popular stage star. She is married.

W. F. (Glasgow).—W. C. Fields was for years a popular music hall juggler. His later films include *Million Dollar Legs*, *If I Had a Million*, *Tillie and Gus*, and *Six of a Kind*.

PAT (Islington).—Marian Nixon was divorced in 1933. She has chestnut hair and brown eyes.

CONSTANT (Liverpool).—Harry Welchman is married to Sylvia Forde. He made his film debut in *The Maid of the Mountains*. He appears in *The Southern Maid* which is released this week. Yes, he had a long and highly successful stage career. Thank you for the compliments.

PATIENCE (Sevenoaks).—Paul Muni's real name is Muni Weisenfreund. He was born in Vienna.

R. G. S. (Swansea).—Jean Harlow's real name is Harlean Carpenter. Jumped into prominence with the only female role in *Hell's Angels*.

O'BRIEN (Dublin).—Yes, Maureen O'Sullivan was educated in Dublin. She was born at Boyle and was discovered by Frank Borzage in a Dublin restaurant.

G. K. (Southsea).—Warner Oland was born in Sweden, but was educated in America. There is nothing oriental about him although his character studies of orientals are so convincing.

SOLO (Newport).—Annabella was discovered by Rene Clair and made a big hit in *Le Million*. I am afraid French films rarely get widely released. In London, the Academy, Kinema House, Oxford Street, and the Rialto, all in London, show the best Continental films.

GEORGE BROWN (Beckenham).—Guy Kibbee was born in El Paso, Texas, and had twenty-five years' stage experience before he appeared on the screen.

SALLY (Earls Court).—James Cagney's latest picture is *Jimmy the Gent*. A full review will appear in next week's issue. No, he is as tough—if not tougher than ever—in it.

MUSICAL FAN (Eastbourne).—Jeanette started in the chorus of a Ned Wayburn revue. She was born June 18, 1907, in Philadelphia; 5 ft. 6 in. tall; fair hair, blue green eyes. Her latest picture is *The Cat and the Fiddle* opposite Ramon Novarro.

ELSIE (Manchester).—Lionel Barrymore's two latest films are *Should Ladies Behave* and *This Side of Heaven*. In the first he appears with Alice Brady and in the second with Mae Clark.

SILK (Bournemouth).—It is true that George Raft has not had much chance to display his dancing ability. This is, however, remedied in *Bolero*, where a feature is made of it. The cast includes Carole Lombard and Sally Rand.

CHARACTERISATION (Acton).—Edward G. Robinson is a Rumanian born in Bucharest, December 12, 1893. He is married. His new picture will be *Dark Tower* and it will be followed by *Napoleon: His Life and Loves*. It is expected to be his greatest role.

AUTOGRAHS (Burnley).—The addresses for which you have been inquiring are now tabulated on page 39.

A. K. C. (Surbiton).—Ginger Rogers is 5 ft. 4 in. tall; brown hair and eyes. Her marriage with Jack Pepper was dissolved. She won a Charleston competition which led to vaudeville and stage work. Her films include *Young Man of Manhattan*, *Honour Among Lovers*, *Suicide Fleet*, *Bad Timber*, *The Thirteenth Guest*, *The Tenderfoot*, *42nd Street*, *Embassy Girl*. She is no relation to Will Rogers.

L. M. (Hull).—It was Stewart Rome who played the farmer in *The Song of the Plough*. He was in one of the early and most successful British talkies, *Dark Red Roses*.

ALEC KEITH (Liverpool).—The director of *The Champ* was King Vidor. Incidentally, it secured him nomination for the 1932 award of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences.

SAM (Eastbourne).—(1) Yes, Jack Oakie did appear in *If I Had a Million*. (2) Born November 12, 1903, at Sedalia, Mo. (3) Real name Lewis Offield. He says his hobby is wise cracking and I can quite believe it.

QUERY (Chelsea).—Ramon Novarro's latest picture is *The Cat and the Fiddle*. Others include *Son Daughter*, *Mata Hari* and *The Impossible Lover*.

L. P. (Norwich).—(1) Ricardo Cortez has not had a really outstanding role since *The Melody of Life*. He comes from Vienna, where he was born July 7, 1899. (2) He made his film debut in *Sixty Cents an Hour*.

NEMO (Ealing).—It was Richard Cromwell who created the title role in *Tol'able David*. His real name is Roy Radabaugh. Height 5 ft. 10 in. Born, January 8, 1910. Brown hair, grey eyes.

Leave IT to ANNE

WHATEVER your query, whether it belongs to the beauty or the domestic category, I am delighted to answer it. Please enclose a stamped addressed envelope for a postal reply. I can give you more space in a letter than can be spared in this column.

CAREFUL MASSAGE and the use of good proprietary toilet creams and lotions are the two sure ways towards keeping a beautiful and youthful complexion. I advise proprietary preparations, not because I want to boost advertised products, but because they are the best.

Many readers inquire how they may make this cream or the other lotion.

There are certainly a few lotions which women may concoct for themselves, but I rarely if ever advise them to make their own creams. And this by reason of the greatest bogey of all women—superfluous hair.

The best feeding creams are so prepared that they may be said not to encourage the growth of hair on the face. Creams, crudely prepared at home from animal fat, will most certainly encourage growth of hair.

Massage, skilfully performed, stimulates the muscles, nerves, and blood vessels of the face and neck.

You may use a skin food, almond oil, or cold cream for the purpose.

It must be used liberally, not only for nourishment, but to prevent abrasion from friction of the finger-tips.

After the massage the face should be rinsed in warm water, then in cold water, and finally patted with an astringent lotion or a toilet eau-de-Cologne.

Many readers ask my opinion of ice as an astringent. Ice is said to close the pores. But in my experience it also results in congestion and those ugly broken veins which are practically incurable.

Excessive heat is just as bad, so avoid washing your face in very hot water.

Simple Movements

There are a dozen simple movements which, performed nightly, will keep your skin young and elastic and your muscles without sag. But remember that it is regularity which counts.

First spread the cream on the skin and also anoint the finger-tips. Don't be stingy with the cream, otherwise the massage will stretch the skin.

Movement No. 1.—Place the hands with wrist touching under the chin and finger-tips level with the ears. Work the palms of the hands with a rotary movement over both cheeks.

Movement No. 2.—Begin again from the same position, paying attention to the sides of the cheeks, up to the temples.

Movement No. 3.—Clench the hands and, using them with an alternate pressing and lifting movement, knead the line of the jawbone from the chin to the ears. Take care that the backs of the fingers are massaging the underchin.

Movement No. 4.—With the tips of thumb and first two fingers, pinch the cheeks all over. Perform this massage gently, unless your face is too fat when the pinching may be done somewhat more vigorously.

Movement No. 5.—Beginning at the chin, work upwards and outwards in short steps, kneading both cheeks. If the thumbs are placed under the chin, the movement may be carried out with the first two fingers.

Movement No. 6.—Cover the second and third finger-tips with cream and gently pat under the eyes. There should be no pressure and no pulling. Begin at the inner corners.



"A stringent lotion applied with a cotton pad helps to keep the pores of nose and cheeks fine in texture and is a daily ritual with me," says Florine McKimney.

Movement No. 7.—With the tips of the first two fingers, smooth the skin backwards and upwards from just beneath the outer corners of the eyes towards the forehead.

Movement No. 8.—Anoint the tips of the two forefingers with cream. Close the eyes. Place the two finger-tips on the outer corners of the eyelids. Pat gently towards the inner corners.

Movement No. 9.—With first and second fingers of both hands, firmly smooth skin above the eyebrows. Follow them towards the temples.

Movement No. 10.—Place the creamed finger-tips together in the centre of the brow. Stroke firmly from centre to temples. Then hold one temple firmly and with the fingers of the other hand stroke towards the opposite temple. Repeat the other way. Finally, stroke from the top of the nose to the hair line.

Movement No. 11.—Let the finger-tips meet on the nape of the neck. With the pads of thumbs, give circular massage over the entire neck and under the chin.

Movement No. 12.—Beginning under the nose, knead cream and work outwards across any lines extending from the mouth.

Greasy Skins

Greasy skins can improve the condition by stimulating the circulation. A rough towel, unless the skin of the face is too sensitive, will help, and a good towelling across the back of the neck is a splendid stimulant.

A little fine oatmeal placed in the palm of the hand, worked into a lather with a good superfatted soap, and then applied with vigour to the face and neck, will also help to take up excessive grease.

Answers to Correspondents

FAITH (Leicester).—Sallow skin is usually caused by bad circulation or a sluggish liver. If, however, it is due to last summer's badly worn tan, try a mud pack to whiten the skin.

N. P. (Plymouth).—A chin strap will correct the sag of your chin and improve the contour. Wear this at night. Every morning pat under the chin with a pad of cotton wool soaked in astringent. Continue till the reaction is felt. You can buy a chin strap from all chemists.

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Yours gratefully, B. C. R.

HEAD PAINS GO

Bishop's Waltham.

Sir,—I thought I would take the pleasure in writing to say that I think 'ASPRO' Tablets are wonderful things. Why I am writing this is because my husband has suffered a great deal in the head, so seeing these 'ASPRO' so much in the paper I got him some and he says he feels twice the man now.—I am, yours respectfully, L. K. (Mrs.).

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Dear Sirs,

For the past few months I have been taking 'ASPRO' and found them much better than the aspirins which I have previously used. Thanking you and wishing you continued success. I always recommend them now.—Yours faithfully, B. McL. (Miss).

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No. 150 (New Series), Vol. 3

April 7, 1934

THE REAL HEPBURN - EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW **10**

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WEEKLY



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A HEADACHE for HOLLYWOOD

And one for Victor Saville—
Politics and Pictures—Dan-
gers of Film About the Irish
Revolution — Three Big
Stars Change Studios—Two
Sweetheart Teams Reunited
—Challenge to Mae West.

THE controversial political picture is again in the news.

Since I announced Edna Best's Hollywood scenic adventure in *The Key*, the other day, the interesting and somewhat disturbing news has arrived concerning that film that it is to be about the Irish Revolution.

Without in any way pre-judging the Messrs. Warners' latest project, it is not difficult to appreciate the dangers that must beset the filming of such a subject.

Must Not Offend

Hollywood's attempts to deal with its own current controversies have never been entirely satisfactory. Apart from being hedged round (and many consider rightly) by a labyrinthian growth of official restrictions, the screen as a business concern must strive not to offend any of the cash customers, and the result is usually a meaningless, valueless and pretentious exhibition of what is known in political circles as "egg dancing."

Ban Possibility

A film that is too sympathetic to the Irish revolutionists or any way gives rise to dangerous controversy will obviously be barred from the kinemas of Britain.

The strong Irish influence in America which has made its weight felt more than once in more important matters, quite as obviously cannot be defied in the home market.

And if the studio tries to placate both sides they will probably end by satisfying nobody.

It will, however, be possible to draw on the dramatic effectiveness of a hitherto untapped story source without becoming involved in the political aspects. I hope so—but I do not envy the producer his job.

The Case of Rhodes

Mr. Victor Saville, too, is likely to lose some beauty sleep over the proposed film version of the life of Cecil Rhodes, of which, quite incidentally, I have been in a position to make a considerable study.

Rhodes' career, associations and times were so full of political controversies that have not yet



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Roscoe Karns, Grace Bradley, and Richard Arlen in "Come on, Marines."

completely died, that producers of any kinematic record will have to tread very warily if they are not to step on sensitive toes.

Influence of Gangster Cycle

The screen is undoubtedly the greatest medium for propaganda in history, but the value of deliberate picture propaganda is still open to some doubt despite—or perhaps because of—the much ballyhooed recent preoccupation of Hollywood with the social conscience as represented by such mild and harmless celluloid sermons as *I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang*, *Massacre*, *Dangerous Days*, *Cabin in the Cotton*, and *Gabriel Over the White House*.

Nearly all of them amiably sat on the fence to some extent and certainly all of them gave an unmistakable impression that the kinema crusaders knew their place and were being careful not to overstep the bounds.

On the other hand the cumulative effect of the undeliberately propagandist gangster cycle, for instance, undoubtedly, aroused our own consciousness to the possible results of prohibition, as well, I am sure, as playing a big part in America's repeal decision.

Keaton's Come-back

Admirers of the comedy "short" will be glad to welcome the return of Buster Keaton, who is making a modest bid to "come back" in two-reelers.

It is thirteen years since Buster abandoned shorts for the more dignified and lucrative field of feature-length comedies, and nearly two years since he was seen on the screen.

The Gold Ghost is the first of the new pictures and it is well suited to his type of humour. He arrives in an abandoned mining camp and for a reel doesn't speak a word.

During the rest of the film other characters come to the place, but his lines cover scarcely a typewritten page, with the rest carrying the dialogue.

£1,000 a Picture

Two years away from the studios I have wrought considerable changes in Keaton himself. The days when he was one of the best-known figures at the film city's pleasure resorts are over. A recent illness has compelled him to look after his health and he is, of course, not earning the money that he was.

He is reported to receive £1,000 a picture for the new series of shorts, of which six are scheduled for the next six months. At M.-G.-M. he received that much every week.

His two sons are attending a military college, protected by a £50,000 trust fund established in more prosperous years.

Tragic Trail

The come-back trail continues to be stony for former stars and hardly any of the recent attempts to reclaim to the heights are encouraging.

John Gilbert made a valiant bid with the noble help of Greta Garbo in *Queen Christina*, but if anybody has been killed in the rush to offer him another million-dollar contract I have not heard of it.

Clara Bow's plans are unsettled at the moment, though I hear she may go to Twentieth Century. Colleen Moore, although she has proved a more competent actress than we imagined in the days of her glory, has had no sensational success since her return.

Can Gloria do it?

It will be interesting, however, to watch the progress of Gloria Swanson whose battle for revived kinematic acclaim is sponsored by M.-G.-M., the greatest star-builder of all the studios.

Gloria's initiative effort in her come-back bid will probably be *Three Weeks*, although there is a possibility that she may do *Heavenly Sinner*, a story based on the life of the notorious Lola Montez.

Good-bye Week at Warner's

The Key, by the way, will probably be William Powell's last picture for Warners, whose star list, with Ruth Chatterton and Richard Barthelmess also departing, will be almost unrecognisable.

Powell, is, I believe, to work as a freelance. He feels that he can make five pictures a year at £12,000 each.

Miss Chatterton, who, like the male star, went to the studio during the famous raid on Paramount
(Continued on page 6)

(Continued from page 5)



Tom Walls literally interprets the title of his new picture, "A Cup of Kindness." The girl is Veronica Rose.

some years ago, has not renewed her contract, and is reported to be negotiating with M.-G.-M. Her husband, George Brent, has gone off the pay-roll with her.

Boosting Lesser Known Players

The Warner lot will not seem the same without Dick Barthelmess, who has been there ever since the firm took over First National.

His present immediate plans include a picture for Paramount.

Barthelmess's contract called for something like \$150,000 a year and Ruth Chatterton's salary was on much the same scale, while William Powell also earned big money.

The three salaries thus saved, I learn, will be used to build up the studio's lesser known players.

The studio has in mind strenuous publicity boosts for Aline MacMahon, Jean Muir, Verree Teasdale, Pat O'Brien, Dick Powell and Donald Woods.

Two Sweetheart Teams Reunited

Bigger and better reunions seems to be the slogan at Movietone City.

Not content with, in response to the clamour of the fans, bringing together again Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell in *The World is Ours*, the Fox chiefs have added Sally Eilers and James Dunn to the cast.

The results should be interesting.

The story will present the quartet as a group of youngsters who graduate together from a university and set out in search of careers.

Panning for Hepburn

Katharine Hepburn, I note, is getting a bad press in the Hollywood papers just now.

The film scribes are getting tired of her "line" and her persistent refusal to face the Press cameras.

Among other things she is accused of having a tailor sew those patches on the famous overalls, "guying" the public about her marriage and generally indulging in eccentricities that are no longer necessary now that she has arrived.

However, the fact that Katharine Hepburn is not altogether unapproachable if tackled in the right way is revealed by the fact that PICTUREGOER has secured with her one of the most intimate interviews ever given by a star. You will find it on page 10.

De Mille's Little Joke

Perhaps we have been wronging Cecil B. de Mille all these years. Perhaps the great maestro has a sense of humour after all.

At any rate he is responsible for an amusing claim to prove that Hollywood is on the upgrade, intellectually speaking.

Although (he says) he has mentioned to several supervisors on the lot that he is getting some assistance for some of the lines for *Cleopatra*,

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from Plutarch, not one of them has suggested: "Why don't you sign up this guy Plutarch and have him come to Hollywood and write the screen story?"

Warren William as Caesar

In the meanwhile Warren William has been cast for the rôle of Julius Caesar in the new De Mille opus and Claudette Colbert is busy putting on weight for the title rôle.

I hope for the benefit of the weight-increasing process that nobody has told her that the part has a jinx tied to it.

According to legend it virtually ended the career of Theda Bara.

Taking off too many clothes also proved a setback to Betty Blythe, who is now essaying a comeback, when she played the *Queen of Sheba*.

Lilyan Tashman

Lilyan Tashman, screenland's "best-dressed woman," and unofficial Queen of Hollywood, is mourned by film lovers in every corner of the world. Her brilliant wit and lazy grace won her a firm place in the hearts of millions.

It was just ten years ago—in 1924—that she and her husband, Edmund Lowe, set out in a third-class carriage for Hollywood.

Both found fame—Lilyan, who specialised in "vamp" rôles, rose to greater heights. Although she played star parts in scores of films that broke box-office records, she will perhaps be best remembered for her brilliant performances in *Camille*, *The Prince of Head Waiters*, *Bulldog Drummond*, *One Heavenly Night*, *Putting on the Ritz*, *Mama Loves Papa* and *Too Much Harmony*.

Lilyan never claimed the title, yet she could justly have been named "Hollywood's Best Wife." She and Edmund Lowe had discovered the secret of married happiness—they understood each other.

A Screen Fight

The latest reports from the *It's No Sin* front records for posterity that Mae West spent nearly two months investigating the customs and conditions of the southern states of America of fifty years ago before she completed her story.

A delightfully named gentleman called Mushy Callahan, a former world's welter-weight boxing champion, is to "wage a series of thrilling ring battles in the picture."

That Scarlet Pimpernel Casting

Protests against the casting of Charles Laughton as the Scarlet Pimpernel in the London Films screen version of the Orczy story continue to pour into this department in such large numbers that Mr. Alexander Korda might be well advised to consider whether he has made a wise decision.

One disgruntled fan suggests that Marie Dressler or Alison Skipworth be imported to play the rôle of Lady Blakeney. "Both," he points out, "are brilliant and distinguished artistes, but they are about as much like the character as Laughton is to 'Sir Percy'." His own nominations for the two parts are John Gielgud and Madeleine Carroll.

Have you Voted?

Mention of Charles Laughton, who carried off the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences award for the best acting performance in a 1933 produced film, reminds me that voting in PICTUREGOER's Gold Medal award of merit will have to be closed shortly.

The English star's characterisation in *The Private Life of Henry VIII*, incidentally, is not eligible as our award has to be confined to pictures generally released last year.

PICTUREGOER awards two gold medals—one for the best performance by an actress and one for the best performance by an actor.

All you have to do is to write on a postcard the names of the two artistes of your choice and the films in which you consider they establish their claim. Address to Award of Merit, PICTUREGOER, 93 Long Acre, W.C.2.

All entries must be in by April 14.

Not Too Many Films

Mr. Jesse L. Lasky enters the lists against PICTUREGOER's frequently expressed view that too many films are being produced.

"I am in agreement with the theory and in my

personal practice, he writes. But as a student of film and theatre economies, I realise that there must be some form of modified quantity production to supply the thousands of theatres.

"Most of us feel that mass production is responsible for some of the poor pictures being produced. Mass production, with its handicaps of company policy, release dates, minimum budgets, set schedules of production and star assignments, gave birth to the programme picture.

"The programmer is with us because it is an economic necessity. Its existence can be made worth while and the quality average raised immeasurably through the fostering of unit or independent production.

"Also by placing the blame for mediocre product not upon the producing company, but upon the shoulders of those who make it."

An Improved Offspring

"This movement," he adds, "is growing rapidly. Already many of the major studios are producing under the unit system. And many fine quality pictures have resulted.

"As the movement gathers momentum and responsibilities become more clearly defined, the programme picture of to-day will vanish and in its place will come its improved offspring—a picture intelligently produced that represents full value in story, cast and production for the amount expended.

Plenty of Stories

"Let us, above all, encourage the true showman, whether he is called producer, supervisor, director, or what not. Because without showmanship the industry would indeed fail.

"Unlike many people, I believe that there are many times fifty good story possibilities hovering about Hollywood. After all, there is nothing original in stories.

"All of the tremendous successes of to-day and the past have plots and themes that are centuries old.

"We do not lack stories so much as we lack novelty of treatment and the moulding of these stories into new forms and patterns."

Short Shots

John Barrymore, who looks tall on the screen, is actually 5 ft. 7 in.—Clark Gable wants to get back to he-man roles—Jimmy Durante takes his gag man with him when he is lent to other studios—Josef Von Sternberg directs Marlene Dietrich in German—Sixteen-year-old Ida Lupino has taken a twenty-four-room house with three garages and a living-room in which she intends to hold her parties—W. C. Fields draws our attention to the fact that Mae West is worrying the grammarians because she ends all her sentences with a preposition—Joan Marsh has shed thirty pounds and is staging a revival via *Melody In Spring*—Lee Garmes is the latest cameraman to be promoted to the directional ranks; his first will be *Fledglings*—Onslow Stevens, according to an announcement from Universal, will be elevated to stardom shortly.

At Shepherd's Bush

The week's best news is probably the return to British studios of Jan Kiepura, the famous Italian tenor.

Kiepura will make his re-appearance at Shepherd's Bush in *A Song For You*, an English version of the Continental smash-hit *Ein Lied für Dir*, which is due to go into production within the next day or two.

The film world became Kiepura-conscious on the release of *Tell Me To-night*, the Gaumont British-UFA picture in which he appeared with Sonnie Hale, and which was received with immense enthusiasm by filmgoers in Europe and the British Isles.

In America, *Tell Me To-night* achieved the distinction of a "straight run" of ten weeks in Hollywood itself. No former European film had ever enjoyed a success in any way comparable with this in the hyper-critical Film City.

Riviera Location

Although the story is laid in a setting of Grand Opera, filmgoers who find opera "heavy on the hand," need have no fear, for, although Kiepura will sing arias from Verdi's "Aida" and "Il



Will Garbo be jealous? Lupe Velez and Jimmy (Schnozzle) Durante form an interesting new team in "Palooka." Jimmy marries the girl in the end.

Trovatore," these beautiful works are blended humorously into the action, and the atmosphere throughout the film is one of gay and lighthearted comedy.

In addition to the operatic airs, Kiepura's magnificent voice will be heard in specially-written and composed theme-songs.

It is expected that he will again be teamed with Sonnie Hale.

After certain work at the Shepherd's Bush Studios, the Unit will leave for location at Naples and on the Italian Riviera, where sunlit sequences of great beauty take place in Mediterranean surroundings.

Recording "The Merry Widow"

The most careful recording ever attempted in a studio, with the use of a special "broad reproduction band" capable of recording anything from the highest to the lowest note the human ear is able to hear, is to be a technical feature of production of *The Merry Widow*, the Irving Thalberg talkie soon to be filmed with Maurice Chevalier and Jeanette MacDonald as stars, and Ernst Lubitsch as director.

Technicians in the sound department are at the present time carrying on intensive research into the plan, designed to reproduce the famous music of Franz Lehar in all its original colour.

The use of special microphones and light valves, special handling of the filmed sound track, are all involved in intricate calculations by which the engineers propose to reproduce the last word in filmed music.

Kinema Couplets

This week's prize of 10s. 6d. is awarded to Elsie R. M. Paterson, 1 George Street, Bathgate, W. Lothian, for:—

**Looking for Trouble
Three on a Honeymoon**

Prizes of 2s. 6d. each are awarded to:—

Miss M. Dean, 8 Cleveland Road, Hawley, Staffs, for:—
**His Last Performance
Feet First**

Carole Lombard, who must be one of the busiest actresses on the Paramount lot, has been cast opposite Bing Crosby in "We're Not Dressing."

M. Reynolds, Fairview, Gobowen, Shropshire, for:—

**Sailors' Luck
No Marriage Ties**

H. Keighley, 171 Moorside Road, Eccles Hill, Bradford, for:—

**The House of Rothschild
Walls of Gold**

R. H. Collins, 98 Bruce Grove, Tottenham, N.17, for:—

**Bill of Divorcement
Symphony in Two Flats**

There are no rules to this contest except that all attempts must be sent in on postcards, marked "Couplets," and addressed to me, c/o PICTUREGOER, 93 Long Acre, W.C.2. Envelopes will not be opened.

MALCOLM D. PHILLIPS.



"WHAT I'LL DO on HOLIDAY in EUROPE"

by Warner BAXTER

The famous star tells you what his plans are for his forthcoming holiday in Europe. He is no "luxury" traveller, but means to see all the things that matter and the life of the people in a simple, unassuming manner. He will not be a "visiting star," but a star unobtrusively on holiday.

third-handed automobile, or maybe a motorcycle that isn't too ambitious and young—anything, in fact, that huffs and puffs and stops.

While it is true I haven't spent much time on an itinerary, I know pretty much where I want to go and what to see. My travelled friends in Hollywood have been filling me with places worth seeing for the past six months.

Some say Biarritz is the finest place to go; others favour St. Moritz and other groups tell me I'll be missing the finest spots of all if I don't go to the Riviera, Monte Carlo, Paris, or Vienna. A lot of names!

I really made up my mind where to go a month ago, when I spoke to a disabled war veteran—a former member of the Marine Corps. He'd been to Paris, Dijon, Bordeaux, London, and the Rhine cities, but didn't paint as lurid a picture of them as I expected he would.

I asked where he would go if a sizable amount of money were placed in his hands and he had several months to do with as he pleased.

It didn't take him long to answer: "I'd visit the battlefields," he said. "All of those I knew as a Marine, and then I'd go to the French and English fronts, lingering at the most famous spots."

That fellow gave me the idea of retracing the steps of the American soldiers in France. First of all, I'll go to London, hire or purchase my small vehicle there, and travel the most picturesque roads

Breuannes. On the map it's the smallest of dots, but it once quartered the entire Fifth Regiment of Marines.

I suspect that my friend has a mission for me in that village.

He wants me to see Rosa and tell her that he didn't steal those rabbits which appeared mysteriously in the Headquarters Company's hot-pot some time in December, 1918.

He says I'll find plenty of typical French farmers in Breuannes. He'd like to know whether the depression hit its occupants.

From Breuannes he says I ought to go to Damblain, which is about the size of the other village, and scold the proprietor of the Bucket of Blood for charging him five francs for a sour bottle of vin rouge that he later sold to Captain DeCarre for ten.

The café has a new name now, I suspect, but find it I will.

There are many other small places I shall visit before I reach historic Rheims, near the Champagne front, where my friend was sorely wounded at Mont Blanc.

From there I'm supposed to go to the Argonne, where my friend stuck a sign in the mud reading, "Twelve miles to the nearest female."

And if I find it I am instructed to bring it back home with me. I'm afraid that is carrying friendship a little too far!

From the Argonne sector I'll journey to Metz, then roll into Germany and Coblenz on the Rhine, where our soldiers were quartered some eight or nine months after the Armistice. After I've seen all I want to of that sector, I expect my car will be so thoroughly a wreck that I'll have to give it away.

Boarding a train at Cologne, I plan to go to Berlin for a few days and, if I have time, travel by plane to Moscow for a sight of Russia. After that there won't be much time left and I'll fly back to London.

At my hotel there I'll no doubt be greeted with a stack of cables from the Fox studio telling me my time is up, and so to New York and eventually Hollywood.

In Hollywood, no doubt, I'll see my friend, the veteran, and he'll ask me about that sign I was to get in the Argonne. I'll have a good excuse ready for him.

Warner Baxter packs his trip with all he really needs—a tooth brush, a sponge and "What have you?"

SOME time in May or June, I plan to make my first trip to Europe. This may not sound so very interesting at first, but I've arranged for enough novelties to make it one of the strangest journeys abroad ever taken by an American.

In the first place, I plan to motor. Not in a *de luxe* car driven by a liveried chauffeur, but in some rattle-trap of a bus that won't make me tempt speed laws. If the car is so old that its radiator springs a leak, its motor dies, and its tyres flatten out on me, all the better.

You see, I want to look at the country as an itinerant tourist. I want to learn something of the peasantry in France, to see all I can of that peaceful English countryside Clive Brook and Leslie Howard have been pumping into my system these many years.

Travelling in style, rushing from one great city to another by train, isn't my idea of seeing Europe. And so I'll travel in some second- or

in all England up to the Scottish border.

Mind you, I'm going to make plenty of stops in out-of-the-way places, small villages preferred, where I can get a first-hand view of how the British people live.

Of course, I'm going to "hit" all the historical spots, the Norman ruins, and the tumble-down abbeys there are to see. A fine list of these has been given me by Clive Brook.

When thoroughly satisfied that I have seen all the sights, I'll go back to London, spend a few days there analysing the show business, and then ship my transportation to St. Nazaire, where the first American soldiers and Marines landed in 1918.

Following the advice of my friend, the veteran, I'll spend several days touring the coast-line trying to find a lighthouse where he used to call on Marie, the keeper's daughter.

He wants me to tell Marie that he wasn't fooling her at the time he tried, in extremely poor French, to tell her she was the prettiest girl he'd ever seen. I really will try to find this lady and give her my friend's message.

And I hope I don't compromise myself too much in the attempt—my French being what it is!

After St. Nazaire, he wants me to motor to

SEE OLYMPIA THIS WAY

THE Special Exhibition Number of *The Ideal Home Magazine* gives a unique opportunity to see the best features of the Ideal Home Exhibition from one's armchair.

Domestic architecture, as represented by the "Village of To-morrow," with its clean-cut and inviting frontages, is fully reviewed, as well as the furnishing of the modern home, not forgetting the innumerable devices which save time and temper—always one of the most popular corners of the exhibition.

Charming glimpses are given of "The Garden of History and Romance"—sixteen plans from old manor houses and historic homes.



Madeleine Carroll in Hollywood. She is seen here with Franchot Tone, Roy Simmonds, the Fox publicity chief for Britain, and (on her left) John Ford, the director, on "The World Moves On" set.



As a prize in a Mae West slogan contest, Catherine Queen, of Cleveland, has been spending a holiday in Hollywood as the star's guest. Her winning slogan was: "The Girl Nobody No's."

Through Our LENS



Fairbanks, sen., starts work. Doug being fitted by Oliver Messel for the costumes he will wear in "Exit Don Juan," his first British picture.



When the "strong arm" squad of ticket sellers for an actors' charity invaded the set of "The Man Who Broke His Heart." Despite the well-known persuasiveness of James Cagney and the charm of Robert Montgomery, Chester Morris seems to have got the nod from Dorothy Dell.



Earl Carroll and Carl Brisson watch the filming of the Danish star's first American picture, "Murder at the Vanities."

KATHARINE HEPBURN

TALKS ABOUT HERSELF

IN this interview specially obtained for "Picturegoer" readers by Gladys Baker the famous Screen Star indulges in some revealing self analysis.

EXIT glamour!" Katharine Hepburn crowed into the mirror of her dressing table as she went about the business of removing her make-up.

The graceful gown of pale gray velvet which she had worn in the final scene of *The Lake* had been changed for a nondescript bath robe such as schoolgirls wear among themselves in not too fashionable dormitories and Katharine Hepburn, the most discussed actress in America was a madcap, freckled faced gamin; laughing, chatting slangily, swearing, making faces as she flashed through the processes of scrubbing her face and untangling the mop of recalcitrant red hair.

"This," she announced, "is the most important discovery of my life." She held aloft a small, oblong box of mascara for her eyelashes, "It doesn't run all over my face when I'm weeping."

"Do you actually shed tears?"

"Heavens, yes! You see, I'm not really a good actress—a good actress can control her emotions—but not me. I bawl to beat the band when I'm really touched by a part I'm playing, and the trouble is I can't play the part unless I am touched by it! I've got to feel whatever I'm doing in order to get the audience to feel it."

It was typical of her lack of conceit to berate herself for one of the qualities of acting found only in the truly great; the quality of being able minutely and faithfully to reproduce within herself the emotional state of the character prototype.

I mentioned this peculiar quality of her acting. Now she was serious, as she generally is when discussing her work.

"Well, whatever it is, it certainly wasn't on the job the night of the opening. I simply walked through the part. I wasn't mentally up to it. I couldn't think and when I can't think my lines every minute a robot would be an improvement on Hepburn. The critics gave me an awful panning."

"Not all of them."

"Well, if there was one who didn't, I must have missed his paper! But at that they gave me no more than I deserved, I was terrible!"

"Do you know why?" words swiftly tumbling, "I was scared stiff. It was only the third time I'd played on Broadway and being a star in Hollywood is no help at all when that curtain goes up out there. People think because of my breezy way of talking, that I'm hard-boiled, but that's just a protective veneer. Honestly, underneath I'm hyper-sensitive. But to go back to the critics. I wouldn't have blamed them if they'd walked out after the first act. That's what I would have done. It was swell of them to stay and they were sweet about the way they administered their spanking."

"What do you mean 'sweet'?"

"They had the attitude between the lines of saying, 'we hate to pan the kid, she did the best

she could considering her lack of experience,' you know, they were darn good sports about it."

"Never mind, you'll have them on their knees after your next Broadway performance."

"Yes, by George, I'm going to have another whack at it and show them I've profited by their constructive criticism."

"Gosh, I look like awful, don't I?" The reflection in the mirror showed a winking of *retroussé* nose with its indiscriminate sprinkling of freckles.

Yet judged by traditional standards I saw in that much publicised face none of the obviously beautiful features which move poets to immortalise the object of their inspiration.

"You weren't at all pretty as a little girl," I commented.

She threw back her head and roared.

"Pretty! And you don't suppose anyone thinks I'm pretty now! It was because the make-up man who fixed me up for my first screen test tried to make me pretty that I was delayed in getting to Hollywood. He tried his best to transform me into the candy-box type—you know, rosebud mouth; shy, drooping eyelids; round dimpled cheeks. Ye Gods! I was ludicrous. The RKO artist had the good sense to accentuate what he saw in my face that gave me individuality. Unless we're to look like we're rolled out of a stamp machine the face has to retain the natural lines and contours that are put there by our ancestry, our thoughts, our emotional reactions and just by living. Otherwise it's not interesting."

Yes, that was part of the answer. The face was interesting without being beautiful. But I sought further to discover the secret of Katharine Hepburn's physical appeal which has actually set a new vogue in feminine beauty.

Some quality, vibrant and lovely, made me look at her more closely and these lines flashed through my mind:

*"For she shall catch the wind's young hands
And run along the uplands of the sun,
And down the valley of the Spring . . ."*

A poet, after all, had helped me to a closer understanding of the complex personality.

She was chatting away about Hollywood. In fact, in her present mood of exuberance she talked incessantly. "I'm going back in June. They're doing *Joan of Arc* for me and later *The Tudor* Wench."

"I'm glad you're going to do Elizabeth."

"And am I? I kept asking for it until finally I got it." It was not difficult to understand that Katharine Hepburn's was the sort of persuasive-

ness that even the hard-headed movie Moguls found themselves incapable of resisting.

"I hope the public won't be fed up with queens before my turn comes. All my rivals, you know,"—a wry smile—"have gone into the Queen business."

Her maid came to the door. "I don't need you Jeanie," she waved her away, "I can manage all right, thank you." All the while she kept right on talking.

"I'm mad about Hollywood. Simply adore it. I'd be a pretty ungrateful cuss if I didn't, don't you think? I'm keen about working in the movies. It gives you so much more of a chance. All you do is act natural with the camera right up close—and I'm vain enough to like that! Also it's much easier—you don't have to keep up sustained action as you do on the stage."

A rap at the door. There was no pause as she continued adjusting her tiny beret. "Come in," she shouted. It was Colin Clive, her leading man in *Christopher Strong* and in her present stage vehicle. The manner in which she received the handsome British actor whose presence is usually conducive to female heart palpitation was characteristically unselfconscious. "Hey, there," she shouted and began scrubbing her teeth vigorously. Her utter lack of affectation, I observed, as another facet of Hepburn's disarming charm.

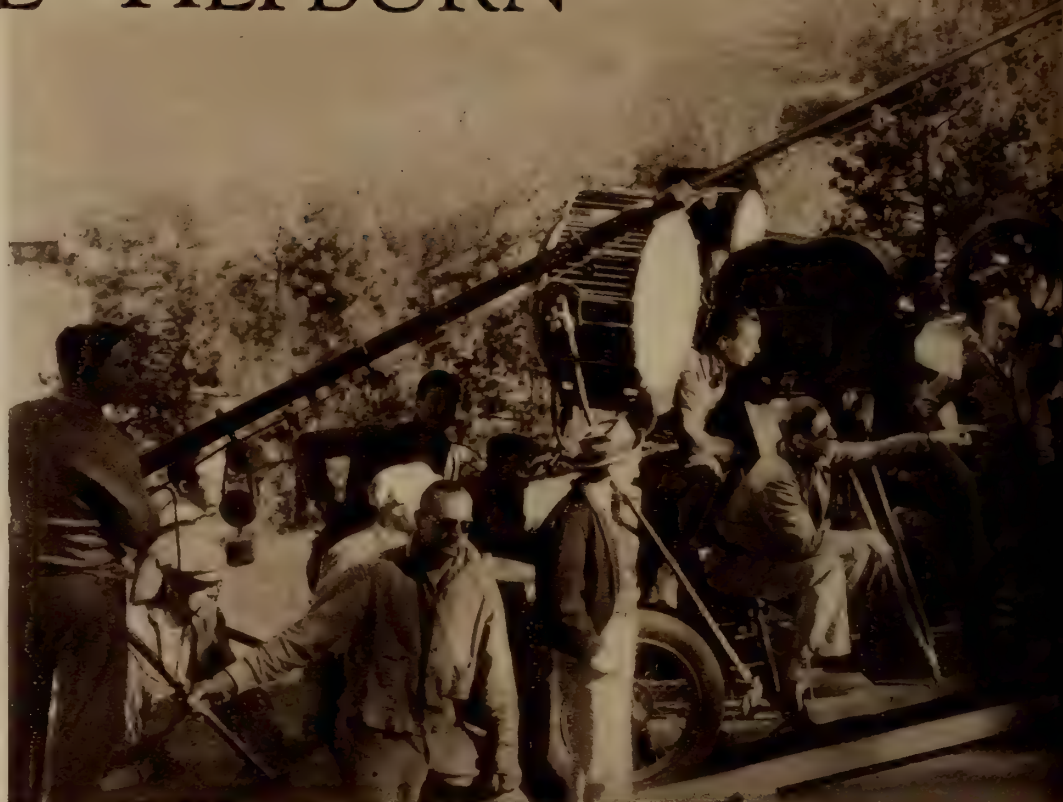
As we left the stage entrance, crowds of people lined the pavements. They'd been standing for a solid hour in the cold rain of midnight to get a glimpse of her. Courteously they made a lane for her to pass to her car. As she smiled and waved her hand their tired faces lighted with adoration. At least for the moment they were her loyal subjects and the slim young girl their uncrowned Queen of Filmdom.

A few days later I went to have tea with Katharine Hepburn in her charming house overlooking the East River. I was early but Barclay, the major domo of the establishment, made me welcome.

Barclay spoke of the weather and as he still lingered to make sure there were cigarettes and that the fire was doing well, I surmised that he wanted to speak of his famous young mistress. I asked how she was. Instantly the brown face was wreathed in smiles.

"Miss Kate? Oh, she's fine—she's always fine, thank you ma'am. My! we certainly are glad to have her home again. It's a different place when Miss Kate's home—even the cats feel different."

Two lovable Siamese kittens were doing their best to demolish the rug but Barclay was too





A striking shot of Katharine Hepburn "on location" during the making of her new film, "Spitfire."



Above: The star in thoughtful mood. Right: With Jean Parker in "Little Women"



engrossed in his subject to notice. "I hope and pray I'll be with Miss Kate the rest of my natu'al life. There she comes now!" And Barclay resumed a dignified silence.

All at once a quiver of excitement seemed to go through the house; one sensed that something thrilling was about to happen. Yes, there she was, running up the stairs, smiling and gay.

"Do you mind coming up to my room?" she yelled over the banisters. "I have to put oil in my hair before my shampoo."

She waited for me and up we went to a large room which she explained she had chosen for her own because it captures the morning sun.

I observed the exquisite Tanagra-like figure wrapped in a beautifully tailored grey suit.

"Oh, I am glad you like it!" she exclaimed when I expressed my admiration. "I can't bear fussing over clothes, so if this is becoming I'll probably wear it morning, noon and night."

She has been criticised for going about Hollywood in overalls and slacks. Her designer, Howard Greer, trailed her all the way across the continent to design for her the three costumes she wore in *The Lake*. He bemoans the fact of her indifference to clothes but admits that once a costume is finished, she transfigures whatever she is wearing.

It was an interesting hour. As she sat looking into the fire, she was quiet and poised, expressing now and again her deep love for her work. I saw still another side of her mercurial temperament which changed as swiftly as the patterns of light and shadow cast by the glow of the flames.

"I see so much mediocrity in the theatre that it appals me," she mused. "I hate coming in contact with things I can't respect. Poor books you don't have to read; poor paintings you don't have to look at; but poor plays and movies are being constantly foisted upon the public. Why do they accept them? You see, in a way the public is as much at fault."

She spoke then of her family. Her own people are very dear to her and she is notoriously loyal. Every Sunday during her stay in the East, she journeys up to Hartford to be with them and if ever she is ill, heads straight for "Daddy"—one of the best physicians in Connecticut. Both parents are blessed with superior wisdom for they permitted their children to be the individuals they were destined to be.

I asked her if it were true that she suffered from an inferiority complex. "No," she replied, "but I knew what was right for me and so didn't do the things which may have seemed right to an outsider. You see," she put her hand on her breast, "nobody lives in here except myself."

Honesty is the key-note to her character. It is that and the ability to stand up and conquer any situation that is part of her power; for power she certainly has, of personality, of individualism, of real charm, plus a fine mind, a mind that is as fresh and bracing as a keen wind over flowering fields.

Barclay appeared with tea for the caller and a supper tray for the actress whose early appearance at the theatre necessitated an early repast. Her meal was surprisingly substantial—a juicy beefsteak, potatoes, the inevitable spinach, a custard and after-dinner coffee.

"Don't look astounded," she laughed, "that," pointing to the tray, "represents my last act. I burn up energy so fast that if I didn't fortify myself, by 10.30, I'll be hollow and I'd act hollow too. You see, I believe in the theory of climax," now she was serious again, "just as in a musical composition one builds towards a climax, so must an actress playing a part. I could mark my parts, I believe, with musical terminology. For me that is where the chief interest lies—in the ever-changing colour and contrast. There's nothing really new in the theatre. It's all there, rich in wisdom and beauty, waiting for us to take and interpret as best we can."

I spoke of how rhythmically she moved on the stage. "If I do, it's entirely due to my dancing. I've worked hard at it." There is no sterner critic of Katharine Hepburn than Katharine Hepburn herself. No wiser judge of her capabilities and no one more eager to learn.

On a small table I noticed a French grammar. She saw me and said: "I study with a teacher every morning, but I'll never learn to roll my r's. I try so hard that I get blue in the face!"

At 6.30, her voice teacher was announced.

"I'm awfully sorry, but I always work a half-hour before I go to the theatre." She introduced me to her coach who, after Hepburn's greeting, demanded to know what she had been doing to herself.

"Oh, nothing," replied the pupil, looking like a small child caught in the jam cupboard.

"But you're hoarse," reprimanded her coach, "where were you yesterday?"

"Oh, I went up to see the family," still looking guilty, eyes fastened on the floor.

"Yes, and what did you do up there?"

"Went skating on the ice."

"Did you keep your mouth shut?"

"No, I did a lot of yelling with my kid brothers—I'm sorry. But really I forgot. Tell you what, if you'll let me off without a scolding this time, I'll swear to wear a muzzle next week. Is it a go?"

I strongly suspect that it was. For upon leaving I noticed that the professional severity of the voice instructor had thawed. Like all humans who are exposed to it, she too had come under the spell of Katharine Hepburn's provocative charm.



DOROTHY WILSON

"From stenography to stardom," sums up the career of Dorothy, who was a typist at the Radio Studio when she was spotted by a casting director and given the lead in "Are These our Children?" She has her biggest part to date in "Eight Girls in a Boat."

DOUG JUNIOR HITS BACK

MR. FAIRBANKS is not going to take the criticism of him in a recent open letter lying down. Here, in an interview, he vigorously replies to the charges made against him.

PEOPLE who are in the public eye—and actors are necessarily in the public eye—are, I suppose, open to criticism. And if it is fair criticism, we do not object to it.

Personally, I have been in the film business long enough not to lose my sleep every time some disgruntled journalist has a liver to be worked off or a page to be filled somehow, in a hurry.

But there is some criticism that cannot be allowed to pass unchallenged—either because it is sufficiently constructive or intelligent to be worth while replying to, or because even an actor has a right to defend himself against gross misrepresentation in a journal of the influence and importance in the film world as PICTUREGOER.

In picking up the gauntlet here, I am inspired by both of these reasons—and one other. So much that is misleading and conflicting has been written about our decision to come to make films in England, that I should like to make our position clear once and for all.

In a recent open letter, Malcolm D. Phillips, rather savagely and, I think, very unfairly, took me to task in regard to an interview attributed to me in an American paper.

I have said "very unfairly" because Malcolm D. Phillips, as a journalist, should know that interviews do not always fairly reflect the views pronounced by the person concerned.

Judging by the tone of his comment your writer, who appears to set himself up as a general guardian angel of everything from public morals to the entire film industry, was very annoyed about that interview.

I can understand and appreciate his reactions. He was not nearly so annoyed as I was when it was brought to my notice.

Miss Kathleen Hayden, who was responsible for the offending article, has considerable prestige in film journalistic circles, and deservedly; and distortion would, I am sure, be quite out of the question.

Nevertheless, in the involved and mysterious processes of transcription, sub-editing and printing what I had to say in explanation of why we came to England has been completely misinterpreted.

I have, incidentally, made representations to the paper concerned to correct the impression created by the misquotations.

It was, for me, a particularly unfortunate interview in that while it contained much of what I said, the alteration of a word here or the omission of a phrase there, completely reversed the whole sense of the views I advanced.



"Appearing with Elizabeth Bergner in 'Catherine the Great' was an experience and a privilege."

And, as everybody knows, there is nothing quite so damaging as a half truth, or so difficult to refute.

I most certainly cited *Morning Glory* as an example of the Hollywood film factory system that the conscientious actor is up against, which is a very different thing from saying that I left Hollywood because I was dissatisfied with my part in that picture. Nothing, of course, could be more ridiculous.

Hollywood, by initiative and drive, has built up the world's greatest and most efficient movie-making machine, but it is a machine, and those who serve it are liable to become its slaves.

Ethel Barrymore, whose hostility to Hollywood is well known, recently referred to John and Lionel, who have more definitely thrown in their lot with films, as "a couple of institutionalised factory hands," and while I would, of course, hesitate to endorse that opinion about two screen actors for whom I have the highest admiration, Miss Barrymore has, in general, expressed a view that is, at least, worthy of consideration.

Artistes are literally shoved into parts because they happen to be on the pay roll or because they happen to be free at the moment, or because a box-office name is wanted, or for many other reasons, most of which are not connected with that artiste's suitability for the part.

In regard to *Morning Glory*, incidentally, Mr. Phillips, by accident, design, or because he did not think it important, omitted to mention an accurately quoted passage which might have helped to make my remarks concerning my attitude to that film rather more clear.

Katie Hepburn has no greater admirer than myself. I knew as soon as I saw the script that it was no great rôle for me. And so did Adolphe Menjou.

It was mainly the fact that it was turning out such a great rôle for Miss Hepburn that we put all we could into it to help make it the triumph for her she deserved.

I am also taken to task, I note, for too frequent reference to "my public" in the "Photoplay" interview.

I have never used the phrase in my life. Equally ridiculous is my supposed "eloquent railing against commercialism in films."

I earn my living through commercialism in films.

Commercialism in films, nevertheless, does not

necessarily mean blind slavery to money-making. Our production activities here are a great experiment. I may not make the money which I earned in Hollywood, but I shall, at least, be trying to do something worth while.

Please do not misinterpret this (as it was misinterpreted in the Hollywood interview) into a belief that I want to put on one-man stellar shows with Douglas Fairbanks jun. in the centre of the camera from the opening to the final fade out.

By "something worth while" I do not—and did not—mean demanding all the personal honour and glory, but suitable rôles in worth-while films in which I can give the film public the best that I, as an actor, can do, which is what the public pays for.

Malcolm D. Phillips' formidable charge sheet also indicts me for alleged over-acting in *Catherine the Great* (although I think I may claim with modesty that many more-distinguished critics have been very kind about my performance).

But, on the facts, he can hardly accuse me of putting my supposed and diabolical plot to hog the Elstree limelight into operation in that picture.

I accepted the part in *Catherine* chiefly because, in addition to the fact that I considered it suitable, it gave me the privilege and the grand experience of playing opposite Elizabeth Bergner.

Doug. sen. and myself have come to make films in England because we have faith that good films can be made here and because, as I think I have said here before, we believe that the centralisation of the film industry in Hollywood is detrimental in the long run to film-making as an art.

It is unnatural and artificial that talkies, international in their distribution, should be the products of an industry that is centralised up to the hilt.

Our little experiment, on which we have set out in high hopes, is, we believe, a modest step in the direction of the decentralisation which must be brought about if films are to achieve their greatest heights.

And, finally, Mr. Phillips accuses me of taking myself rather seriously.

If, after all I have been through in the last two years, I still took myself seriously, I would not have had to be an actor to interpret the part of Mad Peter in *Catherine the Great*.



Lothar Mendes explains the methods of a Jewish schoolmaster to Randle Ayrton who plays that rôle in a ghetto schoolroom in "Jew Süß."

Lothar MENDES and Berthold VIERTTEL Talk About Their Latest Films

by Peter WITT

TWO famous German directors now in England discuss their ideals and aims and give you an insight into their new productions which are, respectively, "Jew Süß" and "Little Friend."

IN the Gaumont-British studios at Shepherd's Bush there are at present, working side by side, two men who, for all that they first saw the light in the same country, belong to two utterly different worlds.

One of them, Lothar Mendes, is busy directing *Jew Süß*. The other, Berthold Viertel, is hard at work as author and director of his film, *Little Friend*, for which Gaumont-British brought him over from Hollywood.

It was in the Ghetto of Frankfurt-am-Main that I met Lothar Mendes.

Does that puzzle you? I mean, of course, in the ghetto which has been reconstructed with such amazing virtuosity at Shepherd's Bush.

Lothar Mendes (and, for that matter, Berthold Viertel) is a pupil of Max Reinhard; his career has taken him from Vienna via Berlin to Hollywood.

In appearance he is so unlike a film director, that I thought my friend, who introduced him, must have made a mistake.

Yet, before the end of our half-hour's conversation, I was convinced that here was one of the great men of the film world.

Although Lothar Mendes has acquired American citizenship, he is so impregnated with Continental ideas about films that even

without the foreign intonation in his English one could guess his origin.

"For years," he told me, "I have been carrying about with me the idea of *Jew Süß*. It seemed strange to me that I was never able to persuade my friends in Hollywood to make a film around this figure.

It may, of course, have been that we have no really appropriate actor there.

"Of course, there are great actors in Hollywood, but none of them would be the right man to play the rôle of Jew Süß in more than a restricted phase of his life.

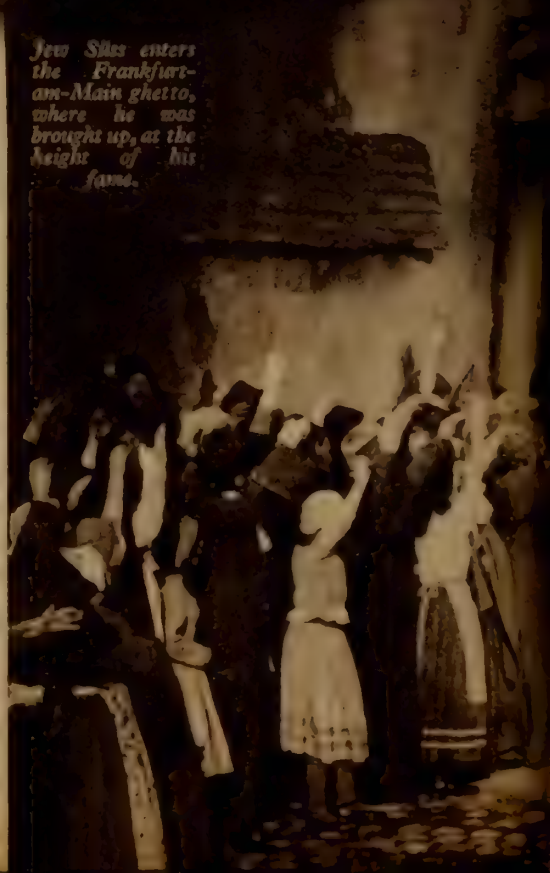
"For example, Barrymore would be wonderful as the Duchess's favourite; Muni would doubtless be most attractive in the earlier stages of Jew Süß's life.

But to compass the whole personality of Jew Süß and portray his life from start to finish lies within the power of one man only—Conrad Veidt, to whom this English film now affords a wonderful opportunity of demonstrating his great artistry.

"I know Conny Veidt from my Berlin days and, when I heard from him that he would be willing to accept the part, I was resolved that there could, there must be no obstacles which I would not overcome.

A new studio portrait of Berthold Viertel, who has both stage and screen experience and has worked under Max Reinhard.

Jew Süß enters the Frankfurt-am-Main ghetto, where he was brought up, at the height of his fame.



"I have no intention of making a propaganda play out of this film. Nor have contemporary events in Germany influenced me.

"No, the history of Jew Süss in itself seemed, as it were, to cry out for representation on the screen. The preparatory spade-work was long and arduous.

"Feuchtwanger and I spent weeks and months in America and Europe making the scenario from the novel—a scenario which should do justice both to the period it portrays and to our own time.

"Jew Süss is a Continental figure, a man belonging to the Courts of the petty princes of Germany and peculiar to them.

"It requires a very special mentality to revivify those times and the characters which moved against the background. Jew Süss was no common usurer.

"He was a man who, by virtue of his insight and ability, would in our own day probably have risen to be minister. Minister in England, though, not in Germany. In Germany he would most likely have been a banker."

Lothar Mendes proceeded to tell me of his great hopes for the success of this film, which owes its existence to the English spirit of enterprise.

"Actually, I can't see any reason why it should not be a success. A great story, enthusiastic collaborators, marvellous actors, and that spirit which is evoked only by great efforts in a great cause."

Mendes is a man who is very reluctant to speak about himself, his ruling passion being his work.

"Just watch us at work," he said as we parted, "and then you may, perhaps, be able to tell me whether you, too, believe that we shall make of it the success for which I hope."

Then, leaving the Frankfurt ghetto behind us, but five paces to the left, we came to the Duchess's boudoir. Alien worlds set side by side.

Benita Hume and Frank Vosper; German court life, cold, impersonal, volcanic, thickly veneered, grandiose, ostentatious. Could this film fail to be a success?

Berthold Viertel, though a German like Lothar Mendes, is an entirely different kind of man.

He, too, worked in Vienna, Berlin and Holly-

wood before coming to England. But he is typical of these literary men who are the peculiar product of Viennese café life.

Intellectual, analytically-minded pioneers, imaginative and unremitting in their pursuit of new effects, Berthold Viertel's most famous German film was the *History of a Ten-Mark Note*.

In all the adventures which befell this banknote on its journey out into the world, as it passed from hand to hand against the changing background of different social strata, it was the ten-mark note which usurped the place of the film-star.

But all this belongs to the past. Now, all his thoughts are centred on his latest film, *Little Friend*.

He is making it for Gaumont-British. He is utterly absorbed in his new piece, so absorbed that he eagerly welcomed the opportunity of analysing and explaining it to me.

It is the story of a marital crisis, seen through the eyes of a little girl who looks up to her parents with boundless love and confidence, believing them to be almost godlike.

Suddenly she feels rather than sees that even in this relationship, for all its apparent harmony, there are deep, deep rifts, occasioned by an actor's liaison with her mother.

Actually, the film is based on a Viennese story, but Margaret Kennedy has adapted it to an English setting and so made of it a story which, while typically English, still retains its international appeal.



This high-brow (Kammerspielartig is what they would call it on the Continent) treatment, this unreal and at the same time intensely human atmosphere made a deep impression on Berthold Viertel, the intellectual from Vienna.

Originally, he belonged to the theatre, and was still is a dramatist.

He acted as dramatic adviser to Reinhardt and it was he who introduced playwrights of the stamp of O'Neill into Germany.

Elizabeth Bergner, Moissi, Jannings and Werner Krauss have worked under his direction and in America he made films for Fox.

He collaborated in Murnau's *Four Devils* and, in his opinion, *The Seven Faces* is one of the most interesting films he has ever directed.

"I am fighting to establish the value of this film," he told me. "I am sparing no effort for it. The more lyrical, the more psychological a manuscript is, the more does it attract me as a potential screen play.

"There are some themes which are acceptable only in Europe; and we have to forge a real link between America and the Continent. This is what makes me so glad to be working here.

"There was a time when films of this type were acceptable in Germany, or at most, perhaps, in Russia, too, provided one introduced sufficient propaganda into them.

"To-day, the world's film-makers meet in London. Could one wish for more significant evidence of England's great progress in the film world? Success draws men after it and itself creates further successes.

"With *Rome Express* a new era in British film production was inaugurated; it was the first of a series which has continued unbroken up to the present day and which, I hope, will long continue.

"And may I also hope that *Little Friend* represents a milestone and by no means the last on that triumphal march."

NEXT WEEK

THE famous British director, Victor Saville, discusses in a frank and unbiased manner the ever-present problem of sex and the screen. His wide experience makes him particularly suited to pass an opinion on this subject and what he has to say will be well worth studying.



CONRAD VEIDT

Germany's gift to British talkies, who in the last year or so has become one of the most popular star in our studios. Veidt was born in Berlin on January 22, 1893. He is 6 ft. 2 in. tall and has dark hair and eyes. He will shortly be seen in "Jew Süß."

Phil Lonergan Sends It Hot From Hollywood

JOHN BOLES' VIEWS ON LOVE

Rules for Married Couples—A Twin "Stand-in"
—the perfect screen Debutante—A Tiger Rag!

THE film colony has just been treated to John Boles' views on the question of love—but he does not, on the strength of that, consider himself qualified to give advice to the love-lorn.

The star who appears opposite Margaret Sullavan in *Only Yesterday* told me the other day that he is more in love every day—and since he is of Irish extraction, and the Irish are the most romantic race that is not to be wondered at.

Happy Though Married

Here are his rules for married couples. Husbands must not accept their wives as a matter of course. Their life should be a perpetual honeymoon and romance conserved if their love is to last.

He believes that love outside the law can be just as tender and satisfied as that made with marriage vows, but he states that generally speaking the ideal love must be based on the acceptance of social conventions.

Nigel Bruce's Double

There is one man in Hollywood whom Nigel Bruce, the California-born English screen favourite knows is downright sincere in wishing for his continued good health and film success.

That man is Ralph Banks, who was signed the other day to act as Bruce's "stand in" on *Murder In Trinidad*, in which Bruce makes his first real debut on the American screen.

Except that Banks' eyes are brown while Bruce's are blue, and that he has a bald dome instead of the thick hair that grows atop the British comedian's head, the men are as alike as twins.

The Sincere Good Morning!

They're both six-footers, each weighs slightly over 14 stone, they have the same colouring, the same reddish moustaches and other physical features. Banks, who once started out in Buffalo to become an actor, hadn't been enjoying the best of luck when he won the "stand-in" job.

But he knows now that so long as Bruce continues on the screen, he has no need to worry about work.

So there's real sincerity in Banks' voice each morning when he greets "the boss" with: "Good morning, Mr. Bruce, I hope you're well."

Miss 1934

Asked to describe what type of girl he thought would make the best screen debutante for the new year, Carl Laemmle, veteran president of Universal Pictures held a contest among the 300 applicants for dancing rôles in *I Like It That Way* and chose Gwen Ray, 16-year-old Los Angeles High School student, as "Miss 1934."

With Stanley Bergerman, producer of the musical drama, Mr. Laemmle, for the first time in many years, personally interviewed the many applicants for screen work and chose Miss Ray because, "she possesses the girlish wholesomeness, wide awake, happy, healthy appearance every modern girl should have and theatre audiences always applaud."

Gwen Ray, a professional dancer for three years has been dancing since she was four years old, plays basketball, golf, tennis and is fond of swimming and horseback riding. She is five feet four inches tall, weighs 112 pounds, has reddish hair and blue eyes, measures 32 inches at the bust, 25 inches around the waist and 35 inches at the hips.

What now Mae West?

Hold That Tiger!

While on the set for a scene in *She Made Her Bed*, Richard Arlen, Robert Arm-

strong, Sally Eilers, and Grace Bradley were in more danger than they realised at the time.

A tiger had to dash across the set and the trainer watched its progress nervously. When the sequence was finished, he remarked with relief:

"The tiger did pretty well, didn't he?" That was the first time he was ever out of his cage and I was a bit worried that somebody might get hurt!"

A startled production manager, who had been told that the tiger was a tractable, well-mannered animal, has assured Paramount officials that a certain menagerie proprietor's word will not be trusted in future!

Advice to the Lovelorn

The film colony's newest church is being established within a stone's throw of my apartment house. The permanent building has not yet been erected, and services are now being held in a tent.

The church organisation is up-to-date. Radio broadcasts are sent out daily from a local station, and a publicity representative has written to all the movie papers, inviting the patronage of film celebrities matrimonially inclined, pointing out that the new church will be sound-proofed and equipped for radio broadcasts.

"Why go to Yuma, Arizona, to be married," is the moving plea to the film favourites, "when you can be wed in Hollywood and the ceremony broadcast all over the country?"

All for Charity

Tom Brown, the clever young screen actor, is enthusiastic over his plans to produce and direct his own 16-millimetre pictures.

The young RKO-Radio star will make the films with many of his famous young picture friends in the cast, and intends to turn the proceeds over to a worthy charity.

It will be the fulfilment of Tom's life ambition, as he has always wanted to direct, and this will be his first opportunity.

Hollywood Says That—

— Franchot Tone consented to set his birthday forward a day in order to celebrate the event jointly with Madeleine Carroll, with whom he is sharing honours in the Fox film production, *The World Moves On*.

— John Ford, the director, and Reginald Berkeley, author of the story, agreed to provide the double-decker birthday cake.

— Anna Sten has two loves—travel and work.

— Sam Coslow and Arthur Johnston have written a special song entitled *Crooner's Lullaby*, which they have dedicated to Bing Crosby's baby.

Sally Rand, has just had a plaster statue made of herself, to be used for dress-making purposes.

Carole Lombard is to play opposite Bing Crosby in Paramount's musical, *We're Not Dressing*. George Burns and Gracie Allen are also featured.

— Richard Cromwell is building his own house in a canyon near Los Angeles and is getting exercise by doing hard manual labour.

— Lilian Bond was a beauty contest winner.



A new evening creation designed for Joan Marsh. It is of violet crepe trimmed with shaded flowers

— Donald Cook studied to be a marine wireless operator.

— Jack Holt is taking up skeet shooting.

— Ramon Novarro taught piano lessons in Los Angeles.

— Walter Byron, at the age of three, appeared as "Little Willie" in *East Lynne*.

— Gary Cooper worked as a cartoonist for a newspaper in Helena, Montana.

— Clive Brook is a proficient violinist.

— Fredric March was a clerk in the National City Bank of New York.

— Boris Karloff worked on a farm in Ontario, Canada.

PRE-VIEWS OF THE LATEST FILMS

AL JOLSON

COMES BACK in

"WONDER BAR"

Edmund Lowe and Sally Blane in the latest contribution to the Lowe-McLaglen series, "No More Women."

THIS is a great entertainment. I am sorely tempted to indulge in a long string of superlatives which, as our readers know, we only do on very rare occasions. But whatever adjectives I cared to employ, nothing could be more effective and more enticing, I hope, than the plain statement "great entertainment."

Wonder Bar is remarkable for many things, but to me one of the most outstanding is the return of Al Jolson. This artiste had almost become a legendary figure. His *Jazz Singer* and *Singing Fool* have become part of cinema history. He was regarded by most people as a flashing comet that had streaked across the talkie firmament.

After seeing this picture most people will agree that Al Jolson is a shining star, dimmed in the last year or two by the cloudy material in which he was supposed to scintillate. He dominates *Wonder Bar*, and yet he does not swamp the other players. He becomes the natural centre of the film.

There has been a deal of gossip about Jolson "hogging" the picture and the consequent temperamental unpleasantness among the stars in the film. This may be true or untrue. But even if it is true the producers and director were justified in allowing Jolson to have so much of the limelight.

From all this you will gather that our old friend Al has returned to his high place with no uncertainty, and he can remain there indefinitely if the producers will give him the right kind of material.

Before proceeding with a further analysis of the picture and its players, let me tell you the story.

The *Wonder Bar* is the gay Parisian cabaret which draws the pleasure seekers, and where brightness masks many a human tragedy.

Al Wonder, the proprietor, loves Inez, the dancer, who in turn is passionately devoted to Harry, her heartless and philandering partner. Madame Renaud is infatuated with Harry, and has given him a necklace. Her husband is suspicious.

Tommy, the band leader, must croon and play while he watches the tragedy of Inez and Harry, remembering how once he and Inez were happy and had looked forward to life together.

Captain Von Ferring has decided on one last fling. For him there will be no to-morrow.

Al realises that Inez and Harry have quarrelled again and that their relation is near snapping point. Harry knows that the police are making inquiries about the "missing" necklace of Madame Renaud. He wants to leave Paris that night. He must have money.

He offers the jewels to Al, who buys them in order to get rid of Harry, hoping thereby to remove his rival. He learns that the necklace belongs to Madame Renaud, and that she is about to run away with Harry, and not desiring a scandal he returns the jewellery and persuades her not to go on with her folly.

Inez has discovered that Harry is going to leave her, and during a Mexican dance, where ferocity plays a natural part, she stabs Harry with a dagger. The audience believes it is part of the show, and the dying man and the girl take their bow.

Al and his old friend, the manager, carry the dead man to Von Ferring's car, believing he will carry out his boast and drive over the cliff

to Eternity. But Al learns that Fate has another card up her sleeve. Tommy, not he, wins Inez, and as the sun rises on the charwomen ready to clear up the debris of *Wonder Bar*'s revel the night before, the police 'phone to say that Von Ferring and Harry have been killed in a car accident.

You might imagine from a bare recital of the story that it is a gloomy affair. Far from it.

It is a musical show with musical numbers and with two dance numbers created by Busby Berkeley that are more ambitious

and more effective than anything yet seen. In one, by mechanical devices, there appears hundreds and hundreds of girls and in the other, a negro's idea of heaven, there is a fine blending of fantasy and humour.

Indeed, the comedy is one of the strongest features. In addition to Jolson there are Guy Kibbee, Hugh Herbert, Louise Fazenda, and Ruth Donnelly—two married couples—who made an extremely amusing quartette.

On the serious side are Ricardo Cortez and Dolores del Rio as the dancers. Both are excellent. They fit their parts magnificently. Kay Francis, as Madame Renaud, had little to do but look like beauty in distress. And that's easy for Kay. I wish there had been a big scene for her. That's merely personal prejudice.

Dick Powell is his usual adequate self as Tommy, the band leader, and mention should be made of Robert Barrat as Von Ferring, Henry Kolker as Mr. Renaud, and Fifi D'Orsay and Merna Kennedy as two of the cabaret hostesses.

The director was Lloyd Bacon, who has now earned an enviable reputation for this kind of production. He deserves the maximum award, and so does the film.

M. B. Y.

Claudette Colbert and Clark Gable are teamed for the first time in Columbia's "It Happened One Night."

No More Women

Here they are again doing what they have always done, fighting for the favour of a fair lady. The only difference here is that there is only one feminine prize and not the usual galaxy of bright-eyed houris; in other words their tastes have apparently become less catholic—they have also become purer in speech and outlook.

And so far as the type of entertainment they have always presented is concerned I'm not sure that that is to the good.

I expect you have guessed by now, if you did not know before that "they" are Victor McLaglen and Edmund Lowe and the object of their affection is Sally Blane.

The formula is the same as in their previous partnerships only this time they are deep sea divers, rivals in salvage work as well as in love. This gives an opportunity for some excellent under water sequences including a fight to the death



Jimmy the Gent

The indefatigable Messrs. Warner expose another American "racket," with their equally indefatigable Mr. Cagney as the proprietor of a nice little business for providing lost heirs to fortune under wills.

For the benefit of those who still attach some significance to talkie titles it might, perhaps, be made clear at the outset that any impression that this one gives of a temporary cultural and social elevation of Mr. Cagney's screenic personality, is quite definitely misleading. Indeed, I have seldom seen a rougher, tougher Cagney. In the interest of art, moreover, he has got himself what I believe is known technically as a Bowery hair cut for the role—shaved two inches above the ears all round his head—and Cagney with a Bowery hair cut has to be seen to be believed.

For the rest, *Jimmy the Gent* is a high-speed graft comedy drama developed on characteristic lines, with plenty of incident to keep up the pace and much valuable support from the wisecrack department.

The sidelights it provides on the niceties and ramifications of the will "racket" are, moreover, always interesting and amusing, if not elevating. Cagney as Corrigan, a shyster lawyer, bribes hospital and morgue officials, produces fake heirs, organises bigamous marriages and digs out murder suspects. He even "double crosses" his girl over a cheque when in the last reel they are setting off on their honeymoon.

The story, which has its moments of ingenuity, is mainly concerned with the rivalry between Corrigan and James J. Walsingham (Alan Dinehart), who is in the same business, but cloaks his operations under a pretence of philanthropy and impressive gentility.

His apparent sincerity so impresses Joan, one of Corrigan's investigators, that she goes to work for him.

When both firms discover that the heir to a 200,000-dollar fortune is a gangster "wanted" for murder, the fun begins in earnest. Corrigan, of course, eventually gets the money and the girl and if his methods in doing so are not likely to commend themselves to our own Law Society, they are sufficiently interesting to be spared for your own discovery.

Cagney, of course, dominates the picture throughout, but excellent support is contributed by Allen Jenkins, Alice White and Mr. Dinehart. Bette Davis, however, is not too happily cast as the girl in the case. She appeared to be unable to "play down" to the role and it was consequently difficult to believe in her romance with the repulsive young tough represented by the "hero."—M. D. P.

Good Girl

It is something new to see Fredric March as a petty twister in a travelling circus with a penchant for a trim figure and come-hither eyes. Personally I do not think he is altogether suited to such a part, his usual refinement, however, is well concealed and his accent is suitably altered to suit the occasion and he makes the character a vital and human one.

It is good, I think, for an actor to have these variations in roles, for it saves them not only from being typed but also from being stereotyped.

But the hit of the picture, with its simple little romance of a somewhat unusual character, is Sylvia Sidney.

As a chorus girl who has her own ideas of morality, who is sophisticated on the surface but deep down has a child-like innocence, she draws an exceedingly natural and interesting character with which you have the fullest sympathy.

The stage is held practically all the time by this pair and there is a good deal of dialogue, but so skilful is Marion Gering's direction that never for a moment do you lose interest or feel that the action is at all cramped or confined.

The plot simply shows how Lillie, a chorus girl, eventually wins the love of Mace, a side-show circus man, and brings out the best in him.

Let our Film Critics who really see the Pictures Guide You

Not, however, till she really feels he is sincere and has given up his "love 'em and leave 'em" attitude does she consent to marry him.

The marriage takes place in a night court where Mace has been hauled for assaulting a man and where Lillie has followed him to state the true facts of the case, although she, too, is liable to imprisonment for having defied an order to leave the town after she had innocently, been involved in a case against the immoral dancing that had been staged at the circus.

This I found the least satisfactory part of the picture. It was over-sentimentalised and artificial, but the characterisation all along had been so good that I could easily overlook it.

The whole thing is very well staged and the dialogue is particularly good. While dealing with sex, it avoids being blatantly vulgar and gains in effect by this same restraint. Jack La Rue is well in character as a tough circus boss and Russell Hopton sound as Mace's companion in petty crime.—L. C.

It Happened One Night

"Money back if you're not more than satisfied."

That is what I would be tempted to do if I were presenting this film. For never was I more certain about recommending a picture.

Of course, you will say I am prejudiced because Claudette Colbert plays in it and Frank Capra directed. That may be so, but let me tell you that since they are both in top form they deserve all the kind things I can say about them.

In addition, there is Clark Gable. He is starred with Claudette and they make one of the best teams seen on the screen. This is the first time they have appeared together. May I suggest—or plead, if necessary—that these two be put into another film (provided the story is as good) and that Frank Capra directs it.

From all this preamble you will rightly conclude that I am enthusiastic about *It Happened One Night*. I know that some of my more captious readers will find similarities in the story to *Platinum Blonde* and *The Taming of the Shrew*, but that, in my opinion, does not detract one iota from the entertainment.

The picture is so human and natural that even improbabilities do not offend or worry us in the slightest.

Ellie Andrews, heiress, is being held "prisoner" on her father's yacht off Miami. She has just married King Westley. Her father is seeking to have the marriage annulled. She escapes and takes the night bus to New York.

Peter Warne, a journalist who has just been fired, is also on the bus. He recognises Ellie, for whom her father is searching the country.

Peter, amused by the girl's superciliousness, "squashes" her at every opportunity. He comes to her rescue when her bag and money are stolen.

When it is necessary to spend the night at an auto camp, he registers as man and wife for financial reasons. A blanket hung across the room—the Walls of Jericho, he calls it—assures her of her safety and privacy.

Adventures follow rapidly and Peter, who all along has loved Ellie, discovers that she loves him. On the night before they are due to arrive in New York Peter, while Ellie is asleep, rushes into New York to sell his story to his ex-editor in order to raise some money. She awakens, believes he has deserted her, and telephones her father to bring her home.

How Peter and Ellie meet again, and how the triumphant trumpet is blown for the Walls of Jericho to fall I leave for you to find out when you see the film—since I'm sure you're going to see it.

The acting of Claudette Colbert and Clark Gable is all that can be desired. They're both grand.

An admirable cast includes Walter Connolly as Ellie's father, Roscoe Karns—an excellent piece of character acting—Jameson Thomas as the first husband and a host of really competent artistes.

And, of course, Frank Capra directed.—M. B. Y.



A behind-the-scenes shot of "Wonder Bar." Ruby Keeler visits husband Al Jolson on the set.

between two divers. A thrilling if not very convincing affair.

I found the wisecracks were not so numerous and not so hilarious as in some of their former efforts and also that there was a noticeable lack of spice and wit to bolster up the prolonged quarrel between the pair when each tries to go one better than the other for the sake of their lady love, who, of course, leaves them flat in the end.

The nautical atmosphere is very good, however, and the technical qualities and direction effective. Altogether it provides quite good entertainment although in no way outstanding.

Victor McLaglen breezes his way heartily through the picture as the big-hearted, but somewhat dumb diver, Forty Fathoms, while Edmund Lowe, as usual, uses his wits to discomfort his rival as Three Time. The names, by the way, are significant. Forty Fathoms is the deepest the one diver has descended, and Three Time suggests that if he went down for a treasure a third time he would not come up if he had not found it.

Sally Blane is attractive as the heroine who inherits a salvage boat, on which the friendly enemies both eventually work while Minna Gombell is fair as a grasping insurance agent on whom for a brief moment the pair had cast amorous eyes. It is when she walks out on them both with another admirer that they solemnly shake hands on their new resolution—soon to be broken by the way—"No More Women."

The picture is adapted from a novel, *Underseas*, by John Mikale Strong and directed by Albert Rogell.—L. C.



Bill (Spencer Tracy) has taken the starving Trina (Loretta Young) to an expensive restaurant for a meal. Naturally, he cannot pay for it.



Bill has returned after being shot during an attempted burglary. He wanted to endow Trina before leaving her on their wedding night.



One of those tender moments between Bill and Trina, when he wonders how long the wanderlust will allow him to stay with the stray he picked up.



Flossie, a piece of human Trina after her marriage.

MAN'S CASTLE

Bill brings Trina home to the tumble-down community by the waterfront. He happens to be in evening dress because of an advertising stunt.

SOMETHING different in love stories. A reckless rover meets a starving girl and gives her the shelter of his shanty in a squalid riverfront community. The friendship develops into love. The film is lifted out of the ordinary by the skill of Frank Borzage, the director, the scenario of Joe Swerling, and the fine cast headed by Spencer Tracy and Loretta Young.

...e, toasting
Bill.

Bragg, the sewer rat of the community, who is attracted by Trina and attempts to take her away from Bill.

ONE MAN'S Journey

THE STORY OF
THE FILM
by MARJORY
WILLIAMS

Freely based on the film
"One Man's Journey," by
permission of Radio
Pictures, Ltd., Dean
Street, London, W.1.
See "On the Screens
Now" feature, page 26,
for the full cast and
Lionel Collier's criticism
of this film.



"**S**O you've come back to Willow Springs. Starting all over again, eh?"
"I guess so. You see, I lost my wife up East, and most of my practice went. I thought, maybe, if I could raise five hundred dollars—"

Eli Watt, M.D.—dark, spare, not yet thirty—flashed a look at John Radford, real estate dealer, behind the office desk, and felt a sinking of the soul. How he was hating the business of getting through life! What one thought a terminus in the journey turned out to be junction. There was no permanent resting-place by the bedside of a dead wife. One merely changed trains and went on.

"Thought I'd take out a mortgage on the old place and start practising," he continued.

John Radford, man of business, produced a document from the drawer. "Afraid I can only offer you two-fifty for signing on the dotted line."

"H-m." Eli dipped his pen. "I suppose the ink's free?" he remarked dryly.

Settling in his one-time bachelor home with three-years-old Jimmy was simple, on account of the fewness of their joint possessions. Eli cooked farina, which the youngster hated, in a double saucepan in the duo-decimo kitchen, incidentally lecturing Jimmy by request on the attributes of the human skull.

The makings of the scientist and research man were definitely in Eli, but the turn in life's journey gave him no outlet that way. The hand that knocked on the door, while Jimmy played with his bowl of farina, was that of a typical resident of Willow Springs, a low-type farmer with little education and less breeding.

It was Letty's fourth birthday and the Doctor was helping her to blow the candles out, when the inevitable happened.

"Come in, McGuinnis. What can I do for you?"

"You're the new doctor, ain't you? My wife's expecting a baby 'most any time. To tell the truth, I would have gone to the doctor in Hampton."

"Oh!"
"He don't come without money, and maybe you won't. I could pay you in potatoes. A couple of sacks."

"I'll come."
Because there was no one to mind the child, Jimmy went with his father in the phaeton, staying outside the McGuinnis cottage for hours. At long last, Eli faced McGuinnis at the bedroom door.

"Well—it's a girl."
"Pity. I wanted a boy for the farm. Happen it'll please the wife."

Eli shrank inwardly. How, in heaven's name, could he say what he knew? Somehow, he made McGuinnis understand. The uncouth farmer strode to the bedroom and back.

"She's dead!" he gasped. "Get out of here before I kill you for killing her!"

Eli could be patient. He took the man's arm and led him to the window. Weary of waiting, Jimmy slept in a corner of the phaeton.

"Listen, McGuinnis. That's my boy. I lost his mother when he came into the world—another doctor—not I, was attending her. I know how you feel."

"Get out!"
"I must talk to you about the care of the baby."

"I won't look at her. I'll send her to the county farm."

"You can't do that." Eli fetched the morsel of humanity in its shawl and showed him. "Look man, it's your own flesh and blood."

"Get out! I'm holding myself back now, mind you, but—"

Eli got out, carrying the bundle to the phaeton, where a waking Jimmy raised the doubtful compliment, "Isn't he red, daddy?"

Aided by Beans, fox-terrier of uncertain pedigree, Jimmy proved an efficient nurse. On an income of potatoes and turnips, however, the haphazardness of the Watt household could but continue, and soon as was only to be expected, roused a woman's sympathy.

Sarah Millin had known Eli before the day that brought her ample person, in its spotless print with chestnut toupée, to the doctor's parlour.

"Eli Watt, you're living in the past," she announced with a prod at the family album on the round table. "You want a housekeeper, or you'll be making no end of mistakes."

As if in support of her words, a cry from the next room heralded the sight of Beans and the infant Letty, sharing a laundry basket. Eli's protests of independence were drowned in a flood of baby talk.

Sarah proved more than worth her share of potatoes. In spite of its initial set-back, Eli's practice, freed from domestic trammels, took tentative and, finally, firm root. Eli, who adored Letty hardly less than his boy, was instructing her to blow out the candles on her fourth birthday cake when McGuinnis darkened the open doorway.

"I don't want no doctoring. I want to talk to you, doc. Fact is, I've changed my mind about Letty. I want her."

"So you do. What have you ever done for her?"

"Nothing, I know. I'm grateful for what you've been to her, but I'm different now. I've been living clean and straight for months. I've tidied up at home and got a woman who could look after Letty. Remem-

ber what you told me? She's my own flesh and blood. That's why I mean to have her, though I don't doubt the law will be agin me."

A flame died down in Eli's heart, for there and then, though he might put up a show of fight, he knew no fight existed.

Though Letty returned to the McGuinnis cottage, he continued to love her like a daughter, watching her growth into charming womanhood with an almost equal pride to that in fostering Jimmy's career as a doctor.

Money was, indeed, the only stumbling block in this stage of the journey. As long as patients continued to pay in vegetable kind, there was no cash to meet the mortgage on the house, and John Radford grew restive.

Fees for Jimmy's medical education were another difficulty. The year of his entering medical school was one of epidemics for Willow Springs. First measles, then mumps, finally smallpox. Eli, empowered by the health authorities at Hampton, dealt with the dread outbreak.

He instituted an anti-dirt campaign, turned the street into a dressing station, the church into a hospital. Aided by Sarah, and finally by Letty, who wouldn't stay away, he doctored case after case, scarcely eating, hardly sleeping.

His work did not go altogether unrecognised. Columns in various newspapers eulogised Dr. Watt's intelligent handling of the situation, praising his rapid mastery of the scourge.

Privately, the epidemic had fostered Eli's opinion of Sarah, who had proved not only a good housekeeper, but an efficient nurse.

"You handled that chloroform case very well," he told her. He was driving his new Ford through beechwoods beyond the village, and might have noticed the pleased

(Continued on page 23)

smile on Sarah's homely face had his attention not been directed towards two figures in a nearby hollow, one of which was unmistakably Letty's.

Sunlight was on the girl's white frock and on the face of the young man who held her closely, seeking her lips with hungry intensity.

"Bill Radford's car," observed Sarah, indicating the red-and-cream coloured roadster off the track. Neither spoke of their thought; condemnation of Bill as a possible husband for Letty.

Bill Radford, plump-faced from self-indulgence rather than from good nature, was a bit of a gay dog, Eli fancied.

Within half an hour of reaching home, Eli was answering the telephone. He called Sarah.

"Bill's car's overturned. Letty's all right, but the boy's hurt. They're bringing him here. Get Jimmy to 'phone the Hampton Hospital, will you?"

With Sarah dropping chloroform through gauze over Bill's mouth and nose, Eli got to work on a badly smashed arm. He was fortunately through when John Radford strode in, uninvited and fuming.

"Why didn't the boy go straight to hospital? Damn the expense!"

"He is going, right now. Jimmy's arranging an ambulance. Certain things had to be cleaned up at once. Only chance of saving his arm."

Finally, Radford was calmed down. Eli, who went to Hampton to attend the operation on Bill, which was to be performed by a specialist, was secretly delighted at being asked to assist. He felt like a dog nosing a fresh trail. Hard work, sparse fare, constant thought of others, had kept him at the top of his form. Physically and mentally he was as fit and keen as any surgeon in the theatre, responding at once to the ordered, scientific atmosphere of a modern hospital.

John Tillinghast, noted general surgeon, spoke up while masks and overalls were being removed.

"Don't compliment me," he protested genially to the senior house surgeon. "I could never have saved that boy's arm, and most certainly he would have lost his life, but for the fine emergency work done by Dr. Watt here. How long have you been practising in the backwoods, eh, doctor?"

"Nineteen years. A lot of water's run under the bridge since then. Wish I could have kept pace with all the discoveries, advancements. It's my opinion a general practitioner ought to go to school every five years."

"Quite. How would you like to come to New York Medical Centre—do post-graduate work? What's your special bent?"

"Neuropathology."

Eli was becoming excited. Before Tillinghast had scrubbed up and vacated the wash-basin for Jimmy, "the country plug" found he had all but promised to leave Willow Springs and embark on the longed-for career.

Almost promised. An abiding question in life's journey entered at this stage.

"I don't make much money, Dr. Tillinghast, and there's my boy. I'm sending him to Vienna to specialise, after he's through here."

It warmed Eli to hear the lad's eager:

"Never mind that, Dad. Stick to the chance. It's what you've always wanted."

"Don't worry too much, Dr. Watt. Of course, you would be

doing some staff work with a reasonable salary."

With every hindrance removed, Eli flung heart and soul into leaving Willow Springs. Packing, even under the aegis of Sarah, was trying; worse, because in a measure unexpected, was a farewell scene with the villagers.

"You may come crowding round now," Sarah told the cluster of stolid forms and bovine faces settled in the surgery on the morning of departure. "You didn't think much of your doctor at first, did you?"

He was collecting reports when the door opened timidly.

"Come in, Letty, my dear."

Private regrets at saying "Good-bye" to her were swallowed instantly by the conviction that tragedy lurked behind the bright eyes and forced smile.

"Letty, you aren't like this just over Jimmy's and my leaving. You ought to be glad that we're both going to school, as it were. What's the matter?"

"Uncle Eli, I don't know how to tell you. You won't be angry with me, will you? Only I and Bill Radford—we love each other. I can't ask him to marry me—yet I ought. Oh, what shall I do?"

While he smoothed her hair, saying nothing, his thoughts raced. Presently he left the surgery.

"Sarah, I'm going to see the Radfords. I'll be back."

He found Bill in bed, in argument with his father. John Radford was in a fine temper by the time he got to the study, trying to take the words out of Eli's mouth.

"Suppose you've come to see me about the mortgage. Well, I've to thank you for what you did for my son—and you didn't charge two thousand dollars, like the New York fellow. Say, I tear up the document and release you from any more responsibilities that way."

Gently Eli put him on the right track. Radford's rage flared white hot.

"My son and that squatter girl. I ain't worked all my life to see them marry."

"Listen, Letty means as much to me as if she were my daughter. She's in trouble and she's got to be helped. We can't prevent life from going on and hurting people, but we can make it easier for them to take the blows. Besides, it isn't as though Bill doesn't care about her. You know he'd marry her if it wasn't for you."

The argument was still in progress when the 'phone rang. Eli used to anguished messages over the wire, could still feel anxiety at Sarah's brief communication. By the time he had got home, looked at Letty lying unconscious on the horsehair couch, examined the discarded bottle three-quarters full of iodine, and gloried in Jimmy's presence as much as in his deft handling of the situation, he had made a decision.

"Listen, boy." The fine hand, used to the noblest of man's work, went to his son's arm. "You get going. You've a train to catch. I shall stay for a few days, at any rate. I'm wanted here, and I guess New York can wait."

Nothing that anyone could say could alter the determination. Already Eli felt the offer from the world of science belonged to a dream, reality being the soil of Willow Springs, whence he had no intention of departing.

Days merged into weeks, into months, into years. Bill and Letty, both recovered, married, had one

(Continued on page 24)

Carol Lincoln, the beautiful star of Universal's "The Lost Special"



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P.G. 10



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ONE MAN'S JOURNEY—Continued

two children. Eli Watt stayed, content to be a country practitioner, hearing only, in his dreams, voices from that other world into which he had nearly strayed.

Jimmy came home, a fully fledged doctor from Vienna with a secret.

"By the way, governor, I'm engaged to be married. Joan Stockton's the name. I met her abroad; but you know the father, Fred Stockton, who owns the paper mill."

"Of course. Sounds all right, Jimmy. I hope I may meet the young lady."

"As soon as you like. I'd say this evening, only I've to buzz off to the County Medical meeting at nine."

Pondering the matter, Eli decided not to let the young have sole rights of the verb to hustle. He rang up the local florists, carefully chose the best of two many-flowered primulas in pots, and dispatched it with a note to the Stockton home. He was smoking a pipe of peace alone in the living-room when the result of his mission was shown in by Sarah.

"Jim said I should find you if I was lucky. I want to thank you for the wonderful plant and the note. You said lovely things about my being beautiful. As you've never seen me, I had to come to disprove it."

He drew the girl's hands in his as she perched, friendly fashion, on the arm of his chair.

"My dear," he said truthfully, "you're much better than that. You're the sort of woman Jimmy needs to look after him."

He wondered why the tears came in her clear dark eyes, and she had to go over to the mantelpiece and talk from there, hiding her face.

"You're a darling. I so hate to tell you, but I'm not going to marry Jim. You see, he doesn't understand what's important, being human and kind—he's always at his work, I know. To-night's the Medical Council, last night it was the Chamber of Commerce he had to attend. To-morrow it will be the Women's Federation. I couldn't marry a man who spends his time at committees, speech-making."

Eli knew the young too well to argue more than, "After all, such things are helping to make Jimmy the success he is. Of course, if you can't, you can't; but I'm sorry. He's never had a mother."

"He's had you. It should have made him human, but he won't be. He's a careerist."

"Perhaps you don't really know him, Miss Stockton. Jim's a fineman."

"I'm sorry. I shouldn't have said that. Won't you call me Joan?"

The telephone ringing at the moment settled the question. "Excuse me, Joan," he said and promptly forgot her. McGuinnis' slow voice came over the wire from the Hampton Hospital.

"Say, doc. Letty must be pretty bad. Jim's got specialists up from New York but I wish you were here."

"I'm sorry, Joan. Letty McGuinnis—a personal friend, not just a case—she's been ill for some time—I must go at once."

With this confidence, astounding for one whose rule was never to speak of his patients, Eli left. He met Dr. Tillinghast coming away from the operating theatre, and both joined Jimmy at Letty's bed.

"I've done all I can," the specialist said. "It's a question of vitality if

she'll pull through, and that seems low, unusually so for the age. You know the patient, I believe, Dr. Watt. Maybe you can help."

Eli sought Bill Radford, who was waiting in the next room, and took him on one side.

"This is no time for silence, Bill. Your wife's in great danger; greater because she doesn't wish to live. Is there any reason why she should feel like that?"

Bill, awkward, shifting his feet, admitted the truth. He had a friendship with a girl whom Letty didn't like. "You saw her, doc., at the New Year's Eve party; you noticed." Eli nodded. "All the same, I swear there's no cause for Letty to—there isn't anything Letty need mind. I love her."

"Go and tell her so," counselled Eli and, lifting Bill's youngest in his arms, carried her to the bedside.

Like a wax image, Letty was unresponsive at first to the child's touch on her cheek, the eager little voice asking Mummy to come and play. Presently her eyes opened and Bill's hand was drawn by hers to where her heart beat feebly.

That evening Eli, who, on account of the birth of a fine pair of twins, arrived late, found himself the unexpected guest of honour at a dinner of the General Medical Council, to which Jimmy had secured him an invitation.

Dr. Babcock, leading neurologist, saw the sparse, silver-haired man quietly take his place at the flower-filled table and rose to speak.

"Gentlemen, I wish to introduce you to-night to our real guest of honour. There he sits, a country practitioner who has worked all his life in a quiet corner of the vast American scene. In spite of that, he possesses a power of healing that far exceeds mere scientific knowledge."

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Tumultuous hand-clapping. Eli realising he was the focal point of a hundred eyes, rose, tried to speak, tried to express appreciation, stammered a few words, nervously feeling his watch chain. Modesty overcame him. He sat down with bent head, striving to hold back tears.

Jimmy came to the rescue. Standing behind his father's chair, he said all that need be said, adding only, what obviously, even in such a company, he was unafraid to express—a son's pride and affection.

"If only Joan could hear him," it was Eli's one thought. Back in Willow Springs, he made her listen to the gist of Jimmy's tender speech, and Joan understood.

After the young people's wedding, Eli might be pardoned for believing life as a "country plug" would run in the same direction to the terminus. Sarah ordained otherwise.

"Always thinking of other folks. Never have time for yourself. I have to do everything for you; even arrange our honeymoon," she grumbled. "How about Niagara Falls?"

Eli looked at the faithful partner of years.

"What's the matter with the Grand Canyon? It's farther off!" he chuckled.

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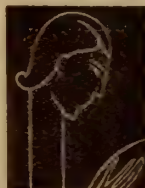
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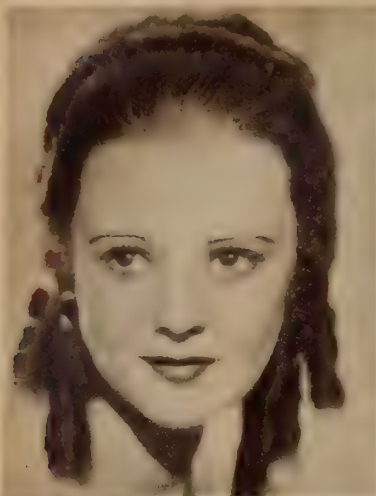
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Constance Bennett,
the beautiful
RADIO
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Star



The British actress, Heather Angel, who gives an outstanding performance in the American picture, "Berkeley Square."

I HAVE no hesitation in saying that *Berkeley Square* is one of the outstanding talkies of all time. It is directed with delicacy and understanding and is a triumph of acting for Leslie Howard and Heather Angel.

I am, however, quite ready to agree that it will not please everybody equally well. If you can understand the sentiment and the sincerity underlying the fantasy of the production as a whole, if you can feel that here is the epitome of romance, which is what struck me so forcibly, you will agree with me; otherwise, I'm afraid the fragrance and charm of it all will elude you and you will query my four-star marking of it.

Another picture which is as human and well constructed as it is entertaining is *One Man's Journey*; it is a *tour de force* for Lionel Barrymore and eminently well worth seeing.

****BERKELEY SQUARE

Fox. American. "U." Romantic drama. Runs 89 Minutes.

LESLIE HOWARD.....Peter Standish
HEATHER ANGEL.....Helen Pettigrew
VALERIE TAYLOR.....Kate Pettigrew
IRENE BROWNE.....Lady Ann Pettigrew
BERYL MERCER.....Mrs. Barwick
COLIN KEITH JOHNSTON.....Tom Pettigrew
ALAN MOWBRAY.....Major Clinton
JULIETTE COMPTON.....Duchess of Devonshire
BETTY LAWFORD.....Marjorie Frant
FERDINAND GOTTSCHALK.....Mr. Throble
SAMUEL HINDS.....John Quincy Adams
OLAF HYTTEN.....Sir Joshua Reynold
DAVID TORRENCE.....Lord Stanley
Directed by FRANK LLOYD from the play by JOHN L. BALDERSTON.

I dealt very fully with this picture, which I consider to be easily one of the best of last year's productions, in Pre-Views in the issue of November 11, 1933 to which I would refer readers who want to amplify the brief recapitulation that space imposes on me here.

It is a beautiful conception handled with delicacy and sincere romanticism which postulates a modern man finding himself back in the past and re-living a romance which had befallen an ancestor of his. He is, in fact, the re-incarnation of that ancestor.

This experience in the past—and you must realise that it is not a dream sequence but simply a postulation that time and space are abolished temporarily—makes him break with his fiancée when he finds himself again in the modern world and cling to the memory of a

On the Screens Now by Lionel Collier

The PICTUREGOER'S quick reference index to films just released

****BERKELEY SQUARE

***ONE MAN'S JOURNEY

**MY WOMAN

**TURKEY TIME

**TOO MUCH HARMONY

*HAVANA WIDOWS

c*TROUBLE

c*FLYING FURY

*THE ROOF

*RIOT SQUAD

*THE SOLITAIRE MAN

*LOVE ON SKIS

*STRIKE IT RICH

What the asterisks mean—**** An outstanding feature. *** Very good. ** Good. * Average entertainment. c Also suitable for children.

girl who had been dead over a hundred years.

It is fantastic, of course, but yet it manages to convince you and play delicately on all the emotions; humour is present, a whimsical, subtle humour which derives from the fact that the modern youth finds it hard to adapt himself to the conditions of the year of grace 1784.

The direction is perfect and the eighteenth-century atmosphere thoroughly picturesque and convincing.

Leslie Howard's performance is a triumph of restrained, natural acting both in the modern and past periods. His gestures, pose and well-modulated voice make the character irresistibly sincere and attractive.

No less good is Heather Angel. She brings to the rôle of the eighteenth-century girl whose romance ends in death—a death that holds a promise of an enduring future life—wistful charm and understanding of a very difficult rôle.

Three other outstanding performances are those of Irene Browne as the mother of Heather Angel, who is anxious to marry off her daughters to wealthy men, Ferdinand Gottschalk as the crabbed, middle-aged suitor for one of her daughters' hands and Juliette Compton as the famous Duchess of Devonshire. All the minor rôles are splendidly cast and extremely well acted.

Technically, this picture is a triumph for Frank Lloyd and I sincerely advise you to go and see it if you have any romance in your composition.

***ONE MAN'S JOURNEY

Radio. American. "A." Biographical drama. Runs 71 minutes.

LIONEL BARRYMORE.....Eli Watt
MAY ROBSON.....Sarah
DOROTHY JORDAN.....Letty McGinnis
JOEL MCCREA.....Jimmy Watt
FRANCES DEE.....Joan Stockton
DAVID LANDAU.....McGinnis
JAMES BUSH.....Bill Radford
BUSTER PHELPS.....Jimmy Watt (age 6)
OSCAR APPEL.....John Radford
JUNE FILMER.....June Filmer
SAM HINDS.....Dr. Babcock
HALE HAMILTON.....Dr. Tillinghas
For story freely based on the film by MARJORY WILLIAMS, see page 22.

Directed by JOHN ROBERTSON.

Lionel Barrymore is at his best in this human story of a doctor who sacrifices his career for the sake of his son and a girl he befriends but in the end gains a belated recognition of his medical skill.

Set in a narrow-minded, small town atmosphere, it is cleverly developed and brings out forcibly the point that a servant of humanity's reward is in seeing the happiness of those he has served and that financial success is actually more illusory.

Barrymore brings all this out very clearly and lives the part he has to portray.

May Robson makes a most effective foil as an old spinster friend who insists on coming to look after his small son when he loses his wife.

Dorothy Jordan is also very good and has a worth while part for once, and the cast is uniformly sound.

This is not a widely proclaimed "super" film but it has much more in it than many spectacular productions.

It appeals to the heart in its



Judith Allen makes an attractive heroine in the musical comedy film "Too Much Harmony."

story and to the critical faculties in its polished acting.

**MY WOMAN

Columbia. American. "A." Triangle drama. Runs 72 minutes.

WALLACE FORD.....Chick
HELEN TWELVETREES.....Connie
VICTOR JORY.....Bradley
WARREN HYMER.....Butler
RAYMOND BROWN.....Pop Riley
CLAIRE DODD.....Muriel
HOBART CAVANAGH.....Miller
CHARLES LEVISON.....Agent
RALPH FREUD.....McCluckey
WILLIAM JEFFREY.....Cargle
LESTER CRAWFORD.....Treech
BOOTHE HOWARD.....Webster
EDWIN STANLEY.....Studio Manager
LORIN RAKER.....Assistant Manager
Directed by VICTOR SCHERTZINGER from the screen play by Brian Marlow.

Out of quite commonplace material and a theme that is wholly conventional, Victor Schertzinger has made an enjoyable and entertaining picture; he has been assisted in this by some excellent acting by Wallace Ford.

The story deals with a bumptious, illiterate vaudeville performer who, through his wife's endeavours, becomes a big noise on the radio.

The usual thing happens; success turns his head and he falls "for a society dame in a big way."

His conduct finally causes him to lose his job and his wife, who later finds happiness with the director of the radio corporation.

Helen Twelvetrees is artificial as the wife, but Victor Jory is effective as her high-minded lover.

As I have said, the play is dominated by Wallace Ford's presentation of the objectionable and highly unsympathetic husband.

One of the most amusing sequences—the general trend of the picture is towards lightness—is a radio audition; indeed, the radio sequences as a whole are both novel and hilarious.

**TURKEY TIME

Gaumont-British. British. "A." Comedy-farce. Runs 72 minutes.

TOM WALLS.....Max
RALPH LYNN.....David
ROBERTSON HARE.....Edwin
MARY BROUGH.....Mrs. Gather
DOBOOTHY HYSON.....Rose
NORMA VARDEN.....Ernestine
VERONICA ROSE.....Louise
D. A. CLARKE SMITH.....Westbourne
MARJORIE CORBETT.....Florence
DAPHNE SCORER.....Jane
GWEN CLIFFORD.....Cook
Directed by TOM WALLS. Screen play and dialogue by BEN TRAVERS.

Personally, I find the Walls-Lynn combination amusing but much too inclined to stay in a rut. Here is the usual formula for their farces again.

(Continued on page 28)



George Gee and Gina Malo as they appear in the British farce "Strike it Rich."

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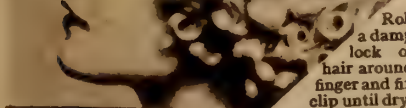
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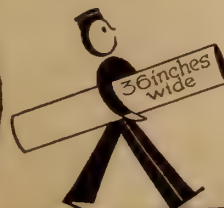
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ON THE SCREENS NOW — Continued

Two cousins, Max, a tough guy from abroad, and David, a harmless, assinine gentleman, staying with their straight-laced relation, Edwin, and his sour wife.

They take an interest in Rose, who is pestered by the attentions of her boss.

They both try to protect her and this leads to Edwin being compromised and his sanctimonious home being upset. However, romance clears away all misunderstandings.

Both the stars appear to advantage and I can only reiterate what I always feel about this combination, that if you like them you will be as amused as ever; if you do not, you will find it slightly tedious.

That the majority of filmgoers are of the former opinion is mirrored in the box-office returns of former productions.

••TOO MUCH HARMONY

Paramount. American. "A" Musical comedy. Runs 74 minutes.

BING CROSBY.....Eddie Bronson
JACK OAKIE.....Benny Day
SKEETS GALLAGHER.....Johnny Dixon
HARRY GREEN.....Max Merlin
JUDITH ALLEN.....Ruth Brown
LILYAN TASHMAN.....Lucille Watkins
NED SPARKS.....Lem Spawn
GRACE BRADLEY.....Verne La Mont
KITTY KELLY.....Patsy Dugan
MRS. EVELYN OAKIE.....Mrs. Day
HENRY ARMETTA.....Mr. Gallotti
ANNA DEMETRIE.....Mrs. Gallotti
Directed by EDWARD SUTHERLAND from the story by JOSEPH L. MANKIEWICZ.

Original treatment and good acting save this picture from being just another conventional, back-stage musical.

Its story is of the slightest, dealing with the love affair between a successful Broadway crooner and a girl he brings to town from a small town variety act.

Complications are introduced in the person of the crooner's mercenary secretary.

Hitherto, I have not had much use for Bing Crosby as an actor apart from his crooning, which is a desperate pain in the neck to me, although I am quite ready to agree that to a large number of people it is as sweet as a heavenly choir.

Here, however, Bing Crosby shows distinct improvement histrionically and presents the hero in an attractive guise.

But it is Jackie Oakie's unique personality and irresistible fooling

that is the mainstay of the picture, although Skeets Gallagher, too, puts up a most amusing show.

Judith Allen is attractive as the heroine and you all know how Lilyan Tashman can vamp.

To top off the cast, there is Harry Green, whose never-failing sense of humour is always an asset.

Song numbers are tuneful and catchy.

•HAVANA WIDOWS

First National. American. "A" certificate. Comedy of gold diggers. Runs 62 minutes.

JOAN BLONDELL.....Mae Knight
GLENDA FARRELL.....Sadie Appleby
GUY KIBBEE.....Deacon Jones
LYLE TALBOT.....Bob Jones
ALLEN JENKINS.....Herman Brody
FRANK McHUGH.....Duffy
RUTH DONNELLY.....Mrs. Jones
HOBART CAVANAGH.....Mr. Otis
RALPH INCE.....Butch O'Neill
GEORGE COOPER.....Mullins
MAUDE EBURNE.....Mrs. Ryan
CHARLES WILSON.....Timberg
GARRY OWEN.....Wheelman
Directed by RAY ENRIGHT.

Conventional gold-digger comedy which has the advantage of being snappily presented and well cast.

Joan Blondell and Glenda Farrell are true to type as the chorus girls who pose as widows and try to extract money from a susceptible old married man.

The latter rôle could not be in better hands than those of Guy Kibbee, while Frank McHugh as a drunken and disreputable lawyer is immense.

As the dumb bodyguard of a gangster from whom, by a ruse, the girls get the money for their gold digging activities, Allen Jenkins is at his best.

The humour is daring and lively.

•TROUBLE

United Artists. British. "U" certificate. Comedy. Runs 70 minutes.

SYDNEY HOWARD.....Hollebone
BETTY SHALE.....Mrs. Orpington
HOPE DAVY.....Miss Carruthers
MURIEL AKED.....Miss May
GEORGE CURZON.....Capt. Vansittart
DOROTHY ROBINSON.....Cora Vansittart
ABRAHAM SOFAER.....Ali
FRANK ATHERLEY.....Captain
BALLARD BERKELEY.....First Officer
WALLY PATCH.....Second Steward
GEORGE TURNER.....Clarke
Directed by MACLEAN ROGERS, HERBERT WILCOX production. Story by DUDLEY STURROCK and WALTER TENNYSON.

Sydney Howard as a steward on a pleasure cruise who restores a stolen jewel to its rightful owner, exploits his lugubrious humour well and will satisfy his fans.



Lionel Atwill, Elizabeth Allan and Herbert Marshall are members of the strong cast in "The Solitaire Man."

•THE SOLITAIRE MAN

M.G.-M. American. "A" certificate. Mystery drama. Runs 66 minutes.

HERBERT MARSHALL.....Oliver
ELIZABETH ALLAN.....Helen
LIONEL ATWILL.....Wallace
MARY BOLAND.....Mrs. Hopkins
MAY ROBSON.....Mrs. Vail
RALPH FORBES.....Bascom
LUCILLE GLEASON.....Mrs. Peabody
ROBERT McWADE.....Mr. Peabody
Directed by JACK CONWAY from the story by BELLA and SAMUEL SPEWACK.

In spite of an excellent cast this machine-made drama tends to prove boring and is overloaded with dialogue.

It concerns a jewel thief who is going to marry and go straight, getting involved in a bit of bother just before he flies from Paris to London with his fiancée, who has also been in the racket.

Practically all the action takes place in a 'plane where the hero has a duel of wits with a stool pigeon who poses as a Scotland Yard detective and who actually committed the murder, which had involved the hero in this particular spot of bother.

Except that the cast is a particularly strong one, there is very little to recommend in this picture.

•LOVE ON SKIS

British Lion. Swiss. "U" certificate. Romantic comedy drama. Runs 64 minutes.

BULL.....Himself
BUSTER.....Himself
JOAN AUSTIN.....Hella
Directed by L. VADJA.

Extremely slight story of a girl who engages two comic instructors to teach her to ski in order to surprise her fiancé, who thinks she is a drawing-room beauty only.

It is the pictorial side of the picture with its Swiss scenery and exhibitions of ski-ing, bob-sleighbing and other winter sports that is the main attraction.

Bull and Buster prove quite amusing as well as exceptionally clever trick skiers.

•STRIKE IT RICH

British Lion. British. "U" certificate. Comedy farce. Runs 71 minutes.

GEORGE GEE.....Eddie Smart
GINA MALO.....Mary
DAVY BURNABY.....Humphrey Wells
BETTY ASTELL.....Janet Wells
ERNEST SEFTON.....Sanky
CYRIL RAYMOND.....Slaughter
WILFRED LAWSON.....Raikes
Directed by LESLIE HISCOTT.

Quite a bright British farce with incidental music and song and dance numbers. The main burden of the entertainment is sustained by George Gee.

•FLYING FURY

Universal. American. "U" certificate. Western. Runs 56 minutes.

KEN MAYNARD.....Ken Master
RUTH HALL.....Alice Edwards
HAROLD GOODWIN.....Bart Hawkins
FRANK YACONELLI.....Shanty
CHARLES KING.....Curley
WILLIAM DESMOND.....Colonel Brownlee
JAMES MARCUS.....Big Jim Edwards
TARZAN.....Tarzan
Produced by KEN MAYNARD.

Lively Western with Ken Maynard putting plenty of pep into his fighting and skill into his horsemanship.

It is familiar stuff with some well-shot spectacular stampedes and a wild horse interest.

•THE ROOF

Radio. British. "A" certificate. Crime melodrama. Runs 58 minutes.

LESLIE PERRINS.....Inspector Darrow
MICHAEL HOGAN.....Samuel Morton
RUSSELL THORNDIKE.....Clive Bristow
IVOR BARNARD.....Arthur Stannard
ELIOT MAKEHAM.....Joan Rutherford
GEORGE ZUCCO.....James Renton
Directed by GEORGE A. COOPER, adapted from DAVID WHITELAW's novel by H. FOWLER MEAR.

Crime story dealing with a jewel robbery and a murder which rather stretches the long arm of coincidence but is competently acted.

It covers a long period of time from pre-war to the present day and would have benefited by brisker treatment.

The acting honours go to Russell Thorndike, George Zucco and Eliot Makeham.

•RIOT SQUAD

P.D.C. American. "A" certificate. Detective drama. Runs 64 minutes.

MADGE BELLAMY.....Lil Daley
PAT O'MALLEY.....Bob Larkin
JAMES FLAVIN.....MacCue
ADDISON RICHARDS....."Diamonds" Jareck
HARRISON GREENE.....Nolan
RALPH LEWIS.....Judge Moore
Directed by HARRY S. WEBB from the story by JACK NETTEFORD and BARNEY SARECKY.

The theme of this picture deals with the activities of a little-known branch of the American police force, but otherwise it is conventional gangster fare, robust in treatment and fairly adequately characterised.

The acting is fair and there are thrills of a familiar but popular order.



Glenda Farrell and Joan Blondell are true to type as gold-diggers in "Havana Widows."

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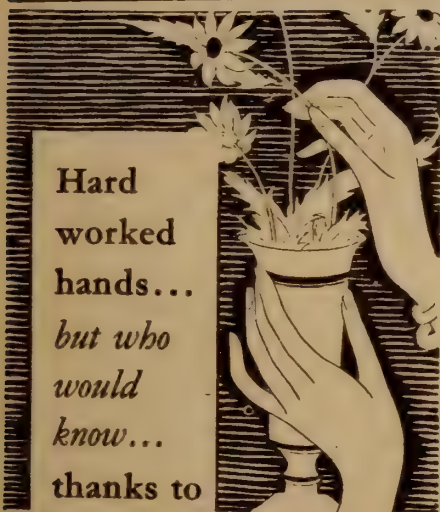
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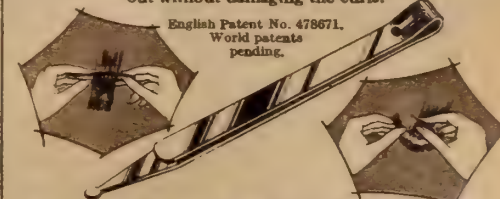


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Marian Marsh, the Hollywood blonde, and Bobby Howes in a scene from the new B.I.P. comedy, "Over the Garden Wall."

this is a regular trick of his—to look the part. The clean-limbed, personable, etc., is Frederick Peisley. Some years ago, when you were a tot and I wasn't quite so tottery . . . well, say seven years for luck, a play was presented in the West End called *To What Red Hell*; and a young actor called Frederick Peisley gave a memorable performance in it. (A film of the story was made afterwards.)

It has taken Peisley a long time to gravitate to films, but he's here now, and how. And Sex Rears the Head of Nancy O'Neal, so I'm sorry I said Ugly a few paragraphs back, because she's one of the prettiest things that ever came out of Australia—and those Aussie girls are dinkum bonzer, whether you understand Australian or not.

Nationality Cocktail

The smaller parts? The smaller parts have been richly attended to. Ben Field (but surely you remember the proprietor of the Scottish Café in *Jack's the Boy*?), Stafford Hilliard (a fine stage actor), Norah Jones (a Welsh girl with an Irish name who was discovered playing in a Scottish sketch in Newcastle—League of Nations, please copy), and two reporters, played by Billy Watts and Hindle Edgar.

Billy Watts is known wherever reporters figure in British films, for the Powers That Be have decided that he looks like a reporter and as soon as the Casting Director's pencil comes to the word "Reporter," it automatically writes "Billy Watts" beside it.

When he is not reporting in films he is running a café in the West End of London where film-folk congregate.

Hindle and Hounds

Hindle Edgar is a less familiar figure, but I think we are going to grow accustomed to him too. He is the comedian from the North (where all the best comedians come from) who played the young pastrycook in *Waltzes from Vienna* recently—the one who had the argument with Esmond Knight as to which should rescue Jessie Matthews from the fire. He was good.

Also there are four of the finest dogs I ever saw in my life—a leash (or clutch, or pride, or whatever the correct collective noun is) of Irish wolfhounds, which fit better into the story than you would think, for they are Scottish wolfhounds too.

I would keep dogs like that if they didn't eat seven or eight pounds of the best sirloin every day. They will have a job to steal the picture from Seymour Hicks and Gibson Gowland and the rest, but they are going to have a darned good try at it.

Personalities—Off

Two of the outstanding people in this production will not appear on the screen. They are Bray Wyndham, the managing director of the company, who has been described (and I think justly) as the most go-ahead of the independents, and Graham Soutten—only it never occurs to anyone to call him anything but Ben—who is assistant director. You may like Ben (I do) or you may dislike him (I don't), but it's impossible to ignore him. He has that uncomfortable but exciting quality to which we apply the word "dynamic" and he finds it a little difficult to suffer fools gladly. In fact, I don't think he ever tries to, very much.

Consequently he numbers very few fools among his friends and admirers.

Incidentally, when a one-legged man is wanted in a British film, Ben unbuttons a leg and plays the part. He did that in *Hindle Wakes* and in *The Sign of Four* among other films, and always with success. And always the same leg.

The Shirt Question

Speaking of Ealing, I am a little disappointed that *Blackshirt*, for which Florence Desmond travelled all the way from Hollywood, is not to be made after all; not that I was particularly anxious to see Flo running round in a black shirt, but I feel it would have led to a "shirt" cycle.

However, in the interests of peace and harmony, maybe it's just as well.

Florence is a brilliant mimic, which reminds me of Jane Carr, who is also more than ordinarily clever in that direction.

I heard that Jane was working in the new film

(Continued on page 32.)



The LOCH NESS MONSTER MOVIE

How It Will be Brought to the Screen—Gibson Gowland as a Ghillie—Sound City's Next—Watch Mary Lawson—A New Basil Dean "Discovery."

WELL, boys and girls, you may not believe in fairies any more, but you'll have to believe in the Loch Ness Monster in a few weeks, because you'll see it on the screen and, as we all know, the camera cannot lie.

You may have thought that a famous petrol firm had secured exclusive rights in the monster a few weeks ago; not so, but far otherwise.

The Monster belongs, lock, stock and barrel—or perhaps it would be more appropriate to say hook, line and sinker, since you would presumably fish for lake monsters rather than shoot at them—to Messrs. Wyndham Productions, who are making a film about him, her or it at Ealing Green of all places; or at any rate, partly at Ealing Green and partly on the bonny, bonny banks o' Loch Ness.

Up Bobs Sex

Of course, film people have to be different. They do, in fact, shoot at the beastie; and wound it; but that's away ahead, at, or near, the other end of the picture.

It all starts off with a harmless and rather elderly geologist beetling off up to the Highlands to do a spot of research.

He becomes convinced—as some thousands of people have become in real life—of the existence of the monster. An army of reporters invade the scene, among them being a young man, clean-limbed, personable—yes, I see I needn't describe him any further for you to perceive that he is the Hero.

Anyway, the geologist has a daughter. (Sex

Rears Its Ugly Head.) And so we go on.

And it all sounds very jolly and improbable and exciting, and is guaranteed to take your mind for an hour or so off Final Demands, Summonses, Distraints, Accounts Rendered, and all the other everyday monsters that keep us guessing how we can make their ends meet.

Seymour Films

Milton Rosmer is directing it. Seymour Hicks is playing the geologist, and I am looking forward to his performance in this with great interest, for I have never seen him in a film which he had not directed himself, and "I say and I'll say again" (as Gladys Sewell remarks in *The Outcast*) that only one actor in a thousand can direct films and play in them.

Seymour Hicks is a brilliant actor, and this is an actor's part.

The supporting cast is interesting, too. Did you ever see a brilliant film, directed by Von Stroheim in Hollywood, called *Greed*? It featured Za Su Pitts (in the best role of her life) and Jean Hersholt, but the outstanding character was a giant named McTeague—a giant in personality.

A Brawny Near-Scot

That role was played by Gibson Gowland—his first prominent part. He also played in *Hell Harbour*, and a number of other important films, and has just played the lead in *S.O.S. Iceberg*.

Now he is at Ealing, a Highland ghillie in *The Mystery of the Loch*—which is not so very far from his native heath, for he is a Northumberland man, bred and brawn, as you might say (but I hope you wouldn't).

He looks very much of a ghillie, but

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to be deafened in hearing and driven to distraction with singing, buzzing noises in my head,

to be hateful to myself and objectionable to others with my never ending nose-blowing, clearing, sneezing, short breath and thick speech,

to be kept awake at night with discharges falling into my throat,

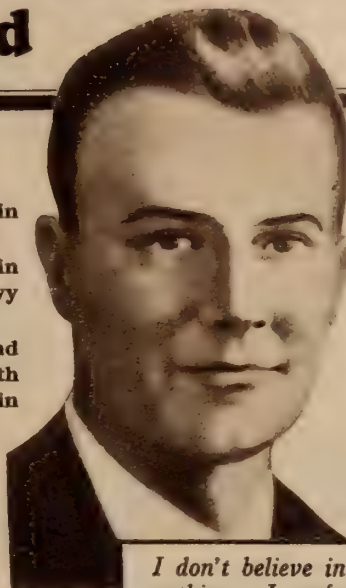
to be disappointed time and again with so-called remedies and reliefs.

I have suffered myself!

I know what is behind your mind at this very moment. You are saying, "This is probably only another Catarrh easier that may, or may not give me a little relief." Very likely you have reason enough to be sceptical. Maybe you have spent pounds on inhalants, atomisers, gargles, mouth washes... **AND YOU'VE STILL GOT CATARRH**, though you have very little faith left. My way to end Catarrh is fundamentally sound and totally different. Whether I stumbled upon it by sheer inspiration or cold logic, I will not attempt to say.

But I do wish to emphasise that it is the method of a man who made the total banishment of Catarrh his guiding principle. I HAD TO. For I could see that if I did not succeed there would be little joy left in life for me. Mercifully, I DID. And every grateful letter I have had since from the thousands of unfortunates with whom I have shared my discovery has renewed my own joy in being permanently free myself. I want to show you why, how and where Catarrh originates—not in the head, as is commonly thought. How it permeates and infects the whole body, and why Indigestion, Flatulence, Heartburn and Constipation follow as a result. How it drags you down so that you catch cold after cold, and are always one of the first to be attacked by 'flu. And, most important of all, I will show you how you can speedily and comfortably end your Catarrhal troubles once and for all—whether you have suffered for years, months, or only weeks.

I make no charge whatever for the information I send to sufferers. If they follow my advice the cost is quite small and the method is so successful that I am able to say **NO ONE NEED SUFFER ANY LONGER**. Now is the time to conquer your complaint and get rid of it for ever so that you will never have to suffer in winters to come as you have in the past. Not even hay fever martyrs need dread the coming Summer, because my treatment has met with remarkable success in such cases.



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Allan Cooper

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(Signed) C. MARKS.

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Picturegoer Weekly, 7/4/34



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ON THE BRITISH SETS—Cont.

at Sound City, so of course that's where I went; but dash my spats, that girl is the most elusive person! She had gone on to Teddington, where she is playing in *Church Mouse*—doing two perfectly good parts at once.

Mystery Title

The Sound City one is called *Intermezzo*, which my dictionary defines as "short movement connecting main divisions of large musical work," which doesn't seem to help much.

Anyway, it's a story of two families, one all County and Mayfair and the other all Co-op. and Balham; the Mayfair (Jane Carr) falls for the Balhambone (Grey Blake) while the Mayfair boy obliges by falling head-over-tip in love with the Balham boy's sister—and I don't see how you can blame him, seeing it's Mary Lawson.

Mary is the stage actress who played Blood's accomplice in the theft of the Crown Jewels in *Colonel Blood*, made in these same Shepperton studios and, in my humble opinion, played it remarkably well.

The Mayfair boy is Ballard Berkeley, whom I haven't seen since *A Chinese Bungalow* (which, incidentally, marked the first or almost the first screen appearance of Anna Neagle).

The moral of the film seems to be that it's perfectly in order for Mr. Mayfair to marry Miss Balham, but Miss Mayfair is a sap if she takes up with a young man from Balham. This argument may be confidently expected to cause more than a little discussion, and acrimonious at that, in the households of Balham.

Tradition

Of course, it's based on the well-known screen tradition that it's a grand thing for Cinderella to be elevated to the ranks of royalty by Prince Charming, but not so advantageous for the lowly young man to aspire to the hand of Milady.

Queer, but there it is.

Talking about Prince Charming, Mary Lawson has been playing in pantomime in Birmingham ever since she finished playing in *Colonel Blood*—she wasn't Prince Charming, but Dandini, which is quite as heroic and much more amusing.

Her Birmingham audiences will get the surprise of their Brum lives when they see how utterly feminine she is in *Colonel Blood*.

After her first screen appearance I feel inclined to say that her discovery by Sound City is one of the most important events in the year in the British Studios' rather spasmodic search for talent. With a few more of the right parts, proper lighting and direction and a spot of publicity, she will develop into a very considerable asset.

Miles Ahead

Miles Mander is directing *Intermezzo*. He used to ring all the bells and take all the coconuts as a director of silent films, and he also produced talkies in England (under De Forest patents) when talkies were still in the circus sideshow class.

But I haven't seen him directing a talkie since *Fascination*, in which Madeleine Carroll was starred in an unsuitable part.

I happen to know that he experienced quite unnecessary and hampering difficulties during production of that film, and I wasn't a bit surprised that it didn't set the Thames on fire.

I have a feeling that he will be much more successful with *Intermezzo*.

A Sound Bunch

Grey Blake (the new young man playing the part of the Balham boy who is a musician) is a discovery of Basil Dean, who has a reputation for finding 'em.

He has played in one or two stage plays, but



Safe and sound. The name of Lloyd in finance has always denoted security and this baby great dane appreciates the fact nestling in the arms of Gwyneth Lloyd, Gaiumont-British junior star, daughter of Howard Lloyd, former director of the famous bank, and now starring in "Wild Boy."

this is his first screen rôle of any importance.

Arthur Chesney and Irene Vanburgh are playing Lord and Lady Wilmington (of Mayfair), and the cast is completed by the inclusion of Eric Maturin (who is gradually transferring his polished villainy from the stage to the screen), Kenneth Kove, Betty Davies, and William Fazan.

Oh, and I nearly forgot Belle Chrystall as the Balham boy's honeybundle who is in danger of being cut out by Jane Carr.

Miles Mander ought to be able to do something pretty interesting with that bunch.

Bilked!

Hearing that Jane Carr was at Teddington, playing in *Church Mouse*, I went down there post-haste, but found, of course, that she had left the studio an hour before. It's pathetic, the way I go dashing about all over the country in pursuit of that girl, who always manages to elude me by a few minutes.

However, I did find Laura La Plante, who is another pronounced weakness of mine. And I did find Ian Hunter, who is playing opposite her, and Clifford Heatherley, who is contributing one of his clever character studies.

And I did find Monty Banks, who is directing this one as well as playing a part in it—that of a window-cleaner. His success in this leads me to believe that he will make a good job of directing himself in *So You Won't Talk?* in which he is to make his long-delayed return to the screen in a leading rôle.

Monty is one of the few directors (the one in a thousand I mentioned) who can direct a film while playing the lead; he used to do it in Hollywood in the silent days with conspicuous success. And in *You Made Me Love You* he directed one of the snappiest comedies ever turned out from a British studio; so I have hopes.



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ON SALE
Friday, April 13

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Miss Jessie Matthews, the famous Gaumont-British Film Star, writes: "During long days and late nights rehearsing, I have found Potter & Moore's Powder-Cream invaluable for keeping a nice complexion. It clings perfectly without clogging and maintains a lasting, lovely finish. "It seems to me such an excellent idea to have combined powder and cream in one, and the mirror in the bottom of the jar is a real inspiration."



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The latest discovery of science. A perfumed toilet cream which ends superfluous hair in three minutes.

Razors only make the hair grow faster and thicker. The old-fashioned depilatories are evil-smelling and dangerous. This new beauty cream, called New Veet, makes the hair simply fall away, leaving the skin soft, smooth, and white. No ugly dark patch like the razor leaves, because the hair is removed below the skin surface.

New Veet is just like a sweetly scented face cream, and as easy and pleasant to use. At all chemists and hairdressers, 6d. and 1/6.

What Do You Think? Letters from our Readers

Who are the IMMORTALS?

Garbo's Claim to Lasting Fame

IF in the distant future, a history of the motion-picture is compiled, I wonder how many of to-day's favourites will be singled out for mention in its pages?

"How many of them are great enough to be remembered when the rest are forgotten?"

"To my mind, there is only one star on the screen to-day who has really achieved greatness—Garbo. She alone will join that tiny group of kinema 'immortals'; her name will be familiar and she will still be discussed years after she has definitely left the screen.

"In that group already are Mary Pickford, Charles Chaplin, Rudolph Valentino—one or two others. Their names will be remembered so long as films are made.

"Then, many will ask, what of the other great stars—West, Hepburn, Dietrich, Crawford? Mae West is a passing rage and will, I dare to prophesy, not last more than another year or so, when she will fade into obscurity as do all similar sensations in the kinema world. She is not an actress, but a 'type.' Katharine Hepburn is a good actress, but she will never dethrone Garbo as has been suggested. She lacks restraint, and relies on her ultra-modern personality—which cannot remain ultra-modern.

"Dietrich is not a great actress, but rather a mistress of pose. And Joan Crawford—well, Joan lacks the subtlety which makes for greatness. A good actress, yes, but when she leaves the screen, her name will go with her. Into the same category fall Norma Shearer, Ruth Chatterton, and many others.

"There is only one actor in pictures to-day who has achieved anything approaching greatness, and that is George Arliss. Perhaps, in the history, he will be mentioned respectfully now and then, but even he does not belong to that little band of 'immortals' who will never be forgotten."

—Ernest H. Jakins, 230 Hertford Road, Waltham Cross, Herts, who wins this week's guinea prize.
[I agree as to the movie immortality of the Garbo. Other readers, however, may have something to say.]

He's no Angel, but . . .

"I'm no angel, and have what I consider a very modern viewpoint. So I went and saw Mae West's *I'm No Angel*.

"This was the first time I had seen Mae West (I hope the last), and I came away thoroughly disgusted with this glorification of a prostitute, for it was nothing less. What effect must a picture of this kind have on our modern 'good-time girl'?"

"According to this film a girl can sink to the lowest depths with as many men as she thinks fit, and then when she tires of all this, pick up a decent and respectable man and marry him.

"Could any self-respecting man fall in love, let alone marry such a girl as is portrayed by Mae West?"—R. R. Dyball (Age 21), Wymer Street, Norwich.

Talkie Tampering with History

"Not every member of an audience is an expert ready to find fault with a film; in fact, the majority of people visit the kinema for the sole reason of being entertained, nothing more.

"But there must be a great many, like myself, who are interested in history and hate seeing it re-fashioned to suit the producer or the star.

"History learned at school was not interesting, but read out of school when old enough to appreciate details, it abounds in spicy situations, even spicy enough for present-day audiences.

"Why, then, must film makers re-write any episode they wish to make so that when seen upon the screen it has no relation to the original whatever, excepting, perhaps, in the title.

"To-day, there is quite a rush on these hysterical historical pictures, most of them being practically fables, written by the studio hack."—(Miss) J. Pilgrim, Hazelcourt, Seafeld Road, Hove, winner of the second prize of 10s. 6d.

[There appears, from my mail bag, to be a significantly growing feeling against talkie tampering with history. My personal views are in complete agreement with those of this letter. The real life story is usually much richer in drama than anything that can be invented on the typewriters of the studio scenarists. Some of the so-called historical dramas might just as well be set in Ruritania.]

Did they do such things in the Bowery?

"I thought, until I saw *The Bowery*, that the time was past for mistakes in pictures, but there are three very prominent mistakes in that film.

"The first is the song "When Irish Eyes Are Smiling," played by the band accompanying the film. As this is the period of the 'nineties and the above song was unheard of in those days, you see slip number one.

"Then we see Fay Wray at a very twentieth-century telephone. My recollection of telephones of the 'nineties is that to call the exchange it was necessary to turn a handle. Slip number two.

"As George Raft and Wallace Beery go off to The Spanish-American War, period 1898, the band played 'Good-bye, Dolly Gray,' which was not composed till our own Boer War, 1900. Slip number three."—Richard J. Fraser, 19 The Avenue, Tottenham, N.17.

["The Bowery" detail has come in for quite a lot of criticism. I, myself, distinctly heard George Raft exhorting a gay 'nineties caddy to "step on it."]

Those Meteoric Chorus Girls

"I would like to venture a protest against a point which, to me, has often spoilt the feasibility of an otherwise good plot.

"The story concerns, shall we say, a singer struggling for recognition. For years she meets with little success and we, the audience, are not particularly surprised on hearing samples of her art (for she has been chosen by the producer for her acting, not her singing) and yet we are expected to believe that when her great chance comes, her audience (whom I see no reason to suppose are less intelligent than we) give her a marvellous reception.

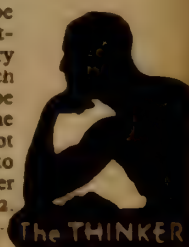
"For a plot like this to be convincing, an actress who is also a prima donna is needed, but as this is rather out of the question, I suggest that all that is required to indicate the success of the artiste is a glimpse of the enthusiasm of the audience.

"The case of Susie Dean in *The Good Companions* is an example of my point."—E. Wilcox (Miss), 25 Esmond Road, W.4.

YOUR VIEWS WANTED

What you think about the stars and films? Let us have your opinion, briefly.

£1 1s. and 10s. 6d. will be paid for the two most interesting, and 5s. for every other letter published each week. Letters should be written on one side of the paper only and should not exceed 150 words. Address to "Thinker," The "Picturegoer Weekly," Long Acre, W.C.2.



A BRIDE AT 50

*Happy Woman Tells
Her Secret*



"Three months ago I never dreamed that a man would look at me twice. Anxiety and trouble had made my face wrinkled and sallow and I had almost given up hope when I read in the paper of a woman of over 60 getting rid of her wrinkles and looking 20 years younger simply by using Crème Tokalon Skinfood. I made up my mind to try it and to my joy and astonishment I could see my face actually looking younger every day. My present happiness and romance I owe entirely to Crème Tokalon Skinfood and I advise every woman to try it for a month. The results are marvellous."

Naturally this new bride prefers not to have her name and address published. Her husband is an important bank official and her letter can be vouched for. Crème Tokalon Skinfood contains "Biocel," the marvellous discovery of Prof. Dr. Stejskal of the University of Vienna. It nourishes and rejuvenates the skin; lines and wrinkles quickly disappear; sallow, faded cheeks become fresh, clear and youthful. By using Tokalon "Biocel" Skinfood regularly you can look at least 10 years younger in one month.



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(IN BLOCK LETTERS)

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"George" and "Anne" are your enquiry departments. The former will be happy to answer any query regarding films, the latter anything connected with household or beauty hints. Write to them both c/o THE PICTUREGOER WEEKLY. When a reply by post is desired a stamped, addressed envelope must be enclosed.

T. D. (Dumfries).—(1) Address Jackie Cooper and Ramon Novarro c/o Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios. (2) Jackie Cooper was born on September 16, 1923. (3) The postage for a letter to America is 14d. for the first oz.

MISS M. (Edinburgh).—Address Clyde Beatty c/o Universal Studios, and Edmund Gwenn c/o Gaumont British Studios.

FILM CRAZY (Glasgow).—Phillips Holmes was born at Grand Rapids, Michigan, U.S.A., on July 22. Educated New York, Cambridge, Paris and Princetown University. Son of Taylor Holmes the actor; 6 ft.; blonde hair; blue eyes; unmarried. Address him c/o Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios. Pictures include: *His Private Life*, *The Return of Sherlock Holmes*, *Pointed Heels*, *Only the Brave*, *Paramount on Parade*, *Devil's Holiday*, *Grumpy*, *Her Man*, *Dancers*, *Man to Man*, *Stolen Heaven*, *Criminal Code*, *An American Tragedy*, *The Man I Killed*, *Her Dilemmas*, *Manhattan Lullaby*, *State Fair*, *Justice for Sale*, *Beauty for Sale*, *Crooks in Clover*, *Storm at Daybreak*, *Stage Mother*, and *Nana*. (2) John Boles was born on October 27, 1900, at Greenville, Texas; 6 ft. 1 in. tall; dark brown hair; blue-grey eyes; married to Marcelite Dobbs with two children; hobbies hiking and tennis. Films include: *Loves of Sunya*, *Fazio*, *Romance of the Underworld*, *We Americans*, *Shepherd of the Hills*, *The Last Warning*, *Rio Rita*, *Song of the West*, *Captain of the Guard*, *King of Jazz*, *One Heavenly Night*, *Resurrection*, *Seed*, *Frankenstein*, *Careless Lady*, *Six Hours to Live*, *Back Street*, *Child of Manhattan*, *My Lips Betray*, *Only Yesterday*, and *Beloved*. Address him c/o Fox Studios. (3) Write to Buster Crabbe c/o Paramount Studios. Recent pictures include: *To the Last Man*, *The Thundering Herd*, and *The Search for Beauty*.

CHRISTINE (London).—Casts as follows: (1) *The Secret Six*: Scorpio—Wallace Beery; Newton—Lewis Stone; Carl—Clark Gable; Peaches—Marjorie Rainbeau; Anne—Jean Harlow; Hank—John Mack Brown; Colino—John Miljan; Mizoski, the Gouger—Paul Hurst; Donlin—De Witt Jennings; Metz—Murray Kinnell; Delano—Fletcher Norton; Eddie—Louis Natheaux; Judge—Frank McGlynn; District Attorney—Theodore von Eltz. (2) *He Learned About Women*: Peter Potter—Kendall—Stewart Erwin, Mme. Vivienne Polidor—Alison Skipworth; Joan Allen—Susan Fleming; Eddie Clifford—Gordon Westcott; Wilson—Sidney Toler; Appleby—Grant Mitchell; Angus—Tom Ricketts; Suzette—Gertrude Norman; Drake—Claude King; Stage Doorman—Irving Bacon.

M. G. (Finchley, N.).—(1) Frank Lawton's recent films are *Heads We Go* and *Friday the Thirteenth*. (2) A centre spread of *Cavalcade* appeared in the March 11, 1933 issue of PICTUREGOER. (3) Herewith the cast of *Cavalcade*: Jane Marryot—Diana Wynyard; Robert Marryot—Clive Brook; Alfred Bridges—Herbert Mundin; Ellen Bridges—Una O'Connor; Fanny Bridges—Ursula Jeans; Joey Marryot—Frank Lawton; Edward Marryot—John Warburton; Margaret Harris—Irene Browne; Edith Harris—Margaret Lindsay; Annie Grainger—Merle Tottenham; Cook—Beryl Mercer; Mrs. Snapper—Tempe Pigott; George Grainger—Billy Bevan. *The Children*: Edward Marryot—Dick Henderson, jun.; Joe Marryot—Douglas Scott; Edith Harris—Sheila McGill; Fanny Bridges—Bonita Granville.

CURIOUS (Claygate).—(1) Toby Wing is a blonde. Her pictures include: *42nd Street*, *College Humour*, and *The Search for Beauty*. (2) Release dates as follows: *Queen Christina*—September 3, 1934; *Jack Ahoj*—April 2, 1934; *Catherine the Great*—September 3, 1934.

J. A. (London, W.11.).—(1) Frank Lawton is 5 ft. 9 in. tall and has dark hair and eyes. (2) Herewith the cast of *Young Woodley*: Laura Simmons—Madeleine Carroll; Mr. Woodley—Aubrey Mather; Milner—Gerald Rawlinson; Cope—Tony Halfpenny; Mr. Simmons—Sam Livesey; Vining—Billy Milton; Ainger—John Teed; Young Woodley—Frank Lawton.

FILM STRUCK (West Hartlepool), and A YOUNG FAN (Wandsworth).—(1) Robert Young is 27 this year. Born in Chicago; 6 ft. tall; dark eyes and hair; married; one baby daughter. Films include: *Lullaby*, *The Wet Parade*, *New Morals for Old*, *Unashamed*, *The Kid from Spain*, *Strange Interlude*, *To-day We Live*, *Hell Below*, *Tugboat Annie*, *Saturday's Millions*, *The Right to Romance*, *Spitfire*, and *The*



House of Rothschild. (2) The cast of *The Flying Circus*: Ann Hardy—Arlene Judge; Ace Murray—Bruce Cabot; Bud Murray—Eric Linden; Speed Hardy—Ralph Bellamy; "Screw" — Cliff Edwards; "Screw's" — Girl Friend—June Brewster; Kerans — Frank La Rue. (3) Victor Varconi was born on April 31, 1896, at Kisvarda, Hungary; 5 ft. 10 in. tall; brown hair and eyes; married. Films include: *Triumph*, *Changing Husbands*, *Feet of Clay*, *The Dancers*, *The Last Days of Pompeii*, *The Volga Boatmen*, *King of Kings*, *Chicago*, *Tenth Avenue*, *The Angel of Broadway*, *The Divine Lady*, *Simmers' Parade*, *Eternal Love*, *Captain Thunder*, *Doctors' Wives*, *Black Camel*, *The Men in Her Life*, *Safe in Hell*, *The Rebel*, *The Doomed Battalion*, and *The Song You Gave Me*. (4) Bruce Cabot was born on April 20, 1905, at Carlsbad New Mexico; 5 ft. 11 in. tall; dark brown hair; blue eyes; married to Adrienne Ames. Films include: *The Roadhouse Murder*, *King Kong*, *Disgraced*, *Aggie Appleby*, *Maker of Men*, *Ann Vickers*, and *The Criminal Within*. (5) You can obtain photographs of Robert Young and John Stuart from the Picture Postcard Salon, 85, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Thank you for your good wishes.

E. L. (Eastbourne).—(1) Clive Curry appeared in *The Skipper of Osprey*. Write to him c/o the Associated Talking Picture Studio, Ealing, London, W.5. (2) Write to Connie's, Ltd., Film Agents, 92 Regent Street, London, W.1.

REGULAR READER.—Joan Bennett and James Cagney did not appear in *Syncope*. Herewith the full cast: Lew—Morton Downey; Alexander Winston—Ian Hunter; Flo—Barbara Bennett; Benny—Bobby Watson; Peggy—Dorothy Lee; Rita Eliot—Verree Teasdale; Hummel—Osgood Perkins; Sylvester Cunningham—Mackenzie Ward; Astino—Leon Bark.

AUBWIN ADMIRER AND GEORGE RAFT FAN.—(1) Ken Maynard is married to Mary Leiber. Address him c/o Universal Studios. (2) Write to George Raft c/o Paramount-Public Studios.

SCHOOLBOY FAN (Peckham Rye, S.E.15.).—(1) *Footlight Parade* will be generally released on April 16, 1934. (2) Casts as follows: (a) *The Phantom President*: Theodore K. Blair and Peter Varney—George M. Cohen; Felicia Hammond—Claudette Colbert; Curley—Jimmy Durante; Senator Ronkton—George Barber; Professor Aikenhead—Sidney Toler; Senator Scranton—Louise Mackintosh; Jericho—Jameson Thomas; Senator Melrose—Julius McVicker. (b) *It's a King*: Albert, King of Helgia and Albert King—Sydney Howard, Count Yendoff—Cecil Humphries; Colonel Brandt—George de Warfax; Revolutionary leader—Arthur Goulet; Salvatore—Franklyn Bellamy; Princess Yasma—Joan Maude.

CURIOUS (Shrewsbury).—Clyde Beatty has appeared in one film only and that was *The Big Cage*.

VEIDT FAN (Chester).—The German version of *Rasputin* was shown in London last year. I do not know if it will be shown in your locality and can only suggest that you inquire of your local kinema manager. The year referred to in the PICTUREGOER, March 17, was 1933.

REGULAR READER AND HARLOW FAN (Wallingford).—(1) Donald Calthrop did not appear in *The Southern Maid*. (2) Address Ruth Channing c/o Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios. I expect she will send you a signed photograph of herself if you ask her nicely, but there may be a small charge. (3) Jean Harlow's films since *Red Dust* include: *Dinner at Eight*, *Hold Your Man*, *Blonde Bombshell*, *A Hollywood Party*, and *Living in a Big Way*. (3) If you send your full name and address I will reply to your last question by post.

GEORGE DO IT!



Leslie Banks, Jimmy Godden, Herbert Smith, Abraham Sofcer and Frank Pettingell are in this group taken at the Imperial Film Club Dance, held recently at the Portman Rooms, Baker Street.

MICKY (Willesden).—(1) Address Ginger Rogers c/o R.K.O.-Radio Studios. (2) Richard Arlen was born in Charlottesville, U.S.A., on September 1, 1899. 5 ft. 10½ in. tall; brown hair; blue eyes. Married to Jobyna Ralston, with one baby son. Address him c/o Paramount-Publix Studios.

IRENE (Didsbury).—(1) Walt Disney is the Mickey Mouse and Silly Symphony cartoonist and he is very much alive making more Mickey and Symphony pictures. (2) Cora Sue Collins acted with Sylvia Sidney in *Jennie Gerhardt*.

TAN YONG HENG (Singapore).—Lilian Harvey's latest picture is *I Am Suzanne*.

J. B. (Northampton).—The incidents you mention would have to be faked.

WARREN FAN (Durham).—I am afraid I do not know what Warren William uses on his hair and can suggest that you write and ask him yourself. Address him c/o Warner Brothers Studios. His films include: *The Honour of the Family*, *Expensive Women*, *The Woman from Monte Carlo*, *Under Eighteen*, *Beauty and the Boss*, *The Mouthpiece*, *The Dark Horse*, *Skyscraper Souls*, *Three on a Match*, *The Match King*, *Employee's Entrance*, *Gold Diggers of 1933*, *Goodbye Again* and *Lady for a Day*.

FREDRIC MARCH FAN.—Release dates as follows: (1) *Design for Living*—June 18, 1934. (2) *All of Me*—August, 1934. (3) *Good Dame and Death Takes a Holiday*—release dates not fixed at the time of going to press, but they will be after August, 1934. (4) *Little Women*—May 14, 1934.

REGULAR READER.—(1) The cast of *Dangerous Age*: Eddie Smith—Frankie Darro; Sally—Dorothy Connon; Tommy—Edwin Phillips; Grace—Rochelle Hudson; Lola—Ann Hovey; Dr. Heckel—Arthur Hohl; Mr. Smith—Grant Mitchell; Mrs. Smith—Claire McDowell; Ollie—Sterling Holloway; Mr. Cadmust—Charles Grapevin; Judge White—Robert Barrat; Red—Ward Bond; Buggie Maylin—Adrian Morris; Harriet—Shirley Dunstead; Aunt Carrie—Minna Gombell; Captain of Detectives—Willard Robertson; Director—William A. Wellman. (2) Address Frankie Darro, c/o First National Studios.

AN ADMIRER (Swansea).—Write to Nils Asther c/o Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios. Nils was born on January 17, 1901, in Sweden. 6 ft. tall; black hair; grey eyes; married Vivian Duncan (mar. dis.), one little daughter.

DORA (Manchester).—Address Dick Powell c/o First National Studios.

C. W. (Highbury).—(1) Carole Lombard was born on October 6, 1909, and her real name is Carole June Peters. Address her c/o Paramount-Publix Studios. (2) The films you mention will not be shown again in the West End, but I would suggest that you make inquiries at your local cinema. (3) *Bolero* will be generally released in August, 1934.

L. C. H. (S.E.24).—(1) General release dates as follows: *Little Women*—May 14, 1934; *Duck Soup*—May 12, 1934; *Turkey Time*—April 9, 1934; *Broadway Singer*—March 26, 1934; *Three Corned Moon*—March 9, 1934; *Aunt Sally*—March 5, 1934; *Lady for a Day*—March 19, 1934; *This is the Life*—March 5, 1934; *I'm No Angel*—April 16, 1934; *The Queen's Affair*—approximately September 24, 1934; *The Son of Kong*—approximately July 30, 1934. (2) Fay Wray's pictures include *The Wedding March*, *The Unholy Garden*, *The Finger Points*, *The Street of Sin*, *The Kiss*, *Four Feathers*, *Thunderbolt*, *Dirigible*, *Doctor X*, *The Hounds*

of Zaroff, *King Kong*, *One Sunday Afternoon*, *Ann Corver's Confession*, *Shanghai Madness*, *The Bowery*, and *Man of Steel*. Thank you for your good wishes.

Fan Club News

Fan Club for Betty Astell.—Admirers of Betty Astell, the British star, have formed a "Betty Astell Film Club." Several hundred members have already joined the club, and all those who are interested should write to the hon. secretary, Charles C. Belcher, Priestwood Terrace, Bracknell, Berks, who will supply all details of the club's activities.

An inauguration dance will be held at the end of this month at Bracknell, which will be attended by Miss Astell and several other screen stars.

Studio Addresses

BRITISH STUDIOS

Associated Sound Film Ind., Wembley Park, Middlesex.
Associated Radio Pictures, Ealing Green, London, W.5.
British and Dominion Imperial Studios, Boreham Wood, Elstree, Herts.
British International Studios, Boreham Wood, Elstree, Herts.
British Instructional Studios, Welwyn Garden City, Herts.
Gainsborough Studios, Poole Street, Islington, London, N.
Gaumont British Studios, Lime Grove, Shepherd's Bush, London, W.1.
Nettlefold Studios, Hurst Grove, Walton-on-Thames, Middlesex.
London Film Co., 22, Grosvenor Street, London, S.W.1.
Sound City Studio, Littleton Park, Shepperton, Middlesex.
Twickenham Studios, St. Margaret's, Twickenham, Middlesex.

AMERICAN STUDIOS

Columbia Studios, 1438, Gower Street, Hollywood, California.
Educational Studios, Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood, California.
First National Studios, Burbank, California.
Fox Studios, Movietone City, Westwood, California.
Samuel Goldwyn Studio, 7210, Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood, California.
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, California.
Paramount-Publix Studios, Hollywood, California.
Radio Studios, 780, Gower Street, Hollywood, California.
Hal Roach Studios, Culver City, California.
Mark Sennett Studios, Studio City, North Hollywood, California.
Warner Brothers Studio, Burbank, California.
United Artists Studios, 1041, North Formosa Avenue, Hollywood, California.
Universal Studios, Universal City, California.

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3 'UZON' BRILLIANTINE

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Leave IT to ANNE

SEIZE your pen without further delay, pass that puzzling point on to me. I shall be delighted to help you, but enclose a stamped-addressed envelope if you wish for a reply by post.

A RECENT article on hair brought so much correspondence from readers who were worried about the condition of their hair, that I feel we may return to the subject with advantage.

"How often should my hair be shampooed?" Many asked that question. The average head may be washed every ten to fourteen days. A particularly dry scalp should not be washed more frequently than every three weeks. A very greasy scalp requires a weekly shampoo.

As the dry scalp is washed less frequently, extra time should be given to massage and brushing. But all three types need both massage and brushing. The massage is specially beneficial. It stimulates the circulation and regulates the oily secretions. It prevents the blocking of the hair follicles with dust and scurf. If they are blocked the health of the hair suffers because it is denied its natural lubricant. Moreover, regular massage postpones the day of the first grey hairs. Lastly, a regularly massaged scalp pays handsome returns in the gloss and vitality of the hair.

But, I hear you ask, if a dry scalp is massaged to stimulate the natural lubricant, why massage a greasy scalp that already has oil to excess? For this reason: the massage acts in two ways. Whipping up the circulation by massage brings the blood to the surface and much of the excess grease is absorbed.

Most hair benefits from the application of a little brilliantine after the shampoo. It replaces the natural oil temporarily removed. There are various kinds of brilliantine. For greasy hair one may be bought that is free from the slightest trace of greasiness. A very dry head is best treated with a few drops of violet oil.

Neither preparation should be brushed directly on the head. A little should be dripped into the palm of the hand, the brush drawn over it and then applied to the hair. The hair should be brushed from underneath upwards. This not only avoids spreading the preparation on the parting where it would show, but also keeps it away from the roots—a matter of importance for the fair-haired.

How to Massage

Massage should be performed with the tips of the fingers with gentle pressure. First the finger tips should be rotated to the right, then to the left. The scalp should move over the skull. Pass from the forehead to the crown, from the ears to the crown and from the nape of the neck to the crown. In this way the whole scalp is systematically covered.

If you massage at night, then spend at least five minutes each morning in brushing the hair. Choose a rubber cushioned brush—a good one, please, with real bristles—not imitation bristles of wire. These scratch and irritate the scalp. For the same reason, use a good comb, with blunt teeth. After general brushing, part the hair in sections and brush each section from underneath upwards. This aerates the hair, makes it glossy and stimulates the new growth.

If you can manage a clean brush every day, do so. If not, wash your hair brush twice a week.

Shampoos

The many excellent shampoos advertised in these pages provide for the hair in health. But if the scalp is out of condition, special treatment is indicated till health is restored.

Shredded Castile soap is a good base for the home-made shampoo. About one-third of a cake dissolved in half a pint of boiling water will set to a jelly when cold. Tar soap may be used in the same way and this will be found most refreshing and soothing.

The jelly will readily beat up to a lather when more hot water is added. An infusion of camomile flowers may be added by the fair-haired.

Green soft soap makes a most effective shampoo for greasy hair. An ounce of the soap, with half a pint of cold water should be heated till the soap has dissolved. Let it cool then add warm water till it lathers.

Egg shampoo is kindly to hair that is out of condition, weak and falling. It is made by adding the yolk only of a well-beaten new laid egg to half a pint of hot water. Then add two tablespoonsful of bay rum and half a teaspoonful of powdered borax. After these have been well beaten, a tablespoonful of finely grated Castile soap should be added, a gill of warm water, and the mixture beaten till foaming.

Straight and Strong

A straight and supple back is as much to be desired as a milk-and-roses complexion. As one leaves childhood farther behind, the tendency is for flexibility to disappear, and a set appearance to take its place.

For that reason a few exercises which specially strengthen and improve the back should always be included in the daily dozen.

But first of all a word about faulty posture in sitting and standing, for both are enemies of a young and supple back view. Let us take the question of sitting, for so many of you spend your lives at typewriters, sewing and other machines, in order to earn your living.

The correct way to sit is with the base of the spine against the back of the chair. Thus are the whole lengths of spine and thighs supported. When you slide forward and sit on the edge of the chair, both are unsupported, chest and lungs are cramped and shoulders droop.

Girls who stand all day are just as apt to adopt faulty postures in an effort to relieve aching muscles. Standing first on one foot and then on the other, increases fatigue rather than lessens it. The weight should be evenly distributed on both legs. When one hip is thrust outwards it encourages a middle-aged spread and induces an ugly hollow about the small of the back.

When the back aches, considerable relief may be gained from lying face downwards on a bed. Ten minutes will give greater relief than an hour or more spent the other way.

Try These

Here is an exercise that strengthens and flattens the whole spine. Lie prone on the floor with arms extended at sides. Inhale deeply while slowly raising the arms and taking them above the head till they rest on the floor. Stiffen the body and exhale slowly as the arms are returned to the original position. Breathing in slowly again, raise the body gently to a sitting position. Take care to keep head and shoulders in line and not in front of the trunk. Extend the arms till the toes may be grasped. Do not bend the knees. Breathe out while returning to the first position.



The only thing wrong with drinking milk out of a bottle is that it complicates drinking, according to Dorothy Lee, who keeps fit with milk during picture making.

In this as in all exercises care must be taken not to strain to accomplish it all at first. The second part is really difficult and few people can accomplish it immediately. To begin it is better to place the feet under a low piece of furniture. This gives assistance in rising.

Special care should be taken, too, by women no longer very young. If this or any other exercise causes a feeling of giddiness or exhaustion, it should be dropped at once.

Sleep Straight

In cold weather it is a great temptation to curl up in bed for warmth. This habit spoils a pretty back. Moreover, it prevents complete relaxation. Your spine should be straight as you lie in bed, and every muscle should relax. Hugging yourself makes tense muscles, even puts a strained expression on your face, and a strained expression during sleep is a producer of wrinkles. Let your mattress be firm and unyielding and the pillow low.

Answers to Correspondents

PEGGY (Horbury Bridge).—Cleanse the open pores with a mixture of fine oatmeal and green soft soap in equal parts. Then close them with the following astringent: 1 oz. spirits of camphor, 1 oz. extract of witch hazel, and 2 oz. orange flower water.

UNATTRACTIVE (Manor Park).—I advise you to get your eyes tested. I think you are probably suffering from eyestrain. For external treatment make a lotion from ½ drachm of tannic acid dissolved in 1 oz. eau-de-Cologne. Paint on the skin and allow to dry.

WONDERING.—Time alone will completely fade out the scars. You can help a little by the use of a peroxide cream. Sitting too close to the fire is a dangerous habit. Serious skin trouble may result.

ANNA (Wolverhampton).—"Permanent" freckles should not be removed. Summer freckles will gradually yield to a freckle cream such as may be purchased from all chemists.

ADRIENNE (Wimbledon).—Some skins are more susceptible to chapping than others. Use neither very hot nor cold water for washing your hands. Be sure you dry them thoroughly. Take care not to use an alkaline soap. Rub every night with cold cream or one of the special hand preparations mentioned in this paper. Sleep in cotton gloves.



So much
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discreet
make-up!

That is why KHASANA Blush Cream is so popular with the modern girl—she knows that so much depends upon correct, discreet make-up. So

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"Notice, I said *beautifully fresh* clothes—they don't need to be *new*," she adds. "Extravagance is quite out of fashion these days. There's a way to keep clothes as lovely and new-looking as the most fastidious woman can desire. 'Never use anything but Lux for washing my things!' I've told my maid. You see, I know Lux is *safe* for even the most delicate colours and fragile fabrics. I trust it for everything in my wardrobe

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The Picturegoer Weekly
No. 151 (New Series), Vol. 3

Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper

April 14, 1934

SEX AND
SCREEN PAGE 8

PICTUREGOER

2^d
WEEKLY



MAE WEST *and* CARY GRANT

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Sun, wind, cold and heat are constantly whipping the natural moisture out of the skin. It becomes coarse-textured, even rough. But Pond's Vanishing Cream contains ingredients

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Picturegoer

The SCREEN NEWS
Magazine de Luxe

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SOLVING these Senseless SALARY SQUABBLES

Growth of Percentage System—Applying the Box-office Test—The
Quota Racket—Look Out, Jackie Cooper!—Laughton to Play
Henry Again—Ambitious Korda Talkie—A Successor to the
"Three Little Pigs"

THE question of paying film stars on a percentage basis has again been brought into the field of practical picture politics.

Katharine Hepburn, Constance Bennett and one or two other important personalities are already, I believe, working on contracts which give them a share of the profits over a certain amount.

Paramount Chief's Views

Charles Laughton, as is well known, will delight the Income Tax authorities as a result of the amazingly successful outcome of his gamble in accepting a "cut" of the takings of *The Private Life of Henry VIII* in lieu of a "film star" salary during production. Douglas Fairbanks, jun., was telling me the other day that he has a share in the profits of *Catherine the Great* and I understand that the other major "names" associated with the London

Films organisation are working under similar arrangements.

The latest advocate of the system is no less a person than Mr. Adolf Zukor, President of Paramount and one of the leaders of the industry for over a quarter of a century.

Mr. Zukor may be inspired by the fact that Paramount has had its share of salary squabbles, revolts, walk-outs and other costly forms of friction in recent years.

The American Press has on occasion, too, drawn attention to his own impressive earnings!

The depression, moreover, has created a dangerous public reaction against the huge contract salaries of the stars and he has undoubtedly chosen an opportune moment for his declaration of policy.

"Fairest Arrangements"

"It is becoming increasingly impossible to determine," he writes in a note I had from the Marathon Street movie factory the other day, "just what an actor is worth in terms of salary.

"Profit sharing appears to me to be the fairest arrangement between studios and those artistes who have become distinct box-office assets. I believe that as soon as improving conditions in the film industry warrant such a move, this method of paying outstandingly valuable personalities should be adopted.

"Whenever a star reaches a point where his or her name and talents win an extraordinary number of followers and admirers, then it becomes necessary for studios to pay these artistes a fair and proportionate percentage of what their productions are making.

"Such a system would encourage the best efforts always and the public would reap added entertainment benefit.

"The general adoption of the system," he adds, "is a definite possibility."

The Difficulty

I think that most people will agree that the application of the acid box-office test is by far the most sound and logical way of determining stellar salaries.

Applied properly, it is fair to the star, it is fair to the movie moguls and it is fair to the cash customers. And it would spare us those unedifying brawls that have become a feature of studio life in recent years.

There are, however, many difficulties to be overcome, the chief of which is, of course, the amount of the percentage and the fact that with one or two exceptions the most over-paid people in films are not the stars but a number of studio "higher-ups" vaguely defined as executives.

What The Stars Think

Practically every star with whom I have discussed the subject—and I have discussed it with several—has been enthusiastic about working on a percentage basis, with one important reservation.

As one of them put it to me: "Our experience
(Continued on page 7)



NORMA SHEARER

Whom we will soon be welcoming back to the screen in "Lady Mary's Lover," after almost a year's absence. Reports from the lot indicate that the fans are likely to see a new and greater Shearer in that picture. Norma was born on August 10, 1904, in Montreal, Canada. She thumped a piano in a kinema before entering pictures in 1920. She has brown hair, blue eyes and is 5 ft. 3 in. tall.

(Continued from page 5)

has been that in far too many cases by the time the studio heads have had their rake off and the studio accountants have done their job of including the overheads, a million-dollar box-office hit looks like a bankruptcy."

Fredric March who, as a prominent executive of the Actors' Guild, speaks with some authority, however, has openly expressed his views in support of trying the percentage system as an experiment and advances a solution of the problem. The percentage he advocates must be on the gross earnings of the film, "because so many things are charged against the net profit."

The Gold Medal

Norma Shearer, by the way, appears from the present state of the count to be well up in the running for PICTUREGOER's Gold Medal for her performance in *Smilin' Through*.

Others among the leaders are Diana Wynyard, Madeleine Carroll, Garbo and Dietrich, while on the male side, Clive Brook, Leslie Howard, Gary Cooper and Conrad Veidt seem to be doing well.

Owing to an eleventh-hour flood of nominations it has been decided to keep the voting open for another week. Entries must now all be in by April 21.

All you have to do is to write on a postcard the name of the actor and actress who in your opinion gave the two best performances in 1933 and the names of the films concerned, and address it to Award of Merit, Picturegoer, 93, Long Acre.

It is important to remember that only films generally released in 1933 are eligible.

The Quota Scandal Again

In the last few weeks we have had at trade and press shows a minor deluge of new English-made talkies and the standard of a great many of them makes one wonder if the authorities should not seriously consider if the time has arrived for the revision of the Quota Act in the direction of a Quality Clause.

In its present form the Act has largely outlived its sphere of usefulness. The vast majority of exhibitors to-day are showing a considerably higher percentage of our own films than the law requires.

Its main effect at the moment appears to be providing certain American companies who are turning out cheaper and quicker quota quickies an opportunity to tie a tin can to the tail of the rapidly improving British talkie industry.

A Rival for Jackie Cooper

It looks as if Jackie Cooper may at last get some serious competition in the infant prodigy ranks. The youngster who may provide it is Frank Thomas, a ten-year-old actor who has scored a hit on the Broadway stage in *Wednesday's Child*, one of the most successful plays of the New York season.

He has been signed to go to Hollywood at the conclusion of the run and play the same rôle in the film version.

Moreover, although it will be his first picture, Frank is to be starred—a situation unique in Hollywood history.

Wednesday's Child, a somewhat sombre play about a young boy whose life is shattered by the divorce of his parents and who finally comes to the realisation that he is not wanted by either parent, provides a severely exacting rôle for any juvenile and the New York dramatic critics have given Master Thomas the highest credentials.

Lee Tracey's Five-Year Contract

Another stage "capture" who is expected to do big things is Jane Wyatt, considered by many sound judges to be one of the three most brilliant ingénues in the American theatre.

She has been signed by Universal, which at the moment is busy on a campaign to increase its "star-power."

A recent move in the campaign was the signing up of Lee Tracy on a five-year contract. Lee will probably make four pictures a year.

Laughton as "Henry" Again

So Charles Laughton is again to be "Henry the Eighth" in an Alexander Korda picture.

The London Film Productions studio announces plans for an ambitious project to return to the

Tudor period and film one of the most glorious chapters in English history in *The Field of the Cloth of Gold*.

If existing casting arrangements stand, it will be Britain's most spectacular all-star picture and probably the costume picture to end costume pictures. In addition to Laughton as the young Henry, Maurice Chevalier will be seen as Francis I, King of France; Douglas Fairbanks, jun., as Charles V, Emperor of the Holy Roman Empire; Flora Robson as Catherine of Aragon and Merle Oberon again in the rôle of Anne Boleyn.

The original *Henry*, I learn, took £188,147 at the first 200 cinemas at which it was shown in Britain.

But isn't Mr. Korda carrying originality a little too far by rechristening the Douglas Fairbanks picture *The Private Life of Don Juan*?

More Honours

In the meanwhile, not only has *The Private Life of Henry VIII* achieved the unique distinction for a British film of being burlesqued in a Hollywood "super" (*George White's Scandals*), but a major Californian studio, Twentieth Century, in announcing *The Firebrand*, "believes that it has a successor to *Henry* in humour and popular appeal."

The Firebrand marks Constance Bennett's entry into the costume series.

She plays the Duchess of Florence to the Benvenuto Cellini of Fredric March.

Will Dietrich and "Von" Part?

The studio gossips are again busy with the report that film-land's greatest Svengali-Trilby team is due for a dissolution of partnership.

Persistent rumours have been reaching my ears of strained relations between Marlene Dietrich and Josef von Sternberg on the *Scarlet Empress* set. Pointed comment is also being made upon the fact that while they were previously inseparable, they have not been seen about together so frequently in public of late.

Tongues have been wagging more strenuously than ever since an alleged "incident" in the studio café a few days ago when Marlene, arriving late, received no attention from the director and glided quietly away to another table for luncheon alone.

"Wimpole St." in Hollywood

"Still" cameramen and studio experts have been busy at 50 Wimpole Street in the last few weeks.

As Radio did with the Alcott home in *Little Women*, so M.-G.-M. is doing with the even more

famous building that is to be the setting for the film version of *The Barretts of Wimpole Street* which is to be Norma Shearer's next starring vehicle.

The building is to be reproduced with fidelity on the Metro lot thousands of miles away in California, from photographs and measurements made in England.

The house, now, of course, a Browning memorial, will provide the plans for both the interiors and exteriors used in the film.

Barrymore's Next

The caption to an illustration in a recent issue of PICTUREGOER of Lionel Barrymore and Mrs. Patrick Campbell on the *Lady Mary's Lover* set, at Culver City may have given rise to a misleading impression that Barrymore was appearing in the film.

The cast in support of Norma Shearer, of course, consists of Robert Montgomery, Herbert Marshall and Mrs. Campbell.

Lionel's next is *The Copperhead*, which I seem to recall as one of his earliest silent successes, something like twenty years ago. It was also one of his most famous stage rôles.

Kinema Couplets

This week's award of 10s. 6d. goes to Miss A. Jones, 57, Webster Road, Smithdown Road, Liverpool 7, for an elucidation of the Crooner mystery:

The Crosby Case Too Much Harmony

Awards of 2s. 6d. each go to Miss D. Mae Rowlands, 163 Rowley Avenue, Sidcup, Kent, for:

Evergreen Innocents Abroad

To Edwin H. Collins, 98 Bruce Grove, Tottenham, N.17, for:—

The Constant Nymph To the Last Man

To E. H. Osborne, Hartsloone Road, Woodville, Burton-on-Trent, for:—

The Crowd Roars Money for Speed

To T. Beard, 17, Boyer Street, Derby, for:—

Disorderly Conduct Good Morning Judge!

To Fernando Lux, 117 East Road, City Road, London, N.1, for:—

Broken Idols Common Clay

Will new readers please note that all attempts must be sent in on post-cards—no envelopes will be opened—marked Couplets and addressed c/o PICTUREGOER, 93 Long Acre, London, W.C.2. The Editor's decision is final and no correspondence can be entered into with regard to this contest.

MALCOLM D. PHILLIPS



Ramon Novarro and Lupe Velez enjoy a game of cards with members of the "Laughing Boy" company on location.

SEX and the SCREEN

by
VICTOR
SAVILLE

THE famous British director, who declares that "we have acquired the common sense to come out in the open and treat with natural respect that which in the Victorian era was clothed with unhealthily suggestive secrecy.

can make it undesirable. Very few films are intentionally grimy, it is only cheapness of mind that renders them so, though it must be remembered that there is a difference between sensuality for its own sake, and sensuality when it is necessary, say in a historical characterisation like Henry VIII, or in *Jew Süss*. In the films I have directed, from *Tessa* to *Evergreen*, I have had at times delicate sex problems to direct which form part of my story. I have never had one of these situations turned down by the censor. Surely it must be something in the handling of a story that calls forth protests against sex situations.

Screen freedom to-day is, in my opinion, being tackled intelligently and not exploited, and there have been many plays artistically and wholesomely presented, which a few years ago would have been considered untranslatable. As a matter of fact, the more latitude films are given, the less harm they are likely to do, and the "cleaner" will be the result. This may sound paradoxical, but it is a psychological truism, and as everyone has more or less dabbled a little in psychology to-day, they will understand what I mean. Actually for instance, the mode for nudism has had the opposite effect to what the accusing critics suppose, and has very effectively stamped out the sensuality which existed in the "hush-hush" days. In fact nudism is both dull and respectable! I can guarantee that the present day Folies Bergeres in Paris, with their almost nude song and dance choruses, do not create half the sensation (or the box-office receipts!) as the allure of the old Can-Can days, with their lavish display of frilled underclothes and slender black be-stockinged legs. Half measures are far more indecent than whole measures!

To-day we have become more sincere both in our actions and in our conversation. We hide less, and therefore we suggest less, and the films are merely following the trend of modern psychology. Our ideas are far more logical too, and the younger generation have been brought up on more common-sense lines than their elders were. Consequently they are no more self conscious about the facts of life, because wise parents no longer clothe them with unnatural mystery, or exalt them to an untrue proportion. The result is that they come to the kinema with open minds expecting to see real life, as they know it, on the screen, and I am certain that what they see is viewed from a perfectly normal standpoint. They no longer see sensuality where their elders saw it. While the old-fashioned seductive vamp scenes, would simply provoke them to laughter, and what was considered a daring repartee of the nineties, would probably merely pass unnoticed. The modern kinema audience is an intelligent crowd, far more intelligent and critical than of old, and it is up to the screen not to forget this.



A charming domestic shot of Mr. and Mrs. Victor Saville in their home at Highgate, with their little daughter Anne and their favourite Great Dane "Spy."

IN recent discussions on sex and the kinema, the box office has been accused of "cashing in" on over-stressed sex situations. It has been predicted too, that 1934 will see a "rising tide of sex", that situations and dialogue hitherto considered indecent, will be given licence, and that scantily clad figures will be alluringly revealed on any and every screen.

And now let us honestly examine these questions, and see how far they are true, and how far film producers have progressed in the sex education of the kinema masses. It is necessary to go back a little—say to 1915. Just about that time there came a succession of seductive vamps of the Cleopatra type, who created a vogue for vamp themes. These influenced the screen for a considerable period, and were entirely sensual in character. Then came Rudolph Valentino whose effect on the screen was devastating, for he literally swept hysterical mobs off their feet, and caused all other studios hastily to begin grooming potential rivals of the same type. Glamorous love plays then reigned supreme until Valentino's death.

It is significant to notice that screen phases come and go in "waves" one wave always being followed by an opposite wave as reaction—in the same way as governments and politics. Recently we have had a fashion for gangster films and war and spy pictures, and emaciated women like Garbo. The answer to Garbo is Mae West, but not for reasons of sensuality. That is if we can judge by the

success in America of *Little Women*, which effectively shows the trend of public taste, and definitely points to quite the opposite view. Undoubtedly, however, we in England are set a higher standard to conform to than our American counterparts. Scenes, situations, and dialogue, which have been passed in American films, are not permitted by the censor to appear in English films! Imagine an English firm trying to do a Mae West! or trying to get away with a scene like Garbo and Gilbert in bed in *Queen Christina*!

Is it true that directors are "cashing in" on sex? No it is not. But if it were true, and sensuality was succeeding, then the fault would lie with the public! I do not believe, however, that the majority of the public applaud "dirt," or in any way go to the kinema to enjoy cheap sensation. It is perfectly true that to-day films are allowed more latitude and freedom, and this in my opinion is a good sign, showing that we have acquired the common sense to come out into the open, and treat with natural respect, that which in the Victorian era was clothed with unhealthily suggestive secrecy. For it is undoubtedly a fact that it is the interpretation of a situation or dialogue that renders it harmless or suggestive, it is the stress laid on the action, and not the action itself that



This "nonchalant" brown velvet swagger ensemble with matching beret and worn with a blue hand-knit sweater blouse is from Joan Crawford's personal wardrobe. Joan will be seen next in "Sadie McKee," written by Vina Delmar, and hailed as another "Bad Girl."



The lens cameraman takes you behind the scenes on the "Countess of Monte Cristo" set at Universal City. Karl Freund, the director, was explaining a scene to Fay Wray and Patsy Kelly when he looked in.



Edmund Gwenn at home. The popular British player takes his fan mail (and what a mail; the camera couldn't get it all in) seriously.

Through Our LENS

Lew Ayres and Isabel Jewell share a magazine between scenes of "Let's Be Ritzy." Isabel, who has been making a name for herself as an actress in pictures like "Counsellor-at-law," is Lee Tracy's fiancée.





John BOLES

The famous star gives you an intimate pen picture of a girl who is hailed as one of the discoveries of the year and who, he says, is going to "make you pay attention to her."

Margaret Sullavan

The latest autographed studio portrait of the subject of this article.

I HAVE just had the pleasure of hearing from Carl Laemmle, junior's, own lips that he is going to build Margaret Sullavan into a star.

I'm not surprised. She shared the lead with me in her first talkie, *Only Yesterday*, and she tried to steal every scene from me. Not intentionally. Just naturally.

I should like to be able to say later on, when she is a star, that I helped her in her first film—but the truth is that she needed so little help that I had to put all I knew into my scenes to avoid being overshadowed by her!

She is one of those fortunate people—a natural screen actress. She really needed very little guidance before she mastered those intricate points which make screen acting different from stage acting. I have just seen her first talkie test,

and there is not a trace of nervousness to be seen in her acting.

Peggy Sullavan is twenty-two, very self-possessed, slender as a borzois, and just as graceful. Her hair is brown and her eyes are blue-grey. And she is already well-known in America because of her stage work.

"Hollywood," she confessed to me, as we sat one day on the edge of the *Only Yesterday* set, watching a Benita Hume scene being shot, "is better than I thought it would be! I didn't want to come out here, first of all—I was too keen on my stage acting. Three different movie companies made me offers, but I turned them all down."

"What made you come, after all?" I asked.

She shrugged her shoulders.

"What makes you do anything? What made me want to go on the stage? What makes a person fall in love? Sometimes, you simply can't tell. I just happened to be in the right mood, I suppose, when Universal came along. I was playing the part of Paula in *Dinner at Eight* when this offer was made—and, well, I thought I'd give myself a birthday present by coming."

"I'm never too certain of what to-morrow will bring!" she added. "I'd received better financial offers than this one, but had turned them down. Then something made me say 'yes'—and here I am!"

You soon discover, though, that Peggy Sullavan is more interested in success than cold hard cash.

I heard afterwards that one of these film offers was for well over £300 a week, but not all the

arguments of a persuasive official could make her accept.

The official is reported to have gone home with a severe headache when he discovered that, a few days after rejecting his offer, Peggy went into stock at a figure of something like £11 a week!

We weren't appearing in any scenes on that particular day, and it was then that I first got to know her at all well. She had arrived in the studio in a pair of old corduroy trousers and shirt. Which was lucky, for she sat down on the studio floor and gathered quite a lot of dust and dirt on her clothes.

Any fears that she was wearing her clothes in this fashion just for the sake of publicity were soon dispelled. She told me that she had always been partial to this rig-out, and, to prove that she was not merely cashing-in on the current vogue for masculine attire, she did her best not to be photographed while dressed this way, and she was careful not to let a single reporter see her!

"What made you go on the stage?" I queried. Peggy was about to reply when Director John Stahl glared warningly in our direction. When *that* scene was in the box, she replied:

"The usual thing, I suppose! Amateur theatricals while at school, and a wonderful opinion of my own abilities! I kept up these amateur shows after I left school, then told my father that I wanted to become an actress."

"He said 'No.' I said 'Yes.' He said 'No.'"

One picture, "Only Yesterday," has won world-fame for the newcomer—a big scene from that film in which you will discover many prominent artistes.

stage play. Film-making is very much like one long rehearsal, and I find this helps me a lot."

Even Hollywood doesn't know much about her yet. She has met very few of the stars, and she has been viewing Hollywood in a new way. Most tourists come to see the stars. Peggy Sullavan is just like an ordinary tourist in any other place



Introduces MARGARET SULLAVAN

again, so I ran away, and got on the stage. He fetched me home, but later on, I ran away again. I think he fetched me home seven times in three years before he gave his official permission, and after this I managed to make quite a hit in *A Modern Virgin*.

"I was in several shows after that, then along came *Dinner at Eight*, and this Hollywood offer. That's all. Some of us are born lucky, aren't we!"

She is something of an enigma, though. She is, in many ways, typical of the modern young girl—fresh, athletic, and full of confidence. I have seen her out on a horse, seated superbly, and I've seen her playing tennis and swimming, both of them well.

But when we invited her to a party, she shook her head.

"Sorry. Not for me!"

And so far, I don't believe she has been seen at a single party. Nor has she given one. Once "shooting" is over for the day, she just disappears to her Hollywood apartment.

She is living in filmland the life she led in New York—a feat which most Broadway actresses attempt when they come to Hollywood, but few succeed in doing.

That's why you haven't heard much about Peggy Sullavan. To get all those publicity paps, a newcomer simply must be seen about. Most go out of their way to attract the attention of columnists, and they go to parties with the one



The first kiss, which means so much to the girl portrayed by Margaret Sullavan in "Only Yesterday." The man, of course, is the author of this article.

—she spends a lot of her time exploring the surrounding district.

She came on to the set one day bubbling over with enthusiasm for Gay's Lion Farm, which she had just seen for the first time. Another time, I met her just after she had paid a visit to the beach, where she had been out with some fishermen.

Following *Only Yesterday*, she was cast for *Little Man, What Now?* I don't dabble in astrology, or foretell the future in any other way—but I do advise you to keep your eye on this young newcomer to Hollywood. But there's no need for me to give you this advice. Margaret Sullavan will make you pay attention to her, if I'm any judge!

"She tried to steal every scene from me, not intentionally, just naturally."

thought in their heads of getting talked about.

But Margaret Sullavan doesn't seem to care in the least.

"What do you do at home?" I asked her, casually, one day.

And she replied:

"Oh, just read, or write, or draw." (I've seen some of her drawings; they are excellent.) "And rehearse," she added. "I take my lines home every night, and read them out aloud to my dog. He's a great critic!"

"I used to do this when I was rehearsing a new

NEXT WEEK

C. A. Lejeune, the eminent critic, contributes a revealing interview with Paul Muni which presents both the man and the actor.

EDMUND LOWE

The sympathy of fans will go out to Edmund Lowe, whose marriage with the late Lilyan Tashman was one of Hollywood's perfect partnerships. His wife's flair for film colony politics did a great deal to advance his career. On the screen Eddie recently rejoined forces with Victor McLaglen and the result, "No More Women," has been showing in the West End in the last few weeks.



April 14, 1934

An Open Letter to

GEORGE RAFT

MALCOLM D. PHILLIPS addresses a few remarks to the star who is in danger of becoming known as Hollywood's walk-out king

Dear George Raft:

ONE of these days when I am feeling in a particularly whimsical mood after a good dinner and one of Janet Gaynor's more Cinderellaish displays, I shall sit me down and write the year's best Fairy Tale—about a post-talkie masculine movie discovery—who having been taken from comparative obscurity and poverty and elevated to world fame, wealth and a million-dollar mansion with a marble swimming pool, did not immediately go on strike for more money, an eighth of an inch higher billing type, bigger and better parts or because he didn't like the supervisor's taste in ties.

Well, that's my Fairy Story and I stick to it. If it does not make Walt Disney envious at least everybody will know that it is a Fairy Story.

However, to return to earth from these wistful wanderings, if you are trying to lower the Californian, open-to-all-comers "walk out" record you are going along very nicely in spite of the handicaps of those built-up heels, the recent disclosure of which has got me into so much trouble with the faithful.

Indeed, already you can give the Jimmy Cagneys, the Clark Gables, the Jean Harlows, the Continental temperament queens and other less proficient performers an odd revolution or two, a suspension, an autographed copy of the Internationale, and a bout of fisticuffs and still have the length of Hollywood Boulevard in hand.

Now please don't get me wrong. Restrain the old itch in that trigger finger for a moment.

There may be, and I am quite prepared to believe that there are, quite a number of excellent reasons behind the fact that George Raft has become the leading contender for the world's heavyweight walk-out championship.

We are obviously not in a position adequately to judge the rights and wrongs of your various differences of opinion with sundry important and not so important Hollywood personages.

But we do know that in the last year or so, your name has constantly been in the headlines in association with revolts, assault and battery and similar enterprises of martial kind, both in and out of the studios.

There was, for instance, the great Raft Rebellion over *The Story of Temple Drake*, when you took one look at the script, put on your walking shoes and bluntly told the front office that you were not going to play an unsympathetic part which you considered would harm you in the eyes of your public.

The studio, presumably to your surprise, promptly suspended you from the pay-roll and put Jack La Rue, whom you yourself had previously superseded in *Scarface*, in the part.

About the same time, you came to the conclusion that you could not clothe and feed the elegant Raft body in the balmy climate of southern California on the two thousand or so dollars a week that Paramount was paying you when you weren't "walking out."

In view of recent events it is interesting to recall, incidentally, that it was whispered in film circles at the time that Mae West played a prominent part in the peace negotiations.

I next read of an "incident" at the Hollywood stadium in which you were alleged to have "beaten-up" a journalist who had written something that did not please the august "new Valentino."

The well-known Raft right hook again came into the news a little later as a result of a report from the *Bolevo* set that you had with marked effectiveness settled a little matter of artistic principle arising out of the script by taking a neat sock at the whiskers of Mr. Barney Glazer, a prominent Paramount executive, who I should imagine is, from the point of view of age and training in pugilism, nowhere near your fighting weight.

Without in any way passing a verdict of guilty on you in regard to these two affairs, the prominence given to them makes it necessary to suggest that if you want to go about punching people with whom you beg to differ on the jaw, the proper place for it is the prize ring, which, I understand, you once graced with your presence. At the moment you are making a bid for our two and fourpences as an actor and in any case the quality of your supposed opponents so far does not impress us sufficiently to regard your potentialities as a White Hope with interest.

And now at the time of writing, George Raft is on "holiday" after another performance of the celebrated "walk-out" act, this time from Mae West's *It's No Sin*.

Again, please do not misunderstand me. My views on these stellar rebellions are well known to readers of this paper, but I have followed your stormy trail through Hollywood with a great deal of sympathy.

It only took the unveiling of a few reels of the completed picture to establish incontestably the soundness of your judgment in refusing to take the role of "Trigger" in the *Temple Drake* talkie, one of the most gratuitously unpleasant films ever put on the screen.

It certainly did not do Jack La Rue, who has since been typed in similarly sinister roles much good.

And judging solely, of course, by the place of the hero in the scheme of things in the two previous vehicles by, with and for the glory of Mae West, one can at least appreciate the possibility that in the case of your latest revolt, "it's no sin." Any young actor of your standing might be pardoned for thinking twice about playing in support of a star who is not only the reigning queen of the lot, but writes her own stories.

Nevertheless all these things are getting you a reputation for artistic temperament and you should know as well as I do that a reputation for "A.T." is by no means the best qualification for a career in the studios.

Those "walk-out" powders are dangerous medicine for any up and coming young star. It should not be necessary for me to remind you that



Ann Dvorak, who, at your side, climbed to fame in *Scarface*, took a big one—and her career is still convalescing.

More than one actor and actress has walked out of a studio lot before now—and right out of pictures.

The big bosses got tired of the act.

Because I like you so much and because I believe the screen needs you, I should hate to ring you up in your dressing room on the transatlantic telephone one day and be told that "Georgie doesn't live here any more."

Oh, yes, and there is just one little word more of advice. We are all looking forward to welcoming you on your forthcoming "stage" tour in England. But please try to restrain yourself from telling the local Press boys about "me and my buddy the Prince of Wales."

It simply isn't done—which is slang for lay off the Royalty stuff or else...

The British public, which is funny that way, hasn't quite forgotten that "buddy" interview credited to you in the Hollywood Press some time ago.

For myself, I hope to be able to take a chance on that doubtless libellous legend that criticism of George Raft qualifies indiscreet journalists for a handful of clouds and (I trust the phrase does not jar any tender spot) come up and see you some time.

HOLLYWOOD POETS

by Marion SIMMS

VERSE writing, it was once thought, flourished best in garrets, on crusts of bread, with loneliness and misery as companions.

But Hollywood versifiers are rapidly altering that impression. The poems of Hollywood film people are written with one hand, while the other is left free to receive ample pay checks to keep them well fed and poetically inclined.

Mae Clarke doesn't write her verses down on paper. She composes them extemporaneously, and never forgets them. "Just a Bust," one of her verses, has already been published. Here are two of her recent ones:—

Mae Clarke who has had some of her verse published.

ONE OF MY OPINIONS

*Will-power makes some people strong
And there are those who suppress a sneeze;
Say "No," mean "Yes," and you'll live long—
But die weak in the knees.*

PATCHWORK

*I've given to this one, and that one, and that
A part of my heart, but turned them down flat
The wholeness, because I thought I
could save
Enough of it so as to laugh at the knave
Who'd think himself able to do all
the bidding
Of how it should act, and then I'd go
skidding
Right out of his arms, perhaps to
another;
The ache of those tidbits were easy to
smother.*

*But here is a boy of whom I would gladly
Present my whole heart, but kindly note sadly,
A new heart can grow where a full one was taken
But the patchwork's so widespread that hope's near
forsaken.*

Roland Young's book of his verse and caricatures, "Not For Children," is well known. The following are taken from it:—

THE COQUETTISH WHALES

*The he-male whale woos the she-male whale
By leaping from the sea,
Says the she-male whale to the he-male whale
"I bet you can't catch me!"
Says the he-male whale to the she-male whale,
While surging through the water,
"Oh, doctor, tell me, will it be—
"A little son or daughter"*

Another of Young's verse is entitled "The Goat," and goes like this:—

*The Billy goat's a handsome gent,
But has a most far-reaching scent,
The Nanny goat is quite a belle,
Let's hope she has no sense of smell.*

David Manner's father was a book publisher in New York for years, and David worked in book stores during school vacations, so it is not surprising to hear that he does a little writing now and then himself. Here is a poem of his, untitled:—

*The perfume in my garden is sweet; the shadows
reach out
And the hills are rich with colour.
The image of your face is in the clear pool,
Star framed, and I am weary of waiting.
Suddenly the night fog is upon me;
I pace the wet grass, counting seconds.
If you come now, I cannot run to you nor cry out;
The fever is sapped by silence and broken.
Oh, dearest, I have waited too long for you.
And the peace in my garden is holy!
Come not now where the scent of jasmine is a
sharp sword,
Where the dawn wind moans in the cyprus and
tears fall.*

*But if you should come, leave softly,
dearest. Say no word!*

Love is sleeping in my garden.

James and Lucile Gleason don't use their typewriters solely for tapping out plays and scenarios. Now and then they try verse. Here are two,

The verse of Roland Young (in circle) is famous. Below: James and Lucile Gleason both try their hands at poetry.



David Manner writes of "love sleeping in my garden."



THERE is a wealth of talent among the film stars. Most of them are gifted in other branches of art. Here our contributor introduces you to the Tennysons of the talkie studios and their works.



Louise Fazenda finds verse-making soothing to the nerves.

I want of life those things that last.
And hope and long with prayers
and tears
For things to bless the coming years.
A string of jade—a gown of blue—
A motor-car—a lover true
And pearls and furs and hats and
frocks

And yachts tied up at private docks.
James Gleason called his latest poem "My Kingdom," and put it all in seven lines:—

There are men and men
And women and women
And girls and boys, of course ;
And dogs and cats,
And mice and rats,
But, BOY !
Give me a HORSE ! !

Louise Fazenda sits down and scratches out verse in pencil when she is nervous and cannot sleep. She has been doing ditties ever since she was a star English class student at the old Los Angeles high school. Here is a recent one:—
For I have sold my bleeding heart for laughter—

My grief-wrung hands have pantomimed a clown,
Traded my bitter tears for smiles, and after
I took my Calvary'd soul and flung it down.
Down as a fool and watched its gay caroling—

Macabre-dancer, begging for applause,
Give just a little and I'll go a-sorting
Graves—for all your apple sauce.

Lilian Bond has been writing down her thoughts in verse since she was a schoolgirl in London. The following was written in a pink and blue-paged note-book, and has been preserved by her mother, since Lilian usually tears up the pages as soon as they are written.

MIGHT-HAVE-BEEN

For me there is a Might-have-been,
For me there is a Space unseen,

Except the vision of my mind,
Where I often look and always find
There might have been, if things were not
As things are now, a different plot.
There might have been another place,
There might have been another face,
Together in some other land
We might have wandered hand in hand,
Forgetful of the outside world,
Wondering at our thoughts unfurled
For each other's eye to see
Within the garden made by our unity.
There might have been—Oh ! do repent
Those minutes in Might-have-been spent,
Just ramblings of the Discontented One
Longing for something not yet done,
Oh, not yet done, to me it seems
A better thing, than Might-have-beens.

A recent one of Lilian Bond's is called simply "I":—

I cannot complain, the world is kind
To me, who though not blind
Cannot even see the glorious sun
Or hear the birds upon the bough—
I see another race—unseen,
I hear another song, unsung,
I write a poem—incomplete,
I see a poet down the street ;
I must do this—this thing to-day,
I don't, I won't—I'm in the way,
I should destroy this restless me,
I hate it so, yet let it be.
I know I must forget me soon,
I'll catch the moonbeams of a moon,
I had forgotten almost when
I grew up observing men—
I do not blame a single soul,
I know I lightly chose the rôle,
I enjoyed, for a time, at least
My little I, my little beast.

Lilian Bond
started writing
when she was a
schoolgirl in
London.

one from each of the popular film couple:

A MAIDEN'S PRAYER

By Lucile Webster Gleason

When I was young and life was new,
I asked of Fate a thing or two.
And opened wide my arms and hands
To grasp the things that youth demands.
A string of jade—a gown of blue—
A motor-car—a lover true
And pearls and furs and hats and frocks
And yachts tied up at private docks.
But now the years are running fast,

"Look at your fingers"

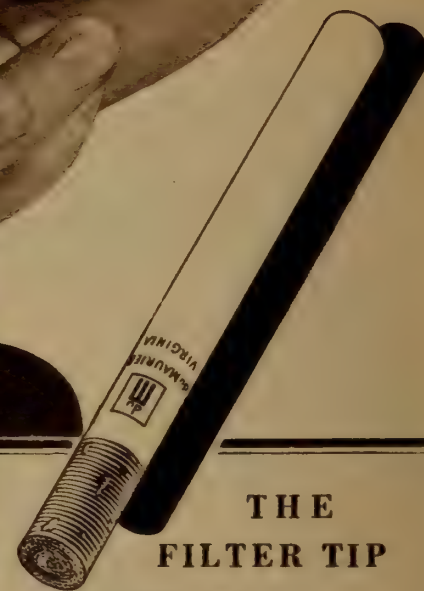


and think of your throat

Tobacco tar! The cause of the stain and the cause of the cough. Discolouration and irritation both result from this semi-solid substance. *And it forms whenever tobacco leaf is burned . . .* The filter tip of a du Maurier traps tobacco tar — traps the cause of the dryness, hoarseness and catarrh — reveals the flavour of rare Virginia unblemished and complete. A smoke that is smoother for being purer. Cooler and better for being clean. You taste a pleasure unimpaired. *Enjoyment kept entire!*

du MAURIER

CIGARETTES with the exclusive filter tip

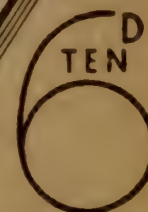


THE FILTER TIP

— exclusive to
du Maurier Cigarettes

It is not nicotine that stains your fingers. It is not nicotine that makes you cough. Nicotine is colourless, volatile and smooth.

Tobacco tar is the offender — hot, dark brown, acrid and irritant. The filter tip is so constructed that it traps this acrid substance. All the pleasure and charm of smoking it freely allows to pass. Yet the only part of the cigarette replaced by the filter tip, is the end you never smoke but throw away.



Phil Lonergan Sends It Hot From Hollywood

HE KNEW GARBO WHEN

Brisson Once Gave Greta a Job—Ramon Novarro's Holiday—Bette Davis' Pluck—Renee Gadd Arrives—Mae West Goes Rural—"Tarzan" and His Mate to be Teamed.

GARBO is not such a deep mystery now that Carl Brisson is in town, for the Danish actor was acquainted with Greta in the good old days long before she made her debut in the films.

While chatting with Carl the other day, he told me how he engaged the Swedish actress as a supernumary thirteen or fourteen years ago when he was stage manager of a theatre in Stockholm. Years later Garbo met him and expressed her appreciation. The supernumary role, she felt, started her on the road to fame.

The dynamic Brisson is a friendly soul. He tells me he enjoys giving his autograph to the fans who besiege him when he appears in public. He has written "Carl Brisson" on books, newspapers, letters, shoes, and everything else where a signature can be placed except upon blank cheques.

Wearying of Fame

Ramon Novarro is departing soon for a tour of South America, which will take him away from Hollywood for nearly a year.

I hear that Ramon is tired of motion pictures, and it is no secret that he prefers concert appearances. He is not money-mad and, as he is well blessed with the world's goods, he craves a life of quiet.

But film stars always come back! Like Garbo, Novarro will miss Hollywood and will soon be counting the days when he is once more working before the camera.

Honouring McLaglen

I recently attended a review of the Canadian Light Horse, at which Victor McLaglen was elected colonel of this military organisation.

The affair was held in the Hollywood hills, and this mounted group, composed of veterans of the World War, presented a most impressive appearance.

McLaglen, in accepting the appointment, made a "Hands Across the Seas" address, declaring that the British and Americans were cousins and that British-born men who lived in the United States should like the country or leave it! He stated that he would devote time and money in an effort to bring the troop up to a high state of efficiency. As he served as an officer in Mesopotamia during the World War, he should be the right man for the post.

Incidentally, some of the Canadian ex-Service men who have been out of work during the depression have been given employment on the McLaglen estate.

A Plucky Lady

Bette Davis is suffering from a cold, complicated by a high fever, but is pluckily continuing with her scenes in *Of Human Bondage*, in which she plays opposite Leslie Howard.

The director held rehearsals in Bette's dressing-room, giving her an opportunity to recline in comfort on a couch. The filming of the picture is going on, but many of the scenes which are being taken are those in which the young actress does not appear.

She is called upon to work in as few scenes as possible, so that when she is fully recovered she can do full justice to the dramatic moments of the story.

The Wrong Actress

Katharine Sergava, who looks like Garbo and would have been her successor at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio if the Swedish star had

not returned to Hollywood, recently had an interesting experience.

Miss Sergava made a trip from New York to Hollywood by air, and all the passengers in the 'plane thought she was Greta, particularly as she kept to herself and did not fraternize with the other people.

When the 'plane arrived at the air terminal, her real identity was discovered, much to the disappointment of an enterprising journalist, who had made the trip for the sole purpose of getting a story from "Garbo"!

An English Newcomer

Every month more young English actresses are brought to Hollywood. The latest English player to join the film colony is Renee Gadd, who has been appearing in New York in a musical comedy called *Be My Love*.

Universal has signed Miss Gadd, who will be featured with Genevieve Tobin and Edward Everett Horton in *Uncertain Lady*. Miss Gadd is well known in British films and on the West End stage.

Truly Rural

Mae West, a typical city lady, yearns for the quiet of the country. She has purchased a six-acre ranch near Van Nuys, where she can have cows, chickens, and rural atmosphere.

The glamorous actress tells me that she is tired of city noises and finds sylvan quiet very stimulating. She can motor from the ranch to the Paramount studio in less than half an hour.

Gary Cooper and his bride, Sandra Shaw, live near Mae's new home.

Lucky Ida

Ida Lupino is sailing along serenely in Hollywood and stardom is now in sight for her. This young English actress is attracting the attention not only of the film colony, but of American fans, who did not know of her existence a few months ago.

I saw Ida in *Come On, Marines* at a preview at the Paramount studio. She plays opposite Richard Arlen and gives a very virile performance.

Arlen is excellent as a young marine sergeant, while the always popular Monte Blue gives a fine performance as Arlen's lieutenant. Roscoe Karns, as a marine private, contributes some excellent comedy and also quite a little drama.

After a few more pictures, during which time Ida will become a household word in the United States, this beautiful girl will be made a star.

Back to Nature

Johnny Weissmuller and his tumultuous bride, Lupe Velez, may play opposite each other for the first time, if the plans of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio do not go awry.

The studio has a story, *Turea*, written by the late F. W. Murnau, laid in the South Seas. It is believed that the leading native role will be ideal for Johnny, while there is another part suited for Lupe. A trip to the South Seas is contemplated.

Misfortune's Son

Reginald Denny is beginning to believe that fate has it in for him—after going through two narrow escapes within a week's time.

The latest whim of fate brushed him narrowly during the heavy thunder and lightning storm several weeks ago. He drove out to a friend's house, and had been there only a few minutes



A new picture of Bette Davis, who, in spite of a bad feverish cold is carrying on with her work on her new film "Of Human Bondage"

when lightning struck the car and set it afire. A few nights previous, while Denny was visiting his ranch, the wind blew the cellar door shut, imprisoning him until the following morning.

A Matrimonial Precaution

Pat Paterson, the young English actress, who recently married Charles Boyer, the French star, does not intend to endure marital unhappiness.

So Pat refused to occupy a certain dressing-room on the Fox lot, formerly used by Marian Nixon, Boots Mallory, Sally Eilers, and Miriam Jordan, who separated from their mates while tenants of the bungalow.

A Faithful Pet

Rooney, a mongrel dog who was Douglas Fairbanks' pet for ten years, is dead.

The animal was buried on the grounds of Pickfair, close to the grave of Mary's wire-haired terrier, Zorro.

Doug, as we know, is in England, while Mary is making a personal appearance tour of eastern American cities.

Hollywood Says That—

—Ann Harding is a licensed pilot.

—Adolphe Menjou, considered the best-dressed man on the screen, receives many letters asking for old clothes.

—Ann Southern, whose real name is Harriet Lake, has a famous ancestor, Simon Lake, inventor of the submarine.

—Dolores Del Rio is taking singing lessons.

Pre-Views of the Latest Films

Let our Film Critics
who really see the
Pictures Guide You

AND NOW—ANNA STEN

AFTER two years "grooming" in Hollywood, Anna Sten, who made a sensational appearance with Emil Jannings in that great German gangster film *The Tempest*, is presented to us by Sam Goldwyn in *Lady of the Boulevards*.

The effect of the "grooming" has been to give us a stereotyped Hollywood product which I must confess is a bitter disappointment.

Fraülein Sten appears to have lost her naturalness and her acting has a touch of the mechanical and artificial about it as though she had been over directed by Dorothy Arzner.

As she is to-day, she has a family resemblance to Constance Bennett with a touch of Marlene Dietrich—they have even made her put over a song of a similar nature to the one the latter actress performed so significantly in *The Blue Angel*.

No one will deny that she has good looks in plenty and that her inherent ability is still there, but it definitely has not been brought to function in this out-moded and slowly developed picture which is based on Emile Zola's—at the time—daring novel, *Nana*.

A brief outline of the plot will give you an idea of the sort of material with which Anna Sten has to cope; and I may add that the dialogue which is unusually trite does little to help her.

Nana, brought up in poverty, determines on her mother's death to become prosperous whatever the methods she uses.

So she goes to Paris where as a demi-mondaine she catches the eye of Gaston Greiner, a theatrical impresario. He makes a star of her—they must have been easily pleased in the Paris of the 'sixties—and incidentally, although an old man falls in love with her.

She vamps a Grand Duke and then falls in love with the usual handsome lieutenant, George Muffat.

His brother, Colonel Muffat, highly indignant, not only gets George sent to Algiers but also gets *Nana* dismissed by the jealous Greiner. *Nana*, heartbroken, sinks near the poverty line, hopeless because her letters have not been answered.

The reason for this is the good old timeworn one that her friends have been tearing hers up and not delivering George's.

While she is in this state of despair, Colonel Muffat, who has apparently been suffering from sexual repression for years, makes her his mistress and reinstates her in another theatre.

Nana is miserable and takes to drinking heavily. Then the Franco-Prussian War breaks out, George returns to find his own brother is keeping the woman he has loved. All difficulties are solved, however, by *Nana* conveniently committing suicide.

The trouble with the picture is that it leaves one cold. The sympathies are not fully aroused and the characters strike a distinctly artificial note.

On the other hand it is well set and obviously there is a great deal of interest in watching how the Russian actress shapes in her first American film.

As I have said, Anna Sten does not strike a very responsive note and is definitely mannerised.

As George Muffat, Philips Holmes is adequate but rather inclined to stilted heroics, while Lionel Atwill overdoes the dourness of the character of his brother the Colonel.

Richard Bennett gives a very good little character sketch as Greiner.

Mae Clark and Muriel Kirkland are too American to fit either into the atmosphere of the story or the locale, but they do provide a little welcome light relief which is badly needed in this picture.—L. C.

By-Pass To Happiness

There is an air of amateurishness about this British production which has a very ingenious plot developed in an irritatingly slow and disjointed manner.

It is so naïve that it fails to register conviction or hold the interest to any extent.

It appears to be intended as a sort of "Gaynor-Farrell" type of romance. An ex-officer in the Air Force and his mechanic open a garage where they believe a by-pass is going to be opened up.

The officer falls in love, at first glance, with a wealthy girl, who tries to help him monetarily by introducing him to a Mr. Miller with whom she is staying.

He offers to finance him on condition he leaves the girl severely alone; this, by the way, at his wife's injunction. What could a hero do but refuse such aid?

Misunderstandings follow until the officer receives a legacy in the shape of a vase from an old flower woman he has befriended and which turns out to be worth £4,000.

Most magnanimously he sells it to Mr. Miller for £2,000. The misunderstanding between himself and the girl are satisfactorily cleared up and the long expected by-pass is begun.

The love interest is very slight and the lovers fall in love quicker than any pair I have ever seen on the screen—so quickly does their romance progress that it is impossible to believe it at all.

The sentimental passages between the ex-officer and the old woman he has aided are artificial and the legacy of the vase provides a most mechanical and obvious solution to the difficulties.

Direction is straightforward but does not seem to allow the artistes to show to any great advantage.

Tamara Desni as the heroine is attractive but her dialogue is at times rather difficult to catch, while as the hero, Maurice Evans is adequate.

Mark Daly is fairly amusing as the Scottish mechanic and Kay Hammond gives one of her usual characterisations as a maid who is innocently the cause of a misunderstanding between the lovers.

The best acting, indeed the only really worth while performance so far as characterisation is concerned, is given by Eliot Makeham as the kindly Mr. Miller.

As the old flower woman, Nellie Bowman suggests she could be very good given better material.—L. C.

Love at Second Sight

Our readers are now well acquainted with our views on the importation of foreign artistes into our studios. Let us repeat again that we welcome any artiste, producer, director, or technical man who can be of assistance to the British Industry.

On the other hand we think it only fair to say that when artistes are imported from abroad they should be given parts worthy of their talents.

Which brings us to Marian Marsh and her new starring vehicle, *Love at Second Sight*. Miss Marsh has proved that she has ability, but this film fails to reveal why any competent British artiste could not have played the part.

The story tells of the

Claude Hulbert is so bashful with Anthony Bushell and Marian Marsh in "Love at Second Sight."

Cyril Gardner and Valerie Taylor, the stage star in a scene from "Designing Women," which will be reviewed next week.

Tamara Desni, Nellie Bowman and Maurice Evans in the romantic comedy "By-Pass to Happiness."





daughter of a match king who falls in love with a man in an adjoining train. In order to meet her again, his friend writes a song entitled *Love at First Sight*, and broadcasts it.

They meet but she now falls in love with the friend who wrote and sang the song.

Complications ensue and everything ends as everybody knew it would end.

Marian Marsh is adequate and she is assisted by Anthony Bushell, Ralph Ince, Joan Gardner, Claude Hulbert, Stanley Holloway (an all too brief appearance), Neil Kenyon and Vivian Reynolds.

A good cast, but the story is twenty years out of date.—M. B. Y.

The Night Club Queen

"Aunt Aggie's" is a notorious night club. It is run by Mrs. Brown and a man named Hale. Mrs. Brown needs the money to send her son Peter to Oxford and her husband—ex-barrister crippled in a railway smash—cannot earn sufficient by his writing.

Like most night clubs of a certain period "Aggie's" thrives because licensing laws are disregarded. A raid is imminent and Hal tries to double-cross Mrs. Brown. There is a row, Hale threatens with a revolver, a scuffle, and Hale drops dead.

Mrs. Brown is tried for murder. Actually this is how the story opens. Her ex-barrister husband is wheeled to the court in a chair to defend his wife. To prove her innocence he tells the story of their married life. This is seen in a flash back.

Although no definite verdict is given there is no doubt how it will end.

It is quite a workmanlike story competently acted. Mary Clare plays Mrs. Brown and Lewis Casson is good as the husband. Pleasant contributions come from Lewis Shaw as the son Peter and Jane Carr as the cabaret girl he loves. She has some good numbers and renders them well.

An excellent character study is provided by George Cane as Hale. Merle Tottenham (the maid in *Cavalcade*) is once more a comic maid. Must screen maids always be funny?—M. B. Y.

Palooka

It is always interesting to watch the progress of the independent producers. Mr. Edward Small, of Reliance Pictures, which has in the last year or so been advancing steadily in the direction of the big league, here turns in what is probably his most ambitious offering to date.

And while it lacks something of the final polish imparted in the more important offerings of the major studios, it may be said that he has done quite a workmanlike job of entertainment.

Palooka, moreover, possesses the distinction of being a boxing story that at least deviates a little from the well-beaten path of Hollywood ring epics. Its hero, Joe Palooka, so far from performing any im-

possibly prodigious pugilistic feats, appears to be "punch drunk" from birth and a very inferior performer with the gloves.

The story opens in an earlier generation when Joe's father, Pete Palooka, is champion of the world and his mother a Broadway actress. Success

goes to Pete's head, his wife leaves him and Joe is brought up on a farm. It is here that Knobby Walsh, a boxing manager, discovers him and takes him to New York.

Joe, a simple country bumpkin, is knocked out in his first fight as a result of his opponent having whispered something to him about his "wife and kids." However, he is soon sent into a fight for the world's championship as a "set up," and chiefly owing to the fact that the title-holder, Al McSwatt, enters the ring blind drunk Joe surprises everybody but himself by knocking out his opponent.

Thereafter Palooka develops the swollen head that appears to afflict all successful boxers on the screen. Fighters paid by his managers to lie down give him an impressive string of victories, he trains in night clubs and on manicures, while the girl back home on the farm is forgotten and he becomes the devoted slave of Nina, a worthless cabaret dancer.

It is all good if not always clean fun, boisterously put over and with a welter of wisecracks and gags.

What faults it possesses may be due to the fact that the hero is based on a well-known comic strip cartoon. Thus, with Jimmy Durante playing the manager, we have two principal characterisations that are caricatures rather than convincing studies, and there is little room left for subtlety.

Palooka, I understand, is American slang for a dud and though Stuart Erwin gives an excellent conception of the character as created in the script the film might have been a great deal more interesting if they had made him a little more human.

Durante has more opportunities than in any of his previous pictures and if you like the Schnozzle's act you will find the film eminently amusing.

Lupe Velez, daringly gowned, gives her usual devastating performance as the cabaret girl whose affections change hands with the middleweight championship, and it would be difficult to find fault with a supporting cast that includes Marjorie Rambeau, Robert Armstrong, Thelma Todd and Tom Dugan, one of my favourite bit players.

Palooka also serves to introduce to an expectant public, Bill Cagney, who in appearance, at any rate, is a chip off the old block, or, if you prefer it according to one of the film's best wisecracks, a slice off the old ham.

While he gives a fairly competent portrayal of McSwatt he is, as far as I am concerned, not likely to put brother Jim out of business.

The boxing detail is in the main quite good, although no satisfactory explanation is supplied to account for Palooka being given a world championship fight after only one professional bout in which he gave an inglorious showing.—M. D. P.

The Crucifix

In this very unpretentious little picture, G. B. Samuelson has given us a most human and touching character study dealing with the relations between a dictatorial mistress and a faithful maid.

It is a cameo taken from life staged in the simplest manner but brilliantly acted.

The mistress who dominates her servant, body and soul but, who, before she dies, makes some sort of restitution by leaving her her property, is played by Nancy Price.

She is an artiste whose abilities, if they had been fully exploited on the screen should have a reputation as big if not bigger than Marie Dressler.

The maid is acted by that sterling stage and screen artiste Sydney Fairbrother, who makes of it one of the most pathetic and moving characterisations I have seen; she is another English artiste whose capabilities have been almost entirely neglected by British producers. True she has had small character parts, but she has never been headlined in the manner that her artistry demands that she should be.

The pathos of this picture lies in the fact that for the forty-seven years the maid has slaved for the mistress she had never asserted herself and that is just what the old autocrat had wanted her to do.

At the very last, taunted beyond endurance, the maid speaks her mind and this so pleases her mistress that she promptly makes a will in her favour.

This is by no means a "super" production but it has more humanity and fine acting than many a one so labelled.—L. C.

Jane Carr and Lewis Shaw in "Night Club Queen."

John Boles, Victor Jory and Rosemary Ames in "I Believed in You," which will be fully reviewed next week.



WONDER BAR

A shot of the Wonder Bar during a cabaret act—a dance by Inez (Dolores del Río) and Harry (Ricardo Cortez). The director, Lloyd Bacon, has contrived some extraordinary spectacular effects.

Inez (Dolores del Río) has stabbed Harry (Ricardo Cortez) through jealousy. Al Wonder (Jolson) discovers it is a fatal wound.

The comedy element is provided by (left to right) Guy Kibbee, Fifi D'Orsay, Merna Kennedy, and Hugh Herbert.

ONE of the musicals of the year. Sets a supreme standard and heightens the drama, comedy, and romance. The production of the numbers is superb. Also signals the comeback of Al Jolson and Ricardo Cortez. Valentino part. prove to be on films of the



Inez and Harry in their Mexican dance. A good deal of reality is introduced into this number—more than the audience suspects.



An informal picture of some of the principals. (Left to right) Dick Powell, Ricardo Cortez, Dolores del Rio, Al Jolson and Robert Barrat.

Freely based on the film "Every Woman's Man" by permission of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Pictures Ltd., 19-21, Tower Street, Upper St. Martin's Lane, London W.C.2.

See "On the Screens Now" feature, page 26, for the full cast and Lionel Collier's criticism of this film.

"YES, 'sah, de dress she wore de night before was thrown on the floor and her travelling dress was gone from the closet. But I don't know where Miss Belle is. No, sir."

"I didn't ask you."

Having voiced his irritation, Willie Ryan, New York night-club proprietor, almost ceased to be aware of the brawny negress whom his henchmen, Pat, known as the Adopted Son, and Mike Hogan had ushered under protest into the office behind the bar.

Willie Ryan had a genius for visualising facts, scenes, that would have stood him in good stead had he been an artist.

Even at this, so far the biggest crisis in his life, his mind, pinning itself to the salient fact that Belle Mercer had left him, concentrated on the visual impression of the frock he had bought for her in Fifth Avenue, lying anyhow (Belle was terribly untidy) on the apartment floor. The rumpled satin, the tossed laces, brought a vivid memory of Belle, slender, willowy, provocative.

He had never realised how much he loved her till she had gone.

"D'you think anyone could have been with Miss Belle?" he inquired of the dusky serving maid. No hint in his even voice of the steps he meant to take if the answer was in the affirmative. For all his suavity—and none knew better than Willie Ryan how to suit his manner to evening-dress clothes—his methods could be primitive.

"Dere was a couple of beer bottles opened, but they hadn't been poured."

"Then get away and stay in the apartment until I call you," he ordered.

After all, why deny facts that were as good as proved? Why set Hogan and the Adopted Son on a chance trail to find Belle when her coloured maid talked of a gap in the wardrobe and a discarded dress? His memory for scenes and faces recalled in detail last night's happenings in the club.

Belle, uptown's most magnetic hostess, had arrived late. When she did turn up, he found her not talking to the right patrons, but to a young man who had deliberately beckoned her to his table.

How Ryan had at once detested his live face, fine carelessly-held torso and crinkled hair. How Belle had suggested the cut of a whip with her introduction, too casually delivered.

"Oh, Willie! I want you to meet Steve Morgan. I've been watching him knock out Ted Duveen in the snuggest little fight club you ever saw."

"Really, who's backing you, Mr. Morgan?"

"Friend of yours. Professor Bennett. He sure knows a good puncher when he sees one. Only natural he should spot me. Tell you,



THE STORY OF THE FILM by MARJORY WILLIAMS

Mr. Ryan, I'll be drawing thousands to the 'Garden' before I'm through."

Full of bombast, youth, and push. So Ryan had summed him up. Summed up, too, that Belle wasn't missing any of the glances Steve Morgan flashed at her above their Martinis.

"Guess I'm tired," Belle had said languidly, as though sensing Ryan's displeasure. "I had a bust-up getting here—did you know, Willie? Car overturned and Steve had to help me out. My hair's clogged with dust. I'm going right home now to have a shampoo."

Shortly after her exit, Steve Morgan had left.

At this point in his reminiscence Ryan pulled himself up in the office chair, cursing himself for not having realised then that the two would be sure to get together. A knock on the door caused his abrupt "Come in."

Ryan's visitor was smartly dressed and wore a carnation in his button-

hole. The cut of his pin-striped trousers and black coat, however, suggested the dude of a bygone day and accorded indifferently with his lined face and seedy moustache.

"Where's that fighter of yours, Professor Bennett?" Ryan demanded.

"Meaning Steve Morgan. That's what I've come to you about. Morgan's a coming fighter. I picked him out of a Forty-seventh Street speakeasy. He was polishing glasses. Last night he knocked out Ted Duveen easy as pi."

"If you think so much of him, you should know where he is."

"Look here, Ryan, I suggest you speak to Belle about him. It's always the same with me nowadays. No sooner do I get an up-and-coming youngster than some woman starts turning him to putty before—"

"Steve Morgan'll turn into Hamburger if I get hold of him."

"You can't blame the boy alto-

Belle fetched the Professor and together they went towards the ring to help Steve.

gether. How about your keeping Belle in her place?"

"I'll attend to that when the lady gets here," Ryan promised. "Oh—hullo, Belle!"

He mastered the lump in the throat, arising from the swift glad conviction that she was alive and apparently well; prettier than ever in grey wool travelling costume and soft fur collar.

"Where's Steve Morgan?" demanded Professor Bennett.

She smiled entrancingly, deliberately ignoring Ryan.

"Over in your office, Professor, waiting to see you."

"Get out before he loses himself again," sulkily advised Ryan. The Professor withdrew, nodding to Hogan and the Adopted Son, who faded tactfully from the office.

Left alone with Belle, Ryan could

think of nothing to say. Perched on the writing table, she interrupted his moody pacing of the Persian rugs with, "Is it hard for you to begin, Willie? Perhaps you'd like me to."

"What was the matter with you last night? Were you drunk? All that rubbish about going to have a shampoo. What racket did you go on? Answer!"

"No racket. Something marvellously beautiful happened Willie."

Whenever had he heard her use that tone of voice?

"Beautiful! What? With a guy like Steve!" Metaphorically he was kicking the boulder, black curls and all, round Times Square.

"I knew you wouldn't understand, Willie. It's the only thing that hurts."

"Understand! My girl running away from me. Going off like a tramp. What d'you expect me to do? Take you back?"

"No."

He stood at the writing table, his hands gripping her white throat, the tiger in him ready to spring. The touch of her fur, the perfume on her lips, drove him crazy.

"I'll have you both dropped out of sight," he muttered.

"What good would that do?"

"I'll give Steve Morgan a kerosene bath and light it myself."

"You won't."

"Who's going to stop me?"

"I—I married him this morning."

"Whatever for?"

"I love him."

She opened her smart handbag. Jewels and a housekey rained on to the desk. He recognised a sapphire and diamond bracelet, an uncut emerald set as a solitaire, the pearl stud earrings he had bought from a wholesaler on the East side—fine India pearls, too.

"That's everything, I think, Willie. Don't forget the key."

He pushed the heap aside and poured two drinks from the tantalus.

"Not for me, thanks."
 "You can keep them," he said shortly, his eyes on the gleaming pile.
 She raised her head and he was obliged to see the green clearness of her eyes.
 "No, Willie. Let's start fair. I know there are some clothes—those would come in handy."
 "As you like."

He avoided looking at her while she said "Good-bye." The door closed and opened. The Adopted Son stood on the threshold wearing a trilby. The bulge where his gun was concealed was obvious to the acute witness.

"Hey, where are you going?" Ryan demanded. With lowered voice he went on: "I'm not mad, and you can leave Miss Mercer's business alone till I am."

"Mrs. Morgan, boss," observed the Adopted Son, removing his hat.

"Mrs. Morgan," echoed Ryan, and stared at the jewels on the desk thoughtfully. "If the blighter Steve ever gives her an unhappy moment, Son, you can spill his guts over any alley you pick out."

An intensive study of the sporting columns of the daily and weekly press occupied much of Ryan's time during the ensuing months.

Philadelphia, Cleveland, St. Louis, Chicago, represented to the night-club proprietor not towns, but points from which young Morgan rose to further heights of ringside success.

"Steve Morgan's back in New York, billed at the Broadway Theatre in a variety boxing turn," the Adopted Son announced, coming into Ryan's office. "I just passed the pit entrance. What a queue of women! I guess he's the rage."

"Book me a stall for this afternoon's matinee, will you?"

With the idea of confirming rumours about Steve not deducible from the newspapers, Will Ryan took his seat in the second row.

The boxer's turn came fifth. It was, as Ryan had expected, a show to attract women. A female chorus in shorts and sports' ties performed evolutions at rope ends in mid-air in a fantastic gymnasium. As central figure, Steve Morgan, in immaculate white flannels, smiled irresistibly, the overhead lights shining on his crinkled hair.

Now a song from him while he delivered mock punches to the footlights; the chorus knees bent preparing for a straight right. Smile, Steve, and take your bow in the best music-hall manner. Now the scene was a cottage window with widely open shutters, displaying Steve in the room beyond, the chorus clustered about him; touching his shirt front, a very charming blonde.

Ryan, immobile in the stalls, watching every movement on the stage, felt a surge of contempt for Steve mingled with a throb of excitement. This play-acting with punches, smiling at girls as though he liked it; sure signs of impending ruin to his boxing career.

Ryan was nearing the stage door after the performance, his thoughts' cynical trend further developed at the sight of women jostling round the entrance, when a cab drew up. A woman got out and spoke to the driver—Belle, chic and willowy as ever.

She pushed through the crowd, Ryan glimpsing the tread of her unmistakably pretty feet, feet that he loved to hold and rub gently when she complained of aching arches.

The crowd closed in and he knew

she had got past the stage door-keeper. He waited so long that the feminine worshippers, disappointed at not seeing their idol, went away. Belle came out, the flush high on her cheeks, her eyes ultra bright, and re-entered the cab. Presently a peroxidized blonde appeared at the entrance steps. She, too, went away.

Will Ryan, speaking to no one, went home.

He was checking accounts next morning when the Adopted Son announced Mrs. Mercer Morgan.

"Belle, by all that's wonderful! Sit down."

He drew a chair facing the light, studying her as she sat crossing her slim ankles.

"When I said 'Good-bye,' Will, I promised always to think swell things about you. Could you do something swell for me now? Have you a job round here?"

He didn't answer, allowing himself to tilt back her chin.

"How are things at home? Pretty tough?"

"Remember the shampoo I told you I was going home to get—and didn't. Well, I had it last night."

"Tell me."

"I'll be frank. You know Steve's playing at the Broadway. I called for him yesterday after the matinee. He was pretty drunk. He nearly always is after he's come off the stage. Daren't take anything before. Reaction, I suppose. He asked me to get him some aspirin. Then I found out with whom he had been drinking—Lola Martin, one of the chorus."

"Peroxided?"

"How did you know? Steve's been carrying on for some time, and she isn't the first."

"I know. I've been hearing things. I knew you didn't have a chance. Guys like that get on top of a mountain and they can't breathe the air. They choke and get dizzy. Boys!"

Ryan pressed the buzzer. The face of the Adopted Son appeared in the office.

"Hogan there?"

"Yes, boss."
 "Take him and bring in Steve Morgan. Never mind where he is. Bring him along. Use the gloves yourself if necessary."

Steve, summoned from an hour's training, with Bugsie, his faithful second, while Professor Bennett looked on, came without difficulty.

Cocksure and carefree, he resented the efforts of the Adopted Son and the Irishman Hogan to push him into Ryan's office as if he were a sack of coals.

"Give me time," he implored, "or I may find it necessary to send you both to sleep. Can't you look after your henchmen, Ryan? Why, Belle—nice family party, isn't it?"

Ryan at the desk jerked an automatic out of the drawer.

"Listen, you filthy little rat! When Belle married you, I promised myself a treat if you ever caused her a minute's unhappiness. Guess I'm going to enjoy myself right now. You're one of the folk the world can do without."

"Will, put it away! You can't do that."

"He's got no use for you, Belle. I've got no use for him. Nor have you."

"You're right, honey," Steve parried. "What did you tell me last night? I was a sly, filthy little boy; not worth the bother of sweeping up."

He had struck the right note.
 (Continued on page 24.)



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EVERY WOMAN'S MAN—Continued

Morning sunlight that threw up the lines in Belle's face could also show the fine physique of the boxer. Coupled with his entirely new pose of humility, Steve could be a conqueror.

"He's not worth the trouble of your clearing up," Belle said, and her voice quavered in spite of herself. Looking at her, Ryan put away the automatic.

"I'm sorry," he said to Steve. "It's my temper. Forget it. I'll leave you and Belle to talk."

With a nod towards the door for the benefit of his two henchmen, he left. Not that he considered the subject closed. Circumstances demanded the planning of a more subtle revenge.

Following a talk with Professor Bennett, a meeting was arranged in the office of Jack Dempsey, professional fighter.

Will Ryan was flying high, planning nothing less than a fight between Steve Morgan and Primo Carnera, world's heavyweight champion.

The day on which the contract was signed stood out clearly in Will Ryan's photographic memory as the apex of an achievement which, on account of the enormous guarantee naturally demanded by Carnera, was considered by Hogan and the Adopted Son as masterly.

They knew, as who in boxing circles did not know, what the result of the fight would be; that it should take place at all was astounding to outsiders who, when they learned that Jack Dempsey had agreed to referee the contest, felt a confidence in getting their moneysworth, that ensured a steady sale of tickets.

Belle remained at Ryan's night club entertaining patrons in the newly decorated room with coloured sketches of Spanish pirates and rum-runners on the painted walls. Ryan avoided her.

After she was free, but not till then, would he return to the old intimate life. As information about the coming contest crowded out lesser news in the papers, Ryan began to calculate how soon, after Steve's boxing career had received its final smash, Belle would consent officially to break with him.

Preparations for the fight kept Ryan busy. As the promoter thereof, he came in for an amount of publicity far from displeasing. Journalists poured into his office, while at the end of innumerable wires Europe waited for news that fluttered New York from Hoboken to Brooklyn.

On the appointed night, Madison Square Garden was jammed. Twenty thousand people applauded Jack Dempsey as he climbed into the ring. Ryan, in evening dress, had a front seat below the ropes.

After months of keeping away from Belle, he was acutely conscious of her being next him. She was to him the most disturbing element there.

Absorbed though he was in the nearness of the fight, he was quick to notice the slight sneer with which Belle greeted Steve's appearance in the aisle. Beyond him Ryan picked out Professor Bennett. The professor had refused to manage Steve in the present contest, backing out almost at the eleventh hour, declaring that he wouldn't be party to a fight that was tantamount to homicide. Nevertheless, there he was among the crowd, cigar in mouth, gardenia in buttonhole, on his face a controlled calm.

The massive form of Carnera, world champion, climbed into the ring. Steve's corner was immediately opposite Belle. Ryan, watching her closely, thought he looked at her. The look was not favourably returned, and Steve's face resumed a sullenness unusual to him.

At the sound of the bell, Carnera was on his feet. Astonishing to the crowd, who had been expecting a knock-out, the round was indecisive.

Steve gave as good as he got, arriving eventually at a clinch from which Dempsey parted them. Ryan saw the cocksure look on Steve's face as he straddled in his corner and prayed for the second round to begin. His yearning was justified. The champion, who had evidently been sizing up his man, let go, delivering a smashing one to the point within the first few seconds.

Steve sagged at the knees and, as by a miracle, recovered. Furious, he waded into Carnera, reaping the reward of folly by the champion's well-placed right.

In the third round, Steve, who had been half-dazed, went down, face forward, on the canvas.

Confident that this was the end, Ryan ceased almost to listen to the referee's count and stared at Belle. Her face was drawn, pitiful in its horror. "Eight—nine—" came the voice of Dempsey, and the bell rang.

Bugsie, the little second, was nearly in tears as he stormed over Steve, holding him the funnel. Belle was on her feet. Ryan was never sure if Steve, raising himself up in what seemed the last stages of exhaustion, caught her eye. Anyway, she left her seat, crossed the aisle, and tapped the "professor" on the arm. He looked in need of pulling together. His collar and tie were adrift, the cigar gone from his mouth. Hair hung limply on his forehead.

Ryan, following in Belle's wake, tripping over a dozen feet, heard her say:—

"You've got to get over and help him. You can pull him through."

"Come on, Belle, you've had enough," Ryan pleaded. "Dempsey 'll stop the fight this round. Let me take you out."

No answer. Belle and the Professor were making for the ring. Above the bald head of a steel magnate, Ryan caught sight of Steve's face, temporarily cleansed of gore, and the sudden smile that transformed it as he saw Belle.

The gong sounded. Ryan gritted his teeth as Steve, obviously full of battle, got to his feet and managed to stay there. Five rounds went by and Steve was still standing. Belle and the Professor had won his day. To vociferous cheers, Dempsey announced a draw.

Late that evening Ryan, who had carried Belle fainting from the ringside, brought a visitor to her dressing-room.

"Here's your 'Good-bye' present, Belle. Slightly used up, but I guess you don't want any rebates." He smiled whimsically at Steve, whose face was disarmingly grave. "You look tired, youngster. Better go into a clinch and hang on."

He went out quickly, afraid to trust himself with a final tableau of Belle, one that never, by force or any other method, would he disturb; a man who knew when he was beaten.

She was in Steve's arms when the door closed.



Westward!

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Irene Bentley an attractive newcomer to the screen appears opposite Victor Jory in "Smoky"

UNDoubtedly Max Baer, the heavy-weight boxer, who makes his debut as an actor in *Everywoman's Man*, formerly titled *The Prizefighter and the Lady*—a much better nomenclature, to my mind—has great possibilities.

He does extremely well in this conventional boxing drama, which is lifted out of the rut by clever characterisation, excellent detail work, sound humour, and some of the best staged fights I have ever seen on the screen; the drawn one between Carnera and Max Baer will arouse most people to enthusiasm.

With regard to Mae West's film, *I'm No Angel*, I can only say that she will either appeal to you strongly or after a reel or two of her—she dominates the picture entirely—you will begin to get bored. I am sure, however, that it is worth while experimenting with your feelings in the matter; so go and see her sometime.

***EVERYWOMAN'S MAN

M.-G.-M. American. "A" certificate. Romantic drama with prize fighter interest. Runs 102 minutes. (For story freely based on the film by MARJORY WILLIAMS, see page 22.)

MAX BAER.....Steve MYRNA LOY.....Belle PRIMO CARNERA.....Carnera WALTER HUSTON.....Professor JACK DEMPSEY.....Promoter OTTO KRUGER.....Willie Ryan VINCE BARNETT.....Bugsie ROBERT MCWADE.....Sonny MURIEL EVANS.....Linda JEAN HOWARD.....Cabaret Girl Directed by W. S. VAN DYKE from a story by FRANCES MARION.

In spite of the fact that the old formula of boxing stories is used again here as a basis, it has been so well padded with detail and so capably handled and directed that it makes convincing and holding entertainment.

Moreover, the fights are some of the best I have ever seen staged, and the one at the end between Max Baer (the hero) and Carnera is especially thrilling; it is of interest too because a real fight may be arranged later between the pair.

Max Baer looks in fine fettle as a boxer, but equally he shapes exceedingly well as an actor, and I shall be surprised if he does not win considerable fame in the screen world even if he does not win championship honours.

His performance is a very natural

On the Screens Now by Lionel Collier

The PICTUREGOER'S quick reference index to films just released

***EVERYWOMAN'S MAN	*THE FORTUNATE FOOL
**I'M NO ANGEL	*POLICE CAR 17
**FOOTLIGHT PARADE	*KING FOR A NIGHT
c*SMOKY	c*THE FUGITIVE
*FOOTBALL COACH	

What the asterisks mean—**** An outstanding feature. *** Very good. ** Good. * Average entertainment. c Also suitable for children.

one, and he holds the sympathy; his lapses from the straight and narrow path of marital virtue are more like youthful escapades rather than vicious habits.

Myrna Loy, still continuing her steady progress to the forefront rank of actresses as distinct from "beauties," is delightfully frank and charming as the wife. She gives a well-balanced performance which avoids excess of sentimentality and over-emotionalism.

Otto Kruger shows to quiet advantage, too, as the political boss who has a sincere love for the girl who had been his mistress and who is taken from him by the successful fighter.

Another outstanding characterisation is given by Walter Huston as the boxer's manager; it is just another example of that fine actor's versatility.

The direction is exceedingly good, and comedy and drama are well blended. The continuity leads smoothly to the big fight climax which is excellently staged in Madison Square Gardens with notably good detail work in the auditorium to accentuate the thrill of the fight itself which, of course, ends in a draw.

All the minor characters are very well drawn, and the picture's technical qualities are outstanding.

**I'M NO ANGEL

Paramount. American. "A" certificate. Tough romantic comedy. Runs 65 minutes. MAE WEST.....Tira CARY GRANT.....Jack Clayton EDWARD ARNOLD.....Bill Barton RALF HAROLDE.....Slick

RUSSELL HOPTON.....Barker GERTRUDE MICHAEL.....Alicia Hatton KENT TAYLOR.....Kirk DOROTHY PETERSON.....Thelma GREGORY RATOFF.....Benny Pinkwitz GERTRUDE HOWARD.....Beulah WILLIAM DAVIDSON.....The Chump NIGEL DE BRULIER.....Rajah IRVING PICHEL.....Bob, the Attorney GEORGE BRUGGEMAN.....Odnes NAT PENDLETON.....Harry MORRIE COHEN.....Chaufeur WALTER WALKER.....Judge Directed by WESLEY RUGGLES from the original story by MAE WEST from an idea by LOWELL BRENTANO, screen play by HARLAN THOMPSON.

Mae West, exuding sex of the type which reminds one of the full-bosomed barmaids of the 'nineties, holds the centre of the stage right through this wise-cracking drama, and since one can have too much of a good thing, I found the picture much less entertaining than her previous film, *She Done Him Wrong*, where she was supported by excellent characterisation by other members of the cast.

Mae West is definitely a personality you either like or dislike, and it depends on the strength of your admiration for her just how much you are going to enjoy this production.

As Tira, a circus attraction, singer, dancer, and lion tamer, Mae West utters daring innuendoes with an air of innocence—which perhaps accounts for the Censor allowing some of them to pass—and has a love affair with a wealthy young man whose fiancée she freezes out with a few well-chosen vul-



Evalyn Knapp is the heroine of "Police Car 17" starring Tim McCoy.

garities, and then proceeds to fall in love with his equally wealthy friend who is endeavouring to break up the pair's relations.

Misunderstandings lead to a breach of promise case in which Mae vamps the judge and jury and finally agrees to settle out of court.

Enter true love—or so we are asked to believe, although Mae West hardly suggests that domestic wedded bliss is going to endure for long.

Mae West is definitely amusing, but not in such large doses as we get here. Cary Grant is fair as the lover who sees the gold beneath the dross of his charmer's exterior, while Gregory Ratoff shines in the small role of a Jewish lawyer.

Settings are good, and circus atmosphere realistic.

**FOOTLIGHT PARADE

Warner. American. "A" certificate. Spectacular musical show. Runs 101 minutes. JAMES CAGNEY.....Chester Kent JOAN BLONDELL.....Nan RUBY KEELER.....Bea DICK POWELL.....Scotty GUY KIDDER.....Gould DOROTHY TENNANT.....Mrs. Gould CLAIRE DODD.....Vivian HUGH HERBERT.....Bowers FRANK McHUGH.....Francis ARTHUR HOHL.....Frazer GORDON WESTCOTT.....Thompson RENEE WHITNEY.....Cynthia PHILIP FAVERSHAM.....Joe Grant JULIET WARE.....Miss Smythe HERMAN BING.....Fralick PAUL PORCASI.....Appolinaris WILLIAM GRANGER.....Doorman CHARLES WILSON.....The Cop Directed by LLOYD BACON. Numbers created and directed by BUSBY BERKELEY.

Conventional back-stage story, none too convincing and hardly strong enough to bear the weight of the spectacular ensembles which are the main point of attraction.

The opening becomes tedious with a lot of reduplication of dance rehearsals, but in the latter part the spectacular sequences are well worth looking at.

James Cagney does well as a high-pressure musical comedy producer who gives stage shows at a moment's notice which would actually have taken months of preparation.

He is inclined, however, to be a little unintelligible at times—at any rate to English ears.

Joan Blondell is well cast as Nan, his effective and equally hard-boiled secretary who gets him out of his troubles with his wife, a gold-digger, and a gentleman who steals his ideas and helps him to fame and fortune.

Some really good comedy is supplied by Frank McHugh, Guy (Continued on page 28)



The love interest in the musical "Footlight Parade" is in the capable hands of Ruby Keeler and Dick Powell



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PLAYER'S

ON THE SCREENS NOW — Continued

Kibbee, Hugh Herbert, and Dorothy Tennant, while the love interest, such as it is, is in the capable hands of Dick Powell and Ruby Keeler.

•SMOKY

Fox. American. "U" certificate. Dramatic biography of a horse. Runs 69 minutes.

VICTOR JORY.....Clint
IRENE BENTLEY.....Betty Jarvis
FRANK CAMPEAU.....Jeff Nicks
HANK MANN.....Buck
LE ROY MASON.....Lefty
LEONID SNEGOFF.....Junkman
WILL JAMES author of the book and narrator.
Directed by EUGENE FORDE.

There is a certain amount of novelty about this story of a horse which is thin in substance but well presented. It contains some excellent scenes of breaking-in wild horses, and the range settings are picturesque.

Smoky, a wild colt, is taken from a herd by Clint, a broncho buster, who breaks him with kindness. Later he is stolen by a half-breed, but escapes. He is eventually caught and his spirit broken in rodeos; he ends up by pulling a junk cart.

As his owner is about to send him to the slaughter-house he is recognised by Clint, who saves him and gives him the freedom of the open range.

The human element plays only a small part, but Victor Jory is good as Clint, and Irene Bentley an attractive heroine.

Where dialogue is not required a running commentary is supplied by Will James, who is the author of the book on which the picture is based.

Detail work is good, and the picture represents fair average entertainment of a refreshing nature.

•THE FORTUNATE FOOL

A.B.F.D. British. "A" certificate. Comedy drama. Runs 73 minutes.

HUGH WAKEFIELD.....Jim
JOAN WYNHAM.....Helen
JACK RAIN.....Gerald
ELIZABETH JENNS.....Mildred
ARTHUR CHESNEY.....Batty
SARA ALLGOOD.....Rose
BOBBIE COMBER.....Marlowe
MARY MAYFREN.....Mrs. Falconer
GRIFFITHS HUMPHREYS.....Police Sergeant
Directed by NORMAN WALKER from a story by DION TITHERAGE.

Simple tale of a quixotic novelist who goes to the Embankment for copy and finds romance.

Too much dialogue and slow development militate against wholly satisfactory entertainment in spite of some pleasing sentiment and a good human touch here and there.

As a matter of fact things are kept going chiefly by the efforts of Hugh Wakefield as an asinine author and philanthropist, and Arthur Chesney, as an incorrigible thief whom he picks up on the Embankment together with an attractive typist down on her luck.

Joan Wyndham plays this latter rôle quite well, and the supporting cast is sound.

•POLICE CAR 17

Columbia. American. "A" certificate. Melodrama of radio patrol. Runs 58 minutes.

TIM MCCOY.....Tim Conlon
EVALYN KNAPP.....Helen Regan
WALLIS CLARK.....Dan Regan
WARD BOND.....Bumps O'Neill
HAROLD HUBAR.....Johnny Davis
EDWIN MAXWELL....."Big Bill" Standish
CHARLEY WEST.....Harry
JACK LONG.....Ace Boyle
DE WITT JENNINGS.....Captain Hart
Directed by LAMBERT HILLYER.

An artless melodrama in which Tim McCoy once again breaks away from Westerns and puts up a lively performance as a radio patrolman who saves a police officer and a girl from a ruthless bandit.

Does he win the girl? I should say he does.

Action is well speeded up with hectic situations and not a few rousing knuckle fights, but otherwise the development is very obvious and the plot ingenuous.

•KING FOR A NIGHT

Universal. American. "A" certificate. Boxing-cum-murder drama. Runs 74 minutes.

CHESTER MORRIS.....Bud Gloves
HELEN TWELVETREES.....Lillian
ALICE WHITE.....Evelyn
JOHN MILJAN.....Douglas
GRANT MITCHELL.....Rev. Gloves
GEORGE E. STONE.....Hymie
GEORGE MEEKER.....John Gloves
MAXIE ROSENBLUM.....Himself
Directed by KURT NEUMANN from the story by WILLIAM ANTHONY MCGUIRE.

Highly melodramatic story in which a boxer, assuming the guilt of his girl who shoots a man with whom she has had an affair, is sent to the chair.

There is much too much mock heroism to make it convincing, and the dialogue is very reminiscent of transpontine drama.

Chester Morris does his best to draw a realistic character as the boxer, but Helen Twelvetrees strikes an artificial note as the heroine.

Alice White puts over her tough girl act effectively, and Grant Mitchell appropriates what acting honours there are as the boxer's father.

Boxing sequences are up to standard.

•THE FUGITIVE

Pathe. American. "U" certificate. Western drama. Runs 56 minutes.

REX BELL.....Joe Keyes
CECILIA PARKER.....Georgia Stevens
GEORGE HAYES.....Judge Childers
ROBERT KORTMAN.....Dutch Walton
TOM LONDON.....Foreman
GORDON DE MAINE.....Nicholson
PHIL DUNHAM.....Cook
THEODORE LORCH.....Parker
DICK DICKINSON.....Red
EARL DWIRE.....Spike
GEORGE NASH.....Smith
Directed by HARRY FRAZER.

Old-fashioned plot put over with plenty of punch and fisticuffs. Very ordinary production generally.

Rex Bell is adequate as a secret service agent who goes to gaol to try and discover the perpetrators of a mail robbery.

He is supported by Cecilia Parker in the small rôle of the heroine, and Robert Kortman as a crook from whom he gets information.

•FOOTBALL COACH

First National. American. "A" certificate. Football and college drama with musical interludes. Runs 76 minutes.

DICK POWELL.....Phil Sargent
ANN DVORAK.....Claire Gore
PAT O'BRIEN.....Coach Gore
ARTHUR BYRON.....Dr. Philip Sargent
LYLE TALBOT.....Buck Weaver
HUGH HERBERT.....Barnett
GUINN WILLIAMS.....Matthews
NAT PENDLETON.....Petrovski
PHILLIP FAVERSHAM.....Editor
CHARLES C. WILSON.....Hauser

Directed by WILLIAM WELLMAN.

American football story the intricacies of which mean little to a British audience. It resolves itself into a fight by college trustees and students to keep out of the hands of professionalism.

There is also a love interest introduced through the love of an unscrupulous coach's wife for her husband.

Pat O'Brien is good in the latter rôle and Ann Dvorak sympathetic and sincere as the wife.

Dick Powell and Lyle Talbot are quite effective as two young footballers.

Football sequences are pictorially well handled.

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Screw Action 3/-

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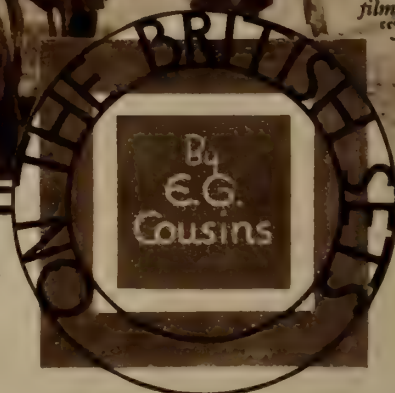


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Conrad Veidt as "Suss" on the hangman's cart is led to his execution in the snow-swept square of Stuttgart — a scene from the film version of "Jew Süss."



The MADHOUSE of MOVIES

Frenzied finance—Where Independents Score—Fine work on "Monster" Picture—Professor Seymour Hicks—New Directors

IN all this mad-house, this Heartbreak House, this House of Cards that we call film-production, there is hardly any feature madder than film economics.

If I go into a shop to buy a pair of socks, I don't expect to have to pay more for them because a job in the factory had to be found for the managing director's nephew—or because the wool-buyer and the designer of patterns couldn't agree, and the works stood idle while they argued it out—or because it took longer to knit the socks than someone (with no previous experience) originally estimated.

I would call the shopman crazy if he suggested such a thing; yet that is what happens when we buy a film—that is, when we pay to enter a kinema. Film-going is far more expensive than it ought to be, just for that very assortment of reasons . . . and a number of others no more creditable.

Too Much Money

The trouble is that, in the palmy years when everybody went to the pictures (especially in America) as a matter of course, producers had so much money to spend that they began to lose their sense of the value of money altogether.

If all the money applied to making films were spent reasonably, wisely, the spenders knowing the exact effects they wanted to secure and going about it in the most economical way, films could be

made for about two-thirds of what they cost to-day.

It is largely a matter of experience and organisation; and in these two essential items of equipment the much-despised "independent" companies are frequently the richest.

An independent company is one that has no studios of its own, no chain of theatres, no distributing organisation. It makes films—cheaply, as a rule, but that is certainly not to say *badly*—for sale to the larger companies. Its main problem is to make a £15,000 production look like a £25,000 one.

Nancy Whispers

Needless to say, with a budget like this, you can't stand by while the star takes a fortnight's holiday in the Dolomites; he would be leaving his unit in the Doldrums if he did. Any hitch, however trifling, assumes the proportions of a catastrophe . . . unless you happen to have that organisation I was talking about a few lines back.

Now here's a case in point, and, in my opinion, a deeply interesting one. If you don't agree with me, skip the next two paragraphs at least.

This week little Nancy O'Neill (notice my heart miss a beat then? funny) woke up one morning to find herself with no voice to speak of—just an odd little husky whisper, as much use to the microphone as a pair of pulse-warmers would be.

"Doctor, doctor," she cried pathetically, "what'll I do? My big scene in *The Secret of the Loch* comes on to-day."

"No big scene will you be after doing this day," said the doctor, forgetting that Loch Ness is in Scotland, not Ireland.

"It's a relaxed throat ye have, and I'll trouble ye to give it three days' holiday."

Well, wouldn't that jar a girl! She passed the sad tidings on to the studio, and with a hasty re-arrangement of the schedule they carried on with another short scene in which she didn't appear; and when that was finished, they got busy; and I mean busy.

Shrapnel

The producer, Bray Wyndham, the director, Milton Rosmer, the assistant director, Ben Soutten, and the art director, J. Elder Wills, went into what is technically known as a huddle, which lasted about half an hour.

Then they hurtled in four directions, like an explosion of shrapnel, and each fragment attended to his own business (which so seldom happens in a film studio as to be remarkable; there is nearly always at least one person who doesn't pull his weight).

They worked all night; and the consequence was that by nine o'clock next morning the cameras began to turn on one of the most elaborate sets in the film, which hadn't been in existence twelve hours before!

That's good work—perhaps even better than it sounds. For not only had a complete Scottish Court of Justice to be built, but the crowd in court—jury, clerks, reporters, onlookers—had to be cast and called, and in addition (most ticklish of all) a solicitor conversant with Scottish court procedure had to be found and engaged to stand by and watch for those errors which you are so

(Continued on page 32)

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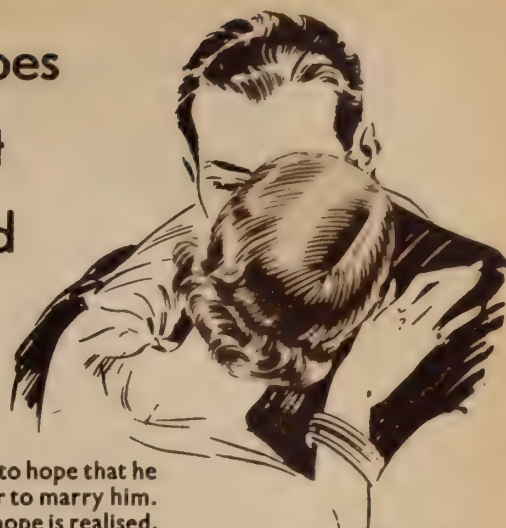
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ON THE BRITISH SETS—Cont.

fond of writing to your favourite film magazine about.

You're Telling Us

For instance, you, Mr. Rory M'Tavish of Ballachulish, would have been down on poor Bray Wyndham like a ton of peat if he had put twelve good men and true in the jury box instead of the customary seven; and just imagine the squeal that you, Miss Kirstie M'Pherson o' Tighnabruaich would have raised if the advocates had been put in wigs like barristers instead of just gowns like the solicitors they are. (She's a terror, is Kirstie.)

So that, boys and girls, is an achievement worth mentioning at some length, because it argues the possession of two highly important qualifications for the making of films—intelligence and energy.

By the way, I found several interesting people in this court scene—besides the principals, who include Seymour Hicks in a very clever make-up as the elderly professor who believes firmly in the existence of the monster.

Important People

For instance, the judge (or provost, or bailie—my Scotch is getting a little rusty) is one D. J. Williams, a clever character actor whom I last saw as a Corsican thief in *The Admiral's Secret*. Watch for him—he's one of those adaptable people who look as if they had never played or never could play any but their current role.

Then there's the foreman of the jury; he is Wallace Bosco, who, not so long ago, was playing an important character role in almost every film produced in British studios. He has been missing from the British screen.

As a matter of fact he has just returned from Latvia (you know Latvia, of course? Come, come!) where he has been playing in the Gaumont Ufa film *Forbidden Territory*.

And at the reporters' table there is a solitary sob-sister, played by the handsome Elizabeth Jenks; I have a shrewd idea that she is only there (in what can't possibly be more than a "bit") because she has just been placed on contract to Basil Dean, who has an interest in that studio; but she tells me she has an important part in *Java Head*, the next film to be made by A.T.P. at Ealing Green, in which Anna May Wong will star.

A Hotbed

New directors are bobbing up here and there, most of them not very impressive. Sound City has been a fertile breeding-ground for them lately (producing John Baxter, W. P. Lipscomb, John Paddy Carstairs, Anthony Kimmins, and Ivar Campbell).

Of these, Lipscomb has been an experienced man of films for years, being one of the best scenarists in British studios, so it was no matter for very great surprise when he turned out a good film in *Colonel Blood*. The other one of this bevy (or perhaps one should say huddle when it's a bunch of directors) to make a very good impression is John Baxter, who directed two very workmanlike pictures in *Doss House* and *Reunion*.

Lately he's moved on to Twickenham (they say there's nothing like travel for broadening the mind), where he is directing a film of music-hall life called *Say It With Song*.

Yes, you're quite right, Buddy, there was a film of music-publishing life called *Say It With Music*, and a film of Cockney life called *Say It With Flowers*; and you needn't be surprised if an engineering film is produced called *Say It With Spanners*, or an electioneering film called *Say It With Eggs*.

A slick idea like that for a title is too good to waste on just three or four films.

He Finds 'Em

The chief peculiarity of Baxter is that he conjures up film actors out of the empty air, as it were—stage veterans whom no one in the studios has ever heard of before.

The secret is that Baxter was once a variety agent, and knows practically everyone in the music-hall world; and when he conceives a charac-

Peggy Simpson, the Gaumont baby star, has her first big role opposite Jack Hulbert in "The Camels are Coming."



ter he has (from long practice) an immediate inspiration as to who will best fit the part; and then he gets hold of the player in question, even if he or she has never done a day's film work before.

I regard him and Bernard Vorhaus as the two most important directorial finds of the past year—not excepting a number of the Continental importations to our studios.

In this current opus he has George Carney (who did a very good job in *Night Club Queen* in these same studios lately); Helena Pickard, who in private life has just been made over from Mrs. Hardwicke to Lady Hardwicke, which must be pleasant; Ben Field; Mark Daly, Wally Patch, playing a commissionaire this time, and effectively concealed behind a luxuriant moustache; John Turnbull; and the same D. J. Williams I was talking about a few paragraphs back. He obviously also believes in travel.

The Whole Show

Debroy Somers and his band figure in the theatre sequences in this film. As far as I can remember, the last picture I saw them in was *Piccadilly*. But this time they are supported by a complete variety programme—Macari's Accordion Band, G. H. Elliott (the Chocolate Coloured Coon, in case you've forgotten), the Parkington Quintet (in case you haven't listened in lately), Chester's Dogs, the Sherman Fisher Girls, and others, including eighty operatic singers.

This is partly back-stage, partly front-stage (in case there is such an expression); and John Baxter is on such familiar ground—to him—that I have every hope of its being quite as good entertainment as his previous pictures.

Bearded Director

We have another new director—new to England, that is—at Teddington, in the person of Ralph Ince.

I was amazed when I saw him at work, because I thought Monty Banks was the only director who refrained from shaving during production of a film, and here was Ince with not only several days' growth of face-fungus, but also a pair of the grubbier white duck trousers I've seen for years and a shirt to match.

However, I remembered he was playing a part as well as directing this film—*No Escape*.

He's a pleasant guy, vastly more agreeable than the gangsters he's been playing in the last few years. He's portraying one of them now—and lobbed into a hot and dirty Malayan gaol in the process.

*Both said... "only the best
will please me"*

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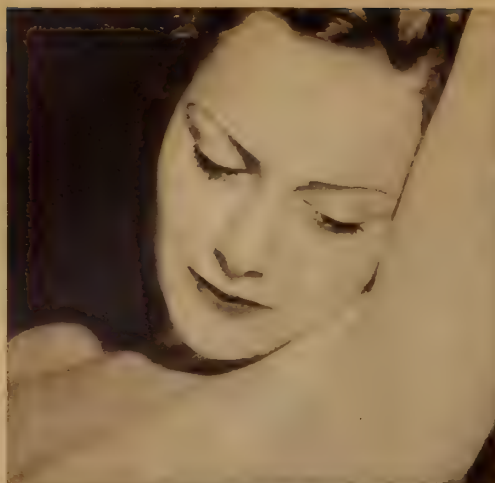
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What Do You Think? Letters from our Readers

ON THE WAR PATH

Feminine Fan's Bloodthirsty Programme

MAY I congratulate Malcolm D. Phillips on his very interesting series—'Open Letters.' He has been writing just the very things I have wanted to say for a long time.

"It only remains for him to request Joan Crawford to lose her make-up box; Jessie Matthews to drop her affectations; Charles Laughton to forget the *Scarlet Pimpernel* (or rather to remember his own waistline); and beg Jeanette MacDonald to return to the Theatre, or wherever it was she came from (I am sure no one would notice)—then I should be his staunch admirer for ever."—*Mary E. Grant, 21 Princes Street, Swindon, Wilts.*

[This appears to be a somewhat bloodthirsty programme. However, the open letter season is still on, and we will see what we can do.]

Lionel Collier is a first-rate critic. He has, however, one fault. He lacks a sense of humour. He seldom praises comedies—particularly British productions. He usually finds them dull and awards them—grudgingly, I bet—one star only, whereas I often find them uproariously funny, and would give them four stars. "I think you would be well advised to allow someone who is fresh and unsophisticated to review comedies in future. Someone who hasn't forgotten how to laugh."

"That would give Mr. Collier more time to devote to more serious stuff, which he criticises so admirably."—*J. L. Marsden, 63 Raymond Street, West Bowling, Bradford.*

[Lionel Collier says: I should like to thank our correspondent for his kind remarks. On the score of a sense of humour I remain unrepentant. I have no more forgotten how to laugh than I have to cry, but I must admit that some British comedies are inclined to affect my tear-ducts rather than my risible faculties. I think our correspondent is rather sweeping in his assertion that I rarely rate comedies highly; a glance through some past release lists should dispel that idea.]

Ten Minutes with the Stars

"Can we not see and hear our favourite film stars via the screen, yet entirely disunited from their appearances as players in specific pictures?"

"We all have our screen-star weaknesses, and both British and American movie magnates might do much worse than make a series of 'ten-minute talkies' embracing each individual star."

"Just a day in the life of a prominent player—from rising to repose—his or her home; family life; chief characteristics; pleasures and pastimes—concluding with a few cheery words from the subject of the picture to the assimilating audience."

"Apart from the fact that such 'shorts' would be an assured success, being bright and original, I think the top-line talkie stars owe some such 'personal' appearance to their public."—*Robert W. Lock, Clarence House, Clarence Road, Exmouth.*

["Screen Snapshots" and one or two other shorts present "intimate" private life peeps at the stars, but I pass your idea on to the powers that be.]

A Close-up Complaint

"I often wonder whether there are clauses in film contracts which lay down the number of 'close-ups' a star is to be given!"

"In *Double Harness*, for instance, a dramatic

highlight occurs when 'Valerie' blurts out that 'Fletcher' was tricked into marrying 'Joan.' Each of the characters in this particular scene is equally important, yet we are given alternate close-ups of Joan and Fletcher, the stars, with an occasional shot of Valerie."

"In *Henry VIII*, too, Charles Laughton is allowed to 'stand out' in scenes in which the other characters are equally important. I believe that this destroys much of the dramatic tension."—*Jane Talmadge, 476 Katherine Road, Forest Gate, E.7, who wins the first prize of £1 1s.*

[This is, I think, a justifiable complaint, although the "close-up" is not nearly so overworked to-day as it used to be.]

Mae West

"Mae West is definitely one of the most talked about stars to-day, but is she wise in making pictures portraying her as a one-character star?"

"Personally, I think Mae West is a fine actress who could play innumerable parts, whereas she is gaining the same reputation with which Jean Harlow once unwittingly found herself saddled."

"Jean has only recently managed to fight her way back to the limelight as a real all-round actress."—*S. Beveridge, 7 Maple Avenue, Haslingden, Rossendale, Lancs.*

[Personally, I doubt Mae West's ability to be a sensational success other than as a one-character star.]

How Refreshing, indeed

"How refreshing to see a film where: "Typists did not display lingerie to make real life typists' mouths water, and a lack of typing technique equally impossible."

"The detective does not advertise himself by looking and acting 'clever' all the time."

"No telephone is used—or, a wrong number sometimes given."

"The hero is not most shamefully misunderstood."

"Servants, policeman, and persons of the 'lower order' are permitted to speak ordinary everyday English, with all 'aitches' present, and in their proper place."

"The heroine's father is not wholly contemptuous of the hero for half the film, and speechless with admiration for the other half."

"Dialect is used with a smattering of correctness."

"I suppose it could be done?"—*Bernard Heath, 49 Hertford Road, Brighton, who wins the second prize of 10s. 6d.*

Sweet Sixteen

"I look with disgust upon the photos of the young film stars who are labelled 'starlets,' 'Wampas Baby Stars,' and many other names which mean they are young."

"Their ages are given as sixteen to eighteen, yet they look older than twenty."

"Ida Lupino is made to look at least twenty-five, yet she is only sixteen. Her clothes are too old for her, so are the parts she takes."

"Why can't they film a story about a girl of sixteen with a girl in it who looks sixteen and not a dressed-up doll?"—*E. Oruy (sixteen), 5, Hari Street, Carlisle.*

[I must agree with you to a certain extent, but perhaps it makes up for the actresses of forty-five who try to look sweet sixteen.]

YOUR VIEWS WANTED

What you think about the stars and films? Let us have your opinion, briefly.

£1 is. and 10s. 6d. will be paid for the two most interesting, and 5s. for every other letter published each week. Letters should be written on one side of the paper only and should not exceed 150 words. Address to "Thinker," The "Picturegoer Weekly," Long Acre, W.C.2.

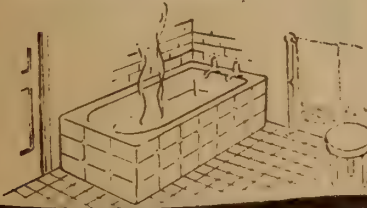


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Try one to-night! Crumble a Reudel Bath Cube in the water. Your bath becomes fragrant as a flower garden—luxuriously soft and supercharged with refreshing, beautifying oxygen. Soap and dirt are held in solution so that they cannot wash back into the pores. Rest awhile in its caressing embrace—you will find your skin is made delightfully soft . . . smooth as satin . . . and altogether lovely. Have a Reudel Bath every night. The frequent "beauty treatments" will work like magic!



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youthful firmness and freshness. Any woman of 40 or over can make herself look 10 to 15 years younger. Successful results are guaranteed with Tokalon Biocel Skinfood or money refunded.

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'A DIRECT CAUSE OF MUCH TUBERCULOSIS.' A well-known medical authority speaking at an important conference recently, said: "A great increase in tuberculosis amongst women, especially of the ages from twenty to twenty-five, is directly due to improper dieting with the object of slimming."

"PATIENTS—ESPECIALLY YOUNG WOMEN." And here is another warning by an equally highly placed doctor. "As a result of injudicious slimming, the consulting-rooms of many doctors, particularly in the West End, were visited by patients, especially women."

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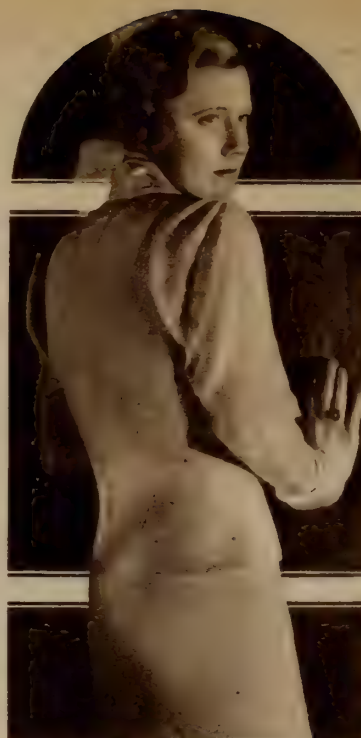
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Irene Dunne was born on December 21, 1904 at Louisville, Kentucky; 5 ft. 4 in. tall; fair hair; blue eyes; married Dr. F. D. Griffin; Pictures include: "Leathernecking," "Cimarron," "Bachelor Apartment," "Married in Haste," "The Great Lover," "The Melody of Life," "Back Street," "Thirteen Women," "Man and Wife," "The Ace," "The Silver Cord," "Ann Vickers," "Behold We Live," and "My Gal Sal." Address her c/o RKO-Radio Studios.

RENÉE L'ANNOUS (Sheffield).—Dennis King was born on November 2, 1897, at Coventry. 5 ft. 11 in. tall; brown hair; blue eyes; married Edith Wright. Films include *The Vagabond King*, Paramount on Parade and *Fra Diavolo*. Address him c/o Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios.

G. L. C. (Cardiff).—Ruby Keeler was born in U.S.A. and is the wife of Al Jolson. Write to her, c/o Warner Brothers Studios.

MYRTLE (South Ashford).—(1) Eric Linden played the role of the leading man "Bud" in *Big City Blues*. He was born in America twenty-three years ago. Write to him, c/o RKO-Radio Studios. (2) Joan Blondell will be twenty-five on August 30.

D. M. B. (Darlaston).—(1) The cast of *Sally in Our Alley* included: Sally—Gracie Fields; George—Mills—Ian Hunter; Sam Bilson—Ben Field; Alf Cope—Fred Groves; Florrie Small—Florence Desmond. (2) Kay Hammond is married to Ronald George Leon, and is the daughter of Sir Guy Standing, the actor. Her pictures include *Fascination*, *Out of the Blue*, *Carnival*, *A Night in Montmartre*, *Almost a Divorce*, *A Night Like This*, *The Third String*, *Nine Till Six*, *Sally Bishop*, *Yes Madam*, *Love and Let Love*, and *Britannia of Billingsgate*.

KARLOFF FAN (W.H.).—Write to Boris Karloff, c/o Universal Studios. The postage for a letter to America is 1½d. for the first ounce. His latest film is *The Last Patrol*.

J. H. (Plumtree).—Buster Crabbe was born in 1910 and is 6 ft. 1 in. tall. Write to him c/o Paramount Publix Studios.

J. C. (Bucks).—Address Cicely Courtneidge c/o Gaumont-British Studios.

INQUISITIVE (Co. Durham).—(1) Baby LeRoy's real name is Leroy Weinbrunner. He lives with his widowed mother. (2) Norma Shearer portrayed both the character of "Moonyeen Clarie" and that of "Kathleen" in *Smilin' Through*. Thank you for your good wishes.

PADY (Leeds).—(1) John Boles' birthday is October 27, 1900. Address him c/o Fox Studios. (2) Players move from one studio to another occasionally when their contracts expire, or if they are loaned to another company.

ETOILE.—Try your local music shop; they will be able to give you a list of records such as you require.

JACOB (Sutton-in-Craven).—Write to the following stars: Tom Brown, c/o Paramount Studios; Eric Linden and Pert Kelton c/o RKO-Radio Studios. Spencer Tracy, Warner Baxter, Janet Gaynor, and Lilian Harvey c/o Fox Studios. Ronald Colman and Loretta Young c/o United Artists Studios. Clark Gable, Ramon Novarro and Greta Garbo c/o Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios. Ruby Keeler and Dick Powell c/o Warner Brothers Studios. You can obtain pictures of your favourites from the

Let GEORGE Do It!

"George" and "Anne" are your enquiry departments. The former will be happy to answer any query regarding films, the latter anything connected with household or beauty hints. Write to them both c/o THE PICTUREGOER WEEKLY. When a reply by post is desired a stamped, addressed envelope must be enclosed.

Picture Post Card Salon, 85 Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

E. W. (New Plymouth).—(1) *Cancelled Debt* featured Rex Lease and Charlotte Stevens. Length, 5,500 ft. Released June 25, 1928. Argosy film. (2) *Don Mike* featured Fred Thompson. Length, 5,070 ft. Released July 12, 1928. Ideal film. (3) *Red Signal* featured Wallace McDonald. Length, 5,046 ft. Released October 24, 1927. Argosy film. (4) *Silent Avenger* featured William Duncan. Length, 15 episodes. Released May 9, 1921. (5) *Speedy Spurs* featured Buffalo Bill, junior. Length, 5 reels. Released February, 1928. Ideal film. (6) *Spurs and Saddles* featured Art Accord. Length, 4,867 ft. Released January 2, 1928. Universal film. (7) *Trooper 77* featured Herbert Rawlinson. Length 10 episodes. Released March 19, 1928. Universal film. (8) *Trumpin' Trouble* featured Buffalo Bill, junior. Length 5 reels. Released in 1927. Pathe film. (9) *Yours to Command* featured George O'Hard. Length, 4,800 ft. Released June, 1928. Ideal film.

X. Y. Z. GOVAN (Glasgow).—The film *Service* was made in America.

SCOTTY.—(1) Eric Linden is a native of America and is 23 this year. Pictures include: *Are These Our Children?* *The Crowd Roars*, *Young Bride*, *Venus*, *Roadhouse Murder*, *Big City Blues*, *The Silver Cord*, *The Flying Devils*, and *Bird of Prey*. (2) Dick Powell celebrates his birthday on November 14 and comes from Mountain View, U.S.A. Pictures include *Gold Diggers of 1933*, *42nd Street*, *Footlight Parade*, *College Coach*, *Sweethearts Forever*, and *Convention City*. (3) Address Eric Linden c/o RKO-Radio Studios and Dick Powell c/o Warner Brothers Studios.

Studio Addresses

BRITISH STUDIOS

Associated Sound Film Ind., Wembley Park, Middlesex.
Associated Radio Pictures, Ealing Green, London, W.5.
British and Dominion Imperial Studios, Boreham Wood, Elstree, Herts.
British International Studios, Boreham Wood, Elstree, Herts.
British Instructional Studios, Welwyn Garden City, Herts.
Gainsborough Studios, Poole Street, Islington, London, N.
Gaumont British Studios, Lime Grove, Shepherd's Bush, London, W.12.
Nettlefold Studios, Hurst Grove, Walton-on-Thames, Middlesex.
London Film Co., 22, Grosvenor Street, London, S.W.1.
Sound City Studio, Littleton Park, Shepperton, Middlesex.
Twickenham Studios, St. Margaret's, Twickenham, Middlesex.

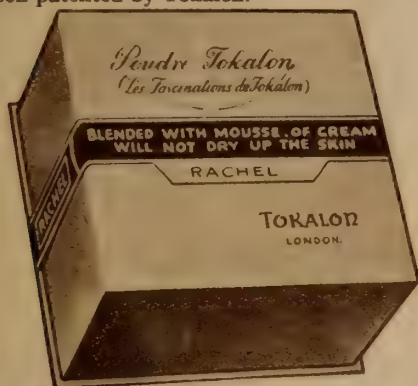
AMERICAN STUDIOS

Columbia Studios, 1438, Gower Street, Hollywood, California.
Educational Studios, Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood, California.
First National Studios, Burbank, California.
Fox Studios, Movietone City, Westwood, California.
Samuel Goldwyn Studio, 7210, Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood, California.
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, California.
Paramount Publix Studios, Hollywood, California.
Radio Studios, 780, Gower Street, Hollywood, California.
Hal Roach Studios, Culver City, California.
Mack Sennett Studios, Studio City, North Hollywood, California.
Warner Brothers Studio, Burbank, California.
United Artists Studios, 1041, North Formosa Avenue, Hollywood, California.
Universal Studios, Universal City, California.

Why I Use A "Non-absorbent" Face Powder

by a Bond Street
Beauty Specialist

Ordinary face powders only prevent ugly shine for a few minutes. Then the powder itself becomes shiny. This is because ordinary powders absorb the skin's natural moisture and form a glistening paste like wet flour. Chemists have devoted years of study to finding a non-absorbent face powder. They succeeded finally by blending with the powder a new ingredient called Mousse of Cream. This process has now been patented by Tokalon.



Poudre Tokalon, because it contains Mousse of Cream, cannot soak up the skin's moisture. Poudre Tokalon avoids all caking and patchiness. It gives an even smooth "dull finish"—just like the bloom on a fresh peach.

The Mousse of Cream in Poudre Tokalon prevents it from drying up the natural oils of the skin, causing it to become rough and dry—like ordinary powders do. Poudre Tokalon stays on five times as long as ordinary powders. It clings to the skin in all weathers and while dancing for hours in the hottest room. It is the one powder that prevents ugly skin shine all day long but itself never becomes shiny. 6d. and 1/- a box.



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These are the exact styles the film stars are wearing offered to you at special bargain prices. Send a post-card stating size, height of heel, and colour or shade of shoe required, and a set of SINGLE SAMPLES will be sent on free approval to your own home. If you do not wish to purchase, simply return shoes without obligation. You will be delighted when you see them. Write to-night.

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7 kinds of stains discolour teeth— Colgate's removes all seven.

From soup to sweets—from wine to coffee, everything you eat and drink leaves some kind of stain on your teeth. Yes, even the simplest foods. White bread, for example, can eventually cause a stain that dulls teeth. All told, seven kinds of stains discolour teeth.

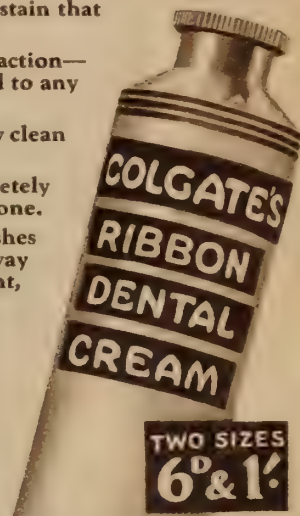
Most toothpastes—because they have only one cleansing action—fail to remove all these stains. For all stains will not yield to any one cleansing action.

So it may be that you're not getting your teeth as lustrously clean and sparkling as they can be.

Try Colgate's. All seven stains yield to Colgate's—completely yield—because Colgate's has TWO cleansing actions—not one.

An emulsive action loosens some of the stains and washes them away. A safe, gentle, polishing action polishes away the more stubborn stains, leaving your teeth bright, gleaming—beautifully clean.

MADE IN ENGLAND



THE 7 CAUSES OF STAINS THAT DISCOLOUR TEETH

1. Meats and other proteins.
2. Starchy foods.
3. Vegetables.
4. Sweets.
5. Fruits.
6. Beverages.
7. Tobacco smoke.

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Do not envy those with fascinating Eyebrows and Lashes. Permanently tint yours with CILOREAL, in a few minutes yours will look just as lovely. CILOREAL is guaranteed harmless and is not affected by Sun, Rain or Sea Bathing.

CILOREAL complete with Eye Palette and full instructions. 4/-

Post free of 10/- from High-class Chemists & Hairdressers.

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WEAR this BELT and keep SLIM

AVOID doubtful medicines, pills, etc., for reducing weight. Wear the Beasley Reducing-Belt-Supporter, and get slim quickly and safely. Slips over hips, instantly adjusting itself to your figure. No straps, lacing or fasteners. For

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this garment is made from strong woven Elastic webbing. Women's model has four suspenders. 9 ins. deep 4/11 11 ins. deep 5/11
Add 2/- for sizes 38 ins. to 44 ins. waist. Super Quality 8/11d. Fine Silk Elastic 14 ins. deep, 12/11d. O.S. 3/- extra. Postage on all models 3d. extra. B.L. exchanged or money refunded if not approved. Send P. O. to—

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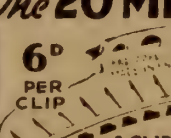
Surgical Belts supplied through Approved Societies. Fitting rooms at 26 Chancery Cross Road, London and 270 Deansgate, Manchester, open until 6 p.m. Sat.





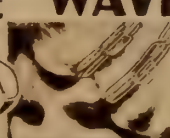
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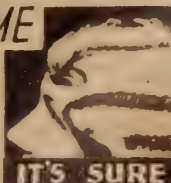
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2 CLIPS ON A CARD
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IT'S SURE!

These wonderful Clips will wave your hair quickly, or reset your perm. They are fitted with SPECIAL TEETH which gently grip the hair and automatically press it into the most natural-looking waves. 6d. per card of 2 clips from Hairdressers, Stores, Boot's, etc. In difficulty write to Jarrett, Rainsford & Loughton, Ltd., Birmingham.

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Bennett	Clark Gable	O'Rullivan
John Boles	Greta Garbo	Anita Page
El Brendel	Janet Gaynor	Norma Shearer
Carl Brisson	John Gielgud	Sylvia Sydney
Clive Brook	Ann Harding	Barbara
Jack Buchanan	Lillian Harvey	Katharine
Bruce Cabot	Katharine	Hepburn
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Name

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Cross P.O. (and Co.) and make payable to "THE PICTUREGOER".
Pic. 14 4/34.

Leave IT to ANNE

SEIZE your pen without further delay, pass that puzzling point on to me. I shall be delighted to help you, whether it is related to beauty or domesticity. Send along your query accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope if you desire a quick reply by post.

IT may seem unbelievable to the girls who weigh too much, that I have just as many letters from girls who weigh too little and are anxious to put on a few pounds and a few curves.

While present-day fashions are unmerciful to the woman who bulges in the wrong place, they are by no means flattering to her sister who is as thin as a lath. If only I could change the two about a bit, all would be well.

What can be done to acquire that extra weight? Mainly, it is a matter of diet and exercise. A diet that is fuller in flesh-forming foods is required, and the first of these things is milk. But please do not suddenly try to take a quart of milk a day or too much cream, or other rich foods. That will give you indigestion and probably a bilious attack. "Make haste slowly" is a proverb that applies very well in this case.

We make an entirely new start, by partially fasting for a day. This will clear your system of accumulated waste matter. Take plenty of water and as much fruit juice as you can. Then you can start the fattening diet.

Milk Comes First

Excellent food though it is, milk needs to be imbibed carefully, and slowly. Sip it, don't drink it as if it were water. If you can afford the extra cost have Grade A milk. Better still, have dried milk such as is sold for baby's food. This is absolutely pure and very rich in cream. In fact, if you can digest it I know of nothing more fattening. On the tin, you will find instructions

for the quantity of water to be added to make the dried milk the equivalent of fresh milk. If you find that proportion a little too rich, increase the amount of water.

This milk also has an advantage for girls who live in lodgings or in circumstances where it is difficult to obtain and keep their supplies. The dried milk keeps good for a long time in its airtight tin.

There may be some who dislike the flavour of milk. A few drops of vanilla added will disguise it and make it palatable. Of course milk is not restricted to beverages. It may be taken with puddings, sauces, and cream soups. However, it should not be drunk at the same meal as meat is eaten. It is better taken between meals.

Salads as well

It would be a mistake to omit salads and fruit from the dietary. Though not fattening, they are necessary to the general well being. You can add mayonnaise and oil to the salads. Your vegetables may be cooked in butter in a casserole, and cream can accompany the fruit.

Halibut, turbot, herrings, salmon and sardines are nourishing among the fish menus. Do not have the white fish boiled so that all the nutriment is thrown away with the water. It should be cooked in the oven with butter and milk. And the potatoes that accompany it should be mashed with butter and milk also.

Well cooked sponge puddings and steamed suet puddings are fattening too, and you can eat them to the envy of all your friends who are slimming. Egg yolk is pure fat so you may take as much as you can digest. You may also eat bacon, cheese, soup, and all the pulse foods, fat meat if it doesn't upset you, bananas, prunes, figs and dates.

Let your butter be as thick as your bread.

Rest and Exercise

Rest awhile after meals. This is imperative if you are too thin. Generally speaking the thin ones are those who rush around, and are inclined to worry and fidget about everything in general and nothing in particular. Forget a naughty world for at least half an hour after meals. Relax body and mind so that digestion may be helped. For if food is ill digested you cannot obtain the maximum nutriment from it.

Exercise and massage for excessive thinness demand a whole article to themselves and I propose to follow up the subject next week.

There is just one thing to remember. The regime outlined here must be followed for months if it is to show results. So many readers, whether



Skin protection with a powder base is the explanation for her lovely skin texture says Elizabeth Allan.

they are slimming or fattening, write after three weeks to say that they can see no improvement. Of course they cannot. It is after the passing of three months that you can begin to look for results.

Answers to Correspondents

EDNA M. (Leicester).—Thorough cleansing with a good soapy lather mixed with a little fine oatmeal in the palms of your hands, will help to get rid of the greasiness. Use Light Pompeian Bloom, Rachelle Powder and Medium Pompeian Lipstick.

WORRIED MAV.—Try massage with Olive oil. Apply with a gentle rotary movement.

CARRIE (Whitstable).—Massage your legs with a well soaped loofah, dry and rub with cold cream. Do this daily. Massage with a greaseless reducing cream will improve your calves and ankles. You must send a stamped envelope for the address from which the cream may be obtained.

JEANITA (Blackpool).—I am afraid chicken pox scars are permanent. They will tend to fade a little with time. All scars do. Afraid your suggested remedy would not help, the marks go deeper than the outer skin. To tan evenly, anoint your skin with sun tan oil before exposing it to the sun.

B. M. (Birmingham).—Always thoroughly cleanse the skin before massage. Use the pads of the finger tips, working with an upward, spiral movement. All facial massage should be in an upward and outward direction to counteract drooping muscles. Lines should be followed and not rubbed across.

A. A. (Tooting).—Half a teaspoonful of bicarbonate of soda in water is a good remedy for heartburn. But do not make a habit of it. Cure the condition by taking only light food and avoid greasy and indigestible dishes.

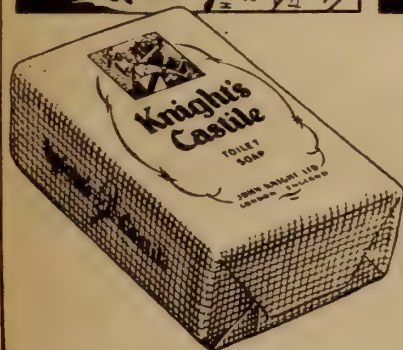
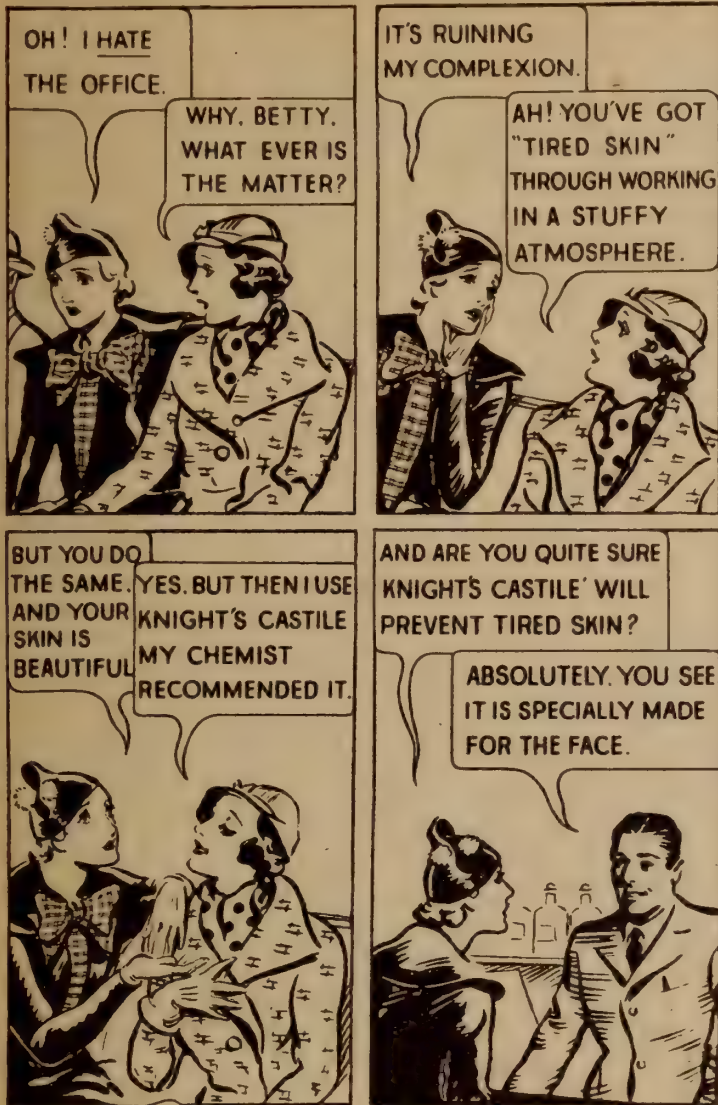
NEXT WEEK

A TREAT for all admirers of Gracie Fields—and who is not?—in the shape of a full photogravure supplement which gives you real insight to the star's work and personality, including the full story and details of her latest picture "Love, Life and Laughter." Place your order early to avoid disappointment.



Jessie Matthews wearing dainty undies made with Sparva material.

Specially made for Betty



Knight's Castile is specially made for you too. Its gently active lather will keep your skin young and fresh. Or if grimy trains and stuffy offices have already taken

toll of your looks it will help the overworked glands beneath your skin to restore youth and beauty to your complexion. The rich, heavy tablet only costs 4d. Indulge in this inexpensive luxury to-night.

Knight's Castile

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Katharine Hepburn with David Manners in Radio's "Bill of Divorcement."

Smooth, petal soft skin . . . fine textured and radiantly clear . . . with such a glorious possession any woman would be happily sure of her charm over men. So care for your skin with fragrant, non-greasy Snowfire Cream. Let it bring out hidden beauties . . . improve the texture . . . restore youthful clearness.

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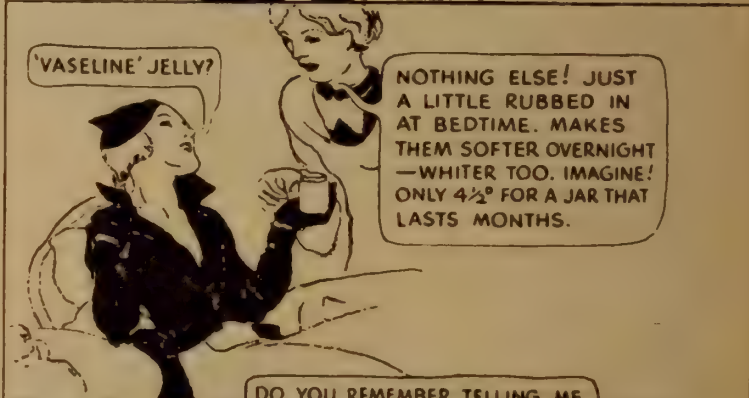
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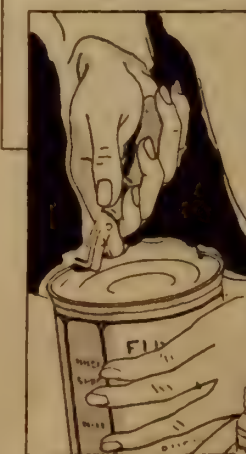
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STAY AWAY from HOLLYWOOD

DOOR to Extra Ranks Shut—Why Jean Harlow Rebelled—
Couldn't Save on £300 a Week—Big Money for Cameramen—
Constance Bennett in "The Green Hat"—"Hunchback of Notre
Dame" to be Revived—Irving Pichel for Chaney rôle.

THOSE of you who are contemplating going to Hollywood in the hope of breaking into film fame via the extra ranks—and, judging by my correspondence, there must be a great many earnest and optimistic young people, who think they will succeed—would be well advised to postpone the trip.

Have you ever seen a dream walking? Well, quite a lot of disappointed people have just seen that dream of emulating the Janet Gaynors and Clark Gables walk right out and lock the door behind it.

There has never been less chance of qualifying for electric lights and a marble swimming bath through crowd work than there is to-day.

Impossible to Register

With the signing of the N.R.A. motion picture "code" the "extra" ranks are absolutely closed to newcomers.

It is now impossible to register any new applications for work through the Central Casting Bureau and equally impossible to obtain work except through Central Casting.

There are some fifteen thousand names on file there at the present time—three times as many as the studios can ever use.

To protect all "extras," a rotation system has been put into effect, making favouritism or actual merit of no consideration. No longer can directors call for specific people.

They must take those available in rotation. The Code demands such procedure and even though you are a bosom pal of all the big shots in the business, they can do nothing for you if you weren't registered previous to the signing of the Code.

Jean Harlow's £500 a week

It now transpires that after her recent two months' revolt Jean Harlow is now receiving £500 a week.

Jean's case throws some interesting sidelights on stellar salaries.

Before the famous walk-out she used to get 1,500 dollars in her pay envelope on Friday nights. Ten per cent., she declares, had to go to her business agent. Another 175 dollars had to be spent on the salary of a secretary and the maintenance of her fan correspondence, while her general business expenses totalled an additional 80 dollars.

A large proportion had, moreover, to be put aside for taxes.

On the balance of 450 or so dollars a week she had to live in the style which the fans expect from their favourites.

And although her personal needs are simple, a

star's living expenses are so much greater that according to Jean's story at 1,500 dollars a week she was practically losing money.

Croesuses of the Camera

That screen stars are not the only highly paid workers in the studios is revealed by the fact that Jean's husband, Hal Rosson, earns up to £250 a week. Rosson, of course, is one of the studio's ace cameramen.

Lee Garmes, who photographed *Zoo in Budapest* and most of the other recent Jesse Lasky successes, is probably the highest paid of all the cameramen.

His contract calls for 1,100 dollars weekly.

If Joan Blondell ever drops out of pictures, her husband, George Barnes, should be able to keep the big, bad wolf from the door. He takes home a cheque for 750 dollars every seven days. So does Hal Moore and one or two others. There are several cameramen working in British studios who approach those earnings.

Thalberg's Big Plans

Irving Thalberg seems likely to be a big force again in film production within the next few months judging by the programme I had from the Culver City studio this week.

Following *Rip Tide* and *The Barretts of Wimpole Street*—both, of course, starring Norma Shearer—he is to produce *The Merry Widow*. After that he is scheduled to do Michael Arlen's *Green Hat* with Constance Bennett in the lead, and then in order:—

Biography, featuring Ann Harding; *Three Weeks*, which brings Gloria Swanson and Clark Gable together as a team.

Mutiny of the Bounty, with Gable, Wallace Beery and Robert Montgomery;
And *Tish*, for Marie Dressler.

"Hunchback" Revival

The *Green Hat*, of course, was done some years ago. It should provide a good rôle for Connie.

Revivals are booming again. One of the most interesting proposed is *The Hunchback of Notre Dame*, which Universal has on its production schedule for the 1934-35 season.

Irving Pichel is being mentioned as a candidate for the Lon Chaney rôle.

In the meanwhile, the latest news from the "horror" department at Universal City is somewhat alarming. As I told you here some time ago, it was decided to team Bela Lugosi and Boris Karloff in *The Black Cat*.

The experiment has proved so successful that they are now talking of creating an even bigger



Jean Harlow, who has been complaining of the difficulty of living on a film star's salary.
(See story on this page.)

and better "horror" team by adding Lionel Atwill to the duo in *The Suicide Club*.

Zeppo Retires, but . . .

I learn that there is a possibility that the Four Marx Brothers may not be four any more.

Zeppo has retired from the stage partnership of the quartette and has gone into the agency business. He has bought an interest in one of the best-known Hollywood firms.

Zeppo states, however, that he may continue to play in pictures—if he has time.

"Slim" Goes Dramatic—nearly

The tradition that movie comedians are doomed to exclusion from the better and nobler things of the screen art is illustrated once again by the news that M.-G.-M. has found it necessary to postpone its production of *The Thin Man* because of the casting department's inability to find an actor to play the title rôle.

For years Zasu Pitts has been denied the opportunity to demonstrate for us her very
(Continued on page 7)

PEARL ARGYLE

Expressing all the glamour of the East, this clever stage dancer appears in the role of "Marjanah," the slave girl in "Chu-Chin-Chow." Pearl Argyle has had an extensive career as a danseuse. Her first screen appearance was in "London After Dark," in which she played the lead. Born in Johannesburg she came to England at the age of one and was educated at Torquay. She studied ballet dancing under Mme. Rambert.



(Continued from page 5)

considerable ability as a dramatic actress. This time the victim is her team-mate, Slim Summerville, who as the only established player in Hollywood who physically answered the description in the book, was under consideration for the role.

Experience has taught the studios that the public rarely accepts comedians in heavier parts and because of the fear that instead of the "thin man" being a menace audiences might laugh at him and ruin the picture, "Slim" has been sent back to his comedy.

Intelligence Tests for Choruses

Film-land's latest great thought is intelligence tests for chorus girls.

How many marks do you think you would score in this examination paper set by Professor Lew Brown, the Fox producer, who requires candidates for his ensembles to answer the following nine questions before they are considered for a camera test:

- (1) In what year did the World War end?
- (2) What does "CWA" mean?
- (3) What is the capital of New York state?
- (4) Who is George Bernard Shaw?
- (5) Describe the Darwinian theory in one word.
- (6) Who is vice-president of the United States?
- (7) On what date does Decoration Day fall?
- (8) How many licence plates are required on an automobile in most states?
- (9) When it is noon in New York City, what time is it in Pacific Coast cities?

Of the 50 girls selected for *Stand Up and Cheer*, 19 gave correct replies to each question and 14 missed only one. None who missed more than three were accepted.

I should imagine that "G.B.S." himself, quite apart from other considerations, would more than probably be "ploughed" on most of those purely American questions. However, the idea has possibilities. I am now standing by to raise the Phillips hat to anyone who institutes intelligence tests for producers.

From Garbo to Durante

Going serenely from the sublime to the ridiculous in two consecutive pictures, is the experience of Pence and Dito, the two beautiful great Dane dogs, who must have captured many fans in *Queen Christina*.

They had just finished serving as bodyguards for Greta Garbo in that picture when they were called upon to form part of the retinue of Jimmy ("Schnozzle") Durante in Radio's *Strictly Dynamite*.

And are they mortified?

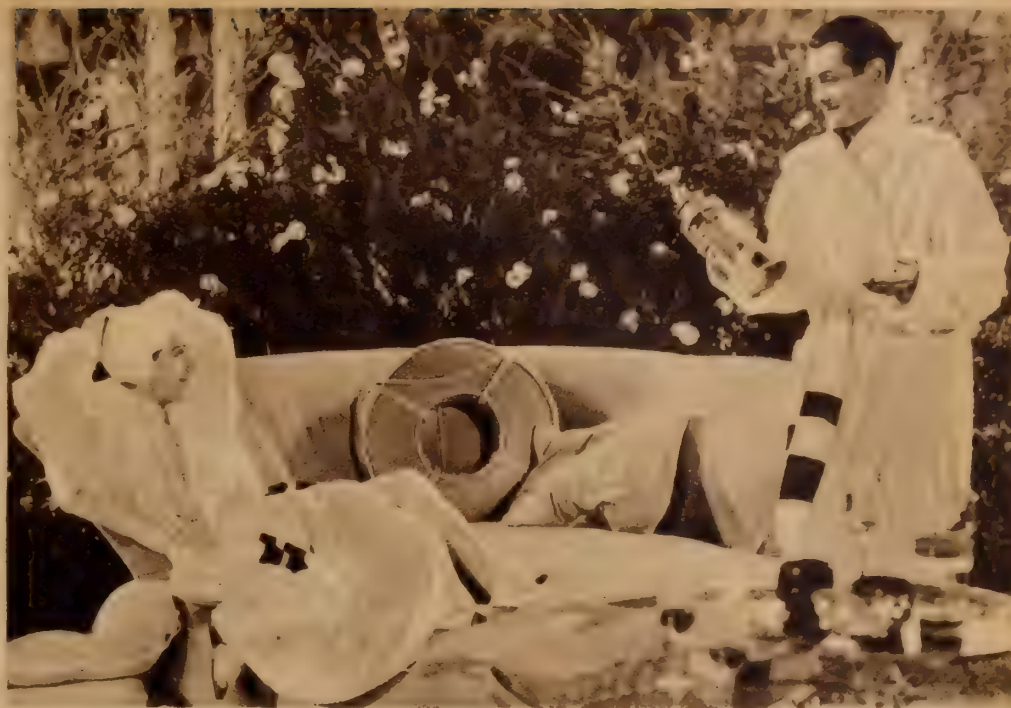
The Week's Best Wisecrack

The award for this week's best wisecrack goes to Ricardo Cortez, to whom someone suggested during the production of *Napoleon* that the movie ought to have a happy ending.

"They're giving it one," Cortez retorted. "They're letting Napoleon win the Battle of Waterloo."

Short Shots

It seems that *The Dark Tower* will introduce five newcomers to the screen, Margaret Dale, Harry Tyler, Barbara Blair, John Eldredge and Arthur Aylesworth—Charlotte ("Alice") Henry appears in George Arliss' new film *Head of the Family*—Victor Jory has been assigned the romantic lead in the Warner *Dubarry*—The Imperial Film Club is holding a tea-dance at Bush House Restaurant, at 3.30 this afternoon (April 21)—Paul Muni is so pleased with the success of *Hi, Nellie*, that he wants more humour and less blood and tears in his future roles—Jane Murfin, the well-known screen writer, has been appointed the first woman supervisor—Ian Keith, who stole the masculine honours from John Gilbert in *Queen Christina*, has been awarded the role of Octavian in *Cleopatra*—Within a fortnight of Francis Lederer playfully announcing that he always fell in love with his leading lady, the studio received 600 applications from feminine fans for the job—The Herbert Marshalls have been busy denying divorce rumours—Alice Faye looks like a winner to me



Norma Shearer, as she appears in her new film, the title of which has been changed back to "Rip Tide." The man is Robert Montgomery.

—Although Marlene Dietrich does a lot of moving she takes her own bedroom furniture along with her wherever she goes—nothing like your own bed, says Marlene.

Bringing Back the Ex-stars

Pandro Berman, the Radio chief, who has been visiting London, tells me that the studio is in *False Dreams, Farewell*, a current New York stage hit, to make the interesting experiment of casting a number of former stars in the principal parts.

The vehicle, which is a melodramatic story set on a ship, offers sixteen equally important roles which will be distributed among veteran players who have not had a chance to retain their popularity in talking pictures.

The idea is intriguing but I hope they will change that title. Under the circumstances it has an ominous ring.

Another Chance for former Favourites

There seems to be a determined move at the moment to bring back the old-timers.

While unknowns are fighting for recognition, Educational Studios announce a series of farce comedies which will bring back former great names of the screen.

Featured players are loath to appear in short comedies, as it affects their standing on the major lots.

But when they are definitely "typed" in casting offices they are often never considered for roles they might capably enact.

So E. H. Allen, of Educational, this week signed Betty Compson, Robert Warwick, Dorothy Sebastian and Don Alvarado for a light comedy called, for the moment, *Breakers Ahead*.

If the public accepts these people, others who have not found any too receptive ears in the casting offices of the major lots will be signed. Mr. Allen feels that the venture will not only bring the former figures to the eye of the producers, but will greatly raise the standards of the two-reel field.

A Bouquet for Madeleine

I have in the past, as you may recall, had occasion to criticise Madeleine Carroll's apparently superior attitude towards films, and it is consequently particularly gratifying to hear of the good work she has been doing as an ambassador for British pictures in the American movie capital.

Madeleine has made a host of new friends in Hollywood, not only for herself, but for the British industry.

"I am only sorry I delayed going to Hollywood for so long," she tells me. "No actor or actress in the world, however important, knows so much that Hollywood cannot teach him or her a great deal."

A "Murder Chair"

It occurred to me in a meditative moment the other day that there is a small fortune waiting to be picked up in films by anyone with a flair for mechanical gags.

Most of the big studios have "freak" departments which regularly turn out strange inventions for use in comedies.

One recent contraption was a "murder chair" for W. C. Field's new feature, *You're Telling Me*. It is a smooth-working affair that immediately "clubs" any person sitting on it. Fields uses it to discourage tired burglars!

The custard pies sometimes thrown in comedies are made in this department of a special preparation of glucose. A whistle valve that will make automobile tyres blow out at any desired moment is another ingenious device.

One attempted invention which failed was a collapsible opera hat that would open and close of its own accord. Had this been perfected, it would have been used in the recent Marx Brothers' film *Duck Soup*.

Kinema Couplets

This week's prize of half a guinea is awarded to David D. Jolly, 27, Queen Street, Forfar, for:—

**Behind the Make-up
Our Modern Maidens**

Prizes of half a crown each are awarded to N. P. Fay, 175, Blenheim Street, Hull, for:—

**Papa Loves Mama
But the Flesh is Weak**

Miss M. Dean, 8 Cleveland Road, Hawley, Staffs, for:—

**The Man I Killed
Should a Doctor Tell**

Buntly Joyce, 36 York Street, Falkirk, for:—
**No Marriage Ties
Lucky Devils**

Miss J. Cator, Garage Cottage, 309 Upper Richmond Road, Putney, for:—

**Meet My Sister
Hello Trouble**

There are no rules to this contest except that all attempts must be sent in on postcards, marked "Couplets," and addressed to me, c/o PICTUREGOER, 93 Long Acre, W.C.2. Envelopes will not be opened.

MALCOLM D. PHILLIPS



Thousands of fans are eagerly awaiting the chance to see "Betty" on the screen again.

CHANGES

I have SEEN

by Betty BALFOUR

ONE of the most popular stars of the silent days, who is making a "come-back" in "Evergreen," discusses the revolution she has witnessed in the screen world.

THE world of kinema-goers is familiar with the amazing change in the quality and standing of its pictures during the last ten years, but few of that vast number of people have any conception of the astounding difference between the modern studio, and the studios of silent days.

I do not wish to lay claim to the glories of a pioneer, nor to sneer at the work of modern screen artistes, which I greatly admire.

On the other hand, I am bound to say that the artist of to-day has a "push-over"—to use an appropriate American term—compared to the lot of most of us only a few years ago.

Perhaps the most remarkable technical change next to sound, is to be found in studio lighting which, naturally, has a considerable effect on the artistes.

In the days before this change came about, lighting was a terrible problem, and the players had to make themselves up almost like Red Indians in order that the camera could record their normal appearance.

The greatest care had to be taken in the selection of clothes, for many colours were quite unsuited to the camera, under existing lighting conditions.

It does not need much imagination to conceive the harassed state of an actress constantly forced to watch the colouring of her gowns.

Only after considerable experience, including some study of camera work and lighting, would she be really sure of what gowns she might wear without incurring the wrath of her directors.

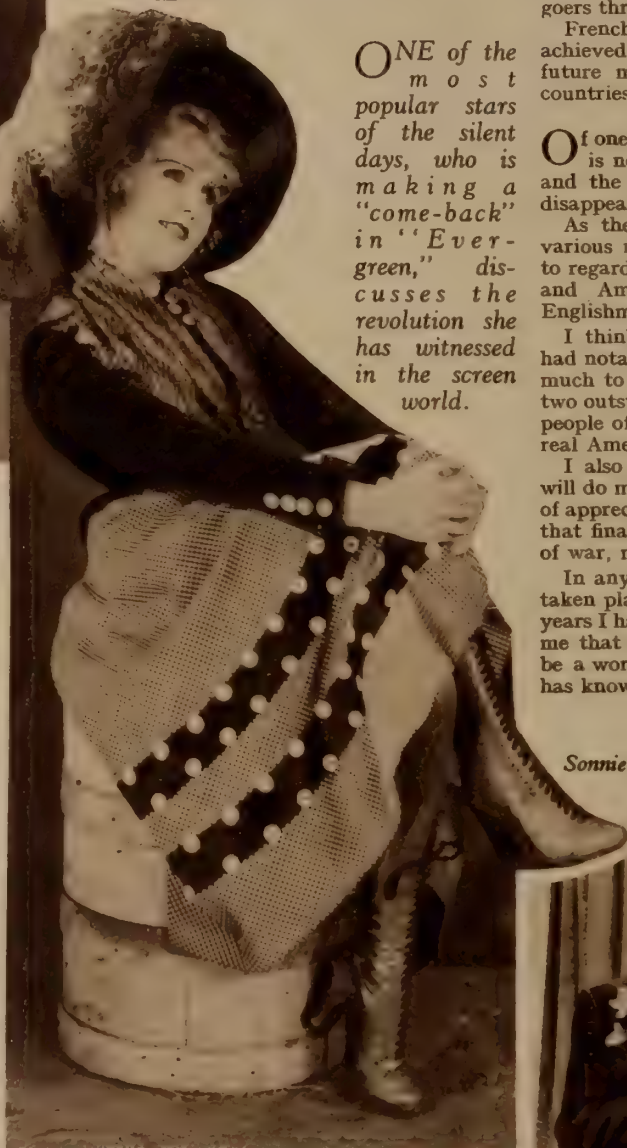
Although we were always happy, and keen on our work in the studio of a few years ago, film conditions took a great toll of the health of the workers.

I have a vivid recollection of one experience of what we termed "arc-eyes," caused by the strain of working under the studio lights.

This ailment is intensely painful, and puts one on the inactive list for several days.

The complaint was quite common, and most film artistes suffered from it at some time or another. To-day, with the changed lighting in every studio, "arc-eyes" are practically unknown.

In the modern studio little more make-up is



The star as she appeared in "The Brat," one of her most popular successes.

needed than is essential for the stage, while dress colouring plays an unimportant part compared to what it did only a few years ago.

Moreover, working conditions in the studios have improved in a hundred ways which have made for greater efficiency, as well as a much less exacting time for all concerned in the production of a film.

When I first entered films, it was a case of artistes and directors having to do a dozen different jobs which are now attended to by others.

The industry was far behind what it is now, and many angles of screen work which are now the prerogative of experts fell to the lot of men

and women with plenty of other things to do. In case it should be thought that I am making too much of our efforts in those days, let me make it quite clear that I am only too glad to see modern studios so well run and efficiently controlled.

It stands to reason that when a business is controlled with great efficiency, and with a correct division of labour, that the work is better and more easily performed.

With the improvement of our pictures, the world has been given glimpses of the mine of screen talent in this country.

A few years ago it was a national sensation if a British screen artiste was invited to Hollywood.

At the present time, however, not only is this a common event, but many famous American artistes are playing in British films. I am delighted to see this.

It does not mean that American films are becoming inferior to British products, but that the art of the screen is becoming international.

Soon I hope that the everyday life of every country will become familiar to British kinema-goers through the medium of the film.

French and German pictures have already achieved a high artistic standard, and the near future must see similar developments in other countries.

Of one thing I am certain, and that is that what is now considered as the typical Englishman and the typical American in both countries will disappear.

As the film begins accurately to portray the various national types, English people will cease to regard all Americans as raucous-voiced toughs, and Americans will realise that the typical Englishman need not necessarily wear a monocle.

I think that certain British films which have had notable success in America have already done much to counteract this impression, while one or two outstanding American pictures have given the people of this country a clearer illustration of the real American.

I also believe that the interchange of artistes will do much to give other nations an opportunity of appreciating the talents of their neighbours, and that finally the moving pictures, cradled in years of war, may become a lasting factor for peace.

In any case, the amazing revolution which has taken place in pictures during the two and a half years I have been away from the studios, convinces me that the picture of the very near future will be a work of art such as no previous civilisation has known.

Sonnie Hale and Betty Balfour in a scene from "Evergreen."





George Raft and Carole Lombard, who appear in "Bolero," do their daily good deed by collecting Gloria Swanson's autograph on a silk patchwork quilt for an "extra" girl.



Flotsam, the "Abdullah," and George Robey, the "Ali Baba" of "Chu Chin Chow," take a turn on the business end of the camera, apparently during the tea interval—note top right-hand corner.

Through Our ILIENS



Katharine Hepburn on location for her new picture "Spitfire." The man behind the spectacles is the director, John Cromwell. Round the table from the left are Mrs. Robert Young, Robert Young, Adalyn Doyle, the star, Mrs. Ralph Bellamy, Ralph himself, and George Nicholls, the film's editor.



Jackie Cooper puts in a hard hour's "work-out" every day in an outdoor ring provided for him at the M.-G.-M. studios. His instructor is Mike Cantwell, who trains Max Baer.



Vivien Tobin wears this simple oyster-white linen suit with its blouse and tie of striking Roman stripes in "Transient Love." The bow is laced through slits in the cape and the skirt has a high waistline converging to a point in the centre. A brimmed hat of rough white wool completes the ensemble.

MUNI—A FUGITIVE

THE eminent film critic presents you to the real Muni, the man as well as the actor. His views, aspirations, hopes and ambitions are revealingly depicted in this striking pen portrait.

As the star appeared in the sensational prison drama, "I'm A Fugitive from a Chain Gang."

questions about acting, and fretting and whipping himself to find his own answers.

"Wherever I go now," he cried, "in New York, in Moscow, Paris, London, I'm trying to figure out this acting business. What are we trying to do? What is an actor? What is his function? My trouble on the screen, and to a lesser degree on the stage, is that I start all confused, not knowing who I'm meant to please.

"Have I got to study the script? Try to make the audience respond to that particular type of fellow in the story, or have I just got the be nice to the fans? What am I paid to do? Frankly, I don't know."

This didn't seem to be my cue, so I said nothing, and presently Muni went on again in his own tempestuous way.

"Of course, it's an old commonplace that the audience is part of the play, but the actor—the good actor—really does draw out something from the audience to complete what he has to give."

"Then you mean that an actor is a man who can persuade the audience to finish his job for him?" I asked bluntly.

"Well, if we admit that, at least we're getting somewhere," he said with a quick smile. "I

often wonder, when I read harsh criticisms of plays and films, whether the critic hasn't missed something by not responding fully to the suggestion of the artiste. It must be very easy when you have seen a great many films one after another, to get into a kind of lethargic mood in which the actor can't get across to you."

"Surely the great actor ought to be able to get across in spite of anything?" I asked him maliciously.

"Sure—but how many of us are great?"

"Who's interviewing who?" I said. "You tell me that!"

He grinned his dark, friendly grin.

"Now you've got me," he said. "I've seen so few pictures lately it's hard for me to say. In New York, we think the



THIS is the story of a hunted man—an actor who is haunted by the parts he has created—a celebrity who runs away from the fame he has earned—an artiste who thinks and dreams and beats the air for answers to questions that have beaten the philosophers since the world began.

You wouldn't think that the cold-blooded killer of *Scarface*, the tough outcast of *I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang*, and the flip newspaperman of *Hi Nellie!* would be overmuch afflicted with nerves. Paul Muni seems to have no nerves on the set.

He is cool and unperplexed and calculated in every word and movement. But once outside the studio you would think that all life was hunting him. He'll slip out of one country unannounced and into another unheralded. He'll hop the first steamer when no one is looking and go to some place where no one expects him.

When cornered, he'll go out to meet the interviewers like a man who is facing a firing-squad at dawn.

There are film stars who do this sort of thing for effect. But not Muni. He is completely sincere in his shyness of publicity. It isn't that he fancies himself all-important. "In six months' time they could forget me on the screen," he says. But he doesn't know the right answers to the questions that will be fired at him. He doesn't know the right answers to the questions he is constantly asking himself. And that frets him like a physical pain.

"To tell the truth, this whole business of acting has me confused," he told me just before he sailed for New York after his recent European vacation. "Acting at the moment is going through a chaotic period, and we've all got to

Paul Muni in "Scarface," the picture that established him as a first rank screen star.

take stock—learn to understand ourselves—make a fresh start—before it can be straightened out."

He took a grip of the arms of his chair, his knuckles showing white, and his body tense and nervous as if he held himself there by sheer force of will. We were having lunch in his private suite at the hotel, Muni, his wife and I.

Outside, London fog and a grey Embankment. Inside, a small table laid for three, with the sort of odd, confused meal that is the result of two Americans and an Englishwoman picking their fancy from a bill of fare. There were cocktails and tomato juice and coffee, and fish and fillet steak and tea. Bella Muni ordered bloaters and bread and butter.

Paul Muni sat there drinking large quantities of Café Haag, forgetting his food, firing off endless



from LIFE

by C. A.

LEJEUNE

world of Helen Hayes. Garbo in *Queen Christina*—that's something grand. I'm very anxious to see Elizabeth Bergner in a picture, and Mr. Milder is showing us *Dreaming Lips* this afternoon. We saw her in the theatre last night, and, frankly, I was a little disappointed and a little angry with her. She's a lovely craftsman, theatre-wise to the finger tips, but, I wonder, is she anything more than theatre-wise?"

The steak and bloaters having disinclined me towards deciding Bergner's exact place in the hierarchy of the stars, I side-tracked Muni with a question that has never yet failed to get results.

"What do you think of Katharine Hepburn?"

I was right. It didn't fail.

"Hepburn? Oh, yes, she'll be big some day. There's no one to touch her among the younger actresses—the only one approaching her is Margaret Sullavan, but she's soft, charming, lovely, she hasn't got Hepburn's drive.

"Katharine Hepburn is going through the bad stage of her career right now. She's had too much boosting before she was ready for it. She'll have to fight to get somewhere, but she'll make it all right. She thinks—she plays with her head. And her acting's got guts."

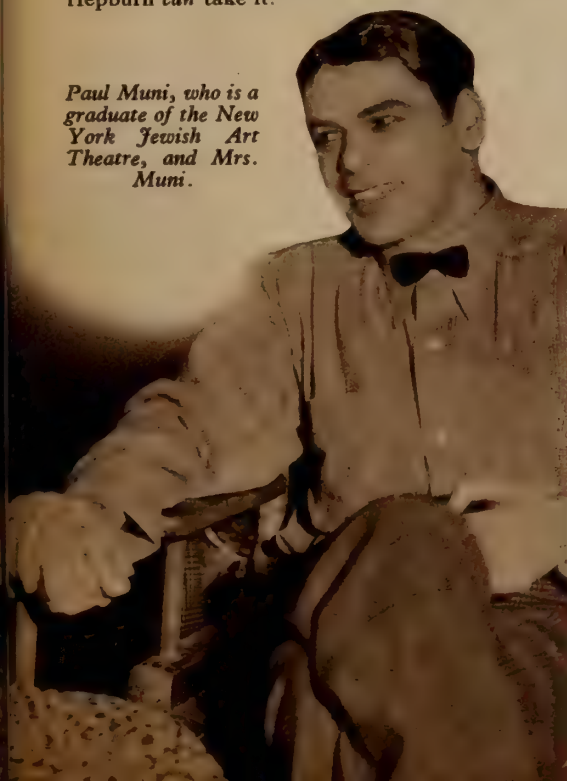
"How did she come to flop so badly in *The Lake*?"

"Oh, that's easily understood. Everything was stacked against her. She came back to New York, immature, without much experience of acting technique, but skyrocketed to the heavens with Hollywood ballyhoo. New York was like a mad-house on her opening night. The whole town went hysterical—headlines in all the papers, hordes of Press photographers, mobs in the streets, nobody talking of anything but Hepburn, it was a crazy premiere. And then came the show. It wasn't a good play. The part didn't suit her. She hadn't as much real theatre knowledge as her supporting cast. The critics were all set to pan her if she gave them a chance. And she gave it."

"Will it do her any harm on the screen?" I asked.

"It's likely to be the best thing that could have happened to her," he answered earnestly. "There's nothing in the world more healthy for an actor than a grand flop. If he can take it, and doesn't let it discourage him. And I think Hepburn can take it.

Paul Muni, who is a graduate of the New York Jewish Art Theatre, and Mrs. Muni.



A departure from his heavy dramatic roles. Paul Muni as a journalist in "Hi Nellie."

When Muni talks about the theatre, his odd, dark face lights up with a kind of passion. For twenty-seven years he has lived with the smell of the greasepaint in his nostrils and the glare of the footlights in his eyes.

He has hacked through every part in the theatre routine, known the grind and disappointment of the touring player, as well as the glory of the "top spot" on Broadway. The little Viennese boy, Muni Weisenfreund, who came to America at the age of five, became Paul Muni, the nomad, loving the restlessness and vagrancy of the theatre, just as a gypsy loves the life of the road.

Muni—rich, successful, happily married to a woman who understands all his fierce enthusiasms and knows how to handle them—is still a fugitive. His quick brain is always driving him from experience to experience, trying to learn how the rest of the world lives, what the rest of the world feels, worrying and fretting at his own success.

He has a horror of falling into a rut, becoming a "type" actor. He nearly worried himself sick over the heavy dramatic parts he was getting in pictures, and forced Warner Brothers to cast him in the comedy rôle of *Hi Nellie*! almost at the point of a gun.

Acting isn't just a profession with him. It's life—and he lives it nervously, vividly, passionately. He can't keep away from the theatre. Wherever he goes, he spends his afternoons and evenings watching other folk act. In Moscow he saw fourteen plays and pictures in a week. In London he saw nine in four days. When he watches acting, he's like a child. He gets enthusiastic—excited—he wants to rush behind the scenes and embrace the artistes that please him. Frequently he does.

Yes, acting is Muni's passion. But he has another—an odd one for a fugitive artiste. I discovered it quite by chance, towards the end of our luncheon party. We were sitting smoking cigarettes—what American paper told you that Muni didn't smoke?—and discussing the stars of the moment.

"What do you think of Fairbanks jun.?" Muni asked me.

I told him.

"Well, I guess that goes for Paul Muni and a lot of others," he answered.

And then there came an interruption. The bell rang, and a page boy ushered in a messenger from one of the big shipping offices. Muni excused himself and went across the room to talk business. Bella Muni turned to me.

"We're trying to get steamship reservations for to-morrow," she said. "Muni's homesick. He wants to get back to our farm in California."

"I thought you were staying much longer on this side," I said.

"Well, we were. But"—she hesitated, and



In his latest picture shown here, "The World Changes," with Mary Astor.

then added in a burst of confidence—"Well, I guess it was the dogs that did it."

"The dogs?"

"Yes. We've got two, you know, and we're simply crazy about them. A foxhound and an Airedale. Our home just belongs to them. We sit anywhere, on the floor generally, and they take possession of the furniture. When we were in Moscow, I heard that the Airedale was sick. I didn't dare tell Muni at first. I knew he'd want to pack up and go right home."

I sympathised, as dog-owner to dog-owner, and asked for the latest bulletin.

"Oh, he's well again—we had a cable. But somehow that decided it. We were sitting over supper on our last night in Moscow, and we got talking about the dogs. We were all fixed to go on to Leningrad the next day, our rooms booked at the hotel and all our plans made. Then Muni suddenly said to me, 'What's the use of a week in Leningrad, Bella? The same theatres, just the same as here in Moscow. There's nothing new to see. What do you say we go home to the farm?' So we turned around and came here to London, and planned to book our passage on the first good boat that was sailing for New York."

She stopped, and Muni came across the room, waving a bunch of papers in his hand. His eyes were shining. He looked like a kid on breaking-up day.

"Bella!" he cried, "It's all fixed. We're really going home. The baggage has got to be ready by ten o'clock to-morrow morning!"

And so I left them to their feverish packing, fugitives even from a three-weeks' holiday.



VICTOR MCLAGLEN

In spite of his "he-man" appeal, Victor rarely "gets his girl" on the screen. He fails in "No More Women" and again in his latest picture, "Warf Angel," in which he appears with Preston Foster and Dorothy Dell. In "The Lost Patrol" he is once again a hard-bitten sergeant—there are no women in this film. Off stage, of course, he is a happy husband and a proud father.

AN OPEN LETTER to JOAN Crawford's SOUL

Joan Crawford's Soul,
Exhibit A Dept.,
Any Hollywood Magazine,
At all News-stands (10 cents).

DEAR JOAN CRAWFORD'S SOUL,

I DO not in the ordinary way go about writing letters to people's souls. I strive to restrain the urge.

But I am afraid that I was at a considerable disadvantage, right at the outset in penning this humble offering.

"New, nobler and more complex Joan Crawfords" succeed each other on the motion picture scene with such bewildering rapidity these days that I was not at all sure whether by the time this letter reached Joan Crawford I should be addressing the Joan Crawford I started to write to or half a dozen other girls from the celebrated and extensive Crawford repertoire of Joans.

The regularity with which the bared Crawford soul appears for inspection in all the Hollywood movie magazines, however, suggests one frail straw of permanence at which the poor, floundering, less versatile mortal may clutch.

The Joan Crawford soul, moreover, is at the moment so much in danger of becoming more important than Joan Crawford that something ought to be done about it.

Not, if I may say so, because of the real importance of the current journalistic editions of Joan Crawford's soul, which is open to question, but because of the importance of Joan Crawford.

We are interested in Crawford as a screen actress, not as a pathognomic case, or as a walking collection of all the Freudian theories.

Screen actresses should create their new characterisations on the screen, not by psycho-analysing themselves weekly for the sob sisters.

That soul-unburdening interview about "driving alone in the hills far into the night" which heralded the first of the new Joans in 1927 may have been a good story at the time.

After seven years' constant use it is perilously near becoming ridiculous.

Ardent Crawford admirers here have watched the performance with increasing irritation or incredulity—or both.

Perhaps that is why my post-bag barometer just now is showing some indications of a slump in Crawford prestige.

Perhaps that is why I, who once made the welkin ring as one of the most enthusiastic cheer-leaders of the Joan Crawford Admiration Society in this little neck of the woods find myself increasingly faced with the unpleasant duty of being critical of Joan Crawford both on and off the screen.

It is, I suggest, sufficiently probable for you to consider it.

Now, because what I have to say is far removed from the higher planes in which the Crawford

soul soars, let us assume that Joan Crawford and her soul are one and the same.

You see, Joan Crawford, that the growing suspicion that you do most of your acting at newspaper interviews has made it very difficult for the faithful not to regard your sincerity on the screen itself as suspect.

Some of them are even beginning to wonder if there is a Joan Crawford. As one of them recently put to me: "I believe it's all a film fake, like *King Kong* and George Raft's high heels. There isn't any Joan Crawford. It's just an M.-G.-M. mirror trick."

She went on to add that it might be a good idea to step out and take a curtain call as yourself, "just to reassure your audience that you're real before they start walking out on you."

The suspicion, may I add, is not helped by a tendency to introduce the act into your screen characterisations.

You even had to be soulful in *Dancing Lady*, and while soulful chorus girls are a novelty in screen musicals, and heaven knows that screen musicals need novelty, I could not help wishing that you had taken the opportunity afforded by that picture to restore to us the captivating uninhibited Crawford who first won our acclaim. What irritates the Joan Crawford fans more than anything is the fact that no actress in Hollywood has less reason to pose than Joan Crawford.

There is something fine and worth while in the story of how you cheerfully battled your way to success from the chorus.

After that the soul-exhibiting posturings are really unimpressive.

I know that from your screen earnings you keep up four wards in a Hollywood hospital and that the people you have helped personally are too numerous to count.

I know that you have joined the fan clubs of several of your professional rivals and that you still keep up personal correspondence with the writers of the first fan letters they received.

And I know that the humbler studio workers are among your most ardent admirers.

That is the Joan Crawford we want to meet on and off the screen.

In other words, Joan Crawford, be yourself.



Now in the latest effusion I see you are saying that "Growth is my goal."

I for one cannot believe that the procession of new Joan Crawfords is merely a publicity "line" or even an affectation.

I prefer to think that they are the outcome of the fact that you have always nailed the "We aim to please" slogan on your dressing-room door.

It is merely that the motive is mistaken. The Bernhardt's, the Duses, the Ellen Terry's and other legendary figures of the acting art whom it is reported you are striving to emulate did not go about the place talking about their restlessness, their moodiness, their superhuman energy, their emotional tangles, and their burning ambitions, and generally baring their souls for the benefit of anybody who had ten cents to buy a newspaper.

Perhaps it had occurred to them that art and ambition are not achieved by the shouting of hackneyed psychological text-book jargon, and that growth is not attained by the application of the lipstick, even if it does give the illusion of enlarging the mouth.

According to the latest outpouring you are now adding a study of history to your activities and accomplishments. You have given up philosophy now. "When I was so miserable I could find no help in books, in others' thoughts," you state.

"All answers must come from within," it goes on. "Need manifests self; an inner urge directs me; instinct is never wrong. Logic and reason are not the reins that control. When I feel I know."

We can only hope, I suppose, that some inner urge will direct you into "feeling" that even after the history course we do not want any more "new Joan Crawfords," and that the time has come to reinstate the old.

You may not believe in logic and reason, but the particular brands of logic and reason asserted by the box-office have up to now been sufficiently effective to put reins of control on most screen actresses.

MALCOLM PHILLIPS.

My LIFE STORY by CLARK GABLE

IN response to numerous requests, PICTUREGOER has secured for its readers this intimate autobiography, written in conjunction with Eleanor Packer, of one of the most popular masculine stars on the screen to-day.

Beginning this week, he will tell you in his own characteristically frank manner the romantic story of his battle for fame.

Clark Gable chats with Elizabeth Allan between scenes of his latest picture, "Men in White."

A home at home—happy and informal shot of the star in his delightful garden.

THIS business of writing a life story certainly makes you regard yourself from a new angle. The average person goes along year after year, taking things for granted, far more concerned with the future and the present than with the past. Then when you suddenly sit down to put into words the events of that past, you find yourself looking at yourself with different eyes.

It's a great experience. When you've finished, you understand things much more thoroughly. Events which, at the time of their happening, seemed of vast importance, become meaningless, while apparently small things take on a new and deserved importance.

For instance, I have always been vaguely conscious of a strange feeling of homesickness, of depression, of a queer sadness whenever I have smelled the spicy odour of cooking tomatoes. I never bothered to wonder about it.

Then, all of a sudden, while I was talking and thinking about my childhood, I remembered a dreary, rainy September day, when I sat on a stool in a big farmhouse kitchen while I watched my grandmother stirring a kettle filled with old-fashioned tomato ketchup.

I must have been about four at the time, and as I sat and listened and smelled the warm, spiced steam from the kettle, my grandmother talked to me.

"You can be as big or as small as you think you are, Clark," she said.

I haven't thought of that afternoon or those

words for years. But now, remembering them, I realise what a deep and lasting impression they made on my consciousness.

There are two kinds of life stories. One is a mere statement of events, set down in the order of their happening. The other is a more or less emotional history. But when you start to write about yourself you get confused between the two.

I was born in Cadiz, a small Ohio town, on February 1. But the first thing I really remember is watching a blinding snowstorm through the windows of a Pennsylvania farmhouse. One lone chicken, lost in the snow, was squawking frantically as it tried to find its way back to the coop. I can remember begging my grandfather to bring it into the house.

Both my father and my mother were of German parentage. My mother, Adeline Hershelmen, was born in the very farmhouse in which I spent the first five years of my life. She had studied art and I still have sketches and water colour paintings, carefully treasured as a memory of the mother whom I never saw.

My father, William Gable, was an oil contractor, working in the oilfields of Ohio. I was born in a white farmhouse on a quiet street of the little town, which only means to me the

last resting-place of my mother, who died seven months after I was born.

Father sold the white house and took me to the farmhouse of my mother's parents in Pennsylvania. It was a beautiful rambling old place, running along the shore of a lake. My grandparents loved me and scolded me, rocked me to sleep and spanked me when necessary. In fact, they did everything in their power to do the right thing for the only child of their only daughter.

There weren't any little boys near our house, so I grew up without playmates. I followed my grandfather around the farm, sat with my grandmother in the kitchen by the big coal stove, lay on the grass under the maple trees, chased squirrels in the woods behind the house, learned to swim in the cool waters of the lake, hunted for eggs and slid down the warm hay in the big barn. But best of all I liked the cold, winter days when the snow was deep on the ground and when my breath made smoke in the air. I can still remember the red cap and mittens which my grandmother knitted for me.

Every Sunday we drove to a neighbouring town to church. Grandfather and Grandmother were as strict in their religious duties as they were fair and just to the motherless little boy who had come to live with them.

Then, when I was five years old, Father married again. Naturally he wanted me to live with him in his new home. And my grandparents agreed with him. I shall never forget the day when my father came to get me.

It had been very exciting, packing my clothes and my toys and saying good-bye to the farm. But when the moment for saying good-bye to grandmother came, all the excitement left me. I didn't want to go. I clung to her and begged father to let me stay with her.

I shall always see my grandmother as she



stood against the white pickets of the fence by the road, waving to me while grandfather drove us to the station.

I liked my new mother at first glance. She was young and pretty and sweet. She knew just the right way to treat a homesick, little boy. No real mother could have been kinder or more affectionate and understanding than she was to me. She was never a stepmother. She was just Mother.

My new home was in the little town of Hopedale, Ohio, a village of five hundred people. There, for the first time, I learned to play with other boys. My best friends were Holly and Tommy. We grew up together, sharing each other's troubles and fun.

I started to go to school when I was six years old. Every summer during holiday time, Mother took me back to Pennsylvania to visit my grandmother. One year we took Holly and Tommy with us and we had a grand time on the farm.

When I was eight years old, I had firmly decided to be a doctor. One day while playing in the street, I had been run over by a heavy-wheeled wagon and my head was badly cut. The family physician and I became great friends during his daily visits.

There was so much exciting mystery about him and the little black bag with all its bottles of pills and its sharp instruments. Mother and the doctor agreed with me that it would be a wonderful profession. From that time on my one all-absorbing ambition was to study medicine until the stage bug crept into my blood.

I was always large and rather awkward, but I was fairly good at athletics. When I was in the eighth grade, they allowed me to play in the secondary school football team. There weren't any conference rules in the small town. Both the grammar schools and the secondary school were small, so I played in all the teams—baseball, football, basketball, and track events.

School was all right, but I was never particularly fond of it. I guess I wasn't much of a student. I found mathematics difficult, but I liked languages and history.

As a social light I didn't shine very brightly. I was an awkward, overgrown boy who was never quite sure what to do with his hands and his feet. I liked girls but I was afraid of them. I used to envy the fellows who could walk up to girls and laugh and talk without blushing and stammering.

Gable recently became an enthusiastic race-horse owner. Here he is seen with his favourite two-year-old, Beverly Hills, which won her maiden race on the Agua Caliente track.

Right: An arresting study of the subject and author of this series.

I guess that I never was what you would call a "good mixer." I always had two or three close, intimate friends, and I'd rather spend my time with them than with a crowd. And I was always secretly in love with some one girl. Most of the time no one knew it, least of all the girl herself.

During my junior year in secondary school Dad decided to give up the oil business for farming. He bought a beautiful place in another town. I hated to leave Hopedale and all the boys, but after a few weeks I liked the farm. Mother liked it, too, and there were lots of things about it which reminded me of the other farm in Pennsylvania.

Dad gave me a Ford to drive the six miles to school. That was grand. I used to drive back on Saturday to Hopedale to see my friends.

When I received my diploma, Father and Mother and I had a long talk. I wanted to go to college and study medicine. I certainly did not desire to be a farmer. But I realised that I would have to earn my own way through medical school.

With all the enthusiasm of sixteen I was willing and anxious to tackle anything, and to earn my way through school seemed a very simple matter.

Finally, I persuaded my parents to let me go to Akron, Ohio, to get a job. Two boys from Hopedale were planning to do the same thing, and we decided to go together.

I shall never forget the long talk Mother and I had that last day at home while we packed my

clothes. The advice which she gave me, the simple, understanding way in which she talked to me, influenced my entire life.

It was late in the afternoon when I landed in Akron. I had arranged to meet the boys from Hopedale at the station, and my train reached there an hour before they arrived.

That hour in the strange station was one of the longest in my life. After all, I was only sixteen, and it was my first trip all alone away from home.

The three of us found rooms at the hotel and spent the evening wandering around the town. Not one of us would confess to the others that he was scared to death. It had been easy and thrilling to talk about going out on our own, but it was a pretty serious business to be there.

NEXT WEEK

I Started as a Call-boy

In next week's instalment Clark Gable tells you of his early struggles to earn an education, the dramatic ups and downs of life in a stock company, in which he first made his appearance as an actor, or rather a call-boy, and of the time when he worked in the oil fields.



TO EARLY HOLIDAYMAKERS

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Everything is in your favour for a wonderful time. The seaside and inland resorts of the West Country, at all times unmatched for natural beauty and holiday attractions, are at their best in the Spring and early Summer months. Not only that, but the days are longer with hours more sunshine; accommodation is cheaper; and there is no waiting for a game of tennis or golf. In fact you are to be congratulated if you have to go away early.

It will be a pleasure for the Great Western Railway Company to afford you all possible assistance, but just as a suggestion, think over the possibilities of Devon and Cornwall—the Channel Islands, where you get the flavour of the Continent whilst still under the protection of your own country

—mountainous Wales — Somersetshire — Dorsetshire—Herefordshire—or the many other shires of the West Country. What a marvellous choice !

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Phil Lonergan Sends it Hot From Hollywood

A DIFFICULT DIVORCÉE

Heading for a Fall—De Mille Bans Yachting—Garbo in

Disguise Again—Warner Baxter Becomes Auto-

graph Addict—Now the "Blonde House"

A CERTAIN feminine star has become very difficult since her recent divorce. She objects to leading men assigned to her films and is most particular in avoiding executives of whom she does not approve.

Only a few years ago the lady was merely an extra, but the dizzy heights to which she has climbed have evidently affected her judgment.

The alienation of many old-time friends is likely to mean the beginning of her fall in popularity.

Lupe re Lupe

The best analysis of Lupe Velez was one I received from Lupe herself.

I interviewed her at the studio between scenes, and found the usually tempestuous actress enjoying a quiet rest. She admitted she was tired.

"I never stay tired," she told me. "Vacation when this picture is finish? Lupe never had a vacation. I go from one job to another. If it isn't a picture, it is the stage or personal appearances. I don't mind. I like to work."

"I have been poor and I have had plenty of money, and I have been just as happy one time as the other. I got the same laughs and the same pleasures from life when I was poor that I do now. Certainly I like to make a good salary, but money—it really is nothing. If I make it, I spend it and have a good time. If I do not have it, I do not spend it, but still I have the good time!"

Lupe, it is evident, is quite a philosopher.

De Mille's Decree

The recent narrow escape from a possible watery grave by Warren William, when he was lost at sea on a yacht with a dead engine, has caused Cecil B. De Mille to lay down the law to his cast for *Cleopatra*, his next picture.

No seafaring or flying until the picture is finished, was the dictum of the famous director.

Warren William plays the rôle of Julius Caesar, a casting task which took several months. After an even more hectic search, Harry Wilcoxon was imported from England to play Marc Antony.

Garbo in Disguise

Attendants at Grauman's Chinese Theatre have discovered the fact that Greta Garbo has attended showings of her *Queen Christina* film several times during the engagement.

On various occasions theatre ushers have noticed a girl who wore dark glasses, a wide-brimmed drooping hat, and a gabardine trench coat. This person was finally identified as the star herself.

A Golden Dream

Hollywood's first "blonde house" has started a new rage that will probably keep builders, upholsterers, and interior decorators busy for the next year.

The "blonde house" belongs to Carole Lombard, and every room, every piece of furniture, and every yard of drapery was selected as a setting and background for the golden hair and white skin of the actress.

Fighting Back

All mature film fans will remember Baby Marie Osborne, who was a popular child star.

Time certainly flies, for little Marie is now married and has a baby. Her husband is not over blessed with the world's goods, so Marie has been trying to get back in the films.

Ginger Rogers has given the former child star a helping hand and she is now Ginger's "stand-in."

This expression means a double, who stands in the set for an important player while the lights and cameras are being adjusted.

A Handy Man

A number of miniature airplanes made from folded pieces of paper were required for a scene in which Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell were to throw them from a 'plane to Shirley Temple during the production of *The World Is Ours*, at Fox Movietone City.

Nobody at the studio could fold them and the property men were in a quandary until someone happened to recall he had seen James Dunne making them. Dunne was located and he did the job with neatness and dispatch.

Two Friends

Despite reports of rivalry among Hollywood's actresses, such a charge cannot be brought against Janet Gaynor and Margaret Lindsay.

The two girls became fast friends when working together in *Paddy* and, when Margaret was stricken with appendicitis, Janet was solicitude itself. She spent all her spare time with Margaret at the hospital.

Margaret is convalescing at Janet's beach home.

An Autograph Enthusiast

After ducking autograph seekers more consistently than any star in Hollywood, Warner Baxter, of all people, has succumbed to the disease himself.

Baxter proposes to build a small movie theatre in his new Bel-Air home, and thought it would be a good idea to have a panel of autographed screen stars' portraits around the walls; hence his pursuit of his fellow players.

Learning that Madeleine Carroll, the famous English star, was in the portrait gallery for a few minutes, he borrowed an office boy's bicycle and pedalled madly over to secure her autograph before she got away.

A Trying Experience

Ida Lupino, hailed by Hollywood as a coming star, possesses a loving mother, a big house, a swimming pool, and many friends, but she has her trouble like all of us.

It chanced that a day came when the little English actress was not needed at the studio. She decided to devote her holiday to inspecting her wardrobe. A winter coat appeared to be of little use in sunny California, so she took it to a closet. As she placed the coat on a hook the door, which has a snap lock, closed, and she was imprisoned for over an hour.

When her mother, alarmed by her absence, opened the closet door, Ida was unconscious.

Richard Dix had a similar experience a few weeks ago, when he was detained overnight in the cellar of his mountain cabin.

Sylvia Can Take It

Sylvia Sidney showed her grit during the filming of a scene for *Thirty Day Princess*.

The scene, which took place in a restaurant, called for a fight between Cary Grant and George Baxter. George was supposed to launch a lusty blow at Cary, who was instructed to duck. The actors tried to follow the instructions of the director, but, unfortunately, George slipped as he lunged at Cary. The latter side-stepped and the blow landed on the chin of Sylvia, who was seated at a table.

For a few seconds Sylvia saw more stars than



Muriel Evans who started her career at the age of twelve and graduated through Hal Roach comedies to featured roles. She appeared in "Everywoman's Man."

there are in Hollywood, and was her chin sore? Speedy first-aid was administered to prevent a swelling upon her face.

She made no complaint, for she is a plucky little girl.

A Lucky Actor

It is not news that Leo White is to appear in *Sadie McKee*, Joan Crawford's new picture at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

For White, an Englishman—he was born in Manchester—appears in every picture Joan makes. He befriended the star in *Pretty Ladies*, her first film. Since then she has insisted that he be cast in all her pictures.

He will appear as a comedy waiter in *Sadie McKee*.

White's theatrical history goes back to the years when he played with Wallace Beery in the *Sweedey* comedies. Later he was the famous French Count of Charles Chaplin's pictures.

Hollywood Says That—

— Ann Sothern consumes six chocolate ice cream coronets daily.

— Grace Moore has nine cats, all but two of which came as mendicants to the door of her Beverly Hills home.

— Irene Dunne has moved for the fourth time in a year. She moves more than any other star in Hollywood.

— Ann Harding finally hired a chauffeur, wearing livery and everything.

— Neil Hamilton has 1,500 tulips in his garden.

— Alice White is studying toe dancing.

— Frances Drake is an excellent pistol shot.

Pre-Views of the Latest Films

THOSE WERE
the DAYS

THIS adaptation from Pinero's play *The Magistrate*, is one of the happiest pictures B.I.P. have made.

Our readers will recall that on occasion we have reproved this company for confusing imbecility with wit and for giving picturegoers little credit for any intelligence. It is therefore all the more pleasant to record that *Those Were The Days* is an entertainment that should win—and deserves to win—general approval.

Pinero's play was first presented in 1885 and the director, Thomas Bentley, has wisely retained the old-fashioned atmosphere.

The story, though amusing, serves merely as a thread to the general atmosphere, and into that atmosphere heaps of good laughs have been introduced.

Mr. Posket, magistrate, is married to a widow with a son older than she cares to admit. A proposed visit from Colonel Lykyn upsets Mrs. Posket since the Colonel is her son's godfather and knows the truth about their ages.

She and her sister go in search of the Colonel and end up in the Majestic Music Hall, where Mr. Posket and his stepson have secretly gone.

There is a row, the magistrate and the boy escape, and the following morning his wife and her sister (heavily veiled!), the Colonel and Captain Vale are brought before him in the Police Court.

Confusion follows and there is much fun in the eventual smoothing out of the difficulties.

The most amusing part of the film is that devoted to a music hall of the late 'nineties. Both sides of the footlights have been put on the screen admirably and the direction of the crowd work in the theatre deserves special mention.

The acting is uniformly good. Will Hay, music hall and wireless comedian, plays the part of Mr. Posket splendidly. It would be rash to say that he is as good on the screen as he is on the stage merely on this one performance, but we look forward to his next picture with more than ordinary interest.

John Mills is excellent as the boy and good work is contributed by Iris Hoey, Angela Baddeley, George Graves, Claud Allister, H. F. Maltby, Jane Carr as the belle of the music hall, and Lily Morris.

A good British entertainment of which B.I.P. and Tom Bentley can be justly proud.—M. B. Y.

I Believed in You

A drama which finds expression by presenting you with the conflicting views of life expressed by the Socialist and the Capitalist. It is somewhat biased in favour of the latter, but generally keeps clear of acrimonious controversy.

Instead, it concentrates on the experiences of True Merrill, a young idealist who represents the socialistic viewpoint of the pseudo-intellectuals, with Jim Crowl, an agitator and Michael Harrison, a millionaire philanthropist.

The dialogue is good and pointed, and the picture has an intelligent outlook which takes it out of the rut of conventionality.

It is well acted, too. Rosemary Ames is sincere and convincing as the impressionable True, while John Boles and Victor Jory are effectively contrasted as the millionaire and the agitator respectively.

Good contrast in atmosphere is also obtained by the Greenwich village and lavish apartment settings.

Understanding treatment, sound characterisation and human appeal make it worth while entertainment.—C. K.

Designing Women

Love versus a career is the motif of this leisurely treated and none too convincing picture which has a good idea behind it but one which is



Francis Lederer and Elissa Landi in "A Man of Two Worlds."

Schnozzle Durante becomes romantic with Alice Faye in "George White's Scandals."



never satisfactorily developed.

Valerie Taylor—to whom the camera has not been too kind—plays the rôle of a woman who, after an unhappy marriage, strikes out on her own as a builder but eventually decides that domestic bliss and love is preferable.

She appears rather stilted and artificial, although at times she enlists sympathy and you can feel her enthusiasm for complete emancipation.

Stewart Rome has few opportunities as the man for whom she sacrifices her career, but he is sincere and natural; indeed, in every picture I have seen him in recently this somewhat neglected actor is more assured of himself and the character he is interpreting.

Kathleen Kelly is attractive as a young girl who joins the elder woman in her housing plans, but later deserts her for a lover. This latter rôle is played in an irritatingly "silly ass" manner by Tyrrell Davis.

The plot unfolds very slowly and there is not a great deal of dramatic force in the depiction of the heroine's unhappy married life; the sequences which depict her life as a successful building contractor, however, are more interesting and contain humour with a strongly human vein in it.—L. C.

George White's Scandals

Despite the fact that one eminent critic has discovered in it the "first real screen revue," this is technically a throw-back to the all-talking, all-singing, all-dancing shows that brought in talkies in 1929.

It is frankly a photographed stage "musical," with the principals doing their stuff in front of a back-cloth most of the time. What plot there is is concerned with the attempts of Adrienne Ames, as a wealthy play-girl, to steal the affections of Rudy

Let our Film Critics who really see the Pictures Guide You

Vallee from his stage partner, played by the newcomer, Alice Faye.

The ensembles, like the rest of the piece, have their inspiration in the theatre, but although there are no Busby Berkeley waterfalls, they are quite effective, while the film has a more than usually generous quota of good song numbers.

Despite its technical shortcomings, it is, in fact, quite a bright little offering. Rudy Vallee has improved immensely as a talkie artiste and has some moments of comedy that reveal that America's crooning Boy Wonder is almost human after all. The bulk of the comedy is in the capable hands of Jimmy Durante and Cliff Edwards. George White impersonates himself with great gusto, while Gregory Ratoff is seen at intervals.

Miss Faye, who stepped into the breach when Lilian Harvey walked out of her part, is one of those very golden blondes. She has only one big number, but she puts it over with a charm and vivacity that suggest that she will be a likely candidate for a movie colony mansion with swimming pool.—M. D. P.

Man of Two Worlds

This long-awaited picture with Francis Lederer has arrived, and although the Lederer fans will be pleased with him, I found the film slow-moving and the story a trifle old-fashioned.

Aigo (Lederer) is the greatest hunter in an Arctic colony. He is married to Ouinana (Steffi Duna).

A group of scientists headed by Sir Basil Pemberton (Henry Stephenson) engage Aigo as hunter and guide. Aigo falls in love with the photograph of Sir Basil's daughter, Joan (Elissa Landi).

He cannot rest until they meet and as a reward for his services he is brought to London. He is "civilised" but soon learns that the "white woman" has no use for him. Heartbroken, he returns home and finally his little son brings back the joy of life to him.

All very artificial.

The acting and production are good.—M. B. Y.

The Meanest Girl in Town

Zasu Pitts progresses nearer in this picture to that very eagerly expected big break that all her numerous admirers are hoping she is going to get.

She is teamed here in a small town comedy with El Brendel—not the type of partner, to my mind, to whom she is at all well suited; she needs a definitely contrasting type to bring out that humour of hers with its human and sometimes pathetic note.

It is an amusing little plot, however, and not lacking in characterisation. Zasu is the owner of the local haberdashery, who has waited ten years for El Brendel, the local barber, to propose.

This long denied event is accelerated by the arrival in town of a "red hot mamma," the star of a second rate touring show who gets stranded in town.

Pert Kelton plays this part excellently and is just about as hard-boiled as you could wish her to be.

Other sound comedy performances are given by James Gleason as a man who falls heavily for Pert Kelton and by Skeets Gallagher as a high-speed salesman who tries to cut him out, but fails.

Altogether an amusing little picture which has just that touch of real life sincerity which is always an invaluable asset in comedy.—L. C.

Harmony Row

Australian films have not so far been notable in quality or material, but in this picture there is a comedian, George Wallace, who appears to me to have distinct possibilities.

He appears here as a policeman in a tough district and indulges in some amusing slapstick and back-chat. Both his facial expressions and his actions are amusing and he has in him the real essentials of a clown.

The picture itself is far too drawn-out, it has the appearance of an elongated music hall sketch, but there is gusto, a good deal that is humorous and entertaining in it, and if it were cut drastically it would be very much improved as a laughter maker.

Production qualities are adequate but stagey in effect; the whole thing relies on the ability of George Wallace to make you laugh and I think he will do it successfully.—L. C.

It's a Cop

If comic constables had their hey day in an earlier period of the screen's development, faithful followers of Sydney Howard will have little cause for disappointment in his latest contribution to the gaiety of the nation.

He appears here at the top of his form as P.C. Spry, and the story of how, more by good luck than good management he brings to book a gang of crooks, comprising Garry Marsh, Donald Calthrop and Dorothy Bouchier, is familiar Howard stuff developed on familiar Howard lines.

The captious critic might fault the piece on its slight story and production values, and a tendency by Director Maclean Rogers to rely too much on the star slows up the pace at times and gives little opportunity to the other players, but admirers of the comedian will not quarrel with it for that and

it has some really bright moments for non-Howard fans.—M. D. P.

Master and Man

Wallace and Barry Lupino have the makings of a very good comedy team and there is the germ of a very good idea in this picture where the former portrays a down and out ex-officer whose permanent address is the embankment, and the latter his batman.

It has not, however, been well exploited. There are some amusing situations accruing from the pair's attempt to stop a fire which they had accidentally overheard being planned, but scenes are unduly overprolonged and the slapstick lacking in originality.

On the other hand there is a real attempt at characterisation and the interplay between master and man is definitely very amusing. Given better material and keeping these same rôles, Wallace and Barry Lupino could well become a rival team to Stan Laurel and Oliver Hardy.—L. C.

The Lost Patrol

Not a picture for the squeamish, but I recommend it for those who like stark tragedy and grim drama.

The officer of a patrol in the Mesopotamian desert is shot by an unseen Arab. The sergeant takes charge and admits that they are lost, since the officer kept his orders to himself.

They strike an oasis. The first night the sentry is killed and the horses are stolen.

We then see the reactions of this little group of men; each is a type. One by one they meet death. Only the sergeant is left when the relieving force arrives.

The direction by John Ford is masterly, and all the actors deserve special praise. Victor McLaglen has done nothing better than his playing of the sergeant, Boris Karloff's religious zealot is excellent, and names to go on record are Wallace Ford, Reginald Denny, J. M. Kerrigan, Billy Bevan, Alan Hale, Brandon Hurst, Douglas Walton and Sammy Stein.

If you want strong drama, here it is.—M. B. Y.

Looking for Trouble

The Twentieth Century company's contribution to the current cycle devoted to the kinematic glorification of the American telephone mechanic turns out to be one of those good, old-fashioned comedy melodramas which, while adding little to motion-picture history, succeed in being reasonably entertaining for an hour or so. At least it cannot be faulted on the grounds of lack of action.

About the only major cataclysmic possibility Producer Darryl Zanuck and the authors appear to have overlooked in this chronicle of life among the telephone wires is the Flood.

However, if you can satisfy yourself with an earthquake, a fire, a million-dollar burglary and a murder, of which that charming young actress Constance Cummings is wrongly accused, to say nothing of the hectic activities of Spencer Tracy and Jack Oakie in the cause of finding and making the real culprit confess, you may waive that and consider that you have had your money's worth.

If *Looking for Trouble* has a moral at all, it is that Mr. Tracy and Mr. Oakie should be seen more

often as a talkie team. The sense of rugged strength and dependability conveyed by the former provides the ideal foil for the blundering self-confidence of the latter, who is at his best as the "pride" of the telephone department of "Ozozo," who comes to work in the big city.—M. D. P.

Rolling in Money

Just another British comedy, with another member of the working classes inheriting money from a rich uncle in Canada and mixing with high society.

Production and direction, I note, are credited to Al Parker, an importation from Hollywood, and judging from this effort he has yet completely to conquer local studio conventions.

Either with the intention of overcoming the notorious "reserve" of our actresses, or more probably of overcoming the inherent staginess of a dialogue-burdened script, he has made his characters indulge in a deafening devastating and sustained orgy of high-pitched, high-pressure histrionics.

In either case I found the effect at times excessively irritating even for this kind of picture. Shouted and gabbled dialogue is a poor substitute for true kinematic movement, and I am not at all sure that I do not prefer the calm, undisturbing, boring placidity of the average English heroine to the spectacle of Isabel Jeans in an apparent condition of hysteria for 7,000 odd feet.

Poor Horace Hodges, a really great actor, is made to appear on a state bordering on apoplexy for the greater part of the time he is on the screen and Lawrence Grossmith, also worthy of better things, does his bit towards speeding up the tempo by moving about the set in a species of dog-trot.

Leslie Sarnoy reveals himself as a vastly improved talkie artiste as the young hairdresser from Catford who comes into a fortune and is "taken up" socially by the impecunious Duke and Duchess of Braceborough (played by Miss Jeans and Mr. Grossmith), who, of course, want to marry him and his money to their niece. He sings two numbers, one of his own composition, "Come pretty one."

The rôle of the niece serves to introduce Anna Lee, hailed as a "discovery." She has beauty, but under the circumstances I would prefer to withhold judgment until I have seen her in a less unique picture.

I hope, however, that some of those English producers who are casting longing eyes at the Hollywood unemployment agencies will take notice of the performance of Rene Ray, who despite a vaguely drawn part as the hero's Catford "girl friend" and the over-pitched plane of the whole production deftly wins sympathy for the character and again reveals herself as one of our most promising ingenues. Another neat little performance comes from Millicent Wolfe as a secretary, although I notice that she is not given a credit in the official cast list. And Arnold Lucy contributes a perfect character study as a hen-pecked Dean.

Rolling in Money, to sum up, is a stagey, old-fashioned subject, treated in a stagey-old-fashioned manner. There may be an excellent reason why the Fox Film Company, which in recent months has given us a *Cavalcade*, a *Berkeley Square* and a *State Fair* should give us a *Rolling in Money* under the "Made in Britain" Banner.

If there is, I should like to hear it.—M. D. P.

A New "Disney"

One imagines that it will be a long time before Mr. Walt Disney hits upon so ingratiating a character creation as his now famous trio of pink porcine heroes, but he has turned in a worthy successor to *The Three Little Pigs* in his latest Silly Symphony, *The Grasshopper and the Ants*.

The new film, which I saw at a private show the other night, is, of course, based on the fable, and like its predecessor, preaches the moral of preparation for difficult times. Colour is brilliantly used to describe the changing seasons which almost bring death by starvation to the frivolous grasshopper who has played all the summer while more industrious inhabitants have been at work storing food. He is such a gay fellow, however, that one feels grateful that Mr. Disney has taken pity on him and upset tradition by giving the piece a happy ending. The ants provide him with food and shelter and he is converted to a better and nobler life.

Although not so amusing as some of his others, this is one of the cleverest symphonies the cartoonist has done.—M. D. P.

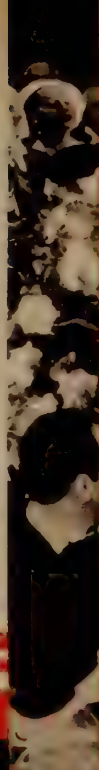


Evelyn Venable, left, one of the coming stars, looks up at Fredric March in "Death Takes a Holiday," which will be fully reviewed next week.



A frigid first meeting in the bus between Claudette Colbert and Clark Gable.

It Happened One Night



Being led even then have her



Clark prepares breakfast "the morning" Their relationship has been purely platonic



THIS film brings time on the set and Clark Gable spoils headstrong who tames her. sately done and fu ment. A special Capra, the direct

The all-night bus has had to stop and the adventure begins in real earnest.

A study of Claudette dressed as a bride for the man she doesn't marry.



altar. But she decides to go her original way.



A fond father (Walter Connolly) persuades his daughter to follow the dictates of her heart.

gether for the first
Claudette Colbert
is the story of a
who meets a man
old idea, but exqui-
humour and excite-
el wreath for Frank
It is a picture well
feeling.



No standing in ceremony. But the skating on the thin ice is done most discreetly.

Freely based on the film, "Tillie and Gus" by permission of Paramount Film Corp., Wardour Street, London, W. I.

See "On the Screens Now" feature, page 26, for the full cast and Lionel Collier's criticism of this film.

AUGUSTUS WINTERBOTTOM, you are charged with plugging a fellow citizen, John Newington, here, half-full of lead. Six shots."

Twelve jurymen, resting their hobnails against the wooden partition segregating them in the courtroom of Nashville, Alaska, slewed round to take stock of the defendant, swathed in bandages, armed with a crutch.

"Six hits," commented Mr. Newington, tersely.

Gus Winterbottom, sometime known as a missionary, convulsed the clerk of the court by rolling a penny from finger to finger, finally making the coin disappear altogether.

"Six cigars," he added genially. Removing the Corona from his mouth, he looked about for a drink, frowned, took a pull from a bottle withdrawn from his pocket, and emptied the contents of the water-jug on the judge's stand to the floor.

"What have you to say?" roared the judge.

"Well, your honour, we were having a friendly game of poker and Mr. Newington's deck contained five aces. Ever heard of a pack of cards containing five aces?"

A juror, who had been hacking at the wooden railing with a penknife, completed a severance with suddenness, causing pandemonium resulting from the abrupt displacement of eleven pairs of feet. Above the confusion, the judge's voice rose stentorian:

"My judgment upon you, Augustus Winterbottom, is that one hour from now any citizen of Nashville is authorised to plug you as full of lead as you can hold. The court will adjourn."

Gus retired to pack. He was closing the lid of a bulging portmanteau on his top hat when a countryman handed him a letter.

He tore the envelope and read aloud:

"Dear Sir,—Owing to the death of your lamented brother-in-law, Mr. Edward Summers, we beg to inform that you are one of the beneficiaries (Gus pronounced it 'beanfisheries') of his estate.

Yours truly,

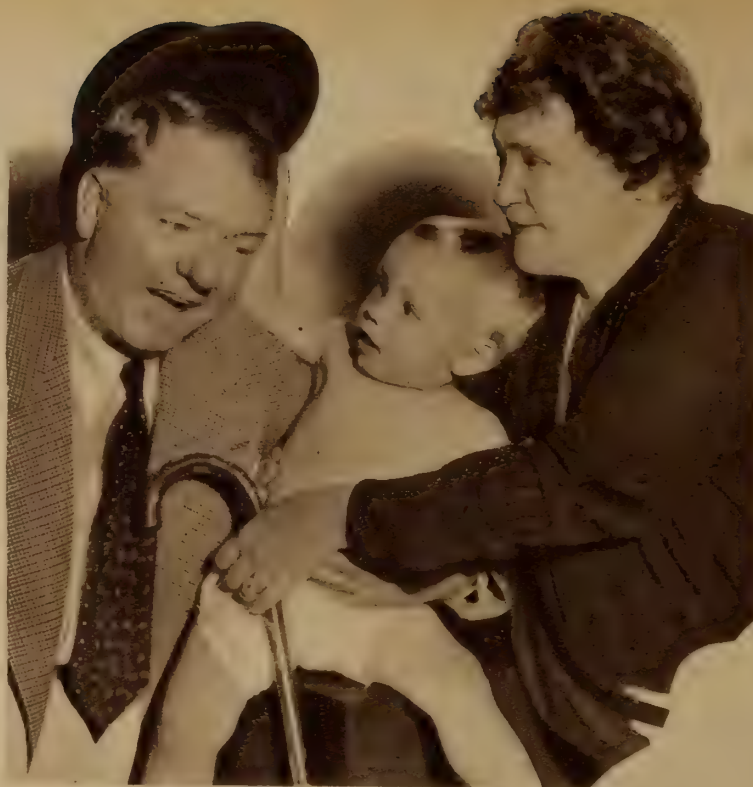
PHINEAS PRATT."

"Well, I'll be darn blamed!" observed the countryman. "Where you going now, Mr. Winterbottom?"

"Danville. In other words, this is where we take the bull by the tail and so on to fortune."

Thus it was that Gus's portly personage, of which his deft fingers so versed in sleight-of-hand, were but the outward sign of an inward power of deception, passing belief, occupied the entire space in front of the ticket window at Nashville Junction.

Had he thought then of his wife, and seldom did memories of Tillie



Tillie and Gus

The Story of the Film by Marjory Williams

Winterbottom trouble him, unless in connection with unpaid alimony, he might have surmised that she, being sister to Ed Summers, might also be a "beanfishery" of his estate.

As a matter of fact, Tillie Winterbottom, who ran an unsuccessful night club on the Shanghai waterfront, had gambled away the premises to her biggest creditor, a gentleman who admitted he owed his fortune to dice specially made for him by an Alaskan, named Gus Winterbottom.

Swallowing which irony, Tillie took fond farewell of night-club life and repaired to the offices of the Christian Mission, looking, in her black costume and plain felt hat, as though dice, loaded or otherwise, had never swum into her ken.

"You are a missionary?" inquired the helper in charge of the travelling bureau.

Tillie raised her eyes. "Yes, that is to say I bring strangers out of the darkness, fill them with fresh spirit, and relieve them of their material burdens."

"How interesting. Please sign here. This entitles you to a ten

per cent. reduction on your ticket."

When Gus, occupying the space in front of the Nashville Junction ticket office, turned round and saw the wife, whose alimony he had conspicuously failed to pay, he started, lost his hat, and remarked with a composure he was far from feeling:

"Hullo, my little turtle dove, my sweet! What brings you in these parts?"

"Did I hear you ask the clerk for a ticket to Danville?"

"You did, my love."

"My destination. May I ask what you're doing there, Augustus?"

It transpired that Tillie also had received from Phineas Pratt a letter announcing her as beneficiary of her brother's estate. Visions of future fortune brought a glamour to the meeting of husband and wife. They travelled to Danville on the same train, in the same car—nay, occupied the same seat. Further to cement their amicable relationship, Gus, aided by Tillie, who stood near the card table uttering concealed hints, "brought in the sheaves," as

After all, it was King who finally wooed Tillie's motherly heart, inducing her and Gus to transfer their antipathy from the "Sentimental idiots" to Phineas Pratt.

he expressed it, from three passengers in a friendly game of poker.

"It's my belief," Tillie remarked, as they left the train and were nearing the house of their late relative, "that Phineas Pratt is a crook. He always used to be, anyhow. Trust a family lawyer like him to butter his bread first."

The lawyer in question received them in a parlour crowded with furniture and knick-knacks a century old.

"Where is my niece, Mr. Pratt?" Tillie inquired. "I understood she and her husband, Tom Sheridan, inherited this house by my late brother's will."

"Sit down, Mrs. Winterbottom—you, too, sir. It's rather a long story, I'm afraid. You must understand, when the debts were paid, the estate had absolutely no assets. The only property accruing to Mary and her husband was the derelict ferry *Fairy Queen*. Useless, it was, of course. I made Mary an offer of five hundred dollars for the barge and Tom turned it down. I only made it to help them out."

"No doubt. I've known you too long, Phineas Pratt, to inquire into your motives. May I ask why you appear to be living here?"

"For the best of reasons. The house was mortgaged to me years ago. In default of payment, I—Pray be careful, sir. That vase is worth five hundred dollars. Your stick strikes me as painfully near. Well, I hear the lunch gong. I must wish you good-day."

Gus rose in the grand manner.

"Good-day. Tillie, my dear, as this gentleman evidently doesn't wish for our company, we will visit Tom and Mary on the ferry. Come, my love."

Dexterously knocking the five-hundred-dollar vase from its stand and ignoring the pieces, Gus and his lady departed.

Weeping willows drooping over the bank of the Potomac nearly hid the moribund ferry as they approached the gang-plank. The *Fairy Queen* was a double-decked craft and looked in need of a coat of paint.

Standing with his back to the pseudo-missionaries as they got on board, with nothing between his diminutive self and the river, a pair of leather reins girt about his middle, was a child of perhaps two.

"What are you doing here?" Gus inquired.

"Don't be silly. Can't you realise a child of that age doesn't talk?" corrected Tillie.

A young woman, wearing an organdi blouse and smart little hat, appeared hurriedly from the cabin and snatched the infant to her skirts with "King, how could you?" She was bearing him away when she stopped short.

"You're Mary Sheridan," Tillie announced. "Don't look bewildered. You should know me. I'm your Aunt Tillie and this is your Uncle Gus."

"Auntie! Uncle!" Mary held on to a young man who had emerged in shirt sleeves from below. "This is my husband, Tom. We are glad to see you. You see, we weren't in time to let you know before there was no money from poor Dad's

estate. Please, go right into the cabin and sit down while I fix lunch. Tom, you take King back to bed."

"Sentimental idiots, both of them," Tillie opined five minutes later, alone, in Gus's hearing.

"Seems so. All the better for bringing in the sheaves, my dear."

Seated at the lunch table, a doubtful look crossed Mary's charming face.

"Auntie — Uncle — you're both missionaries. Won't one of you say grace?"

In the end they made her say it. Gus had already got his teeth into corn-on-the-cob when called by Tillie to an outward show of devotion. "We're so grateful for uncle and aunt's safe arrival here," interposed Mary with bent head.

Tillie coughed and utterly failed to share Gus's acrimony on finding at the blessing's conclusion, that a tame duck, who obviously had free run of the cabin, had made a meal of his corn-cob, which he had thought to conceal under the table cloth.

After all, it was King who finally wooed Tillie's motherly heart, inducing her to transfer her antipathy from the "sentimental idiots" to Phineas Pratt, whom she suspected more than ever of sharp practice.

One summer evening she had finished bathing King, whose playful habit of removing the chain and plug from his tin bath, had all but flooded the *Fairy Queen's* deck, when Gus called.

The tall, round-shouldered figure of Phineas Pratt, oily-complexioned, with dark moustache, was accompanied on deck by a stranger, wearing a trilby.

"The River Commissioner, my dear," introduced Gus, with a wave of his stick. "The gentleman's trying to tell us the *Fairy Queen's* unseaworthy. Not a bit of it, I assure him. Sound as a bell. Every part's in good repair."

To prove the last, he leaned his bulky frame against the ship's rail, which noisily gave way, but neatly all the same. With great presence of mind, Gus tugged back the falling portion, which fitted neatly into its original position, exhibiting few tell-tale splinters.

"Very handy device for facilitating throwing out the life line," he emphasised and continued to tour the deck, Pratt, the commissioner, and an anxious Tom and Mary in his wake. Arrived at the stern, the party was brought up short. To four people at least, the apparition before their eyes was new and startling. Docked a hundred yards downstream was a brand new ferry.

An up-to-date contrivance for working the paddle wheels, manifested itself in a Heath-Robinson-like contraption between the two upper deck houses of the new craft. On her stern, glistening with fresh paint, was the name in bold black letters, *Keystone*.

"I see it all," Gus spluttered venomously. "Who does that ferry belong to? You, Phineas Pratt? I thought so. Blackguard, you're trying to oust the *Fairy Queen* from the river, just as my nephew has got her engines working. You're no gentleman, sir!"

"Maybe," Pratt returned equably. "Don't worry. The *Fairy Queen* will never do service on these waters again; no sir. The barge is about fit to live in, that's all."

"That's not true," Mary burst in.

My husband is a splendid engineer. He's been working night and day ever since we came here to get our engine going. It does go. I should like to show the Commissioner sometime."

"You will have to, ma'am."

The somewhat staid individual in the trilby, who so far had not exercised his privilege to speak, produced a form from a leather case. "According to this document, which I am to ask you to sign, the *Fairy Queen's* franchise is to be cancelled from next Monday, unless her owners can prove to my satisfaction that she can ply for trade as a ferry."

"Unless her owners can prove —" Tom took up the argument.

"Well, they can prove it." He threw a glance over his shoulder.

"I'll take *Keystone* on in a race, from any starting point you, Commissioner, like to name, ending at the dock here. If I win I retain the franchise. If *Keystone* wins I lose it. How's that?"

Over a pipe on deck with his nephew, Gus at first seemed extremely gloomy on the subject of the race, the details of which the Commissioner had consented to draw up. As the evening wore on his thoughts took a more rosy hue, smoothing creases out of his plump face and allowing him to enjoy the flavour of the weed.

"Augustus," Tillie remarked as she searched for her ample wrapper in the locker. "You must have some plan by now to bring home the *Fairy Queen*."

"Quite so, my little turtle-dove. Your co-operation to-morrow, being the night before the race, is needed. I also require a diving suit."

Glad in a macintosh, nervously winding the handle of an apparatus, whereby Gus, enclosed in a diving helmet and wading in the dank water by the ferries' moorings, was receiving air, Tillie sat on a remote corner of the quay, whence the race was to start. She did her best to avoid suspicion, even going to the lengths of covering the apparatus with her coat and sitting on it, when the *Keystone's* captain, a not-too-bright individual, strolled that way.

She soon dismissed him and assisted Gus out of the water. "I hope you've tied the right boat to the dock," she observed sternly as her soul-mate struggled, breathing hard, out of his helmet.

"I've tied up the *Keystone*, taken out a few bolts, locks and bars, and generally dismantled her," he said cheerily. In accordance with his character, Gus had over-rated the thoroughness of his achievements.

The following day he was up early, attiring himself in a monkey jacket and peaked cap, confident of steering the *Fairy Queen* to victory. It was a perfect morning. Beyond the peaceful stretch of river, two miles above Danville town dock, the rugged lines of hills shimmered in blue mist.

Tillie had got herself up for the occasion, discarding her habitual trim coat and skirt for a summery voile, most unsuitable for her amplitude, and floppy hat that caught every gust of wind.

The entire local populace had turned out for the occasion, swarming on the river banks, and especially the departure quay, where they clamoured vainly to be taken on as passengers in either ferry.

The starting gun went and the

(Continued on page 24)

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TILLIE AND GUS—Continued

Fairy Queen was off, making a gallant start, her paddles churning the water at her stern.

Gus, who had undertaken to keep Tom supplied with the needful wood for stoking the engine, lingered on the stern deck to crow over the inability of the *Keystone* to leave her moorings.

Meanwhile the distance between her and *Fairy Queen* was pleasantly widening. Gus was strolling along, cigar in mouth, to make sure the pile of logs, lashed to the deck ready to be sent through the hatch below, was still there, when Tillie's shout recalled him to the bridge, where she and Mary were to take alternate charge of the wheel.

"Gus," she gasped, "they've got away! *Keystone's* got away, somehow. I always said you couldn't tie knots."

"Maybe, but observe, my little turtle-dove, how the *Keystone* revolves in circles, as it were. Don't forget I dismantled the rudder."

In support of his triumph, he indicated Phineas Pratt, who was staring inanely at the steering wheel, which, like the teacup under the cleansing influence of the traditional charlady, had "come right to pieces in the 'and."

"Augustus, did you dismantle both wheels?" Tillie inquired, as on the *Keystone's* second revolution fifty yards from the quay, Phineas and the captain could be seen, deserting the prow for the stern of the vessel.

"I'm afraid not, my love. Phineas is one up on me, but never fear."

"Gus! Gus! More wood!" came the urgent shout from the hold. Running nimbly down the deck, Gus lifted a couple of logs, balanced them on one shoulder, shouting encouragement to Tom, regardless that the ends of his burden were in contact with the weakest portion of the ship's rail.

Outwards it fell, dragging with it most of the piled up timber.

By the time Gus had delivered his first consignment through the hatch, the entire wood reserve was gently floating away in the *Fairy Queen's* wash. Meanwhile the *Keystone*, with her more powerful engine, having righted herself under guidance of her captain at the stern wheel, was fast gaining on her rival.

"More wood!" came Tom's entreaty from the hold. Nothing dismayed at his carelessness, Gus started to hurl everything on deck, whether fuel or not, through the hatch. He had pushed through a whisk broom and was following it with a couple of deck chairs, when his arm was seized:

Tillie, white-faced, goggle-eyed under the enormous hat, was pointing astern: "Look—over there—King!"

Sitting in his tin bath, which had been attached for safety by a cord and weight, the child was surely and steadily gliding out to meet the river. The weight had fallen overboard with the last disappearing log. Gurgling with pleasure, King was being lowered in his personal craft to the Potomac.

"Get the raft!" shouted Gus. Tillie rushed to the upper deck to obey, flung herself too far forward when loosening the ropes that bound the raft to the rails, and fell with it into the stream.

Heaving his last load of fuel, a

box which was marked "Roman Candles," through the hatch, Gus rushed headlong for the boat, lowered her too hastily, missed his footing, and was precipitated into the current.

A minute later he was striking out for the raft on which Tillie, a marvellous figure in sodden voile, had managed to clamber. Paddling furiously, they reached King, whose bright idea in removing the bath plug had brought him within an ace of drowning, in safety.

"They're all overboard!" roared Phineas, gloating on his bridge. They were not all. Tom, in the hold, was flinging everything on which he could lay hands into the furnace. Gus had been responsible for the numerous boxes containing "Catherine Wheels," "Rockets," "Pin Wheels," "Squibs," ranged in a corner of the hold. Almost without looking at, certainly without thinking about names or contents, Tom crammed one box after another into the furnace.

The result was staggering; the *Fairy Queen's* pace increased with a sudden spurt that brought her within view of the dock well ahead of the *Keystone*. The emissions from the *Fairy Queen's* funnel were so explosive and extraordinary as to hold the eye of every watcher on the quay.

Blinded by fiery sparks, stars, and red-hot ash issuing from that funnel, Phineas vented his wrath on the *Keystone's* similarly-blinded captain, and with such ferocity that he, too, lost his balance and without dignity was precipitated into the Potomac.

"The *Fairy Queen*! Three cheers for the *Fairy Queen*!" came from a myriad throats on the packed quay.

Supported by the crook of Gus's walking-stick which, like the Chinaman's umbrella, had failed to leave him, even at a crisis, Phineas struggled to board the raft.

"No you don't!" Gus announced. "Not till you've acknowledged *Fairy Queen's* sole right as ferry on these waters, and yielded the house you have fraudulently come by, to its rightful owners, Tom and Mary Sheridan. Will you do it?"

"No!" gasped Phineas, with head just out of water.

Submerging him for a full minute, Gus relentlessly hooked up his poor fish. "Now will you?"

"Yes," Gus extended a hand. Danville's inhabitants saw no stranger sight that day than Phineas Pratt, lawyer, scrambling and spluttering from raft to quay.

As Gus, in the words of his favourite song, put it to a combined audience of Tillie, Tom, Mary, King and the tame duck, reinstalled in the home of their forefathers, the half-drowning of Phineas Pratt, was only a just method of "bringing in the sheaves."

NEXT WEEK

THE story of "Golden Harvest," a picture which deals dramatically with one of the greatest economic problems of the day as well as presenting a charming romance and some outstanding characterisations.

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Clara Bow—the "It" girl—as she appears in her new film "Hoop-la."

On the Screens Now by Lionel Collier

The PICTUREGOER'S quick reference index to films just released

- | | |
|-------------------------|-----------------------------|
| ***BLONDE BOMBSHELL | *BROADWAY THROUGH A KEYHOLE |
| ***TILLIE AND GUS | *CRIME ON THE HILL |
| *HOOP-LA | *THE THRILL HUNTER |
| *NOTORIOUS BUT NICE | *THE NIGHT OF THE PARTY |
| c*GUN JUSTICE | *OLSEN'S BIG MOMENT |
| c*THE MAN FROM MONTEREY | |

What the asterisks mean—**** An outstanding feature. *** Very good.
** Good. * Average entertainment. c Also suitable for children.



Jean Harlow gives an excellent performance in the fast-moving story "Blonde Bombshell."

GRACIE FIELDS' latest picture, *Love, Life and Laughter*, is the subject of our special sixteen-page inset presented free with the PICTUREGOER this week. In it you will find all you want to know about the star and her work; for this reason, I have refrained from dealing with it in these columns.

Do not miss seeing *Blonde Bombshell*; it is great entertainment and another histrionic triumph for Jean Harlow, whose versatility is shown to still further advantage in it.

The new comedy team of W. C. Fields and Alison Skipworth will give you a good laugh in *Tillie and Gus*; otherwise, the week is not a remarkable one.

***BLONDE BOMBSHELL

M.-G.-M. American. "A" certificate. Satirical Hollywood comedy. Runs 93 minutes.

JEAN HARLOW.....Lola Lee TRACEY.....Space FRANK MORGAN.....Pops FRANCHOT TONE.....Clifford MIDDLETON PAT O'BRIEN.....Brogan UNA MERKEL.....Mac TED HEALY.....Junior IVAN LEBEDEFF.....Marquis ISOBEL JEWELL.....A Girl Friend LOUISE BEAVERS.....Loretta LEONARD CAREY.....Winters MARY FORBES.....Mrs. Middleton C. AUBREY SMITH.....Mr. Middleton JUNE BREWSTER.....Alice Cole

Directed by VICTOR FLEMING from a story by CAROLINE FRANCES and MACK CRANE.

This is one of those pictures in which Jean Harlow claims your attention as a versatile actress as distinct from a blonde menace. She gives a brilliant performance as a temperamental star.

It is a cynical study, excellently balanced, and with a substratum of truth beneath its satirical exterior.

Hollywood can laugh at itself, which is a very healthy sign indeed, and in Lee Tracy we have the ultimate in publicity agents who tries to boost his charge as a "blonde bombshell," and has his plans upset time and time again when she first of all decides to go domestic and later to "find her true self in solitude." However, he finally triumphs and wins her back to the studio by a somewhat heartless ruse, your enjoyment of which I will not spoil by elucidation.

His performance here is one of his best. The quick tempo of the comedy suits him admirably and he fires wisecracks with his usual, inimitable aplomb.

Frank Morgan is very good as

the star's usually inebriated father, as is Franchot Tone as her "society lover," who proves the cause of her return to the studio.

As his father and mother, Aubrey Smith and Mary Forbes give sound performances.

Una Merkel is well cast as the star's opportunity-seeking secretary and Pat O'Brien most amusing as her equally temperamental director, who occasionally imagines himself in love with her.

***TILLIE AND GUS

Paramount. American. "U" certificate. Broad comedy. Runs 56 minutes.

W. C. FIELDS.....Gus WINTERBOTTOM ALISON SKIPWORTH.....Tillie WINTERBOTTOM BABY LE ROY....."The King" JACQUELINE WELLS.....Mary SHERIDAN CLIFFORD JONES.....Tom SHERIDAN CLARENCE WILSON.....Phineas PRATT GEORGE BARBER.....Captain FOGG BARTON MACLANE.....The Commissioner EDGAR KENNEDY.....The Judge IVAN LINOW.....The Swede Directed by FRANCIS MARTIN from the story by ROBERT HUGHES adapted by WALTER DE LEON and FRANCIS MARTIN. (For the story freely based on the film by MARJORIE WILLIAMS see page 22.)

A most amusing piece of fooling, which introduces us to a new comedy team in the shape of W. C. Fields and Alison Skipworth.

I do not think the combination is wholly satisfactory—Edna May Oliver would have proved a better foil for Fields—but the production, as a whole, has a number of laughs, plenty of wisecracks, and quite an amusing plot.

W. C. Fields, as the crook gambler who comes from Alaska to share in

a will left by his brother-in-law, is in his element.

Alison Skipworth is good as his equally tough spouse, who is summoned from China, where she is running a gambling den, to share in the same will.

The opening scenes are riotously funny; there is a rough court-of-justice scene, where Fields is hailed for cheating at cards, which is brimful of humour.

Equally hilarious is the scene in China, where his wife is cheated at a dice game, with dice made by her husband; he, of course, was an expert in such matters.

The domestic comedy scenes, when the pair arrive in America and find that their niece and her husband who own a ferry, are being swindled by a rascally lawyer, are not quite up to the opening scenes in humour, but they are funny enough to keep you extremely well entertained.

A race between two rival ferry boats provides excellent slapstick and Baby Le Roy supplies the "Oh, isn't he sweet," element.

*HOOP-LA

Fox. American. "A" certificate. Romantic circus drama. Runs 77 minutes.

CLARA BOW.....Lou PRESTON POSTER.....Nifty RICHARD CROMWELL.....Chris HERBERT MUNDIN.....Hap JAMES GLEASON.....Jerry MINNA GOMBELL.....Carrie ROGER IMHOF.....Colonel GOWDY FLORENCE ROBERTS.....Ma BENSON Directed by FRANK LLOYD from JOHN KENYON NICHOLSON'S play, *The Barker*.

This uninspiring and drawn-out romance, with its theatrical

dialogue and unconvincing sentiment, does not help Clara Bow at all on her road to a "come-back."

In the opening sequences she displays a Mae West touch which suggests she could compete successfully with that star, but otherwise she does not seem to be able to enter at all successfully into her role of a tough circus performer who wins the love of an unsophisticated boy in spite of his father's opposition, reforms herself and helps him to success.

As the boy, Richard Cromwell is too utterly unsophisticated to convince, but he puts a good deal of sincerity into the part.

Preston Foster as his father, a tough "barker" who does not want his son in the same circus racket, is miscast. He is unable to conceal his youth under a middle-aged make-up.

Herbert Mundin brings a little humour to the affair and Frank Lloyd has succeeded in catching the fair-ground atmosphere well.

*NOTORIOUS BUT NICE

P.D.C. American. "U" certificate. Romantic crook drama. Runs 73 minutes.

MARIAN MARSH.....Jennie JONES BETTY COMPTON.....Millie SPRAGUE DONALD DILLAWAY.....Dick HAMILTON ROCHELLE HUDSON.....Connie MARTIN HENRY KOLKER.....The Defence Attorney J. CARROLL NASH.....Joe CHARNEY DEWEY ROBINSON.....Tuffy ROBERT ELLIS.....Prosecuting Attorney WILFRED LUCAS.....The Judge JANE KECKLEY.....The Landlady ROBERT FRAZER.....Parkman LOUIS BEAVER.....Ophelia Directed by RICHARD THORPE from a story by ADELINE LEITBACH.

Machine-made drama dealing with the vicissitudes of an orphan typist who falls in love with a wealthy young man and is discredited by the trustee of his estate, who wants him for his own daughter. The strong cast do all they can with very conventional and artificial material.

c*GUN JUSTICE

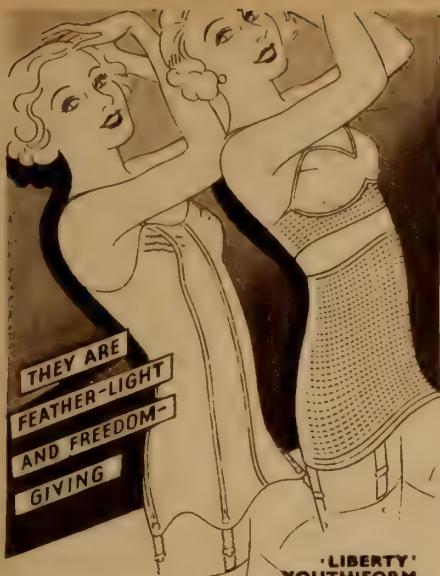
Universal. American. "U" certificate. Western drama. Runs 60 minutes.

KEN MAYNARD.....Ken LANCE CECILIA PARKER.....Ray HARSH HOOPER ATCHLEY.....Sam BURKETT WALTER MILLER.....Chris HOGAN JACK ROCKWELL.....Hank RIVERS FRANCIS FORD.....Denver FRED MCKAY.....Impostor BILL DYER.....Red HOGAN JACK RICHARDSON.....Sheriff ED COXEN.....Jim LANCE BILL GOULD.....Jones SHELDON LEWIS.....Lawyer LAKE MCKEY.....Postmaster Directed by ALAN JAMES from a story by ROBERT GINGLEY.

(Continued on page 28)



Constance Cummings and Russ Columbo spend a day by the sea in "Broadway Thru a Keyhole."



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ON THE SCREENS NOW—Continued

Conventional Western material with the main interest centred on Ken Maynard's equestrian ability and his horse, Tarzan.

Slight love interest and a little humour are interspersed through the normal hard-riding and chase sequences.

Scenic qualities are effective.

*BROADWAY THROUGH A KEYHOLE

United Artists. American. "A" certificate. Romantic drama. Runs 91 minutes.

CONSTANCE CUMMINGS.....Joan Whelan
RUSS COLUMBO.....Clark Brian
PAUL KELLY.....Frank Rocco
BLOSSOM SEELEY.....Sybil Smith
GREGORY RATOFF.....Max Mofofski
TEXAS GUINAN.....Tex Kaley
HUGH O'CONNELL.....Chuck Haskins
HOBART CAVANAGH.....Peanuts Dinwiddie
C. HENRY GORDON.....Tom Crowley
WILLIAM BURRESS.....Thomas Barnum
HELEN JEROME EDDY.....Esther

Directed by LOWELL SHERMAN from WALTER WINCHELL's book, adapted by GENE TOWNE and RAYMOND GRIFFITH.

It is doubtful if much of Walter Winchell's original *expose* remains in this conventional romance between a crooner and a cabaret dancer which is liberally besprinkled with a gangster element and made to order night-club life.

Most of the action takes place in the late Texas Guinan's night haunt, and you get a glimpse of the famous club hostess herself.

As the crooner who wins the cabaret star from the gangster whose influence elevated her from the chorus to the big lights in rapid time, Russ Colombo is—just another crooner.

Constance Cummings in the role of the unbelievably innocent orphan girl who dances into stardom is as competent as usual in a stereotyped role, and Paul Kelly makes the most of the none too well conceived part of the gangster.

As a matter of fact, acting honours go to Gregory Ratoff—as they have a habit of doing—as an illiterate cabaret impresario.

He supplies most of the humour, and presents a true-to-life character study.

*CRIME ON THE HILL

Wardour (B.I.P.). British. "A" certificate. Crime drama. Runs 68 minutes.

SIR NIGEL PLAYFAIR.....Dr. Moody
LEWIS CANNON.....Rev. Michael Gray (Vicar)
PHYLLIS DARE.....Clare Winlow
SALLY BLANE.....Sylvia Kennet
ANTHONY BUSHELL.....Anthony Fields
JUDY KELLY.....Alice Green
GUS McNAUGHTON.....Collins
GEORGE MERRITT.....Inspector Wolf
REG PURDELL.....Reporter
HAL GORDON.....Second Detective (Sergeant)

Directed by BERNARD VORHAUS from the play by JACK DE LEON and JACK CELESTIN.

Bernard Vorhaus is one of those directors whose work always shows imagination and fertility of ideas. He has made the most of a rather conventional story and managed to conceal the identity of the villain quite effectively.

The plot deals with the murder of a wealthy country squire, followed by suspicion falling on the usual varied characters who were connected with him.

The main interest in the picture is the screen debut of Phyllis Dare, who, in spite of an unsympathetic part, shows that she has a flair for screen work which is well worth exploiting. She is cast as a woman who claims to have been secretly married to the dead man.

Sally Blane, as the heroine, is attractive and the strong cast all do well with material which is not altogether worthy of their talents.

*THE THRILL HUNTER

Columbia. American. "U" certificate.

Western comedy drama. Runs 61 minutes.

BUCK JONES.....Buck Crosby
DOROTHY REVIER.....Marjorie Lane
ED LE SAINT.....Jackson
EDDIE KANE.....Levine
ARTHUR RANKIN.....Roy Lang
FRANK LA RUE.....Hall
ROBERT ELLIS.....Blake
WILLIE FONG.....Wung Lo

Directed by GEORGE B. SEITZ from a story by HARRY O. HOYT.

Buck Jones is in very good form in this entertaining little picture which has part of its action in "the wide open spaces" and part in a film studio.

He plays the rôle of a boastful Westerner who meets a film star and poses as a fearless aviator and racing motorist. His bluff is called when he is asked to appear in a picture, but he redeems himself later by saving the star from bandits.

Dorothy Revier is good as the heroine and Robert Ellis a convincing villain.

*THE NIGHT OF THE PARTY

Gaumont-British. "A" certificate. Crime drama. Runs 61 minutes.

LESLIE BANKS.....Sir John Holland
ERNEST THESIGER.....Chiddiatt
IAN HUNTER.....Guy Kennion
MALCOLM KEEN.....Lord Studholme
LAURENCE ANDERSON.....Defending Counsel
MURIEL AKED.....The Princess
JANE BANER.....Peggy Studholme
VIOLA KEATS.....Joan Holland
JANE MILLICAN.....Anna Chiddiatt
JOHN TURNBULL.....Ramage
W. GRAHAM BROWNE.....General Piddington

Directed by MICHAEL POWELL from a play by ROLAND PERTWEE and JOHN HASTINGS.

Another of the "spot the murderer" type of pictures, adequately handled, but lacking in ingenuity and wildly incredible in the denouement.

The mystery is very slowly developed and the acting fair.

*OLSEN'S BIG MOMENT

Fox. American. "A" certificate. Comedy extravaganza. Runs 66 minutes.

EL BRENDAL.....Knut Olsen
WALTER CATLETT.....Robert Brewster
BARBARA WEEKS.....Jane Van Allen
SUSAN FLEMING.....Virginia West
JOHN ARLEDGE.....Harry Smith
MAIDEL TURNER.....Mrs. Van Allen
EDWARD PAWLEY.....Joe "Mork" West
JOSEPH SAUCERS.....Danny Reynolds

Directed by MALCOLM ST. CLAIR. Story by GEORGE MARSHALL.

Absurd plot rendered fairly amusing by the team work of the comedians, El Brendal and Walter Catlett, the former in his usual simple unassuming vein and the latter alcoholic.

The humour is of the slapstick variety, and the fooling is wildly incredible. The complexities of the plot render the whole thing rather confusing at times.

*THE MAN FROM MONTEREY

Warner. American. "U" certificate. Western drama. Runs 57 minutes.

JOHN WAYNE.....Capt. John Holmes
DUKE.....Duke
RUTH HALL.....Dolores
LUIS ALBERNI.....Felipe
FRANCIS FORD.....Don Pablo
NINA QUARTERO.....Anita Garcia
LAFAYETTE MCKEE.....Don Jose
DONALD REED.....Don Luis Gonzales
LILLIAN LEIGHTON.....Juanita
CHARLES WHITTAKER.....Jake Morgan

Directed by LEON SCHLESINGER.

Naive romance of a young American officer who is sent by the Government to California to persuade a Spanish land-owner to register his property under a new act.

He overcomes his opposition and saves the land-owner from having his claim to the land "jumped."

There is a good deal of knockabout of a slapstick variety, which, if not taken seriously, proves quite amusing.

Tempo is fast and the cast adequate.



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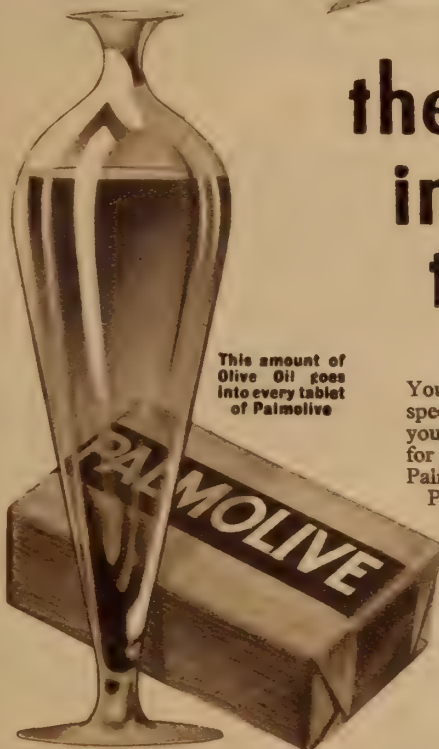
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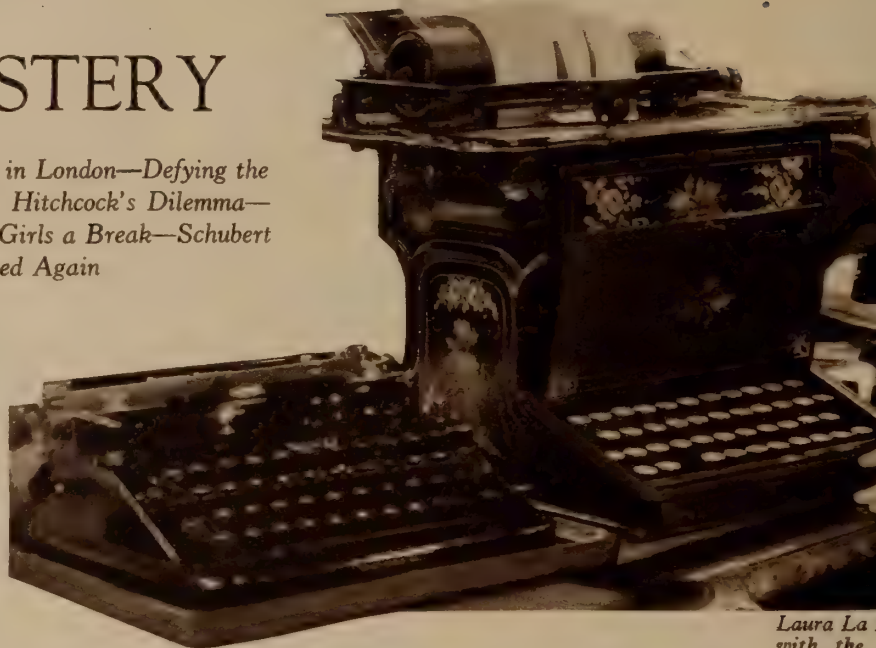
BANKS

MYSTERY

A "Church Mouse" in London—Defying the Traffic Rush—Alfred Hitchcock's Dilemma—Giving the "Hello" Girls a Break—Schubert Screened Again

On the
BRITISH
Sets

by
E. G.
COUSINS



Laura La Plante seen with the two typewriters which are used in her new picture "Church Mouse." On the left is the latest model and the other is the first Remington to be used in Great Britain in 1873.

"WHO hath sight so clear and strong
That it can follow the flight of a song?"

Demanded the poet—or words so much to that effect as to reflect great credit on my memory. Equally vainly we might expect to follow the flight of a rumour—and yet, more by luck than perseverance, I have succeeded in tracing one to its origin.

No fewer than three separate acquaintances of mine told me recently that they had seen Monty Banks, considerably under the "affluence of incohol," as some cheerful idiot put it, staggering about in the middle of the traffic in Fleet Street in the rush hour.

They were certain it was Monty. They would swear to it. Monty was unmistakable—and so on and so forth, until I began to think there must be something in it after all.

But there are some people who attract rumours as Garbo attracts audiences, and Monty is one of these; he is alive, dynamic, colourful, and whatever he does is talked about and distorted and exaggerated so as to bear little resemblance to reality.

Mix Thoroughly

Knowing this, I decided to investigate, and this is what I found.

For certain sequences of *Church Mouse*, which Monty has been directing for Warners at Teddington, it was necessary to take shots of Laura La Plante running about the City and West End, going in and out of telephone booths, jumping on and off buses, and generally becoming thoroughly mixed up with London's teeming millions—probably (and this is a solemn thought) some of you among them.

Lurching After Laura

They decided to do this properly on the spot or spots, instead of trying to reconstruct it in the studio; and as it was essential that the Great General Public (you) shouldn't be aware of what was going on, they did everything they could think of to conceal the camera.

All went well until it came to a certain shot showing Miss La Plante leaping from a bus and running across the street and into a bank. She did it beautifully, but it was just a rainy Monday to the cameraman, whose view was completely

obscured by traffic coming in the other direction. Well, you can do a good deal in the sacred cause of film-production, but you can't stop rush-hour traffic in the City of London.

That is to say, you and I couldn't. But Signor Mario Bianchi (Monty Banks to you)—ah, that is another kettle of spaghetti altogether.

What he did, the second time they shot the scene, was to turn up his coat collar—why do people always imagine they will be recognised by their necks?—and jay-walk, or stagger into the middle of the traffic just behind Laura.

Of course, the wonderful London traffic (hats off, everybody, please!) pulled up on its haunches, especially a motor-bus whose driver had quite a lot of ideas on the subject; and how he expressed them was nobody's business.

Of course, Monty's immediate future might easily have been the Ambulance Corps' business, but there is a little cherub (rather short and plump round the middle) who sits on a cloud and looks after Monty when he is doing his harebrained stunts; and all went well as usual.

An Eyeful

The cameraman secured his shot. Monty hastily explained to the bus-driver that they were making a film ("Lumme!" murmured the bus-driver, marvelling), the traffic resumed its normal sway, and the mad makers of movies moved along to another location.

I've only known Monty come to grief during one of his reckless strivings after screen "effects." That was in his very first British film, *Adam's Apple*, in which he had a ding-dong battle with the "heavy," an American actor named Colin Kenny. They fought in a ship's gymnasium (reproduced at Elstree) with papier mâché Indian clubs; and as they pelted each other with these weapons the knobbed handle of one of them caught Monty in the eye—and not all the combined efforts of the make-up department could put Monty-dumpty together again in time for the afternoon's shooting.

A Lying Jade!

Of course, the rumour went round that Monty had been fighting with Alfred Hitchcock, with whom he had a regular feud of ragging—they would throw plates on each other's set in the middle of a shot. But this was just as much "all my eye" as the latest *canard* about Monty being half-seas-over, afloat in the flood of Fleet Street.

Don't you believe half the stories you hear about the stars. Why, even in Hollywood they all have their bowl of bread-and-milk at 8.30

and are comfily tucked up in their little white cots by 9. Sez Will Hays.

We haven't heard very much about Alfred Hitchcock lately. That is to say, I've heard a great deal, but I haven't passed the information on to you, because what's the use of leading you up the garden in pursuit of all the wild geese I get wind of?

Hitch's Chance

There were all sorts of well-authenticated rumours about "Hitch" directing a film for Alexander Korda—and what happened? He directed *Waltzes from Vienna* for Gaumont.

Film-criticism is no part of the business of these pages of mine, which, perhaps, is just as well in this case.

Anyway, perhaps you will see that film and form your own conclusions as to whether it justified the fine reputation which Hitch has built up.

If (mind, I only say if) he makes the film—again for Gaumont-British—that he wants to make, I think it will be very much more in his line and will afford him a better chance to "recapture that first fine careless rapture" of his early efforts.

Sidney Street Again

Once upon a time—nearly a quarter of a century ago, and gosh, how time does fly!—there was a stirring little battle in Houndsditch, London, between three criminals called Peter the Painter, Fritz Svaars, and "Joseph" (no one knew his other name) on the one side, and the British Army on the other.

The latter was represented by a detachment of Scots Guards, who lay on their tummies in the mud of Sidney Street for four or five hours and sniped at the windows of the house in which the enemy had barricaded themselves. Finally, the house caught fire, Peter, Fritz, and Joseph became charcoal, and the Scots Guards lived happily ever after.

The Tale of a Hat

But the cream of the whole situation was the sight of Winston Churchill, then Home Secretary, personally supervising the siege, suitably attired for the occasion in a top hat.

(Continued on page 32)



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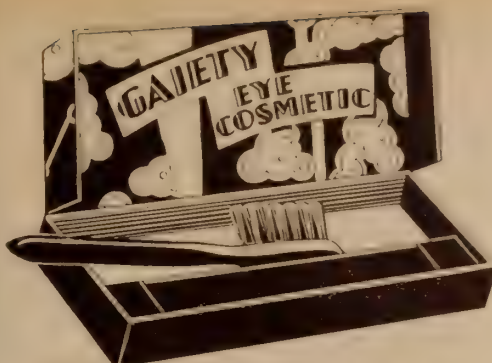


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ON THE BRITISH SETS—Continued

It must be immediately obvious to everyone that no film of the event could be considered complete without that hat; but who is to wear it?

Since the regrettable incident of the law suit concerning *Rasputin the Mad Monk*, all sorts of recent-history films which were about to be put into production have been hastily reconsidered. "Winnie" was a winsom young man of thirty-five when the Battle of Sidney Street was raging; now that he is nearly sixty, will he consider a reconstruction of that hat to be a slight to his dignity?

A Neat Solution

That is the problem that is bringing lines and creases into Hitch's boyish brow; and not only Hitch, but other directors are growing all furrowed-up by the same knotty problem.

For example, there is *The Great Defender*, which is on the tapis at Welwyn at the moment. The film is based on the life of a famous advocate, and the question that is bothering certain executives is whether the relatives of the late Sir Edward Mar—that is to say, whether the relatives of any deceased barrister will recognise their distinguished relation and come down on B.I.P.

I think B.I.P. have got over the problem very neatly by casting Matheson Lang for the rôle, because there is no possibility of ever mistaking him for anybody else, in any circumstances.

The Ringing Tone

At Elstree, B.I.P. have three films under way. First, *Give Me a Ring*, in which at least two members of the cast of the recently-completed *Freedom of the Seas* will figure; these are Clifford Mollison and Zelma O'Neal, and there are also Nadine March, Olive Blakeney, Bertha Belmore, and Jimmy Godden.

I haven't seen Nadine March in a film since *London Wall*. Zelma O'Neal is the American wife of the English Anthony Bushell, who was "Charles, his Friend" to Charles Bickford in *Red Wagon*. Zelma is a quaint and cheerful person, with a leaning to the grotesque.

Meet Miss Blakeney

I don't think you've met Olive Blakeney. Allow me! Miss Blakeney is a clever and charming actress, the wife of Bernard Nedell. It's high time we had her on the screen.

This *Give Me a Ring* is all about telephone-girls. They'd better be a bit smarter at film-acting than they are at getting wrong numbers for me, or I'll give them such a slating they'll be sorry I've been troubled. But as the *locale* of the story is Sweden, I dare say they'll spend all their time getting engaged; I've been told everyone makes matches there.

Leslie Lost

Then there is *Lost in the Legion*, and if you are a Leslie Fuller fan you will give vent to little gurgles of joy at hearing that this is a Leslie Fuller picture.

If you are *not* a Fuller fan—and there is no halfway house in the matter—take comfort in the fact that there are also Renée Houston (who can say the most matter-of-fact things and be really funny about it) and Betty Fields, a younger daughter of that same Mr. and Mrs. Stansfield of Rochdale, Lancs., who are the father and mother of "Ower Graacie."

I rather suspect that "Ower Betty" is being given a trial gallop in this film to determine her suitability for the lead in *The Lassie from Lancashire*, which this company is to produce shortly, and which is reported to be "based on the famous song." All the same, I hope there will be a little story mixed up in it somewhere—just a little.

This film might be described as being full of Fullers, for in addition to Leslie Fuller, there



Ian Hunter and Jane Carr who have prominent roles in "Church Mouse" which Monty Banks is directing for Warners at Teddington.

are also his brothers, Ernest Fuller and Donald Fuller.

There is also Hal Gordon, who will have to be watched; he came precious near to stealing the last Fuller epic—*The Outcast*. And with Alf Goddard, Bromley Davenport, James Knight, and Mike Johnson, we have all the regular Elstree "support."

Only the director is different. Instead of Norman Lee we have Fred Neuneyer, late of Hollywood.

What's In a Name?

The third B.I.P. effort at Elstree is *Blossom Time*, in which Richard Tauber—he of the golden larynx and platinum vocal chords—will play the leader.

Lilac Time, if I remember rightly, was all about the life of Schubert. So is this one.

Paul Graetz, the German actor who was the circus proprietor in *Red Wagon*, is again a proprietor—but this time of a dancing academy. His daughter falls in love with Schubert. You know what nitwits these daughters are.

Anyway, it will give everyone concerned an opportunity of peacocking round in fancy-dress; and, all being well, we should have some luscious throat-music from Herr Tauber.

Harking Back to Hats

Talking about hats—well, we were, you know, in the paragraph about Winston Churchill. Or did you skip that bit?—you should have seen what I saw this week at the British & Dominions studio at Elstree.

Come to that, you probably will—on the screen; and it should be almost as effective there.

It was a Hat . . . oh, but a HAT. Winston Churchill could have watched a whole war in it and felt he was doing full justice to the occasion.

Anne Grey wore a pretty considerable lid in *Colonel Blood*, and got away with it very gracefully; but it was a beret compared with the "enormousness" adorning Anna Neagle in a Drury Lane sequence in *Nell Gwyn*.

Twelve feet in diameter; just imagine it! If I had a hat this size I would take it off to Anna for her courage—and keep it off for my own comfort.

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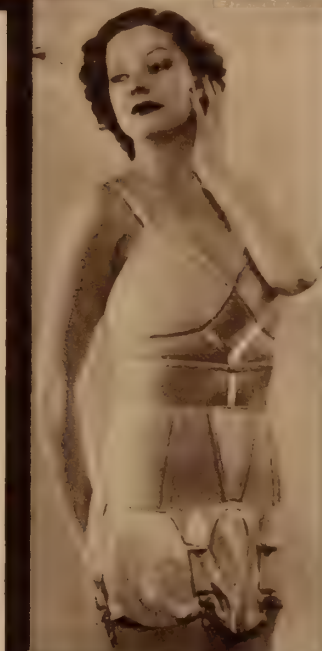
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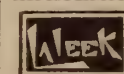
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What Do You Think? Letters from our Readers

Where are the COMEDIENNES? A Fan's Brickbat for Feminine Laughter Makers

DO women make good comedy stars? At the present time we have several with pretensions to being laughter-makers, but in a ballot for the most popular comedy stars I think they would be well down the list.

Personally, while I can be convulsed by the comedy of nearly every male from the august Chaplin down to the Taxi Boys and Charley Chase, I hardly raise a smile at the efforts of Cicely Courtneidge, Zasu Pitts, Thelma Todd, etc. I like Gracie Fields, but only for her singing.

I am very appreciative of witty dialogue issuing from a woman's lips, but her attempts at buffoonery leave me cold. It needs a peculiar kind of genius to play the fool in an amusing manner and, so far, I have found it a male comedy star's prerogative. What do others think? — A. I., 46 Southey Crescent, Sheffield 5.

[Personally, I number Cicely Courtneidge, Zasu Pitts, Edna May Oliver, and one or two other comediennes among my favourite players. The kinema, however, is not so rich in feminine laughter-makers as I should like.]



Zasu Pitts

Top-heavy Openings

When will film producers realize that the opening scenes of a film need to do more than merely create "atmosphere"?

Of four films I recently saw, three took twenty minutes to give me any suggestion of a plot—and I pride myself on being fairly representative of the average intelligence.

The remaining film brought enlightenment in fifteen minutes.

One of these pictures opened by showing practically every member of a hotel staff before it even introduced the man who really mattered in the story. Any film play which requires a sixth part of its length to create "atmosphere" is definitely not worth filming.

Five minutes should suffice to hold the audience's interest and provide a reasonable knowledge of what the film is about, but preliminary photographic capers before getting down to the real plot is fatal to the successful reception of many films to-day—W. Maskell, 41 Wellhead Lane, Perry Barr, Birmingham, who is awarded this week's £1 1s. od. prize.

[I agree that there are too many clumsy and top-heavy openings in the average type of film.]

A Memsahib Writes

I have just seen Maurice Chevalier for the first time, in *Love Me To-night*. I have never seen anything quite so vulgar, and I am sure the censor cannot realise the harm such films can do to British prestige in India, where the audience is fifty per cent. or more native.

It gives them a thoroughly misleading impression of the life of everyday Europeans, and it is not to be wondered at, to find they are lacking in respect towards us, particularly to the women out here. This is by no means the only undesirable film I've seen out here, but one of many, and I would like to see all films, whether American or British, more carefully censored before they are sent East.—(Miss) L. M. Richards, c/o Major J. C. Pyper, I.M.S., Residency Surgeon, Srinagar, Kashmir, N. India.

[Having lived in parts of the Empire where there are similarly large native populations, I can

appreciate your point of view. The remedy, however, surely lies with your own authorities.]

Stars in "Bits"

The array of stars in the film *Night Flight* led me to expect a really good film, but to my astonishment, the parts allotted to the players were enough to make a "bit" player weep.

Clark Gable sat in a plane throughout the film, and spoke about twenty words. Robert Montgomery (my favourite actor) had no opportunity to display his repartee, and Lionel Barrymore could easily have been left out of the film.

Performances such as these will not do the stars any good, and I fail to understand why they consented to play such degrading parts.—E. H. Lewis, 21 Moscow Drive, Stoneycroft, Liverpool, 13.

[PICTUREGOER's review of the film would have spared you your disappointment. This picture is another instance of cashing in on stellar, rather than plot, value.]

Too Much of a Good Thing?

Otto Kruger is, we read, Hollywood's latest find, and I suppose we shall be as tired of him in a few weeks as we are of all these stars that we get wished on us every time we pay a visit to the kinema.

I saw two films the other night in which he starred, and I am afraid when I came out that the two films were so muddled up in my mind that I was quite unable to separate the two stories.

Why is it that the producers will give us too much of one particular star for a while, until everybody is quite tired of him or her, instead of letting us have these new people in small doses; it is my opinion that their popularity would last a great deal longer, which would surely be to the advantage of everybody concerned.

I always feel sorry when I see this as in some cases the star is really very good and people would enjoy seeing a fresh face in one film, but feel rather antagonistic if too many of the current releases carry the same name.—G. H. Mathews, 20 Whitbread Road, Brockley, S.E.4, who is awarded the second prize of 10s. 6d.

[Rising young stars are usually kept busy in order that the public may get to know them. The fact that you saw Otto Kruger twice in the same programme is merely an unfortunate coincidence.]

A Bouquet for Brisson

I read with interest recently that Carl Brisson is visiting Hollywood. Incidentally, I think he is the only actor who can fill the role of Prince Danilo. Especially as it is so familiar to him.

Jeanette MacDonald with her marvellous voice and Handsome Carl with his personality! Well, who is there in filmland who would make an equal success of it.

Please, some fan, do let me know your opinion.—Doris Herbert, Monarch, 3 Amphill Road, Southampton.

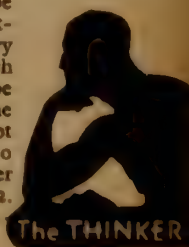
[I am afraid this is a forlorn hope. Maurice Chevalier is the chosen Danilo. Judging by all accounts, however, you will be seeing and hearing a lot about your favourite in the near future.]

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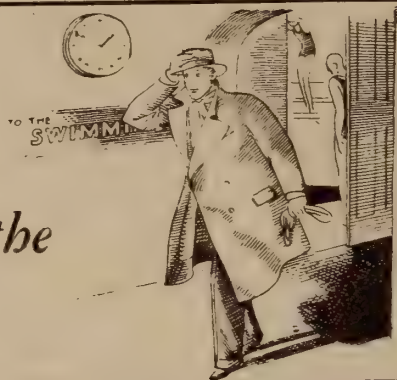
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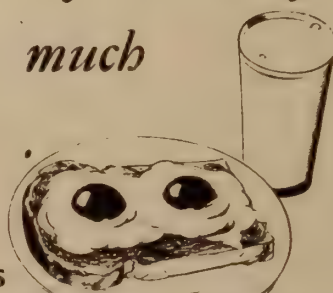
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"George" and "Anne" are your enquiry departments. The former will be happy to answer any query regarding films, the latter anything connected with household or beauty hints. Write to them both c/o THE PICTUREGOER WEEKLY. When a reply by post is desired a stamped, addressed envelope must be enclosed.

FROMANO (Cheam).—(1) Jack Holt was born on May 31, 1888, at Winchester, Virginia. He is 6 ft. tall and has brown hair and eyes. Married to Margaret Wood and has three children. Latest pictures include: *The Woman I Stole*, *The Wrecker* and *Master of Men*. Write to him c/o Columbia Studios. (2) Jimmy (Schnozzle) Durante is a native of New York. He is 5 ft. 10 in. tall and has brown hair and blue eyes. Married. Recent films include: *What a Liar*, *Meet the Baron*, *Hollywood Party* and *Palooka*. Write to him c/o Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios.

A. W. M. (Inverness).—(1) Eddie Cantor hails from New York and was born on January 31, 1893. (2) Alexander Gray was born on January 8, 1902, at Pennsylvania, U.S.A. He is 5 ft. 11 in. tall and has brown hair and eyes. He is married. (3) Vivienne Segar played opposite Alexander Gray in *Viennese Nights*.

SCREEN FAN (Liverpool 7).—(1) Ages this year as follows: Greta Garbo, 28; Helen Hayes, 32; Claudette Colbert, 29; Robert Montgomery, 30; Ramon Novarro, 35; Warner Baxter, 41; Myrna Loy, 29; Ben Lyon, 33; Janet Gaynor, 27; Lionel Atwill, 49. (2) Helen Hayes' pictures include: *Lullaby*, *Arrowsmith*, *Farewell to Arms*, *The White Sister*, *Son-Daughter*, *Night Flight*, *Another Language*. Her next is *What Every Woman Knows*. Address her c/o Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios.

MICKEY S. (Hampshire).—(1) Herewith the cast of *The Kid from Spain*: Eddie Cantor; Rosalie—Lyda Roberti; Ricardo—Robert Young; Anita—Ruth Hall; Pancho—John Miljan; Alonzo Gomez—Noah Beery; Pedro—J. Carroll Nash; Crawford—Robert Emmet O'Connor; Jose—Stanley Fields; Gonzales—Paul Porcasi; Dalmores—Julian Rivero; Martha Oliver—Theresa Maxwell Conover; Dean—Walter Walker; Red—Ben Hendricks, jun.; Sidney Franklin—Sidney Franklin; Chief Dancer—Grace Poggi. (2) Elissa Landi is married to J. C. Lawrence, the English barrister. Thank you for your good wishes.

CURLEY LASHES (Stockport).—(1) The rôle of "Culpeper" in *The Private Life of Henry VIII* was played by Robert Donat. Donat was born at Withington, Manchester, on March 18, 1907. He is 6 ft. tall and has brown eyes and hair. (2) Alan Mowbray took the part of "Count de Sarnac," Voltaire's enemy, in the screen version of *Voltaire*. Mowbray is an Englishman. Address him c/o Warner Brothers Studios.

BETTE (near Rickmansworth).—The cast of *Night Angel*: Yula—Nancy Carroll; Rudek Berkem—Fredric March; Theresa—Phoebe Foster; Countess von Martini—Alison Skipworth; Biezl—Alan Hale; Father Vincent—Hubert Druce; Mrs. Berkem—Katherine Emmet; Schmidt—Otis Sheridan; Rosenbach—Clarence Derwent; The Matron—Doris Rankin.

IGNORANT (Glam.).—The film *Hoopla* starring Clara Bow will be generally released this week. For the full cast and Lionel Collier's criticism of this picture see page 26.

AMAMI (Sunnyside Gardens).—(1) Alexander Gray and Bernice Claire did appear in *Moonlight and Melody*—the following is the correct cast: Nick—Leo Carrillo; Sally—Mary Brian; George Dwight—Roger Pryor; Powell—Herbert Rawlinson; Elsie—Lillian Miles; Bertie—Bobby Watson; Mack—William Frawley. Also Jack Denny and his Orchestra, Alexander Gray, Bernice Claire, Mary Lange, Max Stamm, James Carson, John Hundley, Richard Keene, Doris Carson, Frank and Milt Britton Band, The Four Eton Boys, Geraldine Dvorak, and a chorus of 50 show girls. (2) Johnny Arthur played the rôle of "Benny Kidd" in the film version of *The Desert Song*, not George K. Arthur. (3) The following is the cast of *Sweet Pepper*: Jill Mordaunt—Eve Gray; Tibor Arkosi—Warwick Ward; Harry Wythes—Paul Richter; Viola Verdier—Margit Manstad; General Hawkins—Robert English; Kitty Mordaunt—Karl Barthel; Prince Palaguy—Paul Biensfeld.

BUDDING COLLECTOR (London).—You can obtain a photograph of Jackie Cooper from the Picture Post Card Salon, 85, Long Acre,

London, W.C.2, price 3d. Write to Jackie Cooper, c/o Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios. I do not know if he would charge for a signed photograph of himself.

THOS. S. (S.W.6.).—Your request has been duly noted and a picture of June Clyde will appear on this page in the April 28 issue of PICTUREGOER.

MES BON-AMI.—Maurice Chevalier was born on September 12, 1894 at Menilmontant, France. He is 5ft. 11in. tall and has brown hair and blue eyes. Divorced from his wife Yvonne Vallee. Pictures include: *Immocents of Paris*, *The Love Parade*, *The Big Pond*, *Playboy of Paris*, *The Smiling Lieutenant*, *One Hour With You*, *Love Me To-Night*, *A Bedtime Story*, *The Way to Love* and *The Merry Widow*. Write to him c/o Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios.

JEANNE ET GASTON.—(1) The release date of *Rip Tide* has not been fixed at the time of going to press. (2) Address Herbert Marshall c/o Paramount Studios, and Madeleine Carroll c/o Fox Studios. (3) Herbert Marshall's most recent films include: *Solitaire Man*, *Four Frightened People* and *Rip Tide*. (4) Madeleine Carroll's first American picture will be *The World Moves On* with Franchot Tone. (5) Herbert Marshall did not appear in the screen version of *Escape*.

QUIZZY (Reading).—Casts as follows: (1) Lucia Amory—Adrianne Allen; Barbara Amory—Elizabeth Allan; Miss Amory—Marie Wright; Hostess—Leila Page; Sir Claud Amory—C. V. France; Richard Amory—Philip Strange; Captain Hastings—Richard Cooper; Doctor Carelli—Dino Galvani; Raynor—Michael Shepley; Inspector Japp—Melville Cooper; Doctor Graham—Harold Meade; Tredwell—S. A. Cookson; Hercule Poirot—Austin Trevor. (2) *The House of the Arrow*: Hanuad—Dennis Neilson-Terry; Betty Harlow—Benita Hume; Mrs. Harlow—Barbara Gott; Frobisher—Richard Cooper; Ann Upcott—Stella Freeman; Waberski—Wilfred Fletcher; Thevenet—Toni de Lungo; Gregson—Oliver Carter; Francine—Betty de Malere. (3) *The Last Trail*: Tom Daley—George O'Brien; Patricia Carter—Claire Trevor; Newt Olsen—El Brendel; Looney McGann—Matt McHugh; John Ross—J. Carroll Nash; Japonica Jones—George Reed; Mrs. Wilson—Lucille La Verne; Sally Olsen—Ruth Warren; Pedro Gonzales—Luis Alberni; Judge Wilson—Edward Le Saint. (4) Dennis Neilson-Terry who played the part of "Hanuad" in *The House of the Arrow* is dead. (5) Write to Richard Dix c/o RKO-Radio Studios.

Studio Addresses

BRITISH STUDIOS

Associated Sound Film Ind., Wembley Park, Middlesex.
Associated Radio Pictures, Ealing Green, London, W.5.
British and Dominion Imperial Studios, Boreham Wood, Elstree, Herts.
British International Studios, Boreham Wood, Elstree, Herts.
British Instructional Studios, Welwyn Garden City, Herts.
Gainsborough Studios, Poole Street, Islington, London, N.
Gaumont British Studios, Lime Grove, Shepherd's Bush, London, W.1.
Nettlefold Studios, Hurst Grove, Walton-on-Thames, Middlesex.
London Film Co., 22, Grosvenor Street, London, S.W.1.
Sound City Studio, Littleton Park, Shepperton, Middlesex.
Twickenham Studios, St. Margaret's, Twickenham, Middlesex.

AMERICAN STUDIOS

Columbia Studios, 1438, Gower Street, Hollywood, California.
Educational Studios, Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood, California.
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Leave IT to ANNE

WHATEVER your query, whether it belongs to the beauty or the domestic category, I am delighted to answer it. Please enclose a stamped addressed envelope for a postal reply. I can give you more space in a letter than can be spared in this page.

LAST week we talked about diet for the too slim. This week we will consider exercise as a cure for the same trouble.

These exercises aim at a better all-round development, while there are many others—far too numerous to mention here—that aim at the development of special parts of the body.

To improve the appearance of the upper arms and fill out those ugly hollows known as salt cellars, practise the following: Stand easily with arms outstretched at the height of the shoulders, palms facing downwards.

Completely turn the arms from shoulders to fingers, so that elbows and palms are uppermost. Repeat ten times.

With both arms outstretched, swing them in as wide circles as you can, both outward and inward.

Next, with arms bent at the elbows, and held as a runner holds them, rotate the shoulders.

Push them backwards and forwards, trying to make the shoulder blades touch.

Here is a ball exercise for improving the arms.

Stand with a ball held in the right hand, the arm extended level with the shoulder.

Simultaneously bend the elbow and bounce the ball on the upper arm, catching it again with the hand.

Repeat several times with each arm.

Chest Development

The actual size of the bust is a matter over which we have very little control.

But the girl who is too slight for real beauty can aim at a better general development of the chest.

The improved carriage and posture thus gained goes a very long way to make up for the deficiencies.

A walking stick or a cane should be used. It must be about 4 feet long.

Hold it behind the shoulder blades. Push the cane to the right by straightening the right arm and to the left by straightening the left arm.

Then raise with both hands above the head and return to the original position.

Repeat this exercise with a regular rhythm several times.

Those of you whose school days are not far behind will recognise this as one of the elementary exercises. It is very good, nevertheless.

Here is another excellent exercise for chest development: Lie flat on the back.

Lift the left leg till at right angles with the body, and at the same time throw up the right arm till it touches the floor above the head.

Repeat with alternate arms and legs fifteen times.

Sit on the floor with feet straight out and knees unbent.

Raise the arms level with the shoulders.

Twisting the body to the right, try to touch the right ankle with the left hand, stretching the other arm backwards as far as it will go.

Repeat with the other hand and ankle.

Improving Leg Contours

There is nothing like vigorous kicking for improving the shape of the legs.

It is best performed while holding the back of a chair with one hand, while the other hand is placed lightly on the hip.

The kick should be backwards.

Next, lie on your back on the floor. Make large circles with each leg alternately.

Stand with feet together, hands on the hips.

Raise the body on the balls of the feet. Sink to original position. Repeat ten times.

Massage with olive oil will also help develop the legs.

The oil should be warmed by standing the bottle in a basin of hot water.

Place a little oil in the palm of the hand, and beginning with the knees, massage the legs downwards to the ankles.

Continue the rubbing with quick rotary movements for about five minutes.

General Massage

Olive oil may be used as a general feeding massage.

If you dislike the odour—and, personally, I do—substitute a feeding cream.

I have given the recipe for this on many occasions on this page.

First of all soak yourself in a warm, soapy bath.

If your water supply is hard, use some bath salts to soften it and make the bath thoroughly pleasant.

Having opened all the pores, dry on a soft towel and then rub in the warmed oil or the cream.

Rub in all over the body till all has been absorbed.

Massage the neck with tissue oil or cream, rubbing it in with a kneading movement.

Leave your face till later on, and for goodness' sake don't use olive oil, lest it help to grow hair.

Tend your hands just as carefully, and massage them, too, paying special attention to the fingers.

Hands that are too thin invariably look old and withered before their time.

Answers to Correspondents

Lizette (Wimbledon).—You may eat lean meat without fear. It is the fat of butcher's meat that should be avoided. But while you are slimming, do not take pork or bacon. Take your fish steamed, boiled and grilled, but never fried. Take clear soup, and not thick, and reduce butter to a minimum. Eat plenty of apples, celery, spinach, watercress, cauliflower, cucumber, tomatoes.



With the aid of the cameraman Maureen O'Sullivan shows one complete movement in her daily routine to keep fit and keep her figure.

M. B. (Walthamstow).—Barley water is an excellent spring beverage for clearing the skin. You can make it from patent barley, or more easily still from barley kernels. Also, take a cupful of the water in which greens have been cooked. This purifies the blood.

A. L. M. (Hove).—Brittle nails are generally associated with a tendency to rheumatism and its allied complaints. Anoint the nails with olive oil nightly and take a course of mineral water. Any chemist will recommend you to a suitable one.

May (Christ Church).—You can obtain the Buty-Tone gramophone record from Robel, Ltd., 109 Jermyn Street, London, S.W.1, by sending 3d.—the cost of return postage. This record explains an entirely new method of home beauty treatment, and should meet with your requirements.

M. J. N. A. (Liverpool).—Sorry your query is too long to answer in detail here. In the February 10 issue of this paper, page 20, Jean Harlow gives an excellent exercise for the cure of your trouble.

M. S. (Liverpool).—You can buy suede reviver at any shoe shop.

Worried Girl (Liverpool).—Wear a chin strap during sleep. They can be bought from all large chemists.

Billie (Liverpool).—As you have given up the bad habit, Nature will soon straighten the lip.

Jane (London).—Massage your ankles with a reducing cream. Always walk upstairs on tip toe. A court shoe is probably the most slimming. Have moderate heels. Extra high heels tend to aggravate the trouble.

Nom - de - Plume.—Peroxide of hydrogen may be purchased from all chemists. Price approximately a shilling. It bleaches the hair, and tends to weaken the growth, but it will not destroy it. Only electrolysis will do that.

Special
British Supplement

MAKE a note of May 5 and order your "Picturegoer" early, there is going to be an unprecedented demand for our eighty-page British Supplement Number, which, besides all the usual features, will contain articles for the notabilities of the British film industry. This unique number in this history of film journalism is offered to you with no increase in price—2d. secures it, but order early to avoid disappointment.

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— safe for colours and all lovely fabrics

The Picturegoer Weekly.

Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper

No. 153 (New Series), Vol. 3

April 28, 1934

WARWICK DEEPING *on* SEX *and* CRIME

PAGE
8

PICTUREGOER

2^d
WEEKLY



ELIZABETH
BERGNER

Still another reason why 'Mine's a Minor'



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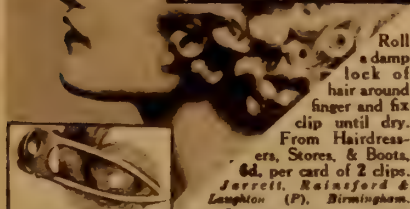
What would you say if you had suffered from indigestion and gastritis so badly that for 17 years you couldn't eat anything and then one bottle of stomach tablets ended all your pain?

Yet that's the story of Mr. W. Wooton of Snaefell Road, Blackburn. These are his own words:—"After 17 years of suffering with indigestion and gastritis Maclean Brand Stomach Tablets have done me more good than anything previously. I was wounded and gassed in December, 1916. Since then I have been troubled with a bad stomach. I could not eat anything and had awful pains day and night. A few weeks ago I purchased a box of Maclean Brand Stomach Tablets and now I feel a different man altogether—the pains have gone! They are a godsend."

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Picturegoer

The SCREEN NEWS
Magazine de Luxe

ROMANCE BEHIND ISLAND FILM

Secrets of "Man of Aran"—how Flaherty came to make it—Penetrating the great Garbo silence—Hollywood's new device—Greta's story against herself—Spencer Tracy and Warner Baxter promoted to stardom.

ROBERT J. FLAHERTY, whose long-awaited *Man of Aran* is having its London premiere at the New Gallery, reveals that if it had not been for a casual shipboard acquaintance the film would never have been made.

It is nearly three years since the idea was born, he tells me. "I had just returned from the South Seas at the time and was crossing the Atlantic in the *Berengaria* on my way to Germany. Aboard the liner, I fell in with an Irish motor engineer.

"It was this man who told me of the wild magnificence of the Aran Islands and of the struggle for life ceaselessly carried on by the islanders. We met and talked once or twice on the voyage; but I have never seen him again and I have even forgotten his name. I should like to meet this Irishman again, for had it not been for those talks we had aboard the liner, there would be no *Man of Aran* film to-day.

"I spent five months in Germany. The stories that the Irish engineer had told me were always in the back of my mind, and when I came to England and met Mr. Michael Balcon, Production Chief of the Gaumont British Picture Corporation, he was impressed with the idea and sent me off to Aran."

Fish Shed as Laboratory

Probably no other talkie has ever been produced under such strange conditions as Flaherty modestly describes.

The first problem was to find a water supply—because fresh water sufficient for the needs of a film-production unit is scarce on the barren ledge of rock that is Aran.

A suitable spring was eventually discovered and an old stone shed near by, used in the ordinary way for storing fish, became their laboratory. Developing tanks, drying drums and printing apparatus were installed there.

A tiny petrol engine was brought over. This developed just enough electricity to provide



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Adrienne Ames and W. C. Fields, who appear together in "You're Telling Me."

"Picturegoer's" British Supplement

Two papers for the price of one

WHAT is the truth about British films? What are the studios doing to consolidate the big successes of the last few months? Are our producers alive to the present needs of British films if they are to become the dominating force on the world's screens?

These are vital questions. And PICTUREGOER has sought the answers for you from the people who are in the best position to give them, the leaders of the British film industry.

The quest has resulted in PICTUREGOER's British Film Supplement, not only the most comprehensive and authoritative survey of the British production field yet made, but a unique feat in the history of film journalism.

Next week your 2d. PICTUREGOER will contain 80 photogravure pages—actually two full papers for the price of one.

Never before has such a feat been attempted. Neither has quality been subordinated to quantity in this super number.

Alexander Korda tells you in an interview with C. A. Lejeune what he would do if he had a million. Other contributors include Michael Balcon, Production chief of Gaumont-British, Basil Dean and A. Beverley Baxter.

Make sure of getting your PICTUREGOER next week by ordering early. You cannot afford to miss it.

lighting for the house and for the lamps, power for the drying-rooms and light and power for the portable projector.

"I fancy that ours was the only 'foreign location' unit ever to do its own developing, printing and later, even cutting, on the spot," the producer claims.

Islander Stars

The gathering of the cast among the suspicious Islanders was in itself a task that would have dismayed most producers. Flaherty has some very interesting stories to tell about his players.

"I 'spotted' little twelve-year-old Michael Dillane at an Irish dance in a near-by village," he relates. "But it was a long time before his parents would consent to letting the boy act for me.

"Maggie Dirrane, the 'Madonna' of the film, came and worked in our house, so that we had plenty of opportunity to study her and got to know her."

The Islander stars were paid for their services, and if Hollywood stellar rates were not possible they were more than satisfied.

Maggie was particularly pleased to act in the film for her husband had been crippled gathering seaweed and was unable to work.

No "Doubles"

Maggie, who, unlike the Hollywood stars, had no doubles, earned her money.

"One day we were 'shooting' her from above, as she gathered seaweed on a ledge fifty feet high," Flaherty told me. "The sea was calm; but suddenly a great, lazy swell heaved itself into the rocks and burst in a spatter of stones and spray which reached the ledge where Maggie was stooping and laid her, battered and bruised, on the rock's edge. We thought she was gone for

(Continued on page 7)

VERONICA ROSE

Born in Edinburgh and educated at St. Georges, Ascot, and Lausanne, this charming newcomer was "discovered" by Tom Walls—they met whilst hunting. She appeared in "The Cuckoo in the Nest," "Turkey Time" and will appear as a nurse in "Cup of Kindness." Veronica studied at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art and has had stage experience.



(Continued from page 5)

certain, but she made light of the danger afterwards.

"You will get some idea of the seas hereabouts from the fact that last winter three men in a currach tried to land on the island but were driven back by the sea thirty miles to Galway itself. The same winter a whole farm was whipped off the cliff-top by the seas, which were sweeping right across the island, a mile wide, on the wind."

Sad Parting

The unit was on the island for nearly two years. "It was a sad parting when we finally left," the producer says wistfully.

"We had great times. We used to give dances on Saturday nights in our Irish cottage and there was always a keg of porter handy at the end of the day's work."

"We got our supplies from the village four miles away, where we went by two-wheeled jaunting car—no motor cars are allowed on the island—and by weekly steamer from Galway."

"We had a wireless set and a gramophone and a library of books, and after a time we installed a half-size billiard table in the cottage, where great tournaments used to take place."

Two New Official Stars

A note from Movietone City officially announces the "definite elevation" to stardom of Spencer Tracy and Warner Baxter.

Most filmgoers will, I think, be pleased. Baxter's promotion, it is stated, "is the result of his fine work in *While New York Sleeps*."

That is good publicity for *While New York Sleeps*, but the fact is that he has been turning in good performances in practically every picture he has appeared in for years.

If all the ballyhoo had not been concentrated on the, in my opinion, much over-rated Ruby Keeler, his work in *42nd Street* alone would have gained him recognition.

Life of Pasteur

Baxter is celebrating the event by collaring the leading rôle in the studio's latest contribution to the biographical boom, *Humanity First*, based on the life of Louis Pasteur, the father of modern scientific research and one of the greatest benefactors of mankind.

The same studio announces *Maximilian and Carlotta*, to swell the still rising tide of costume pictures.

It is the story of the adventure launched by the Archduke Maximilian of Austria, backed by his brother, the Emperor Franz Joseph, and Napoleon III of France to establish a European Empire in Mexico.

Apart from films which have been completed, there are now at least twenty pictures in production or scheduled for early filming which are concerned with the past.

Telling on Garbo

Hollywood has discovered a new way of overcoming the Garbo silence act.

The latest expedient is to pick up hitherto unconsidered trifles of information from the minor artistes who play in the Great One's pictures.

Actors like Lewis Stone, who has appeared in more Garbo pictures than anybody, have occasionally in the past and at the request of the publicity department, come forward with a diplomatically worded tribute to the star's consideration to others working in a picture or her enthusiasm, but in the main little has been allowed to leak out from the carefully guarded Garbo sets.

Queen Christina, however, has produced a crop of published impressions from those who could claim "I acted with Garbo."

"Sob Sister" Screen Actress

Elizabeth Young, who played the ingénue in the picture, burst into print with her story recently and now Barbara Barondess gives us another secondhand view of the mystery star at work.

Barbara, who a year or two ago was a sob-sister on a New York paper, played the part of the maid in the inn, where Garbo and Gilbert shared a room in the picture.

You will probably recall the scene where she kneels at "Christina's" feet.

The incident passed like a flash on the screen, but it took all day to make.

Another Legend Exploded

Miss Barondess, of course, got a twelve-hour close-up view of the world's most famous feet and as a result shatters another Hollywood legend.

She was so impressed by the injustice of the charge that Greta's tootsies are on the big side, indeed, that during a pause she diffidently ventured the compliment that "It's evident that your feet aren't as large as your public."

Garbo, she relates, "laughed right out loud," and proceeded to tell the following story against herself:—

"Three days ago," Garbo said, "I dropped into a store on Hollywood Boulevard to get some sports shoes. The manager saw me coming and waited on me himself."

"Was it sports shoes I wanted? Yes, he had a splendid collection. And in a moment he appeared with a dozen assorted styles—but all—what do you call them—canal boats."

"There were sizes eights and nines and one pair was larger, maybe a ten. Perfectly enormous!"

"So I said they were too large, and I slipped out of one of my pumps and put my foot into one of his shoes, where it rattled around almost like a peanut in a shell."

"The manager looked down almost startled. And then this manager said, 'Excuse me, I thought you were Miss Garbo.' . . ."

Mae West's Visit

So Mae West, who, I note with interest, is now being officially publicised as "The come-up-and-see-me-some-time girl," is coming to England to see the Derby.

Some months ago I predicted here that Mae would take a holiday in Britain as soon as her production plans permitted.

The star expects to be here at the end of next month.

"Just tell 'em I've never seen an Englishman . . . that is except in Hollywood . . . anyway, I haven't seen 'em in their native haunts; but I'm goin' to see 'em right away. . . ." she says in a letter to a London friend.

"I've always sort of had a weakness for Englishmen," added the Paramount actress, "because they're so strong, I guess. And I like the accent. . . ."

Great Discovery Department

My American colleague, Irving Hoffman, throws some new light on the vexed question of those studio "signature tunes."

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, he says, symbolises its product by featuring Leo the Lion before the title. Radio has its wireless code spelling out, "This is a Radio picture."

And we have just discovered how Warners identify their product. They use Guy Kibbee some place in each picture.

Beery—Song Bird

The "musical" boom continues in full swing.

The latest big star to join the ranks of the song-birds is—believe it or not—Wallace Beery.

In *Viva Villa* he sings what is described as "a new sentimental number" called "Madre Mia," and accompanies himself on the guitar.

The combination of Beery, a sentimental song and a guitar should alone be worth the admission money.

Short Shots

Elissa Landi, incidentally, a great friend of Rouben Mamoulian, has christened her

cat "Garbo"—Joan Crawford, who had her heart set on that *Merry Widow* part, was the first to congratulate Jeanette MacDonald, who got it—Spencer Tracy gave Loretta Young a motion-picture camera for her birthday—Believe it or not, Warren William's stand-in is named William Warren—Charles Laughton's new Hollywood picture is to be called *The Prince of Darkness*, and it is about a hero-bandit of Falstaffian cut who robs the rich to aid the poor—Jean Harlow is to be seen next in *The Age of Larceny*—Fox now has ninety contract players, a record for the studio—Ann Harding has finally capitulated and hired a chauffeur, complete with livery—Steffi Duna, who made her Hollywood debut with her friend, Francis Lederer, in *Man of Two Worlds*, has been given a contract by Radio—Bebe Daniels, who is thirty, recently celebrated the twentieth anniversary of her first appearance on the screen.

Kinema Couplets

This week's half-guinea prize is awarded to Miss G. Seabrook, 122 Leahurst Road, Lewisham, S.E.13, for:—

**Trouble
Ever Since Eve**

Prizes of half a crown each are awarded to:—
D. R. Peddy, 126 Nelson Road, Gillingham, Kent, for:—

**Song of the West
I'm No Angel**

Miss V. Gurney, St. Mark's Vicarage, City Road, Norwich, Norfolk, for:—

**Husband's Holiday
Escape**

Mary Gordon, 9 South Annandale Street, Glasgow, S.2, for:—

**Platinum Blonde
By Whose Hand?**

Mrs. Robinson, 142 Lower Cambridge Street, Castleford, Yorks, for:—

**The Girl from Maxim's
Ann Vickers**

Will new readers please note that all attempts must be sent in on postcards—no envelopes will be opened—marked Couplets and addressed to me/c/o PICTUREGOER, 93 Long Acre, London, W.C.2. The Editor's decision is final and no correspondence can be entered into with regard to this contest.

MALCOLM D. PHILLIPS



Lanny Ross, hailed as a rival to Bing Crosby, as he appears with the Gale Sisters in "Melody in Spring."

ARE SEX and CRIME ENOUGH?

asks

WARWICK
DEEPING



Above: A dramatic scene from "Sorrell and Son," when the father watches his doctor son perform his first big operation.

H. B. Warner in character as Sorrell with Margot Grahame as the wife who deserted him.



I WAS at Broadway, in the Cotswolds, when Jack Raymond and his unit were doing location work on *Sorrell and Son*. Most of the cast of the picture were also there, and an interesting discussion arose one evening when someone asked H. B. Warner why he had come specially to England to play the part of Sorrell in a British production in spite of the fact that Hollywood was still capable of offering him all the parts he needed. His reply was direct, and to me personally a little flattering.

He said that it was simply the thought of re-creating the part of Sorrell which had brought him to England—and in explanation he said that he relished the prospect because the story was "different." He felt it was worth while to travel eight thousand miles to appear in a film which did not pivot upon a situation arising from sex or crime or neurosis.

His remarks made me conscious of a fact which I had not previously noticed—that the world as reflected in films is a place very limited in its activity and emotions.

Why are not film producers more catholic in their choice of subjects?

When I wrote *Sorrell and Son* I did not say to myself, "This is different." It seemed to me that the selfless love of a father for his son was a human emotion worthy of being written about, and capable of offering scope for realistic dramatic treatment.

I confess to being rather amazed at the narrow limits within which most film subjects fall. I will leave aside such particular species as the musical spectacle, the supernatural or horror film, and the newspaper melodrama. But when it comes to serious drama based on the emotions of human beings, the film story seems to be almost exclusively pre-occupied with sex and crime, relieved perhaps with rare excursions into the realms of neurosis and insanity.

Admittedly sex and crime are the obvious raw material of drama. Any writer or scenarist seeking a ready-made plot need actually look no further than the pages of a certain type of daily or weekly newspaper. There he will find an abun-

dance of material straight from life. The very ease with which such material can be gathered is an incentive to regard it as the only subject matter worth bothering about.

In consequence, the love tragedy, the crime passionnal, the "wrong turning" story, the downfall of the social butterfly, the ruin of the financial twister, the gory end of the professional killer are all familiar—too familiar—to those who visit the kinema.

It may be argued that the very fact of such stories being reflected in newspapers as part of everyday life is excuse enough for their introduction into film fiction. But I remember the words of Beverley Nichols, who, speaking over the radio a few weeks ago, said that a fortune awaited the newspaper which could make news of the great and decent things of life.

So I believe it is with the kinema. The time has come when the kinema should look for its inspiration beyond the newspaper headlines—should look, perhaps, into the very existence of those mil-

lions of people who form the film public; study their problems and the dramatic difficulties with which they are often faced; extract from their lives the humour, pathos, comradeship and humanity which are there in plenty; dramatise these things and offer us a picture of that kind of reality upon which society is truly based.

My attitude is not that of the self-righteous critic who suggests that the subject matter of

THE famous novelist gives his views on screen material, which, he says, should look for its inspiration beyond the newspaper headlines, in an interview with a PICTUREGOER representative

films is degrading, immoral or injurious. On the contrary, it is my opinion that the majority of films are well constructed, entertaining, educative and more moral than probably any other form of art.

Precisely for these reasons I would like to see the film draw upon life more widely for its stories.

Consider the lives of great men—pioneers in the cause of science, discovery or empire; musicians, artists, great reformers. There is rich film material in each of them. I believe a film based on Cecil Rhodes is contemplated. Why not make films about Edison, Shakespeare, Wilberforce, Beethoven, Livingstone and the scores of others who come readily to the mind? Richer drama could not be found anywhere—and as for characterisation, nothing more magnificent could be required.

There are sentiments in life unconnected with crime and romance which are legitimate film material—the ambition and power which raise a man from the gutter to the heights of success, the sympathy and fellowship (seen at their most potent in war time) which engender unselfish sacrifices, the devotion of a man's life to a religious principle or political ideal.

I cannot be persuaded that such emotions could not form the basis of interesting pictures. In fact, I have precedent on my side since some of the most outstanding films of recent months have been just those which have neglected the ordinary story motives in favour of those I am advocating.

Gabriel Over the White House was one such film. It was an enthralling production, yet its "sex interest" was incidental and its main thesis was that the inspiration of one great man could save a nation.

Luis Trenker in his film *The Rebel* painted a portrait of a patriot of the Tyrol, who died rather than surrender his country to the overwhelming armies of Napoleon.

Cavalcade was the biography of an English family through many years of history.

Lady for a Day was a beautiful production based on the fellow-feeling of a group of beggars on Broadway.

There are other examples which the filmgoer will be able to provide for himself. Each of these films dealt with aspects of life outside the common range of film subjects—yet their success was above the average.

The inference is obvious: the film public, like the play-going and novel-reading public, is more catholic in its taste than the producer is apt to realise. Sex and crime are not enough. There are other factors in life and other emotions met with every day and understood by all which can yet be fashioned into attractive screen entertainment.

If *Sorrell and Son* contributes one such subject I at least shall feel pleased and proud. I believe that the filmgoer needs and welcomes a change from the conventional or stereotyped story—and I hereby make my plea, as a member of the film public, that the film producer shall go metaphorically out into the world and give us more pictures based upon the great constructive emotions of life and less of those which reflect the police court pages of the press.



Above, left to right, Warwick Deeping, H. B. Warner and Jack Raymond, the director.

Right, Winifred Shotter and Hugh Williams, who provide a tender love interest, fortunately free from sex.

WELCOME BACK to NORMA SHEARER

IT is eighteen months since Norma Shearer charmed us with the romance of *Smilin' Through*. Now she changes her key and presents us, in *Rip Tide*, to a woman whose philosophy of life is out of tune with her husband's until they both come to realise that their love is capable of infinite forgiveness.

Her rendering of this part is as human and sensitive as was her performance in the former picture; in it Norma Shearer consolidates her claim to be considered one of the finest artistes on the screen to-day.

The title, which may not convey much to everyone at first glance, is as a matter of fact aptly chosen—it means the rough water caused by opposing tides, which are in this case the husband, loyal but too ready to be jealous and suspicious, and the wife, inclined to run into dangerous situations in a light-hearted manner; neither realising the nature of the other to the full until a matrimonial disaster which seems irreparable stares them in the face.

In essentials Edmund Goulding's story—he also directed the picture, by the way—is a simple marital drama.

Mary, an American, meets Lord Rexford in an unconventional manner in New York; they fall in love and marry although Mary had confessed to a "past."

Five years of happy married life follow, although Mary finds Rexford a little stodgy at times. Then he goes on a business trip to America while she goes to Cannes with his aunt Hetty. There she meets Tommie, an American man about town whom she had known previously.

She is indiscreet in her flirtation with him and public scandal is caused when he falls from a balcony whilst trying to reach her room.

Rexford takes the yellow-press scandal quietly but Mary feels he is not sure of her and gets Tommie to come to reassure him.

This leads to a further breach and finally divorce proceedings are set in motion. Mary, caring nothing now, gives herself to Tommie.

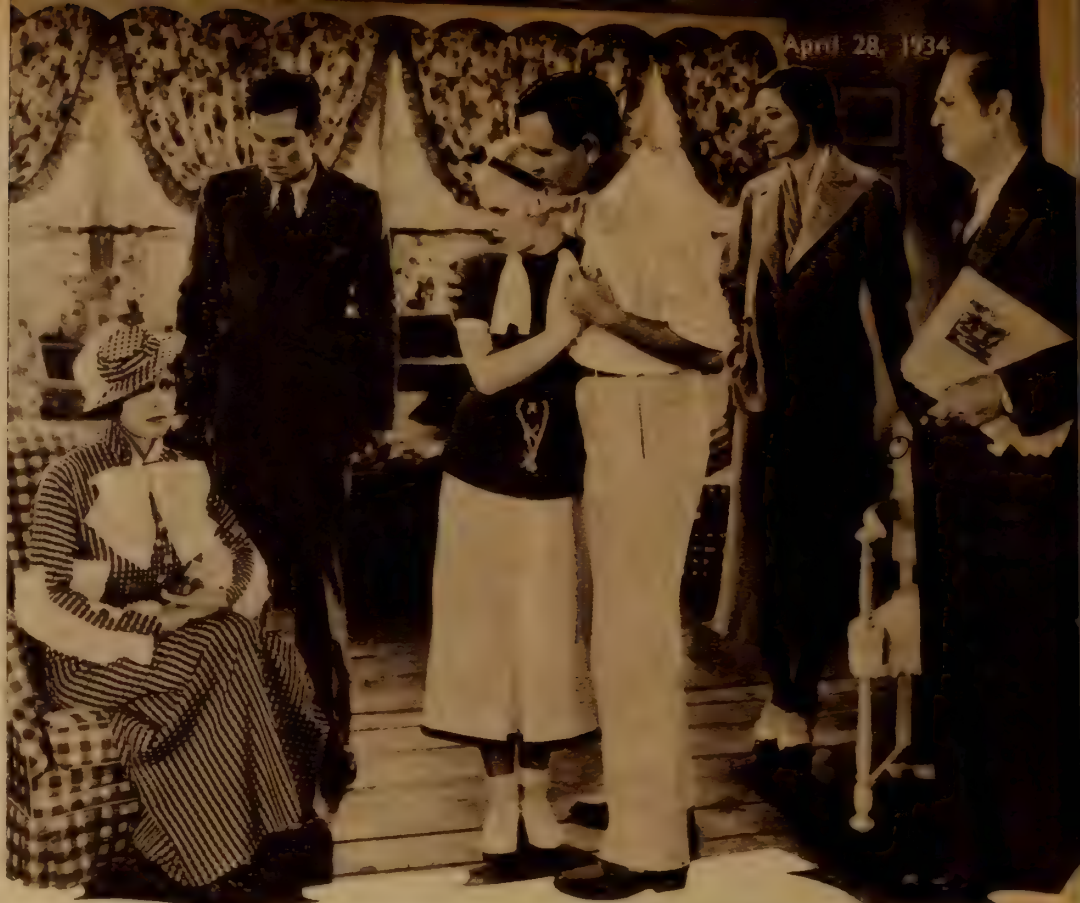
Meanwhile, Rexford has discovered that his suspicions were unfounded and asks her to come to him. She goes, meaning to confess all and leave him, but his love is so patent that she is afraid of hurting him and remains silent. Eventually the affair comes out and once again divorce proceedings are instituted and this time completed.

But when the time comes to say good-bye the husband and wife are unable to part—they have at last understood each other thoroughly and plumbed the depth of their mutual love.

I found all my sympathy with Herbert Marshall as the husband. Mary's behaviour scarcely deserves any and she completely loses it by bringing the partner of her escapade to try and explain that she was innocent. As Rexford remarks, "It is in the worst of taste," but more than that it was a solecism a woman like Mary would not commit.

Herbert Marshall's performance is sincere and natural and he makes an ideal leading man for Norma Shearer. As Tommie, Robert Montgomery admirably suggests the care-free, generally inebriated waster and invests the part with a charm which makes Mary's relation with him more credible.

Mrs. Patrick Campbell, whose every utterance



Alice Brady, William Janney, Mary Carlisle, Conway Tearle, Katharine Alexander and Lionel Barrymore in "*Should Ladies Behave?*" which will be reviewed next week

has the hallmark of the great actress, has not been given the opportunities she should have had. As the worldly Aunt Hetty she should have acted as a sort of commentator on life; a Greek chorus, as it were, to the marital mishaps of the leading players. As it is, she makes her part an outstanding feature of the picture and dominates the stage whenever she is on it.

George K. Arthur gives a very good performance as Lady Hetty's protegee, but Skeets Gallagher is wasted in the slight role of Tommie's harassed friend.

I noticed Helen Jerome Eddy in a tiny part; it is a pity she is not given better opportunities.

A touch of sadness came with the appearance of Lilyan Tashman as Mary's sister; a part which was unfortunately to be her last.

Edmund Goulding's direction is very good generally, but the development errs on the slow side and the picture as a whole would benefit by the excision of quite a thousand feet of film.

Let our Film Critics who really see the Pictures Guide You

One of the main troubles is that there are logically only two alternative endings, one of which would obviously be unsatisfactory. Either Mary will eventually be happily reunited with her husband, which does happen after two divorce proceedings, or else she will fall genuinely in love with Tommie. Dismissing the latter, since Tommie's character is such that any move in that direction would lose all sympathy for Norma Shearer, you are left with the former and there is always a rather impatient feeling that they would bow rather more rapidly to the inevitable.—L. C.

Death Takes a Holiday

Paramount have displayed courage in presenting Alberto Carrella's play as a film, for its appeal appears to me to be limited.

It is a macabre romance in which Death assumes human form and lives in our world for three days.

During that period his contact with a pure, spiritually-minded girl proves to him that love is stronger than himself and when he returns to his task of guiding souls through the veil he takes her, at her own will, with him.

Such a theme needs very delicate handling and I feel that Mitchell Leisen has been rather heavy-handed. It lacks the spirituality that it needed to make it wholly satisfactory and the grim humour is at times perilously near farce.

On the other hand, it contains a sound philosophy of life and it attempts, not unsuccessfully, to banish the fear of the unknown.

It is difficult to believe in Fredric March's conception of Death; he is of the earth earthy and yet displays a singular lack of knowledge at times of what happens in the cornfield world of which he is the reaper.

He delivers his dialogue very well, however, and at least impresses you with a sense of dignity which did not need an eyeglass to emphasise it.

As the Italian landowner on whom Death forces his presence with dire threats if he exposes his real identity to the house party he is giving, Sir Guy Standing is excellent.

He gives the impression that he really is terrified and trying to control his fear, and he is convincing although the director has now and then given him comedy scenes with his unwelcome guest which appear somewhat out of place.

Evelyn Venable, whom you will remember for her delightful performance in *Cradle Song*, gives a spiritual and delicate rendering of the young girl who, renouncing her fiancé, gives herself up to Death.

It is a fresh, unsophisticated performance which makes one believe wholeheartedly in the girl's renunciation.

The reaction of the other characters to this strange visitation is equally well shown and the roles are all well enacted by a cast which includes Katharine Alexander, Jack Patrick, Helen Westley, Kathleen Howard, Kent Taylor, Henry Travers, G. P. Huntley, jun., and Otto Hoffmann.

The morbid humour of two of the girls of the house party flirting with Death is well brought out and ends on a chilling dramatic note when he reveals himself to one of them who has asserted that she would make any sacrifice for love.

The romance between Death and the young girl has significance and a great deal of beauty of conception which lifts it above the rut of the commonplace which has a habit of intruding in the fantasy as a whole.

A grotesque note is struck by a series of scenes which show terrible disasters in which no lives are lost—they could not be while Death was on holiday.

Picturesque Italian mansion and garden settings form a picturesque background and the camera work is excellent.—L. C.



Left : Anna May Wong, kept busy on the "Chu Chin Chow" lot, keeps up to date on the film news by reading "Picturegoer."

Right : Just to the waistline comes this new sweater with clever pouff sleeves, worn by Muriel Evans. The skirt is of white flannel.



Through OUR Lens

Below : Five hundred dollars worth of paper and ink ! Jean Hersholt with his much-prized first edition of "David Copperfield." Hersholt, of course, is one of Hollywood's best known collectors. "David Copperfield" is to be filmed by the M.-G.-M. Studio.



The secret is out. Jack Oakie is a clarinet player. And "he's got rhythm," according to Duke Ellington, the famous dance band leader, who almost added him to his soloist performers in "Murder at the Vanities."



This stone cutting machine was made specially for Jack Hulbert, whose favourite hobby is making souvenir nick nacks in stone and granite for his friends. The machine is the smallest of its kind in the world.

OUR AWARD

8. George Arliss, *The Working Man*, 5½ per cent.
9. John Barrymore, *Bill of Divorcement*, 5 per cent.
10. Edmund Gwenn, *The Good Companions*, 5 per cent.

One of the most noticeable things about these results is the preponderating weight of votes for Norma Shearer, which everyone will agree is fully deserved. She has nearly double her nearest rival, who, in turn, has almost twice as many as Madeleine Carroll, who comes in a good third, and well above Greta Garbo and Marlene Dietrich.

One conclusion can be arrived at in these circumstances, and that is that the lack of good material can very quickly change the order of merit. For however good a star may be, it is impossible for her to make bricks without straw.

Marie Dressler, for instance, who won the gold medal last year for her performance in *Emma*, is well down the list, and is not even among the first seventeen, and no one can doubt her position would have been higher if she had had a better vehicle than *Prosperity* on which her chances lay.

Joan Crawford, too, has had nothing like the number of votes she was given in our previous election where she was rated sixth with 6 per cent. of the total votes recorded.

This year the first ten have received a big majority of the votes, the runners up being Jessie Matthews, *Good Companions*; Elissa Landi, *The Sign of the Cross*; Marion Davies, *Peg o' My Heart*; Jean Harlow, *Hold Your Man* (her votes were divided between that picture and *Red Dust*, which puts her lower than she would have been if there had been unanimity of opinion).

The same thing applies to Katharine Hepburn, who goes into seventh place at first bound. She had a good deal of support for *The Bill of Divorcement* as well as for *Christopher Strong*.

Continuing the list of
Greta Garbo in
"Grand Hotel."

Clive Brook and Diana Wynyard photographed at the annual dinner of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences. The latter was voted third place in the Academy's ballot and second in our own.

And the actors :—

1. Clive Brook, *Cavalcade*, 13 per cent.
2. Ronald Colman, *Cynara*, 11 per cent.
3. Gary Cooper, *Farewell to Arms*, 6½ per cent.
4. Conrad Veidt, *I Was a Spy*, 6½ per cent.
5. Paul Muni, *I Am a Fugitive*, 6 per cent.
6. Leslie Howard, *Smilin' Through*, 6 per cent.
7. Walter Huston, *Gabriel Over the White House*, 6 per cent.



A replica of the design of the obverse side of the PICTUREGOER Gold Medal.

OUR readers' response to our invitation to record their votes for the stars and the performances they considered to be the best in the 1933 releases has been even greater than last year.

Over thirty thousand postcards have been received, and the majority voting has awarded the gold medal to Norma Shearer for her work in *Smilin' Through* and to Clive Brook for his fine acting in *Cavalcade*.

We have asked Mr. Sam Eckman, the managing director of M.-G.-M. over here, who is visiting America, to take Norma Shearer's medal. And arrangements are being made to have both hers and Clive Brook's suitably presented.

The results have been arrived at on a percentage basis in order to simplify matters, and hereunder is a list of the first ten actresses and actors with their respective percentages :—

1. Norma Shearer, *Smilin' Through*, 37 per cent.
2. Diana Wynyard, *Cavalcade*, 19 per cent.
3. Madeleine Carroll, *I Was a Spy*, 10 per cent.
4. Greta Garbo, *Grand Hotel*, 6 per cent.
5. Marlene Dietrich, *Blonde Venus*, 5½ per cent.
6. Anna Neagle, *Bitter Sweet*, 4 per cent.
7. Katharine Hepburn, *Christopher Strong*, 3½ per cent.
8. Kay Francis, *One Way Passage*, 2 per cent.
9. Cicely Courtneidge, *Soldiers of the King*, 1½ per cent.
10. Sylvia Sydney, *Madame Butterfly*, 1½ per cent.



of MERIT

runners up, there are Helen Hayes—another star where opinions were divided between her work in *Farewell to Arms*, *White Sister*, and *Son Daughter*—and Ruby Keeler, another newcomer, in *42nd Street*.

It is interesting to note that there are four British artistes in the first ten as compared with two last year, and only three of last year's leaders—Garbo, who was third in the previous poll, Dietrich who was fifth, and Norma Shearer who was fourth.

In the actors' section the voting was much less concentrated, practically every well-known player receiving at least a few votes.

As with the women artistes, the fact that some of last year's leaders are not included in the first ten is noticeably due to lack of first-class material. Emlyn Williams and Ricardo Cortez are outstanding cases in point. The former was fourth last year for his performance in *Frightened Lady* with 8½ per cent. of the total votes, and the latter deservedly second for his brilliant performance in *The Melody of Life* with 17 per cent.

A surprise, but not a very big one considering the films in which he has appeared, is the comparatively weak support for Ramon Novarro.

It will be noticed that there are five British actors in the first ten, which is the same number as last year, and that there are only three of last year's leaders—Ronald Colman who won the medal for *Arrowsmith* with 21 per cent.; George Arliss who was fifth with 8½ per cent. for *The*

"PICTUREGOER'S" 1933 Gold Medals have been voted by our readers to NORMA SHEARER and CLIVE BROOK

Silent Voice; and Walter Huston, tenth with 4½ per cent. for *The Wet Parade*.

Of the leading ten the actor who seems to have attracted in every picture he made is Conrad Veidt, who while receiving a preponderating support for his work in *I Was a Spy*, was also well supported in *Rome Express*, *F.P.I.*, *Rasputin*, and *The Wandering Jew*, a fine tribute to his ability and popularity.

Leslie Howard's votes were also split between *Smilin' Through*, which won him his position, *The Woman in His House*, and *Secrets*. While John Barrymore also received votes for his work in *Topaze*.

The runners-up were, in this order, Franchot Tone—very hot on the heels of Edmund Gwenn,—Spencer Tracy, William Powell, Lionel Barrymore, Nils Asther, Wallace Beery (eighth last year), Charles Laughton, Gordon Harker, Fredric March (third last year), Clark Gable, Gene Raymond, and Jack Buchanan.

Stars who have had votes recorded for more than one picture are Lionel Barrymore, Charles Laughton—who, incidentally, won the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences award for *Henry VIII*, a picture which did not come into our purview—Fredric March, Clark Gable, and Jack Buchanan.

We should like to take this opportunity of thanking our readers for their support in helping us to make the PICTUREGOER Gold Medal a thoroughly representative award.

It has been our aim to make it a really worth while tribute to the artistes who win it, and we feel we have succeeded in our object.

Leslie Howard, who was voted sixth, and Norma Shearer, first, in "Smilin' Through."

Conrad Veidt with Madeleine Carroll in "I Was a Spy." Both were rated highly for their performances in this picture.

Gary Cooper, who was balloted third for his performance in "Farewell to Arms," with Helen Hayes.





SHIRLEY TEMPLE & JAMES DUNN

The latest Fox child actress of whom great things are expected. She is seen here with James Dunn in "Stand Up and Cheer," which picture, according to advance reports, she "steals" completely. Most infant prodigies incline to precociousness, but little Shirley is said to have the greatest gift of all—that of being natural.

Phil Lonergan Sends it Hot From Hollywood

STAR'S "MISSING FORTUNE"

Mary Astor Sued by Parents—Miriam Hopkins to Leave Hollywood?—Million-Dollar Cinderellas—Joan Crawford Starts a New Fad—Harry Wilcoxon as "Samson"

WHAT has become of the \$500,000 which Mary Astor says she gave to her parents since she entered the films in 1920? Mr. and Mrs. Otto L. Langhanke, the parents, have sued their daughter for non-support.

Mary claims that she has supported her parents since she entered pictures in 1920, and that up to three years ago her father handled all her earnings and she was allotted only one-fourth of her salary after living expenses for her parents and herself had been deducted.

Three years ago, she says, she realised that her earnings were diminishing, and asked her parents to retrench and give up their expensive home in the Hollywood hills. They refused, so she took an apartment by herself, offering to pay them \$1,000 a month for a full year to enable them to accustom themselves to a more economical mode of living. This they refused to do.

The Langhanke home, valued at \$200,000, is a nine-room house, with landscaped grounds and a swimming pool. It is one of the show places of Hollywood. However, it is encumbered by a large mortgage, which Mary feels she is unable to assume. She offered her parents a home in San Francisco, but they declined to leave the movie capital.

The parents claim that for some time past their daughter has not contributed to their support.

Miss Astor, the wife of Dr. Franklyn Thorpe, Hollywood physician, is the mother of a small girl.

Foiling Kidnappers

Bing Crosby has cancelled plans for a yachting trip, because of a report that kidnappers were planning to seize his nine months old son, Gary Evan Crosby. The Crosby home is watched twenty-four hours a day, and radio cars patrol the vicinity at regular intervals.

Mae West, who recently was menaced by gangsters, is also under police guard.

Good-bye, Hollywood

The film colony was flabbergasted when Miriam Hopkins purchased a house in New York, gave up her Hollywood home, and announced that she would live in an apartment while making pictures in California.

Miriam recently appeared in a New York stage play, and is scheduled to play "Delilah" in *Samson and Delilah* for Cecil B. De Mille. She will spend all her leisure time in New York.

To Them That Hath!

The Biblical saying, "To them that bath shall be given," is constantly fulfilled in Hollywood. Virginia Peine Lehman, Chicago heiress, arrived in the film capital, and almost immediately was signed to a Warner contract.

Merry Fahrney, heiress to more than \$100,000,000, also from Chicago, has been engaged by Cecil B. De Mille for a role in *Cleopatra*.

Mrs. John D. Spreckels III, whose husband is a member of a millionaire California family, has taken a screen test, and appears certain to be given a film contract.

Meanwhile, hundreds of girls who arrive in Hollywood practically penniless find the road to fame exceedingly difficult to traverse.

Was Her Face Red!

Two little extra girls were chatting gaily at a counter in a studio restaurant. On an adjoining stool sat Leslie Howard, effectively disguised by dark glasses.

One of the little extras proudly told her companion that she was a great friend of the Leslie Howards—a habit little extra girls sometimes have of "putting it on."

Suddenly the "friend of Leslie Howard" recognised the actor who, by the way, did not know her from Adam!

Leslie was equal to the occasion. He asked after

Evelyn Kelly, one of the eleven most beautiful Broadway chorus girls whom Earl Carroll selected for "Murder at the Vanities." Her face is well known on the poster hoardings in America.

the girl's family, and was so "sporting" that the girl's companion was convinced that her friend really knew the Howards.

Later the girl met Leslie on the set and apologized.

A Popular Playhouse

Invitations to Joan Crawford's theatre, located at the star's home, are at a premium.

The little playhouse accommodates about thirty persons, so only Joan's most intimate friends will be able to attend.

Joan and Franchot Tone plan the production of one-act plays, and will select the cast from friends who have won fame in the films.

This clever idea is likely to be emulated by other celebrities. Soon a star's home will not be complete without a little theatre.

Paying the Piper

The next time Clark Gable takes a vacation, he is going into the middle of the Gobi Desert! Sans two dozen practically new silk handkerchiefs, twenty-seven coat buttons, and one sleeve of a dress shirt, he returned to Los Angeles after a "holiday" in the East.

He left most of the coat buttons in New York, most of the handkerchiefs in Baltimore, and the sleeve of the shirt in Kansas City, in all of which cities he was mobbed by enthusiastic fans.

Poor Joel!

Joel McCrea and his wife, Frances Dee, are two of the best liked people in Hollywood, except among members of the criminal fraternity.

I was chatting with Joel recently. He was telling me with enthusiasm about the swimming pool he is building at his ranch, when Frances, his beloved wife, appeared and reported that thieves had looted their home of jewellery valued at several thousands of dollars, among them being the engagement ring he had given her.

It is the second robbery they have experienced in a month. The last time bandits held them up while they were en route to their home in Brentwood Heights, and took several hundred dollars away from Joel.

Young Love

Although she does not want to marry an actor, Dorothy Dell, who is under contract to Paramount, and is headed for stardom, after her performance in *Wharf Angel*, sees no reason why a man should not marry an actress, but she is not so sure about how happy a girl would be who married an actor.

"The actors I have known are too self-centred for a happy married life," she told me. "On the other hand, there are few actresses who would not gladly give up their careers for a home and the right man. And even if she continued acting, her home becomes her primary interest."

Douglass Montgomery, who is only a few years older than Dorothy, declares that romance has a poor chance in Hollywood, because publicity ruins the chances of love-making.

Cupid has hard sledding in Hollywood.

A New Star on the Horizon

Harry Wilcoxon has justified Cecil B. De Mille's fondest hopes. His performance of "Mark Antony" in *Cleopatra*, which is still in course of production, has convinced Cecil B. De Mille that Harry is one of the finest young actors he has ever directed.

So young Wilcoxon will play "Samson" in *Samson and Delilah*, which De Mille will produce as his next super-picture.

This young English actor has only been in Hollywood a few weeks, but he has made greater strides in film favour than many other actors have done in as many years.





Clark Gable's white house with its red tiled roof is situated on San Ysideo Drive in Beverly Hills. It marches on the estates of Chaplin, Fredric March and "Pickfair."

saved enough money to enter the regular university classes.

At that time Akron boasted a very popular stock company. Every week, when I did not have classes in the evening, I went to the theatre. It fascinated me.

Now and then I'd see several actors on the street and they seemed wonderful people from another world.

I was only seventeen, and working in a rubber factory all day and going to school five nights each week, makes you hungry for a little excitement and glamour.

One evening I happened to be sitting at the same table in a restaurant with two boys from the company. We drifted into a casual conversation (that is, I pretended that it was casual while I was so excited that I could scarcely eat), and they invited me to go back stage with them.

I spent that evening in the thrilling places behind the footlights instead of in a classroom. And that evening I decided that I'd rather be an actor than a doctor or anything else in the world.

From that time on I visited the theatre as much as possible. I met all the members of the company and spent long hours listening to the stories of their travels and experiences. Finally, I mustered enough courage to ask the manager for a job.

I got it. They made me a call-boy without salary. But money meant nothing to me so long as I could be in the theatre. I kept my job at the rubber factory and gave up my night school without a moment's hesitation.

Everything about that little theatre was filled with glamour. I was all eyes and ears, amazed at everything. But during those first few months I learned a valuable lesson, the unwritten code of the theatre: "See and hear, but say nothing."

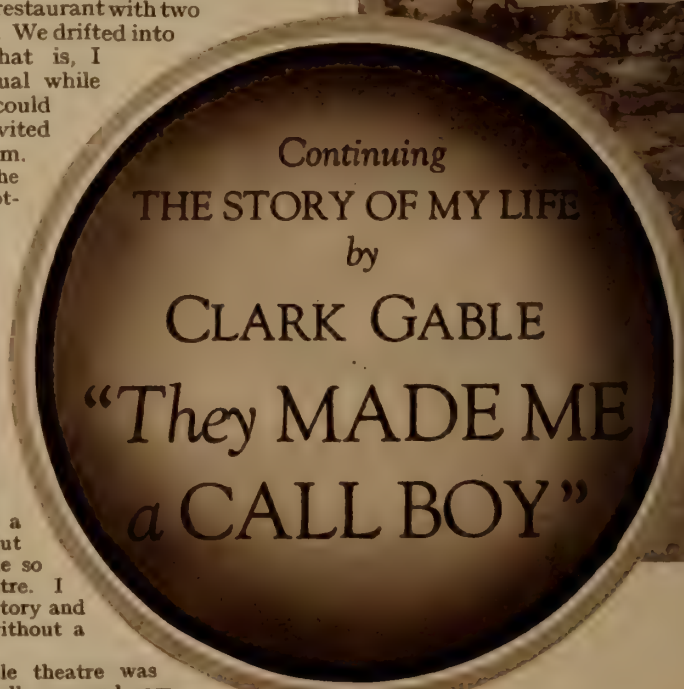
Gradually, I began to play lineless parts. I walked on the stage as part of the mob or as a butler. I played every kind of a person with all kinds of make-up.

I worked very hard during the day-time in order to earn enough money so that I could afford to have my nights at the theatre. I learned how to put on make-up and how to walk across the stage without falling over my own foot. I also learned to love the feeling of an audience on the other side of the footlights.

THIS week the famous star, who dealt with his boyhood days in the previous instalment, tells you how he struggled against odds, that would have deterred a weaker character, to achieve his ambition of becoming an actor. Starting as a call boy without pay, he gradually achieved the status of a crowd player, only to be summoned home by his father who planned a different career for him.

THE next day I got a job as timekeeper in a big rubber factory. The other boys found similar work and we all left the hotel for rooms in private families. I let everyone think I was twenty years old, and I earned the huge salary of one hundred dollars a month. That was the largest salary I was to earn for many a year.

I hadn't forgotten my plan to study medicine, and I enrolled immediately in the night school of the University of Akron, taking pre-medical courses. My companions and I planned to go to night school until we had



During this time my mother died. With her death I lost the best friend I had. A short time later Father sold the farm and went west to Oklahoma, returning to the oil business. He stopped in Akron to try to persuade me to go with him, but the theatre was in my blood. I wanted to stay.

Dad wrote me constantly, telling me of the opportunities for young men to be found in the oil business. He offered me a good job. I felt that I owed it to my father to join him. After all, there were only two of us left and we ought to stick together.

Left, the author at home and, below, Clark Gable and his wife planning one of their frequent motor runs, of which they are both extremely fond.



I think of the long story of varied acting experiences which I told the manager.

It was just my luck to strike him when he needed a general character man who was big and strong and husky and who would work for ten dollars a week.

For two years I travelled with that company through every state in the west. And I wouldn't give a million dollars—if I had it—for that experience. We played in opera houses, in tents, in churches, in barns, in every kind of a place.

Sometimes we were penniless and didn't know where we were going to eat or sleep.

Sometimes we were riding high and living on the fat of the land. I played every kind of a part except juveniles.

I was too big and clumsy for rôles of that kind.

The leading woman of the troupe was the manager's wife. She was a woman of about forty-five who had lived in every part of the world. To me she was the most fascinating person I had ever met. She taught me dozens of tricks in the business of acting and encouraged me, even though the other members of the troupe insisted that I'd never make even a poor actor and advised me to go back to the oilfields.

Everything was a grand adventure to me. I didn't have a care in the world, and I was doing the thing I liked best—acting, if you can call it that.

I liked to play in the small towns and be pointed out as a member of the company playing at the opera house. It seems to me now that I was perfectly happy in those days.

I remember once when we played in the lumber country of northern Washington. A sign on the theatre door read, "Calks Not Allowed." The play that night was *Corinne of the Circus*. I was the old ringmaster in a crêpe beard.

In the midst of the dramatic death scene where Corinne died in my arms, four big lumberjacks, totally disregarding the sign on the door, came

tramping down the aisle in their calked boots. The noise was deafening on the uncarpeted floor.

Being a very grand actor at the time I stopped dramatically in the middle of a speech and waited until the men had found seats, while poor Corinne remained dying in my arms.

When the curtain was lowered, I received one of the worst lectures of my life from the members of that company. A great deal of my importance and grandeur left me that evening. I learned (never to forget it) that individuals do not count, that the show must go on in spite of everything.

Business went from bad to worse. Finally the company was completely without funds. One cold, bitter March day we were left completely stranded in Montana. I stood on that windswept railroad platform and wondered where in the world I could turn.

My sole possessions were two years of invaluable experience and one good suit of clothes. In my pocket were two dimes, a nickel and one penny.

It's a funny sensation to find yourself completely alone in a strange place with only twenty-six cents between you and the world; especially when you're very young and when a March wind is spraying you with sleet. And if there is anything colder than a Montana wind in March, I've never found it.

I felt that queer sinking feeling which had come over me the day I arrived in Akron and wandered around that railroad station, waiting for the other boys.

That time it was adventure mixed with a boy's natural fear at being on his own for the first time. In Montana it was still adventure but mixed with desperation.

The members of the company shook hands, wished each other luck, and separated. Most of them went directly to the telegraph office to send out calls for help.

I thought of my father and the security of the life which would be waiting for me in Oklahoma. I wrote a wire to Dad. In fact, I wrote several wires, trying to make them very casual and unconcerned. Then I tore them all up.

I knew that I could never go back to the oilfields or a store in some little town. I couldn't admit to my father that I had failed. After all, I had told him with all a boy's bravado that I was capable of taking care of myself.

So I remained at the station until evening. Then I boarded a freight train and started for Portland, Oregon. A few months before I had met some people from Portland, and I knew that if I could manage to get there, I'd find a helping hand. The freight train was the only visible and practical means.

I arrived in Portland at three o'clock in the morning, slept in the station until a reasonable hour, and telephoned the people on whom I had pinned all my hopes. They had left the week before for New York.

NEXT WEEK

I Get a Job as an "Extra"

Continuing his struggle to gain stage honours, the author takes any and every job that comes his way between his stage engagements. He tells you of his marriage and his first arrival in Hollywood.

So I packed my suitcase and said good-bye to the theatre and the friends whom I had made. To walk out of that stage door and down the street to the station was the hardest thing I had ever done.

I went to work with my father in the oilfields. They paid me twelve dollars a day, but gladly would I have traded it for no salary and my job as call-boy and general utility actor in the stock company. I hated the work, the place, and the people in that Oklahoma desert country. But I endured it for a whole year.

Finally I told Dad that I couldn't stand it any longer. He offered to buy a haberdashery store, anything that I wished, and to set me up in business for myself. But all I wanted was to get back to the theatre.

I left and succeeded in getting a job as an actor in a small road company playing one-night stands through the western states. I blush now when



Ivor Novello as Andreas Steiner, the host of a Tyrolean inn who has a brief romance with Jenny Gray, an English schoolmistress on holiday.



Jenny Gray (Fay Compton) had won the hearts of the infant class it was her duty to teach in a Manchester girls' school.



Andreas Steiner had a soul above mere inn-keeping, and delighted his clients by his brilliant harp playing.



AN adaptation by Basil Dean of the romantic play by C. L. Anthony, which he produced at the Lyric Theatre, London. It is notable for its beautiful settings of the Austrian Tyrol which is the locale of the story. Fay Compton appears in the rôle she originally played on the stage, while Ivor Novello takes the part which Francis Lederer originated.

Striding through the autumn crocus, Andreas comes to the mountain shrine of the Virgin, where for a brief space he and

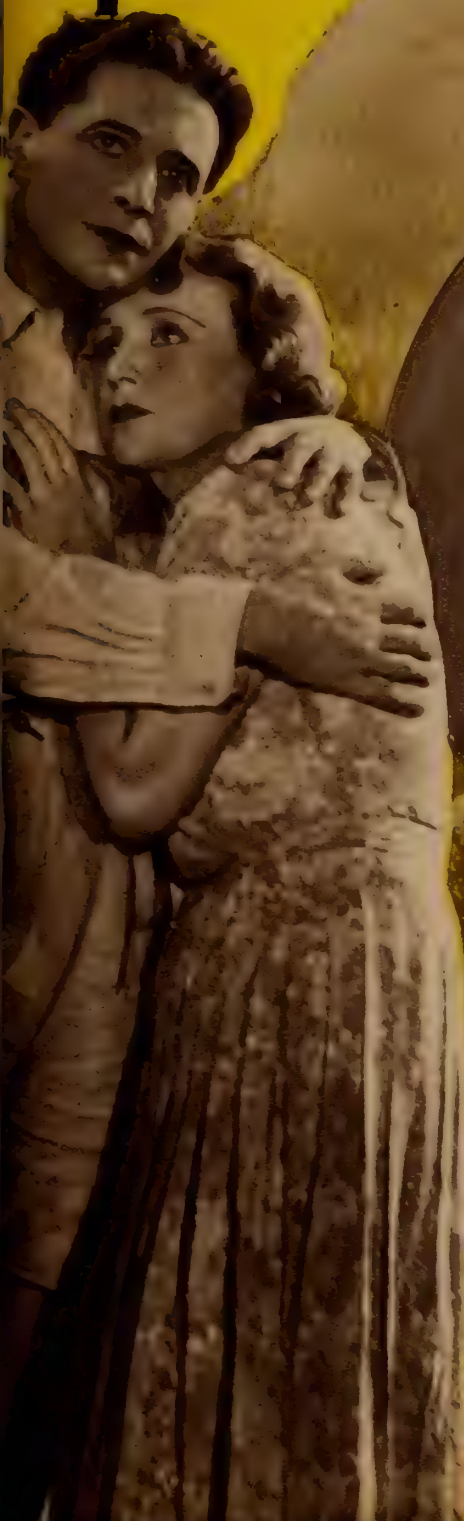
April 28, 1934

Autumn CROCUS



Fay Compton (below) as Jenny, the little schoolmistress whose brief romance is shattered when she learns that her lover is married.

Alaric (Jack Hawkins) and Audrey (Diana Beaumont) two guests at the inn, who glory in proclaiming that they believe in free love.



Andreas takes Jenny to show her the sombre mountains which she loves. An idea of the scenic beauty of this production.

Walt and Ellen belong to the land. It was natural that they should increasingly be drawn together.



Freely based on the film, "Golden Harvest" by permission of Paramount Picture Corp., Ltd., Wardour Street, London, W.1.

See "On the Screens Now" feature, page 24, for the full cast and Lionel Collier's criticism of this film.

GOLDEN Harvest

The Story of the Film by Marjory Williams

LIKE the curate's egg—excellent in parts, but, none the less, permeated by a sense of rottenness—was the home-coming of Chris Martin, collegiate, after a year spent in Europe, to an Oregon farm.

It was good, driving from the station, to see once again the broad acres of wheat, the golden harvest of the Middle West. Good to see the school house draped with bunting and the banner announcing "Welcome Home, Chris!" fluttering above the cart track.

Eben Martin, in shirt sleeves, coming away from the sheds after seeing the reaping machines stored for the night, was an emblem of cheer as he shook his son's hand.

"Hullo, Chris! Glad to see you back."

"Glad to be back, Dad. Where's Walt?"

"Taking the hands on in turn with the pitchfork. That kid brother of yours is turning out a first-rate farmer, Chris."

"You bet he is. But I'll show him. Come on, Dad."

Rounding a barn, they came upon Walt and a bull-necked reaper who was vainly trying to lower a pitchfork, the other held head high, in both hands, parallel with the ground.

Throwing off his black coat, Chris entered the contest. Grappling, he essayed to lower the pitchfork against his opponent's will. Chris won. Yes, it was good to be home.

Unthinkingly, Walt reminded Chris of the element he dreaded.

"Ellen'll be pleased to see you. Lydia, too. My word, what those two have done since we had your last letter! You always did have a way with women."

Chris flinched. He didn't want to be reminded just then of Ellen, whereas Lydia, termed the farm girl, though she would never see forty again, caused him no misgivings. Plain, homely Lydia had a sentimental preference for Loopy Lou, the hired man, whose unkempt head she metaphorically snapped off twenty times a day.

Chris had a Paris frock for Lydia, complete with a box marked "Lafayette," an offering he knew would gladden her heart, while the stitches and material held together. But Ellen, the daughter of Judge Goodhue and true daughter of the soil—Ellen with smooth hair, golden as the ripened corn on her father's fields—she could make Chris feel that life was rotten.

Deliberately, Chris switched his thoughts from her and gave Lydia her present. She didn't want it at first, wouldn't take a gift from him at any price, though she had fastened him into his first knickerbockers.

But when the box was untied, and sheer silk and fine lace were raised to nestle against her fallow cheek, she gave in. That was Lydia all over, to deny herself at the outset, the very offering for which her heart ached.

An hour later Lydia, guessing, from the raised voices in the parlour, that something serious was afoot, listened with Loopy Lou at the crack in the door.

"You see, father," Chris announced, delivering his bombshell, "I feel right down mean saying this, but I don't want to stay here on the farm. I belong to the city. I want to go to Chicago and make my way there."

"Son, don't think I'm angry, but you're foolish," Eben Martin, with his white hair, and kindly, weather-beaten face, was trying to behave magnanimously under a cruel blow. "I've been a farmer all my life and I know the money's to be made in property . . . in land. The only true wealth comes out of the soil."

"Not nowadays, dad. Not with wheat the price it is. No self-respecting man wants to farm to-day. Conditions are against him."

Eben pointed to the wall map, where the clear surface of Oregon was shaded red at one point covering a goodly area.

"There's our farm and land, Chris. Part of that land accrues to you the day you come of age, part to Walt. Walt's ready to be a farmer."

"That's so, dad. I was cut out for it, I reckon. I can't do anything else."

"I can." Chris was vehement. "I don't like getting up at four in the morning and going to bed at sunset with the cows. I prefer the town and the stock market." He rubbed a sample of wheat, from the specimen jar on the writing table, through his uncalloused fingers. "I'll have what's coming to me in cash, if you don't mind, father. I'll make good in the city, and when I've proved it you can join me there."

Eben Martin was no tyrant. When Chris exchanged the air of the parlour, heated in more senses than one, for the coolness of the lawn under silver birches, he had his father's concession, if not his blessing.

Ellen, all in white, moonshine on the smooth loveliness of her hair, must have been waiting, for she came forward and took his hands.

"I heard you talking to Mr. Martin and didn't want to interrupt. Remember the promise before you went away that we'd wait for each other, Chris?"

"I'm a rotter, Ellen. I've been wanting to tell you, but couldn't in my letters. I've changed my mind about being a farmer. I don't want to settle for a year or two. I'm going to Chicago to make a start. Will you release me?"

"Of course." The girl's eyes were bright; not with tears. Walt had strolled up, saying, with a start, "Sorry if I'm intruding."

"You're not." Ellen's hand went to Walt's arm. Chris didn't guess her affection for his "kid brother" was being openly shown for the first time. "You see, Chris, Walt and I are engaged. I was going to ask you to release me."

Too overjoyed to notice Walt's expression of surprised happiness, Chris pump-handled his arm.

"Good for you, old man. Congratulations! What an ass I was for worrying about Ellen when you and she—"

With the rottenness of home-coming swallowed in a ferment of excitement, Chris left for Chicago. Not to sow wild oats, as Lydia gloomily prophesied, but to master the intricacies of the wheat pit.

He roomed with Hugh Jackson, a cheery lad who imparted the sign language of the wheat speculators to Chris and taught him to understand the finer points of buying and selling in the hubbub of the market's most active moments.

Chris's experience as a farmer stood him in good stead. He could estimate with a touch the quality of the grain samples on the sellers' tables. The weather, not so dependable as the feel of wheat, was an enormous factor in financial success, he soon discovered.

Early days in his career Chris astounded Hugh by striding up and down their office twenty blocks from the pit, reciting in a strong *crescendo*: "Rain, rain. It's got to rain. It's got to rain. It must rain."

"Well, it won't rain because you tell it to. What's the matter? Wheat prices rising?"

"Soaring. Nothing doing unless it rains. It's got to rain."

An hour before closing time, Chris, unable to stand inaction, after drenching his macintosh at the bathroom spray and besprinkling his trilby, strode into the crowded pit. The commotion caused was intense. Where five minutes before Chris's entrance the sale of wheat was practically at a standstill, now a hundred pairs of hands were raised indicating their owners wished to purchase.

Messengers scribbled on fair sheets of paper, telephones rang, the whole business of the stock market revolved like a giant machine suddenly set in motion. Above the din of shouting, gesticulating wheat speculators, a doubting Thomas in the form of a trader's clerk threw open a window and gazed down the distance of four storeys. The street below was innocent of a drop of fallen rain.

"Got whiskers on, that dodge of yours," Hugh remarked, claspings down papers in a file as Chris re-entered the office. "Be careful, you great big bear, or you may come to grief."

"All the same, I tell you it is going to rain," Chris declared. A sudden clap of thunder and the rattle of heavy rain on the leads, occurring a minute later, would have convinced any sceptic that the age of miracles was not over.

Three years passed and Chris made his pile, none the less successfully because gloomy letters reached him from home. Eben reported defaulted payments on mortgaged land. "Can't you get us a better price for our wheat? It's you speculators who are ruining us," he pleaded in the fine penmanship fashionable forty years since.

Chris was not malleable. He had met with moral, if not practical, opposition from his father and wanted to convince him he was right. "The only thing for you is to come and join me. I always told you farming was a mug's game," he wrote.

Ellen and Walt had been married four years; so far, Chris had felt no inclinations that way. Then, lunching one day with Hugh at the Metropole, he saw the not impossible she. Aristocratic, without doubt, she entirely graced her severe two-piece, monogram bag, a single row of perfectly matched pearls, and a hat with no trimming. She was lunching with an elder lady.

Hugh chaffed him.

"You pick well, Chris, I must say. That's Cynthia Flint; Harry Flint, the dollar millionaire's daughter. You must have heard of him. As for her, she's not only society's cream, but it's ice-cream. I believe a man once kissed her coming home from a dance and got frost-bitten."

Chris produced a gold pencil. "I'll have a shot at warming her up." He wrote on a card: "There's a man in the room who'll probably marry you some day," and gave it to the waiter, accompanied by a tip the magnitude of which had the desired effect. On leaving her table, Cynthia stopped to have a few words with the young man who had been lucky enough to fire her imagination. Before the afternoon was over she had introduced Chris to her father; thereafter the acquaintance proceeded on oiled wheels.

Harry Flint became impressed with Chris's acumen in the wheat market, while Cynthia's chaperonly aunt invited him to her dance in Forty-fourth Street.

By this time Chris had learned more than the mastery of hair, coat tails, and a white tie. From a coterie of admirers he bore Cynthia away to a secluded corner.

"Tell me about your home," she said when he had supplied her with champagne. "To-night you give me the impression you're thinking of the girl you left behind you."

"She's married my brother. They've three-year-old twins."

"That ought to teach him."

"Walt's a good fellow. I'd like to see him with his kids. If you

really want to know about another girl I left behind me—a hired girl, too—take a look at this."

The letter he handed in Lydia's handwriting contained a characteristic passage anent her forthcoming marriage to Loopy Lou. "Don't think I want you to come to the wedding, because why should I? If I am going to make ice-cream, there's no need for you to be there to eat it. . . . By the way, the grey cow's calved again."

"She sounds nice." Cynthia returned the epistle soberly. "You know, Chris, I'd like to see your home, meet your father. I'm so tired of city men, young and old."

"You mean that? I shall be going to this marvellous wedding. Lydia'd never forgive me if I didn't. But I couldn't take you. It would be too much of a shock. I don't suppose, for a start, you've ever seen a man without a collar."

"Don't be silly!"

Thus Cynthia, a trifle nervously, ultimately stepped from the 'plane, chartered by Chris, on to the Oregon wheatfields in sight of Eben Martin's homestead. She had had the good sense to leave her town clothes and make-up behind. Chris thrilled with pride as he introduced to his family the young woman whose get-up differed little from Ellen's, but whose voice and breeding were very different.

Ellen, mother of rascal twins, had been baking since sun-up, but had lost little of her charm. Walt's affection for her was patent, no less, but differently shown, than Lydia's for her uncouth swain.

Wearing her mother's confirmation gown with a new stiff veil, Lydia was a tight-lipped bride, relaxing only slightly at the wedding breakfast, served by Ellen, who forbade her as queen of the occasion to wait upon anyone.

In the post-prandial festivities, the conducting of bride and bridegroom to their home accompanied by an impromptu jazz band, Cynthia took her part as merrily as anyone, calming down only when Chris led her towards a shallow pond gleaming like a jewel under the moon.

"Let's wade," she begged. In midstream she stumbled; he caught her in his arms and, imbued with the very breath of Hymen, made love for the first time.

"Walt, Dad, all of you, great news! Cynthia's promised to marry me."

The family, foregathering in the parlour for a glass of cider before bed, received Cynthia delightedly; but, as Chris surmised, their former gaiety had been trumped up for the wedding.

At heart Eben was gloomy. Good crops; but poor prices for wheat. Everywhere was the same tale and general poverty was on the increase.

"You speculators are ruining us," Eben maintained. "You're making a fortune at our expense, Chris. With the bottom out of the price of wheat, we can't make good."

"Not my fault. It's yours. You farmers produce too much wheat. Walt ought to realise that. Can't he do something about it if he means to stick to the land. Oh, I've seen your map—up to date. You needn't tell me that your property's mortgaged up to the hilt, Dad. Better quit while you can decently."

"No." Walt spoke for Eben, whose face was in his hands. "We're farmers, not business men. If we can't stick to our job we're not worth anything."

Chris shrugged, acknowledging the (Continued on page 22)



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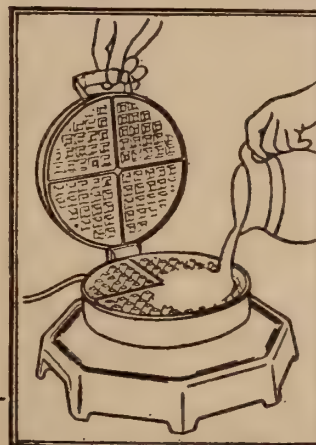
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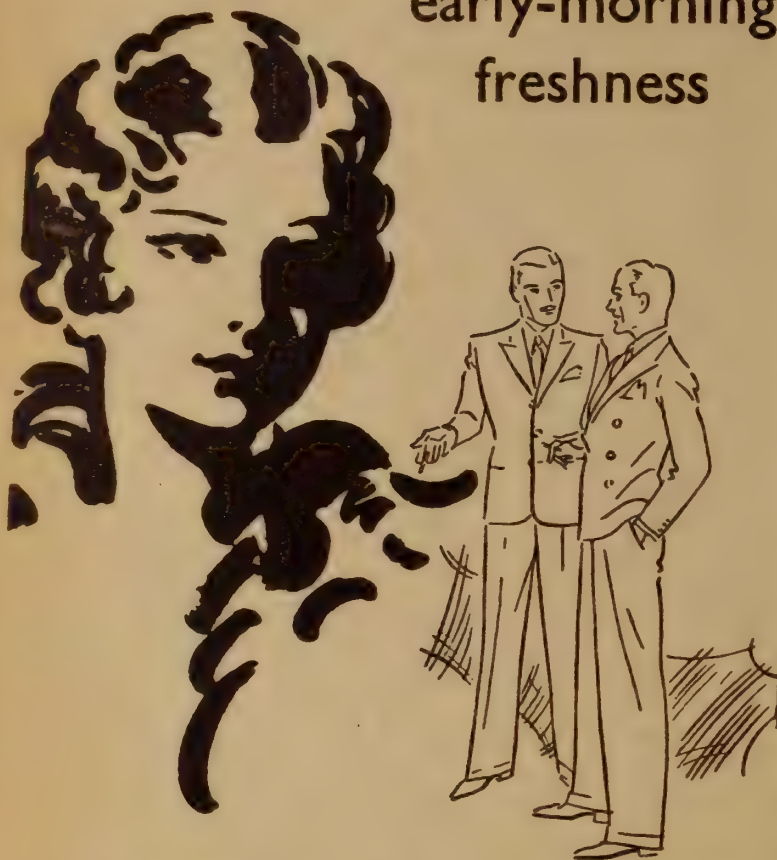


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GOLDEN HARVEST—Continued

impasse. During the fall and early winter, thoughts of home were in abeyance, kept down by the pressure of work as much as by the preparations for his marriage with Cynthia.

Harry Flint, who from the first had liked Chris, was glad to have him for a son-in-law, sponsoring him in more than one financial deal, which Chris's knowledge of crops brought to a successful issue.

The wedding, necessarily a smart one, took place. The cake had been cut and Chris was chatting to guests on the way to change, Cynthia having already left the crowded room in bridal white, when a servant touched his arm.

"A Mr. Martin to see you, sir."

Walt, in shabby raincoat, rose apologetically from a chair in the library.

"Sorry to butt in on you at a time like this."

"Not so much of the butting in. How is it none of you turned up to see me get married, anyway?"

"Couldn't, Chris. Things are bad at home. Lydia and Loopy have had to sell up. Couldn't even get started on their own. Their stuff was auctioned last week, and what did it fetch? Not enough to keep them in blankets."

"I know. I could see it coming." Chris ran a manicured finger round the edge of his glazed collar. "I'm darned if I know how to help you."

"Something had to be done. I've got the farmers on strike. Lock, stock and barrel, the men round home have agreed not to sell, not to produce, until prices go up."

"You have? Now you are talking. Now, maybe I can get things going. I'm a farmer, too, and with a good strike on hand the price of wheat will start soaring. Walt, you really mean it?"

"Sure, I mean it. I've been holding meetings all summer. When I left, every farmer was idle."

"Good. You'll keep them idle, whatever happens. As Martin to Martin."

"As Martin to Martin."

The brothers gripped hands.

"Come in, Walt. You'll need a drink."

"No, thanks. I must get back. So long, Chris."

"Ask Mr. Flint if he'll see me in the library for a minute," Chris said to the servant in the hall.

Harry Flint, man of business, topped his son-in-law's explanation of the strike with: "Listen. We've got to get down to this here and now. You must stay in town a day or two."

"And my honeymoon, sir?"

"Put it off."

"But Cynthia—"

"She's got sense. This is the greatest thing that's happened in years. If we pull it off, we'll get a deal and save the farmers as well. Now for a list of supporters we can count on. Got a pencil and paper?"

Ten minutes later an agitated Cynthia, in chic ensemble, opened the library door.

"There you are, Chris. Why, you haven't even changed!" Had she known it, she enlisted his undying confidence in her by saying, as he stammered his apology for delays:—"Never mind, dear. Business first. I understand."

"Maybe I can help the home folks at last, Cynthia. I know I seem to have been a hog so far."

"That's good. You know, Chris,

it's an old saying, but it's true. I thought I married a gentleman and find out I've married something better—a man."

Biting her lip, she went out, Chris hardly seeing her, so hard his thoughts ran on the list of the chosen who would support his scheme.

Even for the stock market the ensuing weeks were hectic. Wheat prices rose day by day. Day by day, Walt, Harry Flint, and their colleagues, by heavy purchases, ensured the next day's rise.

Walt kept his brother posted with news. Told of the arrival of deputies from the Agricultural Commission from the city, of their pleas to the farmers to resume work, of the latter's determined refusal.

Christmas came and went. With March, arrived another letter from Walt. The farmers were growing restive. Food prices were no lower because wheat in Chicago was selling at exorbitant figures. Spring had arrived. The instinct in the farmer was to plough and sow. The habit of years could not be forgotten. Idleness, too, was working discontent. Walt's letter of a week later seemed to Chris, sharing the writer's knowledge of what he wrote, full of the creak of rusting and disused machinery being brought into action.

"Goodhue and Longton and Patterson," Walt informed, "have sown seed and reaped harvest for twenty years, men and boys, and nothing I can do or say can stop them."

In spite of Chris's efforts, the news leaked out. Prices on the blackboards of the wheat pit began to drop. Chris friendziedly continued to buy, though even Harry Flint, also a persistent buyer, commenting on the turn of the tide, begged him to sell while there was time. Chris's blood was up. He had given his word to Walt, and he would abide by it till his last penny ebbed away.

The commotion in the pit was so intense on the following afternoon that for a moment Chris was unaware that the double doors opening on to a balcony above the seething mob of speculators had opened. The hubbub immediately died down, and the frock-coated individual who had come out to speak announced:—

"Gentlemen, you are asked on behalf of the committee to do no further business with Christopher Martin, as he is hereby declared insolvent."

It was a gay defeat. Martin to Martin, the brothers had stood together and lost. They had also won. To their concerted effort, the government grant to farmers and the curb placed on wheat speculation becoming law during the summer, must very largely be said to be due.

We make our bow to Chris, now his father-in-law's partner, and Cynthia, about to start on their deferred honeymoon.

Meanwhile the afternoon sun gilds the golden harvest of the Oregon fields, waiting for the reaper. Eben Martin, on the *chaise-longue*, has in his hands a new map, setting forth in red the redeemed property with which he is starting in life all over again. Ellen's sons are sprawling over her as their youthful eyes survey grandfather's pencil moving on the tinted paper, outlining the plots of land reserved for them when they grow up to be farmers.

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MAY ISSUE ON SALE

Saturday, April 28th



Elizabeth Allan, the British actress, appears with Richard Dix in "Ace of Aces."

On the Screens Now

by Lionel Collier

The PICTUREGOER'S quick reference index to films just released

- | | |
|---------------------|----------------------|
| ***GOLDEN HARVEST | *THE HOUSE OF TRENT |
| ***SORRELL AND SON | *UNDER SECRET ORDERS |
| **THE WORLD CHANGES | *THE POINTING FINGER |
| c**SON OF A SAILOR | *TAKING WAYS |
| **ACE OF ACES | *THE FEAR SHIP |
| *COLONEL BLOOD | *AS HUSBANDS GO |
| *BRIEF MOMENT | *WALTZES FROM VIENNA |

What the asterisks mean—**** An outstanding feature. *** Very good.
** Good. * Average entertainment. c Also suitable for children.



Anne Grey is the heroine of the British film of Stuart times, "Colonel Blood."

THIS week British and Dominions give us the best picture they have made to date in *Sorrell and Son*, an admirable adaptation of the book by Warwick Deeping, which suffers only from being a little too leisurely developed.

Technical qualities are excellent and the acting generally of a high standard.

The *Golden Harvest* is another example of the American flair for seizing on topicalities and weaving good stories round them; this one deals with the American farmer's problems and is notable for a fine performance by Richard Arlen.

If only for the acting of Paul Muni and Aline McMahon, I would advise you to see *The World Changes*. As a story it leaves, however, a good deal to be desired.

***GOLDEN HARVEST

Paramount. American. "A" certificate. Social drama. Runs 70 minutes.

RICHARD ARLEN.....Walt Martin
CHESTER MORRIS.....Chris Martin
GENEVIEVE TOBIN.....Cynthia Flint
JULIE HAYDON.....Ellen Goodhue
ROSCOE ATEs.....Loopy Lue
ELIZABETH PATTERSON.....Lydia
BURTON CHURCHILL.....Eben Martin
LARRY GRAY.....Hugh Jackson
HENRY KOLKER.....Henry Flint
RICHARD CARLE.....The Doctor
CHARLES SELLON.....Jason Bowers
FREDERICK BURTON.....Judge Goodhue
Directed by RALPH MURRAY, from a story by NINA WILCOX PUTNAM adapted by CASEY ROBINSON. For the story freely based on the film by MARJORY WILLIAMS, see page 20.

Just as a matter of interest, this is Richard Arlen's fifty-sixth leading rôle, and in it he has the best part, that of the farmer brother who comes in contact with the wheat speculators, of which his brother is one of the leaders, he has had for some time.

Apart from its dramatic force, there is originality and topicality in the presentation of the recent strikes and trouble amongst the American farmers.

As in all pictures which Hollywood gives us dealing with rural America, the detail and atmosphere are alike most convincing. When the story moves its locale to the big city the touch is not so sure, but the scenes in the "wheat pit" are colourful and strike a realistic note.

There is sound economic theorising underlying the entertainment and one comes away with a good idea of the problems which farmers are

facing across the Atlantic, as well as a sense of having been well catered for dramatically.

The weak part of the picture is the ending, where everyone is indiscriminately white-washed—a process which detracts a lot from the simple charm and sincerity of the rest of the picture.

Richard Arlen gives a thoroughly brilliant characterisation and Chester Morris is excellent in contrast as the sharp-witted speculator. The contrast in their types helps to point the drama very successfully.

It is difficult to differentiate between the performances given by Genevieve Tobin, Roscoe Ates, Julie Hayden, and Elizabeth Patterson—they are all equally good in their individual way.

***SORRELL AND SON

United Artists. British. "A" certificate. Drama of paternal love and sacrifice. Runs 97 minutes.

H. B. WARNER.....Stephen Sorrell
MARGOT GRAHAME.....Mrs. Stephen Sorrell
PETER PENROSE....."Kit" Sorrell
HUGH WILLIAMS.....{
RUBY MILLER.....Mrs. Palfrey
EVELYN ROBERTS.....Mr. Roland
DONALD CALTHROP.....Sir Richard Orange
ARTHUR CHESNEY.....Mr. Porteous
WALLY PATCH.....Buck
WINIFRED SHOTTER.....Molly Pentreath
HOPE DAVY.....Ethel

Directed by JACK RAYMOND from the story by WARWICK DEEPING.

The outstanding feature of this picture, which is a thoroughly competent and technically sound adaptation of the book, is the acting of Hugh Williams as Sorrell's son—why we ever let him go to Hollywood is a mystery.

H. B. Warner is good as the father who sacrifices his life so that his son can become a surgeon. His performance, however, lacks that quality which should have touched one deeply; it errs on the severe side.

Donald Calthrop gives a very clever character study of an old doctor who becomes mentor and friend to the son.

Of the women, Winifred Shotter excels as the girl in love with him, but Margot Grahame strikes an occasional false note as the mother who leaves him and his father for a wealthy lover; there are times when she should pull a little sympathy, but she fails to do so.

The one fault of the picture is a tendency to be drawn out. Careful editing would obviate this and improve the picture, which is certainly, as it stands, one of the best British pictures of the year.

The underlying tenderness and nobility of the theme is well brought out, and there is a refreshing sense of sincerity and cleanness about the production as a whole.

**THE WORLD CHANGES

Warner. American. "A" certificate. Spectacular biographical drama. Runs 91 minutes.
PAUL MUNI.....Orin Mordholm, jun.
MARY ASTOR.....Virginia
ALINE MACMAHON.....Anna Mordholm
DONALD COOK.....Richard
ALLAN DINWART.....Ogden Jarrett
GUY KIBBE.....Claire
MARGARET LINDSAY.....Jennifer
HENRY O'NEILL.....Orin Mordholm, sen.
JEAN MUIR.....Selma III
ANNA Q. NILSSON.....Mrs. Peterson
THEODORE NEWTON.....Paul
PATRICIA ELLIS.....Natalie
WILLARD ROBERTSON.....Mr. Peterson
DOUG DUMBRILLE.....Buffalo Bill
MICKEY ROONEY.....Otto
CLAY CLEMENT.....Capt. Custer
WALLIS CLARE.....McCord
OSCAR APPEL.....Morley
SIDNEY TOLER.....Hodges
MARILYN KNOWLDEN.....Selma (aged 10)
DAVID DURAND.....Orin (aged 10)
ALAN MOWBRAY.....Sir Phillip
Directed by MERVYN LE ROY.

The reason why this picture merits two stars is due to the acting of Aline McMahon and Paul Muni. Otherwise, it is a melodramatic affair, tending to be artificial and theatrical.

There is, too, an absurd caricature of an English baronet which the unfortunate Alan Mowbray has to interpret and insanity scenes which could well have been left out.

To return, however, to the reasons for seeing the picture. Paul Muni gives a great performance as Orin, the son of a pioneer, who rises to great power in the cattle business, only to find that wealth brings him sorrow—his social climbing wife dies a raving lunatic and his two sons prove utterly worthless, while he himself eventually commits suicide.

He seems to live the part and captures the psychology of the character to perfection.

Aline McMahon, as his pioneer mother, who turns up in the latter stages to help right family entanglements, is also brilliant, although her make-up as an old woman is not all that could be desired.

The story covers an interesting period of American history and introduces Buffalo Bill; the period covered is from 1856 to the Wall Street debacle of 1929.

Settings and spectacle are exceedingly good.

c**SON OF A SAILOR

F.N. American. "U" certificate. Broad comedy. Runs 73 minutes.

JOE E. BROWN....."Handsome"
JOHNNY MACK BROWN.....Duke
JEAN MUIR.....Helen
FRANK McHUGH.....Gaga
THELMA TODD.....The Baroness
GEORGE BLACKWOOD.....Armstrong
WALTER MILLER.....Kramer
KENNETH THOMPSON.....Williams
SAMUEL HINDS.....Farnsworth
ARTHUR VINTON.....Vincent
Directed by LLOYD BACON.

You ought to get a very good laugh from this comedy, which, while not startlingly original, puts

over the old gags very well and has plenty of action leading up to an hilarious climax, in which the hero captures a crook who is trying to escape in an aeroplane with valuable plans.

Joe E. Brown is on top of his form as "Handsome," the most conceited sailor in the U.S. Navy, who thinks himself irresistible to women and gains promotion by the aforesaid capture.

He has, too, a most amusing scene in which he boxes the champion of a rival ship.

The naval background is very good, and the nonsensical plot and hearty slapstick are put over with a will.

Jean Muir is very good in an ingénue role, and sound support comes from Johnny Mack Brown and Arthur Vinton.

*AS HUSBANDS GO

Fox. American. "A" certificate. Marital drama. Runs 81 minutes.

WARNER BAXTER.....Charles Lingard
HELEN VINSON.....Lucille Lingard
WARNER OLAND.....Hippolytus Lomi
CATHERINE DOUCET.....Emmie Sykes
G. P. HUNTLEY, JUN.....Ronald Derbyshire
FRANK O'CONNOR.....Jake Sykes
ELEANOR LYNN.....Peggy Sykes
JAY WARD.....Wilbur
Directed by HAMILTON MACFADDEN from the play by RACHEL CROTHERS.

The old story of the attractive married woman becoming temporarily infatuated with a handsome young man is well staged and acted.

It savours rather of the theatrical, but the psychology is sound, and the treatment sophisticated and intelligent.

Warner Baxter, who seems to enter fully into any part he is given to play, is admirable as an understanding but staid husband, while Helen Vinson admirably portrays the restless and childless wife.

J. P. Huntley, jun., is adequate as the Englishman she meets and with whom the glamour of a visit to Paris makes her believe she is in love.

**ACE OF ACES

Radio. American. "A" certificate. Aerial war drama. Runs 75 minutes.

RICHARD DIX.....Lieutenant Rex Thorne
ELIZABETH ALLAN.....Nancy Adams
RALPH BELLAMY.....Major Blake
THEODORE NEWTON.....Lieutenant Foster Kelly
JOE SAUERS.....Captain Daly
FRANK CONROY.....Colonel Wentworth
BILL CAGNEY.....Lieut. Meeker
HOWARD WILSON.....Lieut. Tim Totty
HELMUTH GORIN.....German Cadet
ART JARRETT.....Lieut. James Lind
ANDERSON LAWLER.....Lieut. Red Cahill
CLARENCE STROUD.....Lieut. Billy Winstead
FRANK MELTON.....Lieut. Phil Parker
CLAUDE GILLINGWATER, JUN.....
Lieut. Tommy Gray

CARL ERICH HANSEN.....Lieut. Nicholas Healy
GEORGE LOLLIER.....Lieut. Ralph Smith
Directed by J. WALTER RUBEN from the story, "Bird in Prey," by JOHN MONK SAUNDERS.

(Continued on page 26)

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ON THE SCREENS NOW—Continued

The central idea is a good one; an attempt to present a drama on the psychological changes which take place in a man when he exchanges his civilian clothes for those of a soldier.

It is swamped, however, by the spectacular aerial thrills and war scenes in a manner which suggests that the director got rather frightened of his theme and pandered to box-office conventionalities.

Richard Dix as a sculptor idealist, who turns into a ruthless militarist, is good as the latter, but hardly suggests the other side of the complex personality.

Elizabeth Allan is adequate as his fiancée, who taunts him with being a coward and is terrified at the change she has wrought in him.

Technical qualities are excellent.

*COLONEL BLOOD

M.-G.-M. British. "A" certificate. Romantic drama. Runs 97 minutes.

FRANK CELLIER.....Colonel Blood
ANNE GREY.....Lady Castlemaine
MARY LAWSON.....Susie
ALLAN JEAYES.....Charles II
HAY PETRIE.....Mr. Edwards
HILDA TREVELYAN.....Mrs. Edwards
ARTHUR CHESNEY.....Mr. Pepys
STELLA ARDENINA.....Mrs. Pepys
DESMOND JEANS.....Parrot
ROBERT NAINBY.....Desborough
ARTHUR GOULLET.....Tim
PERCY STANDING.....Duke of Ormonde
GABRIEL TOYNE.....Ossory
PEGGY EVANS.....Nancy
ENA GROSSMITH.....Jane
VIVIAN REYNOLDS.....Arlington
TARVER PENNA.....Chaffinch
Directed by W. P. LIPSCOMB from his own story.

Founded on the story of Mr. Blood, an Irish adventurer who, in order to pay his debts, attempts to steal the Crown jewels, this picture is rather slight in material and never quite makes up its mind whether it intends to be serious or comically inclined.

It has, however, colour and a strain of romance which are pleasurable.

Frank Cellier is inclined to make Colonel Blood too much of a humourist rather than an adventurer with a sense of humour and fails to gain the full sympathy the part should enlist.

Anne Grey is attractive as Lady Castlemaine, to whom Blood pays his attentions, but her performance lacks warmth.

Allan Jeayes is very good as Charles II; the best performance of them all.

The rest of the cast fail somewhat in subordinating their individualities to the exigencies of their parts.

*BRIEF MOMENT

Columbia. American. "U" certificate. Marital drama. Runs 69 minutes.

CAROLE LOMBARD.....Abby
GENE RAYMOND.....Rodney
MONROE OWSLEY.....Sig
DONALD COOK.....Franklin Deane
REGINALD MASON.....Mr. Deane
THERESA MAXWELL CONOVER.....Mrs. Deane
FLORENCE BRITTON.....Kay
JAMESON THOMAS.....Prince Otto
Directed by DAVID BURTON from the stage play by S. N. BEHRMAN adapted by BRIAN MARLOW.

Conventional story of the cabaret girl who married a wealthy young man and is ostracised by his family, and finally is forced to break with her husband, who turns out to be a complete idler.

How he makes good and wins her back provides a thoroughly artificial denouement.

Gene Raymond admirably suggests the weak man about town, while Monroe Owsley is well in character as the friend who aids and abets him.

Carole Lombard is physically beautiful, but strikes an artificial note as the wife.

*WALTZES FROM VIENNA

Gaumont. British. "U" certificate. Romance with music. Runs 80 minutes.

JESSIE MATTHEWS.....Resi
FAY COMPTON.....The Countess
EDMUND GWENN.....Johann Strauss
ESMOND KNIGHT....."Scharf" Strauss jun.
FRANK VOSPER.....The Prince
ROBERT HALE.....Ebedeser
HINDLE EDGAR.....Leopold
CHARLES HESLOP.....The Valet
BETTY HUNTLEY WRIGHT.....The Lady's Maid
MARCUS BARRON.....Drexler
SYBIL GROVE.....Madame Fouchet
BERTRAM DENCH.....The Engine Driver
BILLY SHINE JUN.....Carl
B. M. LEWIS.....Domeyer
CYRIL SMITH.....Secretary
BERINOFF AND CHARLOT.....The Dancers
Directed by ALFRED HITCHCOCK from the play by HEINZ REICHERT, D. A. M. WILLNER and ERNST MARISCHKA.

Leisurely sentimental romance, dealing with the rivalry which apparently existed between the senior and junior Strauss and the love affair of the latter with the daughter of a wealthy pastry cook.

The main attraction lies in the artistic settings, the music, and the clever technical work of the director. For these reasons the picture is well worth seeing.

I dealt fully with this point in the issue of March 17.

Esmond Knight's portrayal of the younger Strauss is excellent, but Edmund Gwenn hardly convinces one as his famous composer father.

Fay Compton is badly cast as a countess who takes a romantic interest in the son—she is somewhat expressionless and cold—while Jessie



H. B. Warner, the original "Sorrell," with Margot Grahame in the talkie version of "Sorrell and Son."

Matthews is right out of her depths as a romantic ingénue—she shines occasionally in her comedy moments.

A good straight-comedy sketch comes from Frank Vosper as the countess's jealous husband.

Camework is outstanding.

*THE HOUSE OF TRENT

Butcher. British. "U" certificate. Drama of maternal love. Runs 74 minutes.

ANNE GREY.....Rosemary
JOHN STUART.....John Trent
WENDY BARRIE.....Angela
PETER GAWTHORNE.....Lord Fairdown
HOPE DAVEY.....Joan
NORAH BARING.....Barbara
HERBERT HARRIS.....Editor
MOORE MARIOTT.....Fertier
JACK RAINE.....Peter
DORA GREGORY.....Mary
ESTELLE WINWOOD.....Charlotte
HAY PLUM.....Foreman of Jury
VICTOR STANLEY.....Spriggs
HUMBERTSON WRIGHT.....Coachman
Directed by NORMAN WALKER from the story and scenario by BILLIE BRISTOW and CHARLES BENNETT.

Quite a good homely story, dealing with a mother's personal sacrifices for her son and how her interference with his love affairs nearly leads to tragedy.

It is told in a straightforward, unsophisticated manner and contains quite good characterisation.

Anne Grey is sympathetic as the mother and John Stuart does well in the dual rôle of her son and her husband.

Wendy Barrie displays intelligence and attractiveness as the girl in the house.

*UNDER SECRET ORDERS

Butcher. American. "A" certificate. Adventure melodrama. Runs 60 minutes.

DONALD DILLAWAY.....Henry Ames
J. FARRELL MACDONALD.....John Burke
NENA QUARTARO.....Carmencita Alvarez
PHYLIS BARRINGTON.....Jane Lawrence
DON ALVARADO.....Don Frederico
LAFE MCKEE.....Franklyn Lawrence
MATTHEW BETZ.....Senor Cevallos
PAUL ELLIS.....Jose Fernandez
LEON HOLMES.....Office Boy
Directed by SAM NEUFELD from a story by EUSTACE L. ADAMS.

Farrel McDonald gives a good performance in this somewhat old-fashioned melodrama as a middle-aged man who helps a bank clerk to carry out his mission of delivering valuable bonds to a client in South America.

Otherwise, it is all very ingenuous, with lively fights and plenty of action, which takes place on a liner and in a South American hacienda.

*THE POINTING FINGER

Radio. British. "U" certificate. Social melodrama. Runs 68 minutes.

JOHN STUART.....Lord Edensore
and his half-brother

A. BROMLEY DAVENPORT.....Lord Edensore
LESLIE PERRINS.....James Mallory
MICHAEL HOGAN.....The Hon. Patrick Lafone
D. J. WILLIAMS.....Grimes
CLARE GREET.....A Landlady
HENRIETTA WATSON.....Lady Anne Rolleston
VIOLA KEATS.....Lady Mary Stuart
Directed by GEORGE PEARSON from the novel by "RITA."

John Stuart is again seen in the dual rôle—that of a nobleman and his half-brother who tries to dispose of his relation in order to gain the title.

He manages to make both rôles quite convincing, although, as a whole, the production is tinged with theatricality and somewhat out-moded.

The action alternates between the English countryside and the African jungle, where the hero had gone on a hunting expedition.

*TAKING WAYS

Universal. British. "A" certificate. Crook comedy. Runs 40 minutes.

LEONARD MORRIS.....Light-fingered Freddie
DAISY CROSSLEY.....Flash Kate
HARRY TERRY.....Basher
FREDDIE WATTS.....Gus
CHARLES FARRELL....."Spike" Davis
B. HUDSON....."Darkie"
JOHNIE NIT.....Tap Dancer
RIGOLETTO BROS.....Accordion Players
Directed by JOHN BAXTER.

Slow-moving comedy, dealing with the theft of a pearl necklace by a crook posing as a man about town.

It is thin stuff, helped out by song and dance numbers of the music-hall type.

Acting is generally weak and, though the crooks are not too badly drawn, they are rarely given a chance to exploit their characterisations.

*THE FEAR SHIP

Paramount (A.S.F.L.). British. "A" certificate. Nautical drama. Runs 66 minutes.

EDMUND WILLARD.....Jack Arkwright
CYRIL McLAGLEN.....Capt. Petrie
DOROTHY BARTLAM.....Ivy Bywater
WILLIAM HOLMES.....Capt. Bywater
HAL BOOTH.....The Sailmaker
JOHN BLAKE.....Buckeye
Directed by JAMES EDWARDS from R. F. W. REES' novel, "The Second Mate."

Staged on a windjammer, there is a good deal of pictorial appeal in this otherwise thin story, which lacks essential characterisation.

Edmund Willard is sound as the brutal first mate of a schooner who tries to force the captain's daughter into marriage and antagonises the crew.

Cyril McLaglen gives a virile performance as the second mate, a drunken derelict, who defies his superior officer and eventually wins the girl.



Mary Astor and Paul Muni in a scene from "The World Changes."

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GOUT	TOOTHACHE	ASTHMA

Edmund Gwenn, Barbara Everest and Barry Mackay in a scene from the British Lion mystery drama "Passing Shadows"

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—Filming the B.B.C.
—John Grierson's Big
Job—Hush-hush B.I.P.
Production—Victor
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Star



On the British Sets

by E. G. COUSINS

B RITISH film production is growing ether-minded.

This will come as a surprise to some cynics, who profess grave doubts as to British production being minded at all; they will also point out that ether is a powerful anaesthetic and British production does not need one.

I am referring, however, not to the dentist's friend, but to the kind of ether that so obligingly takes charge of the ripples of sound, sense, Clapham, Dwyer, and their other spots of bother as they are expelled from Broadcasting House, and delivers them safely and free from atmospheric, distortion, and morse code to your cat's whisker or whatever. (My technical knowledge of radio extends to turning the larger black knob the wrong way and getting Whipsnade, but I am informed by a learned and spectacled friend, aged eleven, that that is what the ether is for.)

Hollywood Does It

British film production, then (to moisten the lips and start again) is growing, shall we say, ether-conscious, since that is such a delightful contradiction in terms.

No fewer than three films are being made at the moment, or are mooted, dealing with the engrossing subject of broadcasting. Of course, we have been surfeited for years with films from America (northern half, western quarter) featuring "radio," from which we have, I hope, firmly grasped the fact that no American broadcasting microphone is ever without either (a) murder or (b) Bing Crosby.

Did I understand a gentleman at the back of the hall to remark that these terms are synonymous? Allow me to press your hand, sir. I sometimes long to say these things myself.

But a mere handful of films have been made about the B.B.C. or its resultant cacophany, so we are to have some more.

Offishle!

With my conch-like ear to the ground I can hear, as I have said, of three mooted at the moment. (Did the lady with the ear-trumpet think I said "muted"? Leave her to enjoy her moment of misplaced optimism.)

First—no, as we are dealing with broadcasters, who are notoriously a proud, haughty race, we had better not put them in any kind of order. Anyway, one of the three is a highly official affair, made with the full sanction, and co-operation, of the B.B.C.

Seriousness apart, however, this film (which is to be the documentary film to end documentary films) is a highly important matter, because (if for no other reason) John Grierson is directing it.

Band of Hope

You know John Grierson, of course. He is one of a small band of believers, including Paul Rotha and Ivor Montagu, who hold the quaint opinion that the box-office is not the be-all and end-all of kinema; indeed, they go further and harness the mighty giant to the purposes of documentation, education, and propaganda.

Whenever Grierson is mentioned, someone says, "Ah, yes—*Drifters*"—just as though he had never made any other film.

Actually, of course, he has made a considerable number for the Empire Marketing Board, but *Drifters* (a picture of our fishing fleets at work) was one of the first British films to employ successfully the principles of cross-cutting, tempo, montage, and so forth as prescribed by Pudovkin for the delectation and enlightenment of the Proletariat. ("Prolly" to us Neo-vorticists.)

A Mouthful

I enjoyed *Drifters* along with an audience (very Red, oh, very) who had gathered in the Scala Theatre in London to see *The End of St. Petersburg*. *Drifters* aroused as much enthusiasm as the Russian effort, which fact planted a lofty and waving feather in the hat of Britisher John Grierson.

Well, Grierson has bitten off a tremendous mouthful in undertaking to put every aspect of British broadcasting on the screen. We are to be shown the inner workings of Broadcasting House, from (presumably) Sir John Reith sitting on the Woolsack issuing his morning's batch of

holes in the roof near Sir John Reith's famous chimney, wriggling out into the ether, and darting, with the unerring instinct of a homing pigeon, to your aerial. (If you are one of the snubby, upper-class people who dispense with an aerial, forgive that last aspersion.)

And You!

Even you, who pay for all these scientific miracles and will presumably pay to see it reproduced on the screen, are to be shown fiddling with your wireless set and trying to disentangle Macdonald of Lossiemouth from Potter of Hogsnotton; and in addition we are to have Children's Hour, Wireless in Schools, a spot of television, an S.O.S. or two, and so on.

A Watt at Ohm

Another of the trio of B.B.Cinematics is to be made by B.I.P. at Elstree. It has not, so far as I can ascertain, been definitely assured a director, but the story is by Reginald Purcell (a familiar figure in all the best loud-speakers) and John Watt.

A Better Twiddler

I knew John when his knowledge of broadcasting was limited, like my own, to knob-twiddling; but he was the better twiddler, and look where it has planted him—slap in among the hierarchy of broadcasting.

We called him Peter in those days, and in the bosom of his family he is that still; but "still" can John Watt supply us with another contradiction in terms, for he is never still for a moment.

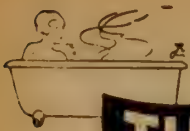
In fact, he reminds me of a dynamo—restless, humming with ideas, immensely energetic.

Softly . . .

This is a hush-hush production—no title, no players (yet), "no fadder, no mudder, poor little orphan," as the bootblacks in Cairo used to describe themselves, and, for aught I know, still do.

In passing, it was Reginald Purcell who, teamed with Davy Burnaby, linked together the component parts of the British Lion film, *On the Air*, which began and finished in Broadcasting House. That was easily the most successful attempt so far to put British Broadcasting on the screen; it also taught us that not more than ten views of the same saxophone should be seen in one feature-length film intended to appeal to adult intelligences.

The third new production dealing with this
(Continued on page 30)

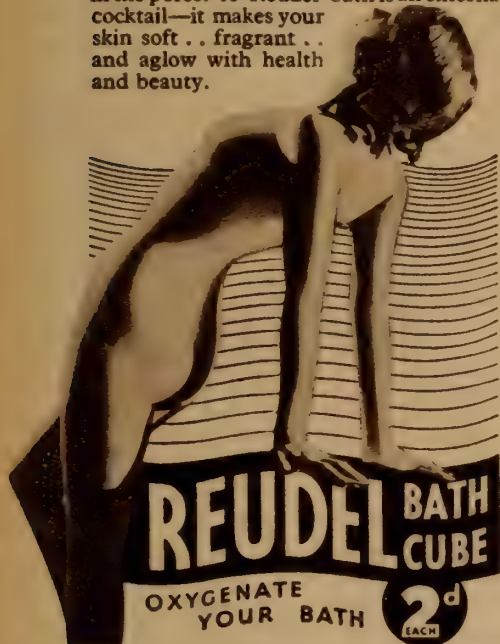


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Meal-time everywhere
IS STAINING-TIME
for teeth

7 kinds of stains discolour teeth— Colgate's removes all seven

When you part your lips and smile, is there a flash of teeth that gleam and sparkle?

No? Nature, you say, has been unkind to you? She has given you naturally dull teeth, lacking in lustre? . . . Nonsense!

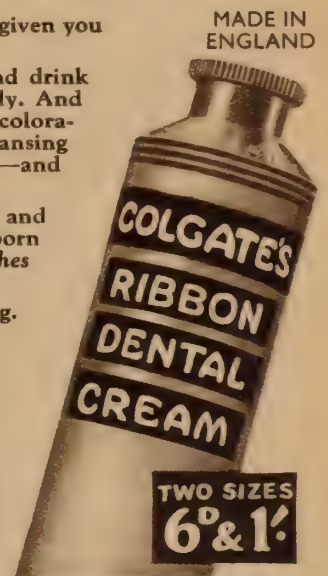
Your teeth are stained—discoloured by things you eat and drink and smoke. Seven different stains are left on your teeth daily. And all your faithful brushing cannot free your teeth of these discolorations, unless you call to your aid a toothpaste with two cleansing actions. Most toothpastes, you see, have only one action—and to this one action, alone, the seven stains will not yield.

Colgate's Dental Cream has two actions. First, gently and safely, it dissolves and washes away some of the stubborn discolorations. Second, safely and thoroughly, it polishes away the stains that are left.

Don't resign yourself to dull teeth. Do the obvious thing. Get Colgate's and use it at least twice a day.

THE 7 CAUSES OF STAINS THAT DISCOLOUR TEETH

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ON THE BRITISH SETS—Continued

subject—or, more correctly, the first, since it is just about to "take the floor" at Sound City—is *The Radio Pirate*.

If you imagine this is a blood-and-thunder romance dealing with a pirate king who carries out his nefarious exploits with the aid of wireless, you miss your guess.

Topical Talkies

A radio pirate is a person (usually wearing spectacles) who rigs up his own unauthorised broadcasting station and sends out mysterious broadcasts.

Such a one has lately occupied considerable space in the news, and the Sound Citizens are cashing-in on the attendant publicity by making a story round this occurrence.

With the recent speeding up of releases—that is to say, the elimination of the former enormously long period between the completion of a film and its general release—it has become worth while for British studios to go in for topical subjects. Sound City did this with *Song of the Plough*, which dealt with the tithe troubles. Wyndham Films are doing it with *The Secret of the Loch*, dealing with the notorious Loch Ness monster (and, heaven forgive me, I referred to this film some weeks ago as *The Mystery of the Loch*, thereby paining its good sponsors grievously, so kindly make a note of this correction).

Bang! Bang!

That will be about all for to-day concerning broadcasting, thanks very much; but I warn you, I shall have to refer to the subject again—and again—and even again, if the threatened cycle of radio films really does set in with its expected severity.

The current Sound City opus is called *Menace*, and here is the blood-and-thunder thriller to which I referred obliquely a few paragraphs back.

It's all about a brilliant engineer and explosive expert who has become slightly dinted on the napper, during the war, by a chunk of ironware propelled by a puff of that same explosive which is his hobby. (Chorus of Pacifists: "Aha! You see!")

Railway Smashes

He is called in by the Government to help to investigate a series of terrible outrages which have been horrifying the country—a succession of railway smashes in which hundreds of people have been killed.

Finally he discovers that the murderer is—no, I'm blown if I'll tell you. You never tell me anything, except that you are a constant reader of my page and would like to know how to get on the films.

So now you'll have to see the film, which will be no hardship, considering that it's directed by Adrian Brunel.

Cut and Dried Methods

Brunel used to be a highbrow director. But of late he has devoted his very considerable talents to the successful production of commercial films.

I know of few directors who have achieved so much with the money at his disposal. Most of his films, even those with the most modest production allowance, show signs of imaginative treatment.

I'm an Explosive, attracted very favourable attention and made a lot of money.

Rather a coincidence that he should be mixed up with explosives again, but this time in a melodrama! Brunel prides himself on having everything cut and dried before he comes to the floor, which is the way to make good films, let me tell you for the two hundredth time.

Incidentally, he is the author of one of the most practical books on film production for amateurs, "Filmcraft," which I recommend highly to anyone who contemplates entering the ranks of movie-makers.

I like the cast of this *Menace*; it includes Victor Varconi, who played in that fine German-made film, *The Rebel* (as the French officer), and also opposite Bebe Daniels in *The Song You Gave Me*.



Gwyneth Lloyd, a charming Gaumont-British junior star, wears this evening frock of pastel blue organza in the Gainsborough film "Wild Boy."

He also wrote the story. I like him very much.

There is also the beautiful Joan Maude, whom we last saw in *The Wandering Jew*. I hope Brunel gives us a lot of her. I can stand it.

SPECIAL BRITISH NUMBER

An Unparalleled Feat in Film Journalism

Next week PICTUREGOER proudly presents an eighty-page paper at the same price as its ordinary issues.

It contains an outstanding thirty-two page British supplement which deals exhaustively with all aspects of the film industry in this country.

It is in full photogravure, and will form a permanent souvenir of the position our studios have obtained in this year of grace 1934.

No effort has been spared to make this remarkable supplement unique in film annals.

In addition to messages of good will from overseas from various notabilities, there are articles by leaders of the film world in this country.

There is a full list of British films which you will be seeing shortly at the kinemas and numerous illustrations of British stars.

The demand for this unique publication is sure to be enormous, so, in order to avoid disappointment, place your order early.

What Do You Think? Letters from our Readers

FILMS and the NAVY

"Ludicrous" Treatment in "Jack Ahoy"

HOW wise the Admiralty authorities were in stating that they accept no responsibility for the treatment of naval procedure in *Jack Ahoy*.

After seeing it, I wonder who was responsible for such tosh. The sight of battle cruisers firing salvoes from their heaviest armaments at a submarine bearing no distinguishing number, and therefore not readily recognisable as one in enemy hands, was too ludicrous for words, whilst from the manner in which "Jack" took command and bullied the Admiral I felt sure that the whole business would eventually prove to be a part of his dream.

Did the crew of a flagship ever look like the assorted misfits who were paraded to hear of "Jack's" heroism? And in what navy would Our Hero be allowed to saunter off parade?

Oh, what's the use! Keystone did this sort of thing much better twenty years ago.—H. L. Nicholas, 464 New Cross Road, S.E.14.

[The main point is, I think, that whereas America has "glorified" her navy on the screen, we seem determined to make ours look ridiculous. Whatever else it does, the scene of the bombardment of the submarine in "Jack Ahoy" was hardly a good advertisement for the Silent Service's marksmanship.]



In "Jack Ahoy."
Tamara Desni

the deciding factor—and consequently are the only future immortals.—Edwin Stone, 3 Leathwaite Road, Clapham Common, S.W.11, who wins the first prize of £1 1s. 6d.

What's in a Name?

I read in the PICTUREGOER that Jean Parker's real name is Mae Green, and that her friends call her Robin.

Since Miss Parker has changed her name for film work, it is evident someone named her; but why Jean Parker?

American publicity men rarely make mistakes when it comes to names. They generally hit on something apt and original (see Greta Garbo, Theda Bara, etc.), but in this case I believe they missed their point. If they were looking for a name, why not Robin Green?

It would have been unusual (unusual names are always remembered) and would have expressed Miss Parker's quaint, elusive personality.—(Miss) M. E. Morgan, 47 Cwm Celyn Road, Blaenau, Mon., who is awarded the second prize of 10s. 6d.

[I cannot explain the mysterious workings of the minds of publicity departments, but I agree with you.]

A Bouquet for Bing

May I venture to protest against the way Lionel Collier speaks about Bing Crosby. He says, "I have not had much use for Bing Crosby as an actor apart from his crooning, which is a desperate pain in the neck to me."

What is the matter with Mr. Crosby?

He says he cannot act. Is it because Mr. Crosby seems to think more of his voice than handling the ladies?

He says that Bing's crooning gives him a pain in the neck. Then I think that Mr. Collier must have a perpetual pain if he has been to see many musical films.

Bing Crosby acts naturally, croons wonderfully and is a superb evening's entertainment himself without any of the others, and I think it would not hurt one or two of the so-called actors to try and follow him.—Eva F. Rose, 87 Allens Road, Soho, Birmingham, 18.

Back to "Berkeley Square" Days

May I say a few words in praise of the film *Berkeley Square*.

I do think that such films as this should inspire in the woman of to-day the desire to cultivate that same gentleness and sincerity which surrounded the lives of the females of the eighteenth century.

The character of Helen Pettigrew was indeed wholly beautiful, and, on returning to the present world, how coarse and empty did the modern girl appear to be.

I am quite convinced that films have a very great influence over this generation. If directors of to-day would introduce to us more often those who lived in that "old world," that we may become closely acquainted with their refreshing ways and habits, we should, perhaps, in the near future, recapture the quiet charm and dignity which was theirs.—(Miss) Kathleen M. Hewlson, 18 Victoria Avenue, Hull.

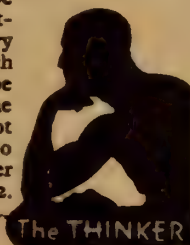
[This looks like another controversial issue.]

YOUR VIEWS WANTED

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Let us have your opinion, briefly.

£1 1s. and 10s. 6d. will be paid for the two most interesting, and 5s. for every other letter published each week. Letters should be written on one side of the paper only and should not exceed 150 words. Address to "Thinker," The Picturegoer Weekly, Long Acre, W.C.2.



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One of the most serious effects of anaemia is the state of exhaustion to which it rapidly reduces its victims. They tire at the slightest exertion, and feel so "done up" that they can enjoy neither work nor pleasure.

If you are like this—languid and despondent, cannot climb the stairs without losing your breath; if you cannot eat, often feel ready to faint, and your face and lips are pale, then take heed, for anaemia must not be neglected.

There is one way and one way only to banish anaemia, and that is to get new blood. It is quite easy to do so if you take Dr. Williams' pink pills, for these pills create new blood—good, rich blood for which your system is languishing. This new blood will soon restore the tinge of health to your cheeks and give you the quick, active step and the bright eye that go with perfect health.

Time after time the efficacy of Dr. Williams' pink pills in the treatment of anaemia has been proved; they give new strength to men also. Try them for yourself and see how soon you will feel the benefit.

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FREE.—No girl or woman should miss reading the booklet, "Nature's Warnings," sent free to all who write to M.F. Dept., 36 Fitzroy Square, London, W.1.

The Immortals

It is impossible to infer from the recent prize-winning letter of just what Mr. Jakins means by "greatness." Does he use the term in connection with popularity or as a synonym of histrionic ability?

Garbo will certainly pass on to posterity, but whether she is or will be remembered as a great actress is a matter of opinion. Valentino achieved "greatness" as a Latin lover and, as such, his name still lingers on; simple sentiment and Mary Pickford's fame will not outlive each other; for his inimitable clowning Chaplin deserves a niche.

The West epitaph is appropriate; Hepburn is only an ultra modern personality; Crawford lacks nothing but the ability not to overact; Chatterton is a true artiste—badly treated; the Dietrich criticism as aptly applies to Garbo.

Mr. Jakins' last paragraph contains an error of fact: Arliss can, and only has, played one rôle—with two exceptions—that of Mr. Arliss. I would advise Ernest to see performances of Muni, Jannings, Bergner, Veidt. These are the only great artistes on the screen to-day—if acting is

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Barrymore	Charles Farrell	Ramon Novarro
Constance	Kay Francis	Maureen
Bennett	Clark Gable	O'Sullivan
John Boles	Greta Garbo	Anita Page
El Brendel	Janet Gaynor	Muriel Lindsay
Carl Brisson	Ann Harding	Sylvia Sydney
Clive Brook	Lillian Harvey	Barbara
Jack Buchanan	Katharine	Stanwyck
Bruce Cabot	Hepburn	Lewis Stone
Maurice	Miriam Hopkins	Helen
Chevalier	Leslie Howard	Twelvevrees
Clau Jettett	Dorothy Jordan	Joanne
Robert	Ruby Keeler	Wienmuller
Ronald Colman	Carole Lombard	Mac West
Gary Cooper	Myrna Loy	Pay Wray
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Marlene Dietrich		
James Dunn		

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Plc. 28/4/34.

Let GEORGE DO IT!

"George" and "Anne" are your enquiry departments. The former will be happy to answer any query regarding films, the latter anything connected with household or beauty hints. Write to them both c/o THE PICTUREGOER WEEKLY. When a reply by post is desired a stamped, addressed envelope must be enclosed.

SCHOOLBOY FAN (Cambridge).—(1) Henry Kendall was born on May 28, 1897 in London. Educated at the City of London School. He is 6ft. tall and has brown hair and blue eyes. His hobby is music. Made his stage debut in *Tommy Atkins* at the Lyceum in 1914. (2) Wendy Barrie was born on April 18, 1912, at Hongkong. She is 5ft. 5 in. tall and has fair hair and green eyes. Write to her c/o London Film Productions. (3) The cast of *The Mummy*: Im-Ho-Tep—Boris Karloff; Helen Grosvenor—Zita Johann; Frank Whemple—David Manners; Professor Muller—Edward van Sloan; Sir Joseph Whemple—Arthur Byron; Norton—Bramwell Fletcher; Nubian—Noble Johnson; Professor Pearson—Leonard Mudie; Frau Muller—Katheryn Byron; Doctor—Eddie Kane; Inspector—Tony Marlow; Pharaoh—Maes Crane; Knight—Arnold Grey; Marion—Henry Victor. (4) The cast of *Doctor X*: Doctor Xavier—Lionel Atwill; Lee—Lee Tracy; Joan—Fay Wray; Dr. Wells—Preston Foster; Dr. Rowitz—Arthur Edmund Carewe; Dr. Duke—Harry Bresford; Dr. Haines—John Wray; Otto—George Rosener; Mamie—Leila Bennett; Stevens—Robert Warwick; O'Halloran—Willard Robertson; Editor—Thomas Jackson; Policeman—Harry Holman; The Sheriff—Tom Dugan; Madame—Mae Busch. (5) The cast of *Prince of Arcadia*: Prince of Arcadia—Carl Brisson; Mirana—Margot Grahame; Princess—Ida Lupino; Queen—Annie Esmond; Equerry—Peter Gawthorne; Detective—Dernier Warren.

YOUNG FAN (Morley, Leeds).—(1) Sally Eilers was born on December 11, 1908. Write to her c/o Fox Studios. (2) James Dunn was born on November 2, 1905. Address him c/o Fox Studios.

TWO SISTERS (Chester-le-Street).—(1) Frank Lawton first saw the light of day on September 30, 1904, in London. Educated at Langley Hall. He is 5 ft. 9 in. tall and has dark hair and eyes. He is not married. Write to him c/o Gaumont-British Studios. (2) Victor Varconi hails from Kivarsda, Hungary, and was born on April 31, 1896. He is married. Brown hair and eyes. Hobbies are riding and tennis. Address him c/o Sound City Studios. (3) Clark Gable was born on February 1, 1901, at Cadiz, Ohio, U.S.A. He is 6 ft. 1 in. tall and has brown hair and grey eyes. Married (1) Josephine Dillon; (2) Rita Langham. Hobbies are riding, golf, swimming and reading. Write to him c/o Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios. You are no trouble.

MURIEL (Hinckley).—Margaret Lindsay played the role of "Eileen" in *Paddy the Next Best Thing*.

LILY (Bethnal Green).—(1) Charles Farrell and Janet Gaynor are appearing together again in *The World is Ours*. (2) Write to them c/o Fox Studios asking them if they will let you have signed photographs of themselves. They may make a small charge. (3) You can obtain pictures of Janet Gaynor, Charles Farrell and Benita Hume from the Picture Postcard Salon, 85 Long Acre, London, W.C.2, price 3d.

W. H. (Lurham).—Write to Kay Francis c/o Warner Brothers Studios. The cost of postage for a letter from Durham to Hollywood is 14d. for the first oz. Kay Francis' pictures include: *Gentlemen of the Press*, *Illusion*, *Street of Chance*, *Behind the Make-up*, *Raffles*, *The Marriage Playground*, *A Notorious Affair*, *For the Defence*, *Passion Flower*, *The False Idol*, *Virtuous Sin*, *Scandal Sheet*, *Guilty Hands*, *Twenty-four Hours*, *Girls About Town*, *Man Wanted*, *Street of Women*, *Jewel Robbery*, *Strangers in Love*, *One Way Passage*, *Trouble in Paradise*, *I Loved a Woman*, *The House on 56th Street*, *Mandalay*, and *Wonder Bar*. Thank you for your good wishes.

REGIS FAN.—Regis Toomey was born on August 13, 1902, at Pittsburgh, U.S.A. He is 5 ft. 9 in. tall and has grey-green eyes and light brown hair. Hobbies are athletics and biographies. Write to him c/o Paramount-Publix Studios. I do not know if he charges for signed photographs.

ANXIOUS FAN (Worthing).—Tom Brown was born in New York on January 6, 1913. He is 5 ft. 10 in. tall and has brown hair and blue eyes. His pictures include: *A Lady Lies*, *Queen High*, *The Famous Ferguson Case*, *Fast Companions*, *Brown of Culver*, *Liberty Road*, *Laughter in Hell*, *Three Corned Moon*, and *Wild Birds*. He is not married.

He is still appearing in films. Address him c/o RKO-Radio Studios. You can obtain a picture of him from the Picture Postcard Salon, 85 Long Acre, London, W.C.2, price 3d.

M. B. (Manchester).—Jan Kiepura is in England and is making *A Song For You* for Gaumont British.

KAY (Liverpool 8).—A letter takes about ten days to reach Hollywood. I do not know if Janet Gaynor will answer your letter herself, she most probably employs a secretary; if she attended to all her fan mail personally she would have no time for her film work.

S. J. (Edmonton).—(1) Herewith the cast of *Mayor of Hell*: Patsy—James Cagney; Dorothy—Madge Evans; Mike—Allen Jenkins; Thompson—Dudley Digges; Jimmy—Frankie Darro; Smoke—"Farina"; Mrs. Smith—Dorothy Peterson; Hopkins—John Marston; Guard—Charles Wilson; Tommy's Father—Hobart Cavanaugh; Johnny—Raymond Borzage; Mr. Smith—Robert Barrat; Brandon—George Pat Collins; Butch—Mickey Bennett; Judge Gilbert—Arthur Byron; The Girl—Sheila Terry; Joe—Harold Huber; Louie Johnston—Edwin Maxwell; Walters—William V. Mong; Izzy—Sidney Miller; Tony's Father—George Humbert; Tommy—Charles Kane. (2) Frankie Darro is sixteen this year.

GIRL CRAZY (Hendon).—(1) Release dates as follows: *I Am Suzanne*—May 14, 1934. *Eight Girls in a Boat*—July 2, 1934. *Four Frightened People*—July 16, 1934. *Miss Fane's Baby is Stolen*—July 30, 1934. *Love at Second Sight*—September 24, 1934. *The Crime on the Hill*—April 23, 1934. *Happy*—August 6, 1934. *Cup of Kindness*—Not fixed at the time of going to press. *Chance at Heaven*—June 4, 1934. *Roman Scandals*—October 8, 1934. (2) The cast of *The Search for Beauty*: Don Jackson—Larry "Buster" Crabbe; Barbara Hilton—Ida Lupino; Larry Williams—Robert Armstrong; Dan Healy—James Gleason; Newspaper Reporter—Roscoe Karns; Sally Palmer—Toby Wing; Jean Strange—Gertrude Michael; Joe Garrett—Bradley Page; Rev. Doctor Rankin—Frank McGlynn, Sr.; Miss Pettigrew—Nora Cecil; Mrs. Henderson—James—Virginia Hammond; Adolph Knocker—Eddie Gribbon.

KARLOFF FAN (Norfolk).—(1) Boris Karloff appears in *The Last Patrol* with Victor McLaglen and Edmund Lowe. Owing to the newness of this film the release date has not yet been fixed at the time of going to press. (2) The cast of *The Invisible Man*: *The Invisible One*—Claude Rains; Flora

Studio Addresses

BRITISH STUDIOS
Associated Sound Film Ind., Wembley Park, Middlesex.
Associated Radio Pictures, Ealing Green, London, W.5.
British and Dominion Imperial Studios, Boreham Wood, Elstree, Herts.
British International Studios, Boreham Wood, Elstree, Herts.
British Instructional Studios, Welwyn Garden City, Herts.
Gainsborough Studios, Poole Street, Islington, London, N.
Gaumont British Studios, Lime Grove, Shepherd's Bush, London, W.1.
Nettlefold Studios, Hurst Grove, Walton-on-Thames, Middlesex.
London Film Co., 22, Grosvenor Street, London, S.W.1.
Sound City Studio, Littleton Park, Shepperton, Middlesex.
Twickenham Studios, St. Margaret's, Twickenham, Middlesex.

AMERICAN STUDIOS
Columbia Studios, 1438, Gower Street, Hollywood, California.
Educational Studios, Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood, California.
First National Studios, Burbank, California.
Fox Studios, Movietone City, Westwood, California.
Samuel Goldwyn Studio, 7210, Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood, California.
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, California.
Paramount-Publix Studios, Hollywood, California.
Radio Studios, 780, Gower Street, Hollywood, California.
Hal Roach Studios, Culver City, California.
Mack Sennett Studios, Studio City, North Hollywood, California.
Warner Brothers Studio, Burbank, California.
United Artists Studios, 1041, North Formosa Avenue, Hollywood, California.
Universal Studios, Universal City, California.



June Clyde was born on December 2, 1909, at St. Joseph, Missouri, U.S.A. She is 5 ft. 2 in. tall and has fair hair and brown eyes. Hobbies—riding, tennis, dancing and swimming. Married to Thornton Freeland. Pictures include: "Tanned Legs," "Steady Company," "Racing Youth," "The Mad Parade," "Cohens and Kellys in Hollywood," "The Virtuous Wife," "Radio Patrol," "Back Street," "The All-American," "Toss of the Storm Country," "Study in Scarlet," "Forgotten," "Only Yesterday." Address her c/o Universal Studio, Universal City, California.

Cranley—Gloria Stuart; Doctor Kemp—William Harrigan; Doctor Cranley—Henry Travers; Mrs. Hall—Una O'Connor; Mr. Hall—Forrester Harvey; Chief of Police—Holmes Herbert; Jaffers—E. E. Clive; Chief of Detectives—Dudley Digges; Inspector Bird—Harry Stubbs; Inspector Lane—Donald Stuart; Milly—Merle Tottenham.

NOSEY (Derbyshire).—(1) For the reply to the first part of your letter see "Two Sisters," Chester-le-Street. (2) Frank Lawton's films include: *Young Woodley*, *Birds of Prey*, *After Office Hours*, *Michael and Mary*, *Cavalcade*, and *Friday the Thirteenth*. (3) *Young Woodley* was generally released in 1931. (4) Jean Harlow and Clark Gable have appeared in the following pictures together: *The Secret Six*, *Red Dust*, and *Hold Your Man*.

LUPINO AND VEIDT FAN (Bristol).—(1) Stanley Lupino celebrates his birthday on May 15. Write to him c/o British International Studios. (2) Constance Bennett has a little adopted son, Peter.

WONDERERS (Edinburgh).—Noel Francis is a free lance but a letter addressed to her c/o Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios should reach her.

C. J. W. (Islington).—(1) Sally Eilers' pictures include: *Dry Martini*, *Trial Marriage*, *Broadway Daddies*, *Show of Shows*, *The Long Long Trail*, *Doughboys*, *She Couldn't Say No*, *Sailor's Holiday*, *Reducing Romeo*, *Pyxamas*, *Let Us Be Gay*, *The Black Camel*, *Quick Millions*, *The Holy Terror*, *Bad Girl*, *Over the Hill*, *Disorderly Conduct*, *Dance Team*, *Embassy Fair*, *I Spy*, *Made on Broadway*, *Walls of Gold*, and *Disillusion*. (2) If you receive a signed photograph from a player it is actually signed by the star personally.

ANXIOUS (Potsmouth).—Yes, Lillian Tashman died a few weeks ago after an operation for an internal complaint.

MAHCTL (Yarmouth).—Hugh Williams was born on March 6, 1904, at Bexhill-on-Sea. He is 5 ft. 10 in. tall and has dark hair and brown eyes. Educated at Haileybury. Married and has two children. His pictures include: *A Gentleman of Paris*, *Night in Montmartre*, *Charley's Aunt*, *In a Monastery Garden*, *Whiteface*, *Down Our Street*, *Insult*, *Rome Express*, *After Dark*, *The Jewel*, *Sorrell and Son*, and *This Acting Business*. He has gone to America to appear in films there. Address him c/o Fox Studios.



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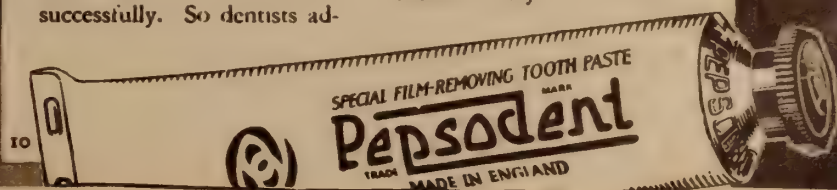
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Leave it to ANNE

SEIZE your pen without further delay, pass that puzzling point on to me. I shall be delighted to help you, but enclose a stamped-addressed envelope if you wish for a reply by post.

THE whole art of make-up is to improve on nature, but so naturally, that the beholder says: "What a marvellous complexion," or—doubting such perfection—"Is it?"

I know that you are going to tell me that there are numberless film stars and many more smart women whose make-up is the last word in artificiality. But I remain convinced that the result is anything but beautiful, and what is more, so do most men. I have yet to meet the man who really likes lips like a scarlet gash and cheeks like a painted doll.

Fortunately, present-day tendencies are towards a more natural make-up. This began with the passing of the thinly plucked eyebrow, and with the large range of tints in creams, rouges, lipsticks, and powders that are now available, there is no possible excuse for the girl who fails to match her cosmetics.

Applying Lipstick

So many girls seem to think that a beautiful mouth implies a Cupid's bow. This is far from the truth. Though a Cupid's bow may be attractive on the right kind of face, there are mouths that are more beautiful because more character is shown in them. A large mouth is often a lovely mouth with its full underlip and its long fine upper lip.

If Nature has made yours that way, don't try to paint it into a staring bow. But maybe you must improve Nature a little because she has given you lips that are too thin. Then carry the lipstick just beyond the natural lines. But practise till you know where to stop. Exaggeration can go too far.

If on the other hand your lips are thick, their apparent size may be reduced, by treating them with foundation cream and powder before the lipstick. Use very little lipstick of an unobtrusive shade—you might try the one known as invisible, and even then keep it away from the edges.

Talking of powder before lipstick reminds me to tell you, this is a good tip to make lipstick stay put. It is less likely to come off on your tea cup or your glass if you powder your lips before applying the lipstick. And powdering again afterwards gives a conservative and natural appearance.

Cupid's Bow.

Now to get back to that Cupid's Bow. If Nature started to give you one, and then seemingly repented, you can shorten the appearance of the upper lip by



Correct Daytime Make-up demonstrated by Muriel Evans. Powder the skin carefully working from throat to chin, from chin to forehead. Do not powder about the eyes. Brush brows and lashes again to be sure no powder shows.

placing a spot of cream rouge in the little depression that runs from nose to upper lip. A dusting of powder afterwards will prevent it from looking obvious.

Then if you want to define the bow, colour the upper lip more heavily than the lower one, and place a touch of brilliantine on it afterwards.

Manufacturers of beauty preparations give their own names to the various shades but roughly lipsticks may be divided into dark, bright, medium, orange, and light. Which-ever you choose according to your colouring, let your lipstick tone with your rouge, and bear some relation to your clothes.

Applying Rouge

In applying colour to the cheeks, it is not only too startling a shade that must be avoided, but too hard an edge. The girl who is inexperienced in make-up will probably find a cream rouge easier to apply than a powder.

General speaking, a blonde needs a much smaller surface of colour than a brunette. The fair girl should keep the colour slightly higher to enhance the colour of her eyes and to leave a sufficiency of creamy fair skin to contrast with her lips.

Even though the darker skinned girl can take a larger amount of colour, too much and too dark a tone results in artificiality. The colour should be blended out towards the cheekbones, making it slightly deeper towards the outer edge.

See that the tint of the powder is warm enough for the tone of rouge. If too strong a contrast is made, that startling "clown" effect results. If your face is too long, give the chin a touch of rouge; if too narrow, try showing the ears with a touch of rouge on the lobes.

Well, Anne, Persil has washed your frock beautifully

Hasn't it, Mummy!
Have you
always
used it
for
woollens?



- A.** Not always. I'd thought for years that it was for boiling only.
- Q.** How did you learn it wasn't?
- A.** I saw a demonstration and then tried for myself. I know now that Persil washes every sort of fabric that can be washed.

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a rising British star, uses Lux Toilet
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BETTY ASTELL
seen in British films, says "it keeps my
skin so fresh and clear."



JUDY KELLY
(Twickenham Film Studios) loves "its
freshness and rich lather."



PHYLLIS CLARE
appearing in the British film "Aunt
Sally," uses Lux Toilet Soap regularly.

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